

Pattonville:

Chapter 1 in the life of Joseph A Barreca Sr.

*The Schola
Pattonville High School
Vol III
April 8, 1938*

Editorial

(by the paper's Editor Joseph Barreca.)

*"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings." R. L. Stevenson*

When minor community troubles confront us and become mountains in our sight, we should relieve our minds of our small world and turn our eyes to the rest of this enormous life. Troubles are experienced by all the inhabitants of the large round globe. Actual war is going on in China and Japan, and in Spain! Peace is threatened throughout Europe. And what affects Europe, affects the U.S. as well. Eventually that means you and me.

Then there are our own national problems to consider, as well as those of Missouri. Realizing this, we find our own small troubles, shrink in size, due to a clearer and more general vision.

In lifting our heads above the waves around us, let us realize too that all that is happening is not bad. Poets are still singing their songs. Artists are developing into master painters. Doctors are healing. And life marches on with firm tread. Let's not get out of step. Let's keep two feet on the ground and two eyes toward the stars.

Chapter 1 Pattonville.

In this essay for the Pattonville High School newspaper, my father, Joseph A Barreca Sr, alludes to events of the time. The axis powers were invading or overthrowing governments around the world. Japan had invaded China and Germany had taken over Austria. The United States was well aware that war was imminent. The country was slowly recovering from a long depression. He was the son of an illiterate Italian immigrant father and a very young mother who were just building a life for themselves in the countryside outside of St Louis. The optimism he advocates in this essay has been his most consistent life-long attitude. His life is one example among thousands of what Tom Brokaw would call "The Greatest Generation". In Brokaw's books on the topic, he gives capsule descriptions of the lives of hundreds of then young people who grew up with a love of country and a will to overcome any obstacle. They saved the world from what would have been a horrible future and went on to create their vision of the American Dream.

In this biography, I hope to turn that picture around by looking closely at my father's life, family, business and faith in the light of world events surrounding it. The ethics and perspective of current generations are not always understanding of those of the past. To see how he and his

generation got to be this way, we need to walk a mile in his shoes, and those shoes walked a lot of miles.

“We went to Pattonville Grade School on Fee Fee Road, which I would say was about four or five blocks away. But we had to go down along the railroad track to Fee Fee Road and then up Fee Fee Road to the grade school.”¹ “My Mom brought me to school in September, 1928, when I was six years old. Miss Rouse was my first grade teacher. I had new shoes and new clothes but they didn't stay new very long. From my home on a dirt road, later known as Kenneth Avenue, I walked south about a country block to the Old Railroad Bed for a Street Car to St. Louis and then West about two country blocks to Fee Fee Road and then South about one and one half blocks to Pattonville Grade School.”²



[Map of Pattonville with points showing significant places. The airport was not that big in 1930.]

Pattonville was not formally a town. Today it is part of the suburbs of St Louis called Bridgeton. The city of St Louis was about 12 miles away. The Barreca had relatives in the city but our grandfather, Antonio (Tony) Guiseppa Barreca, wanted to have a farm of his own in the country. “... the big thing, about living there was this great big Baptist orphans' home south of the highway, up the hill and across the highway. And most of the kids in school were from that Baptist

¹ From Story Compilation Page 5

² From Dad's Stories Page 8

orphans' home and they used to give us a bad time. The orphans had the life; they seemed to run everything there. But fortunately, the pastor there, the Baptist pastor, had a real nice daughter that was our teacher. I think she was our sixth grade teacher. And all the teachers used to treat me real nice. But Jim was in the year right back of me and then came Sandra and then came Lou and then came Ginny, and then came well Mary, quite a way back. But there was always lots of Barreccas in the grade school there.”³

All of these factors: the farm, school, brothers and sisters, the Baptist Orphanage, family in St Louis played big parts in our father's life. We will discuss all of them presently. Perhaps the biggest influence in our father's life however was his father. We should start there and to start with Tony Barreca, we need to start with Castlebuono Sicily, his home town.

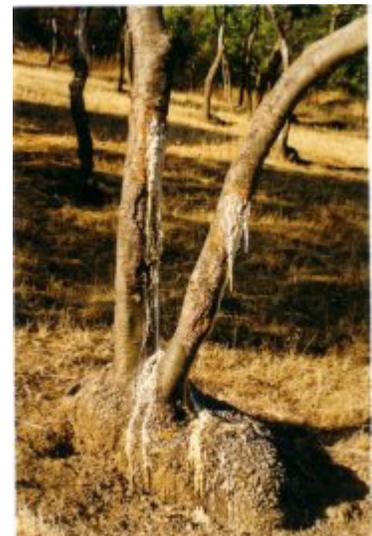
Sicily, holds a key maritime position in the Mediterranean Sea with the Tyrrhenian Sea to the North and the Ionian Sea to the East. Greeks, Arabs, Northern Italians, the Norman French and even Germans have all occupied the island at times. Castelbuono is built on the Byzantine town of Ypsigro, high on the San Pietro hill. Hence its original name, *Castello del buon aere* ("Castle of good air"), from which the name Castelbuono is derived - literally meaning "good castle". Construction of the Castle began in 1316, by order of Count Francesco I of Ventimiglia.

Construction of the castle was originally welcomed by the residents. The prospect of work and a community attracted a large population. Many buildings in and around the town date back to the 14th century. The foundations of the castle and some area churches are Arabic in origin. But 600 years later when our grandfather was born, February 8th, 1893, the Ventimiglia family had squandered their wealth and the whole region of Sicily and Southern Italy were impoverished farm communities whose wealth had been stolen by the northern states of the newly unified country of Italy.

Antonio's Father, Giuseppe Barreca, died in 1905 of a heart attack, leaving 4 children and one in the womb in the care of his wife Santa Munfuletto. Antonio, age 12 and his sister, Santa, age 14 were delegated to support the household.

For centuries, a unique agricultural product of Castelbuono has been, manna. It is the dried sap of ash trees that grow in the region and was a sweetener used by diabetics throughout Europe. It is harvested in much the same way as maple sugar. The trees bark is sliced so that the sap runs out to the surface. Unlike maple sugar, it dries naturally on the tree trunks and is gathered by hand as icicle-like strands of sugar.

Antonio and Santa worked for a descendent of the Ventimiglia family who owned an estate 12 kilometers down the hill from the Barreca family home in Castelbuono. The distance was too great to commute every day so Antonio and Santa stayed in servant's quarters in the lower floor of the main house which overlooked the estate. They worked in the ash orchard, olive trees, gardens and other holdings of the owner. Traditionally,



³ From Dad Tape 1 Page 6

after the manna was harvested, the workers would salvage broken pieces from the dirt at the base of the trees for their own use. The owner of this particular estate, who was associated with the Mafia, decided that he was entitled to not only the main harvest of manna but also half of the salvaged manna collected by Antonio and Santa. This infuriated Antonio so much that he summarily quit that job and decided to leave for America.

This was not however a sudden rash decision. At the time there was a mass exodus from Sicily to the United States. Common practice was to find work in America and send money back to the family in Sicily. Immigration records and census records show a significant contingent coming from Castelbuono to St Louis Missouri, often on the same boat. Many of them, in one way or another, are Barreca Family relatives. Many of their stories have been lost but from those that we can glean from official records and family lore, we know that although it was not an easy life, St. Louis was far superior to Castelbuono in terms of opportunity. Here is some background.

Going to America

Most Italian immigrants never planned to stay in the US permanently. There is even a special phrase that was coined for Italians: "Birds of Passage" since their intent was to be migratory laborers. Even though about 75% of Italian immigrants were farmers in Italy, they did not wish to farm in the US (as it implied a permanence that did not figure in their plans). Instead, they headed for cities where labor was needed and wages were relatively high. Many Italian men left their wives and children behind because they expected to return (and many, many did). In any event, for many Italian immigrants, migration could not be interpreted as a rejection of Italy. In fact, it is a defense of the Italian way of life, for the money sent home helped to preserve the traditional order. Rather than seeking permanent homes, they desired an opportunity to work for (relatively) high wages in the city and save enough money to return to a better life in Italy. Very commendable considering the difficult conditions that characterized life in southern Italy in those times. These conditions were a result of many different factors.

The History



The vast majority of immigration came from the former Independent and Sovereign State of southern Italy, the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. It included all continental southern Italy from Abruzzi, to Calabria and Puglia, and Sicily. It was occupied in 1860, without a declaration of war, by the northern Piedmontese Kingdom ruled by the House of Savoy (Kingdom of Sardinia). A ten-year bloody civil war followed, and, as a result, about one million people, Neapolitans and Sicilians, were murdered by the Italian Army of occupation. The National Treasury of the Two Sicilies was robbed and appropriated by the invaders. Even machines from Neapolitan factories were moved to the North. Severe economic depression followed.

(Above paragraph and map courtesy of: [Associazione Culturale Due Sicilie](http://www.associazioneculturaleduesicilie.it))

Although southern Italy's troubles can be attributed to exploitation by their own people, I don't believe it is fair (or historically accurate) to attribute all the suffering to northern Italians alone. In fact, for centuries the entire peninsula was divided into feuding states, with foreign powers often ruling one or several states. In this chaotic situation, the feudal system ruled the economic system. Specifically, the feudal system allowed hereditary land possession to determine one's political power and social status, so many poor Italians had almost no opportunity to improve their lives. But it is true, that southern Italians suffered more hardships than those in the North. The Italian government was dominated by northerners, and southerners were hurt by high taxes and high protective tariffs on northern industrial goods. Additionally, much of southern Italy's problems can be attributed to its lack of coal and iron ore which was needed by industry; extreme scarcity of cultivatable land, soil erosion, deforestation, and overpopulation. For the North, their higher level of industrialism meant less poverty and agricultural difficulties. On top of all of that, several natural disasters rocked southern Italy during the early 20th century: Mt. Vesuvius erupted burying an entire town near Naples, Mt. Etna's eruption, the 1908 earthquake and tidal wave that swept through the Strait of Messina, which killed more than 100,000 people in the city of Messina alone. (End of quoted material).

We don't know how Antonio Barreca paid for the journey. The cost of \$35 although trivial today was equivalent to over a month of average American wages in 1913. In Sicily, that would have been an astronomical amount. We can only assume that Antonio got some kind of family financing that he was expected to repay.

The passage would have been rough, but at age 16, Antonio was up to the task and many more. He arrived on Ellis Island on October 21, 1913. Although we don't have an account of this particular voyage, it would have followed the pattern of those at the time described in this passage from genealogy.com:

The Immigrant Experience From Italy to Ellis Island

Most Italians came by "steerage" or third class. Steerage was so named because it was a large compartment located below deck near the steering mechanism. A one way steerage ticket cost about \$35. It was not uncommon for most husbands to travel to America alone. Typically women were young and may have only been married a few months or a couple of years. Their husbands would come to America first, working to save money for their passages. Once the passage money arrived they would make the journey to America to join their spouses.

After acquiring Identity papers and a passport, immigrants traveled to the port city (Naples) where they stayed for several days in a compound set up by the Steamship Company. The men were given short haircuts and both men and women were disinfected.

Once aboard ship the immigrants were taken to the steerage compartment. There was little ventilation in this area. The floors were wooden and sprinkled with sand. The large steerage compartment contained tiers of bunks; each iron berth had a straw mattress with a slip of white canvas. There were no pillows: in its place was each passenger's life preserver. A short

lightweight blanket was also provided and became part of the immigrant's possession. To the travelers, the berth became their space serving as bed, clothes and towel rack, and baggage storage area. Each passenger was supplied with eating utensils, usually a fork, spoon, and tin lunch pail. A typical breakfast might consist of coffee and a biscuit. For lunch, soup daily and every five days a dish with meat was also given. For supper they would be fed a dish with meat, wine and bread. After meals, the passengers washed their own utensils using their soap and towels that they brought on board with them.

The passengers were to undergo daily medical examinations during the voyage, however they usually received only two, one at the beginning of the voyage and one at the end.

Prior to docking a United States doctor boarded and checked every passenger for obvious signs of illness. If there were none, the ship came to port at a wharf. This is where the first and second class passengers were docked. The third class, however, were loaded onto barges and taken to Ellis Island.

As the immigrants landed from the barge, they were tagged with a number that corresponded to their number on the ship's passenger list. As a group they were led into the main building where their baggage was inspected. They were led up a stairway to the Registry Hall, where a surgeon checked each arrival's health card from aboard ship. The entire immigrants were given a series of medical exams. After completing the medical exams, the newcomers were instructed to sit in a waiting room, each manifest group having its own area.

All the clerks (interpreters) with a copy of the manifest sheet would ask the immigrants the same questions and compare the answers. If there were any discrepancies, they could have the new arrival detained. Two of the most troublesome questions were "Do you have a job waiting?" and "Who paid for your passage?"

For those who were detained, there was nothing to do except sit on hard wooden benches and wait. A typical menu for the detained immigrants was as follows:

Breakfast: coffee with milk and sugar -- bread and butter, plus milk and crackers for Women and children

Lunch: beef stew, boiled potatoes, and rye bread, plus milk and crackers for women and children

Supper: baked beans, stewed prunes, and, and rye bread – tea with milk and sugar plus milk and crackers for women and children

Once the immigrants names were read, telling them that they were allowed to leave they were taken to the money exchange office to trade their foreign currency. After that, they were escorted to the ferries that would take them to other transportation, leading to their final destination.

Quote:

We came to America because they told us the streets were paved with gold, what they didn't tell us that we had to pave the streets.

Anonymous

We do know that Antonio's destination was St Louis and that he started work immediately, at first on the railroad. Another job he had was washing windows on high-rise buildings. Obviously he was not afraid of heights. He was also a steel worker on the St Charles Bridge. It was the first permanent bridge over the Mississippi River at St Charles, built in 1904. Subsequent



work was done in 1916 and 1920 when Antonio Barreca was in the area. He served in the armed forces from April 29th 1918 through May of 1919 and was given a Roll of Honor certificate for that service. A little over a month after he was inducted, at age 19, he was sent on the ship Ascainas (Ascainia) to Tiffany England. From there we know that he went to France and fought in the battle of the Argonne Forest. The Battle of the Argonne Forest, was a part of the final Allied offensive of World War I that stretched along the entire western front. It was fought from

September 26, 1918, until the Armistice (November 11). During the battle, Antonio Barreca inhaled toxic gas released by the German army. It affected his lungs and he suffered from it the rest of his life.

Six months after his return from France, Antonio married Rose Venturella, the 14 (almost 15) year –old daughter of Vincenzo Venturella and Vincenza DiBella. It was an arranged marriage. Rosa was born in Castelbuono Sicily on January 27th, 1905. She came to the United States with her family, on the ship San Giovanni sailing from Palermo and arriving in the United States on April 15th, 1910. She was 5 years old at the time. She travelled with her mother, Vincenza DiBella (26), her sisters Anna Maria (3), and Providenza (2). They were bound to join their father, Vincenzo Venturella (30) in St Louis.



Wedding picture of Antonio Barreca and Rosa Venturella

Grandfather Barreca didn't have any education whatsoever. He didn't even know how to write his name or do any writing at all. He could talk Italian, and he learned a little bit of English in the service, and he knew enough to get jobs and that. But he didn't know the English language and he didn't really know the Italian language. But he had a nice grasp of the Sicilian dialect. But anyway, he and my mother had a nice marriage and we've got pictures of it.⁴

Rosa married Antonio Barreca on November 29th, 1919. She had an fifth grade education and could read. That was a big asset to the family. From her picture, she does not seem to have been a shy retiring type. She held her own in the Barreca family and had her own Venturella family to fall back on not far away. There were many more Venturellas close by in St. Louis, than there were Barreacas.



Her father registered for the draft on September 12th 1918, 4 months before the end of the war on November 11, 1918. His registration shows that at that time he was a window trimmer for the Grand Leader, the main store of the Stix, Baer & Fuller Dry Goods Co. So Vincenzo Venturella and Antonio both were World War I veterans even though Vincenzo was a generation older.

By the time of the wedding, Antonio's sister Santa had moved to the United States. Her husband, Vincenzo Prestogiovanni came to America on March 13th, 1907, 6 years before Antonio Barreca. He had returned to Castelbuono and married Santa in 1910. Santa came to the United States on March 25th, 1914 on the Hamburg. So she arrived a year after her brother Antonio Barreca, but already had a husband

who lived in Saint Louis before Antonio left for America.

With so many relatives living in St Louis, you would expect that the newly married couple would live down town. But even if you take the boy out of the country, you can't take the country out of the boy. Antonio wanted a farm of his own. He had worked at many jobs but found steady employment with Mr. Eckhardt, who owned a furniture store. Antonio bought property in Pattonville, Mo., It was about 12 miles outside of St Louis, a small unincorporated town that is now part of Bridgeton Mo. He and Rosa built their own house and developed the farm. But it was three years before they had their first child, Joseph Anthony Barreca on Saturday, June 10th, 1922. Since it was a weekend, there was some delay in registering a birth certificate. The actual certificate reads June 11th, 1922. But Rose said it was the 10th and that is when his birthday is celebrated.

It was celebrated with great enthusiasm among the Venturellas and Prestogiovannis in St Louis. Our father says:

"I was a wanted son; they tried for three years to have family and I was the first one. And I'll tell you, everybody was excited and happy, especially my grandmother, and my aunts and uncles. But anyway, my aunts and my grandmother. And I was Little Lord Fauntleroy when I came around.

⁴ Story compilation, page 3

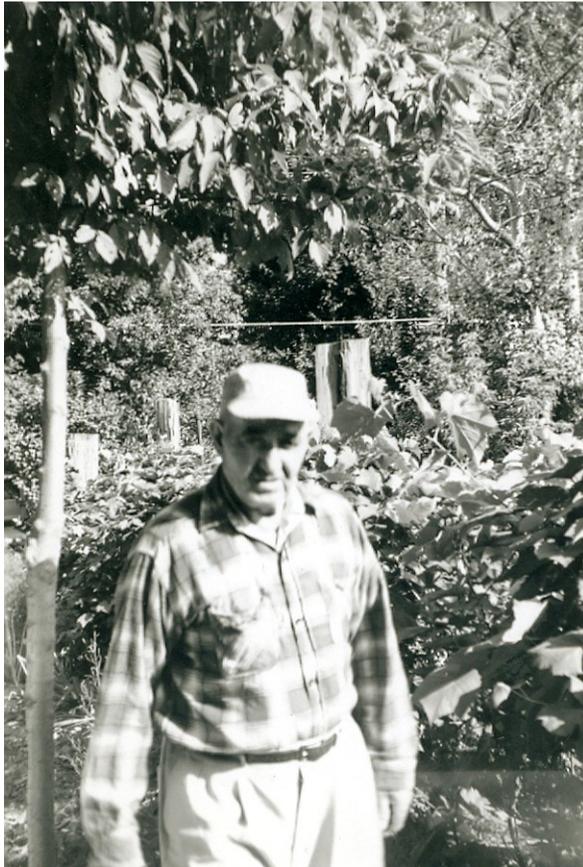
And so when I went to St. Louis from Pattonville, I'd always be given first boiled ham sandwiches and chocolate cake and everything and the red carpet was laid out for little grandson, Joe.”⁵

We can imagine that he visited his aunts and grandmother in St Louis often. We do have at least one story of him trying to follow his aunt Josie.

“On one trip to St Louis I ended up in a police station happily eating an ice cream cone while my frantic mother and grandmother were searching for me. I had gotten lost following my Aunt Josie to school without her being aware of it.”⁶

Besides Aunt Josie Venturella, Grandma Vincenza had 8 other children: Anna Marie (1907) and Providenza (1909) came over on the ship with her from Sicily. Vincenzo and Vincenza continued to have children almost every two years: Louis J. (1912), Virginia (Jennie) 1913, Antoinette (1915), Josephine (1917), Antonio (1920) and Joseph R. (1923). So the last Venturella child was born a year after our father, Joseph Barreca. With all these children close to the same age, there would have been a lot of playmates for young Joseph in St Louis.

But the biggest influence in young Joe’s childhood was his father. *“That’s impossible for me to tell you everything I know about my Dad, because my Dad was big in my life. And one of my favorite stories to tell is that my Dad seemed like he was ten feet tall when I was young. And he was the strongest, the best guy in the whole world.*



And I remember that we had a house, but to a little guy, the house seemed to be big. And I look at it as a grown-up and it wasn’t quite that big. But I remember I used sleep in my bedroom and it seemed like a long way to my Mom and Dad’s bedroom, and I thought I could just crawl into their bedroom and grab a hold of my Dad’s feet and keep warm and he wouldn’t notice at all. But I betcha he knew good and well who was grabbin’ his feet (laughter).

I would feel so good even in my bedroom in the dark there when I would hear my Dad just clear his throat, because I knew everything would be all right when he was there.”⁷

From this brief history we know that Antonio Barreca was willing to take on almost any job. He worked hard for others, but also worked hard at home where he had a vegetable garden, a vineyard and grew food not just for his family but also to sell on a produce route. He was outgoing and connected to family and the community. He would pass all of these traits and passions to his first born son, Joseph.

Joseph was soon joined by a younger

⁵ Dad Tape 1, Page 1

⁶ Joe’s two minute stories. Page 1

⁷ Tape 1, page 2

brother, Jim, born January 18th, 1924. In many ways they were opposites. Jim was not the favorite son and tended to get in more trouble, but Joe and Jim grew up together, worked and played together.

Joe's earliest memories tend to focus on how much he enjoyed living on the farm. His father bought up lots around the area where they lived that he could farm for his produce route and to feed the family. Their house was close to a pasture that belonged to Mr. Long that had a pond and a well. He writes:

I loved the wild flowers, the chickens and all the countryside around it. Mr. Long's pasture was one of my favorite places. On hot summer days I could lay under a favorite oak tree, in the shade near a deep well with wooden buckets and a pulley where I could get a cup of cold water. Even now, the memory of laying on my back and seeing the white fleecy clouds against the blue sky brings me feelings of quiet peace... Mr. Long's pond was also a great joyful attraction. There were many croaking frogs there and dragonflies... There were horses there, too. After the first frost the persimmons would fall off the tree and the horses loved to eat them. So did I.

Everything was beautiful and exciting for me and I could come home, after school and eat fresh home baked bread, split hot, with olive oil and salt and pepper on it, and tell my Mom all of what happened on my way to and from school and during the whole day of school for me.

And I remember working hard on the farm too: hoeing and picking butterbeans and green beans and tomatoes and all kinds of beets and turnips and even digging up sweet potatoes and all kinds of experiences there. It was wonderful to live on the farm and get all that produce. And then the customers would really like the fresh produce that we brought around.

Pop had another lot near the peach orchard where he worked hard before breakfast and on weekends tending a grape vineyard and deep hoeing ground for crops such as green beans, peas, lima beans, corn, potatoes, tomatoes and many other vegetables. I'd always try to go and be with him... The peaches in Mr. Long's orchard were especially delicious when they got ripe. Mr. Long showed me how to throw a potato a long way by swinging it off of a sharp stick... We raised



garden vegetables with hand tools. My Dad, Tony Barreca, used a "Sapoono" (a heavy cast iron deep biting wide-edge pick) which was swung overhead to till the soil.

But out at Pattonville, I remember my Dad's first car, I kind of remember it as a touring car, and it had Plexiglas for windows. And we used to take rides downtown. And downtown seemed so far away. And sometimes we'd stay there for a couple of weeks or so down at my Grandma's at O'Fallon Street. And when we'd come back I can remember the flowers and the grass and the clover being grown so much in just the time we'd been away. But we had a goat and I used to take the goat to eat where the grass was real green and lush and we used to have a good time taking care of that goat.

But we always had chickens in the back yard. And I remember the front yard too; we had a big well in front of the house. The well was a kind of a danger, but it was also a place where we could keep our butter and keep things cool in the summer time, and where we could get water. And then we had a big mulberry tree there. And my Mom always had roses and lilies and all kinds of

flowers. And I remember my Dad putting in a pump in the back porch. And we had another well back there. And that pump gave us water real close at hand.

But we had an outhouse in the back, and we had to go out to the outhouse there with the Sears catalog and so forth. And that's how we used to take care of things. But the outhouse was in back of the chickens and so forth. Sometimes we had the chickens fenced in and sometimes we didn't. And I remember the grapes and I remember the tomatoes and I remember we had a great big lot we used in front of the place, that would be on the east side of the place.⁸

No set of Dad's memories would be complete without something about food. Here is paragraph on the topic. *And we had these big boxes of day-old pastry with every kind of good pastry that you could ever think of. And we could always eat that and out of the garden we always had vegetables. And then in the wintertime when there was snow we used to catch rabbits. Of course we always had chickens, and eggs, and goat milk. And my Dad could buy butter or get butter. My Dad would buy the sacks of flour and olive oil and olives and cheese and all good stuff like that. And my mother would make the delicious baked bread all the time. We had just delicious baked bread that was hot out the oven with olive oil and salt and pepper. And man, that was wonderful eating!⁹* In later years our immediate family always had a supply of day-old bread and pastry in the freezer that Dad would buy from Langendorf Bakery on his way home from work. Now we know that we were just enjoying an old family tradition. Ironically my personal memory of tasting fresh bread was from a visit to Grandfather's Store in Pattonville. There is also a link here to one of Dad's regular charitable works, bringing day-old donuts to homeless shelters.

Young Joseph seemed to enjoy himself whether at work, at rest or at play. Two of the White Brothers who were neighbors were among his playmates. *John and Stanley White were brothers who lived south of the railroad tracks and close buddies to Jim, my younger brother, and I and we used to shoot marbles and play ball and other games with them. When Mr. Long's pond was frozen over, we would play hockey with sticks and tin cans.¹⁰*

Mr. Eckhardt

Grandfather Tony Barreca's employer was evidently a big help to the young Barreca family and some of our father's favorite memories have to do with him. So here is a little section about Mr. Eckhardt. *There was a lot of things, I think I mentioned in a prior story about my Dad working for Mr. Eckhart, the furniture dealer, during the depression. And I remember that's the first time I ever left the state, to go into Illinois at one of those country fairs where I remember they had a big cow made out of butter at that fair. But it was so exciting to get away to Mr. Eckhart's farm and just run all over that place chasing butterflies. But my Dad's boss was good to us; he kind of treated us like family, Mr. Eckhart, during that depression... My Dad was a truck farmer all the time. And he just took the job, because it was a job during the depression with the furniture business. I think that he was maybe looking for a job and went into this furniture store and Mr.*

⁸ Story Compilation, Page 5

⁹ From Dad's Tape 1

¹⁰ These quotes in italics are from several of Dad's stories, since he mentioned Mr Long's pasture and pond often.

*Eckhart hired him and used him for everything: for moving furniture and for making deliveries and for cleaning the place.*¹¹

*Mr. Eckhardt is the one that looked after us like his family. I mean he treated my Dad like a brother or a son or somebody he really cared about. And he cared about us, the kids. And I think I did record here about my mother carrying me down to the railroad track down to St. Louis because I had a knee and a big bump on my leg. And the Italian doctors down at St. Louis or O'Fallon would rub ointment on it and think that that would do some good. And my Dad took me down to Mr. Eckhardt's doctor on an appointment; Mr. Eckhardt arranged it. And they found that infection in my knee and he had me laying on a bed there and he just lanced that infection and the pus squirted clear across the wall and on the ceiling. That was the problem with the bump on my upper leg. And I look back on it and think how ineffective the Italian doctors were when it was an infection that caused it all. And my Dad's boss's doctor fixed it one short appointment.*¹²

And then of course Mr. Eckhardt, he invited us over. He had a farm over in Illinois. And I remember chasing butterflies on that farm. It was the first time that we were ever out of the little environment of St. Louis and Pattonville. And we got over into another state. And not only did we go to his big farm, but we had a fair there. I remember there was one of those big agricultural fairs, and they had a cow made out of butter. And there was a lot of other things we saw there; probably like the Puyallup Fair only more dairy oriented or something.

*But anyway, I thought that Mr. Eckhardt went all out to take care of us and my Dad's family.*¹³

School

We went to Pattonville Grade School on Fee Fee Road, which I would say was about four or five blocks away. But we had to go down along the railroad track to Fee Fee Road and then up Fee Fee Road to the grade school. I remember my Mom used to always fix us lunch. And I



*remember the first time that I ever went into another place to eat lunch, and that was a little store right there at the railroad and Fee Fee Road. And I remember having soup and crackers and butter on the crackers. And that was sure a big deal at that time....*¹⁴

I also remember standing in line in the school basement, ready to go up to class with all eight grades in rows and those eighth graders looked like giants when I was

¹¹ From Dad Tape 1

¹² From Dad Tape 2

¹³ Ibid

¹⁴ From Dad Tape 1

in the first grade line.

The only trouble I had with a teacher was in the 5th grade. She was an older woman who used to read to us just before quitting time. I was talking when I should have been listening, so she locked me in the attic room. It was hot in there and she apparently forgot I was in there. The janitor heard my knocking and let me out.

My grade became the first high school graduating class finishing all 12 grades at Pattonville Grade and High School. Mr. Holman was our superintendent and Mrs. Elizabeth Swith Young was our Principal. The High School is much bigger now and is now called Holman High School in the large Pattonville School District.¹⁵

I remember the games we played in the large basement; spinning tops or playing “Holy In-Holy Out- Holy In the Sauerkraut” where the one in the center would yell that and everyone had to leave one wall and make it to the other without being tagged—to help tag others on the next try.

I loved school and remember all my teachers by name.

I liked it when the teacher would read stories to us.

I always sat in the front row and raised my hand a lot when she asked for an answer to a question.¹⁶

The teachers were very good us and my younger brothers and sisters had lots of friends there, too. Recess was fun and games. The large basement and the furnace room was always warm and dry. In the second grade, I had perfect attendance and I was never tardy and missed very few school days during my eight years there. My parents were very proud of my report cards.¹⁷

Trouble

Although most of Dad’s memories of his younger years were pleasant, they are not without trouble. *A large majority of my classmates were from the Missouri Baptist Orphans Home and some were mean. Basil Vaught used to punch me in the face and Jack Vaught kicked my rear end. But I had good friends too. Most gave me valentines. We played games outside mostly, marble games and ball games.¹⁸*

As his children we did not learn about of the scariest stories until we were grown. *At another time, I also found myself on a backyard garage roof by the alleyway near O’Fallon Street when I saw a man come in the back gate and go up the tenement stairs to the second floor next door to shoot a man who was having lunch on the porch. Then the shooter walked quickly out the way he came. It was a gangster murder and I’m glad the killer didn’t see me up there witnessing the whole thing.¹⁹*

One more story involves the older brother of Dad’s friends the White boys, John and Stanley. *We had just purchased a new lot to till which was about a quarter mile down a dirt road south of our house.*

The new lot was close to Mr. Long’s pond, south of the White’s large family house and on the west side of the dirt road and south of Fred White’s smaller house. John White was my age and my friend and Stanley White was my brother Jim’s friend and a year younger. This was a

¹⁵ From Dad’s Stories

¹⁶ From Dad’s Two Minute Stories, Story #2

¹⁷ From Dad’s Stories, 8/15/2004

¹⁸ From A Typical Day

¹⁹ From Joe’s Two Minute Stories Page 1

bright, sunny, spring morning and I was with my Dad to help pound some wooden stakes around our new lot.

All of a sudden, big bad Fred White came up behind my Dad, on the dirt road with a rough four foot four inch thick club and I yelled "Look Out!" My Father jumped back and threw the sledge hammer but missed. Then the attacker swung the bough at my Dad's head but my father stopped the club's momentum with his right hand and pulled it away from Fred who ran away.

Arby and Mrs. White came out of their house and yelled "We don't want no trouble!"

I followed my Dad and just knew he was going to get his hand gun at home. He got it and went back as far as the railroad tracks to find Fred White who had fled the area

My Dad reported the attack to our auto mechanic, Gus Richards, who I remember as always being under a car with greasy hands and dirty coveralls in Gus's Garage. I didn't know before this event that he was also the area Constable. Gus was all official and clean when he went to find Fred White. Arby White and his wife kept saying "We don't want no trouble." Things cooled down because we all knew that the older son, Fred, was the "black sheep" of the White family and a "hot-head" trouble maker who acted out of envy.

Our Guardian Angels protected all of us that day. John and Stanley White remained friends with my brother, Jim and I, but we had no use for Fred. I wonder whatever became of him.²⁰

So life was not without it's problems. You can guess from the murder in St Louis that downtown St Louis was not the best place to raise children. The other stories point to prejudice against Italians. One more story adds to that impression although it is not about the immediate Barreca Family. As mentioned earlier, when he signed up to fight in World War I, Grandmother Rose (Venturella) Barreca's Father, Vincent Venturella worked for a large department store in



Stix Baer Fuller

downtown St Louis, Stix, Baer Fuller (Picture on left). He... was a hard worker and he did all right working for Stix Baer Fuller as a custodian and so forth. But one time somebody accused him of stealing something and he went into a rage and he got so angry that he had to be incarcerated. So the only time I met my grandfather Vincent Venturella was in I called it the insane asylum. But he never was insane as far as I could tell. And he always spoke real gentle and kind to me, but that's where he died.²¹ This put his wife, Vincenza in a bind, but they survived. She was on welfare, my grandmother, and of course her sons all worked. We had Uncle Lou and Uncle Tony, and Uncle Joe. And Uncle Joe (the one who was younger than our father Joe) was killed in the Battle of Salerno in Italy during World War II. And he was the sole support of his mother at the time, and the pension supported my grandma from then on.²²

²⁰ From Dad's Stories Page 1

²¹ Dad Tape 1.doc, Page 5

²² Ibid

The Kid

As he grew up and went from grade school to high school, young Joseph Barreca took on more and more responsibilities. These didn't seem to weight him down as much as give him more to be excited about. As a youngster he would hang out with his friends under the bridge at St Charles Rock Road. They would play games and occasionally join the garbage man on his rounds or come up with other adventures. But no experience stands out more than working with his father on the produce route.

But even when I was going to school there, especially in the summer time, I had a close relationship with my Dad. And also my brother Jim was right with me all the time; he was only like I say eighteen months younger. We'd go down to the market, most of this time down to the Front Street Market right along the Mississippi River there. Way downtown – it was about fourteen miles east of Pattonville along Highway 40 downtown down the main streets. And always it'd be real early in the morning when we'd get into my Dad's truck and sleep in the back. And I told you about my Dad waking me up at about 3:30 or 4:00 in the morning by tweaking my nose and we'd get in the back of the car and sleep. But by the time we got to the market I was wide awake and he would have crates of cauliflower and crates of lettuce and crates of oranges and sacks of potatoes and sacks of onions and all kinds of bananas and cantaloupes and all kinds of fruit and vegetables in



*great big quantities. And I'd help make the fruit and vegetables real presentable in trays and things, and call upon our regular customers.*²³

And I remember working hard on the farm too: hoeing and picking butterbeans and green beans and tomatoes and all kinds of beets and turnips and even digging up sweet potatoes and all kinds of experiences there. It was wonderful to live on the farm and get all that produce. And then the customers would really like the fresh produce that we brought around.

It was work but it was satisfying too. I remember even with the corn, I think I did report this on the part that we lost, that in handling the fresh corn down there at the market, they would have great big truckloads of that corn that they'd bring in, and you'd buy it by so many dozen corn. And they'd throw it into your truck. You know you would buy twenty dozen corn or something like that and they'd throw it all in the back of the truck right there, grabbing bunches of three and four in a handful. It was a really exciting time.

But there's so many things that brings to mind, going through some of those areas in St. Louis. There's good and bad. I remember the

²³ Story Compilation, Page 7

good; we used to go to South St. Louis. It was called Daygo Hill and my Dad had some friends there. And of course on a real cold morning, and we'd get there even before daylight, they'd invite us in and have coffee. And they used to put a little bit of whiskey in the coffee just to get us warmed up, you know.

And sometimes we'd even go to church. Those people seemed to go to church in the dark. Everybody would be going to church in the dark and they were so quiet; everybody was praying. And I remember it was an exciting time for me.

Then we'd get started with the route, the customers. I think I did tell a little about we'd go into our favorite customers houses and they would order stuff and we'd come and weigh it all up and figure it all out and bring it back. My Dad would let us do all of that. And when I say "us" it'd be mostly me and my brother Jim. And we'd have these favorite customers that seemed to buy a lot of stuff from us.

Anyway strawberries – I remember going down the middle of the street in South St. Louis with a tray of strawberries yelling "Be-erries Strawberries" and the women would come from the balconies and they'd all want strawberries, and so we'd have to go upstairs and we'd sell out in a hurry. Same way with watermelons. Anyway, it was an exciting time – a good way to teach your kids how to get along with the public.²⁴

The real turning point in helping his Dad on the produce route however came in a time of crisis:

And I remember my Dad getting sick one time with his lungs – he was gassed in France in the Argon Forest in World War I. And he had to be treated at the Veteran's Hospital and nobody to take care of the route except me, the kid. I learned to drive at thirteen or fourteen years old and at fourteen years I could get a driver's license at that time. And I ran the route and did the buying and did the selling and they used to call me "the Kid" down at the market you know.²⁵

I bought the produce at the Mississippi River waterfront wholesale, 14 miles from Pattenville and our produce route stretched from Dovortown, Overland, St Johns, the batten land all the way to the Missouri River 4 miles west of Westlake Park on Hwy 40.²⁶

By the time he was ready to enter high school, Dad was experienced, self-assured and ready to take on bigger responsibilities than just passing grades.

High School

High School was not just a new experience for Dad, the school itself was new. He writes: . *The (grade school) teachers were all good however and "of course" I usually was the teacher's pet. My seventh grade teacher taught me a lot and she moved up with us to eighth grade and then became the principal at the new high school which was being built for our growing school. We were slated to be the first full freshman class.*²⁷

*My grade became the first high school graduating class finishing all 12 grades at Pattonville Grade and High School. Mr. Holman was our superintendent and Mrs. Elizabeth Swith Young was our Principal. The High School is much bigger now and is now called Holman High School in the large Pattonville School District.*²⁸

²⁴ Tape 2 page 2

²⁵ Story Compilation page 7

²⁶ Story Compliation page 17

²⁷ Dad's Two Minute Stories #2

²⁸ From Dad's Stories.

One of Dad's new tasks was as editor of the school newspaper, Scola, which means "school" in Latin. A current staff member for the Pattonville School District, Brian Heyman, English and Journalism teacher, was kind enough to send me an image from that newspaper in 1938: It shows Joe Barreca as Editor in Chief. As editor, he wrote the essay that starts out this chapter. Having scanned copies of old school newsletters for history projects, I can tell you that they reflect the whole community. There are stories and sometimes pictures of kids from all the families. The editors have to go out and contact all of the local businesses to get ads. The businesses are often run by parents of the children in the school. So in one package you get a picture of a whole community from a school newspaper. Often they were the only newspaper for a community. The editor of that newspaper was already a key figure in the community.

Dad writes: *I was the editor of the school paper "The Schola" and the annual. We had lots to write about with games and pictures and prophecies.... and we got to mingle with the business people for ads and materials.*²⁹

But high school from a historian's perspective is different than high school from a student's perspective. At 14 to 18 years old, the hormones kick in and Dad's recollection of that time is much more in tune with that perspective.

Our class of 1940 was the first class that entered the new Pattonville High School when it was built in 1936 as freshman and graduated as seniors in June of 1940.

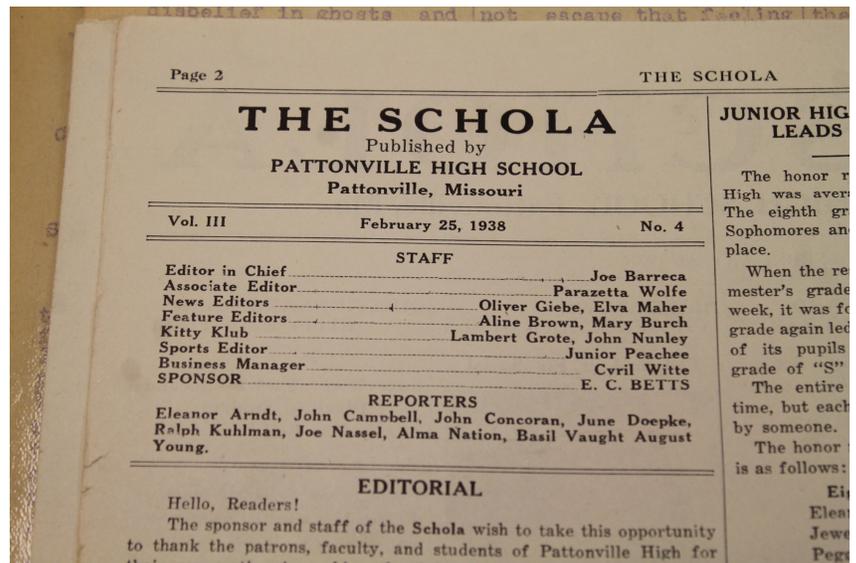
I remember our prom when we went downtown to a big hotel dance floor and we danced at a special big band performance of "In the Mood", "Dark Town Strutters' Ball", "Deep Purple", "Blue Heaven", "We Three", "Stardust" and even "Three Little Fishies" and "Mares Eat Oats".

My dad let me drive the Pontiac and my date and two other couples. I knew Hwy 40 and St Charles Rock Road, I thought, but I got carried away going out Kings Highway and eight miles out of town nothing looked familiar. I was on Hwy 50 miles from Hwy 40 but fortunately I found Hwy 66 hours past the expected time for us to be home. All the parents were frantic but glad to see us alive. I got home at three in the morning. Needless to say none of us could stay awake for the school day that followed...

We also had a Glee Club, Spring trips, and pie socials where the guy could bid for his girl's pie at the auction and if you could bid high enough you got the girl with the pie. I remember I purchased Jeannette Kroensberg's lemon meringue pie and Jeannette was a pretty girl, too.

*English Literature and Science were my best subjects...*³⁰

There seem to have been two main places high school age kids hung out in Pattonville and Bridgeton. Curtis Wright field was one of them. We will get to that soon. The other was West Lake, an amusement park in the upper left of this map of the area. Dad's uncles, Tony, Lou and



²⁹ From Dad's Two Minute Stories, #3 High School

³⁰ From Dad's Two Minute Stories, #3 High School

Joe Venturella played in a band there. They were “dressed to a T” in a white jacket and Uncle Joe played a trumpet.

One of the assets of West Lake was the bowling alley. Dad was on the Branneky store bowling team. Bowling remained a big interest of his well into his working years. The team was called the Paints. It consisted of 5 bowlers and was one of 16 teams that competed against each other in the Bridgeton area.

West Lake Park had roller coasters and many other rides, roller skating and a stage with constant entertainment. It was located at the intersection of St Charles Rock Road and Natural Bridge Road, the road that Grandfather’s Store was on. Willie Cambron relates how he met his future wife Sandra Barreca, Dad’s sister, at West Lake Park. The park never recovered from a bad fire in 1955. Now most inquiries into West Lake land you on sites with information on the former West Lake Landfill where nuclear waste from the Manhattan Project was dumped. It is now a superfund site with a reputation for fires and a bad smell.



[Photo of West Lake Park near Bridgeton. From www.forestparkhighlands.com/westlake.html]

In high school, Joseph Barreca was not immune to the charms of many local girls, among them were Mary Elizabeth Swith-Young, who was also a produce customer who lived south of Branneky’s store. Another was Jeannette Kroensberg, mentioned earlier. Still another was Mary Ellen Birch, the daughter of a dentist. Dad was jealous when she married Jack Cochran but kept in contact. She later remarried a man named Thomas. She died after a tornado in Marilyn Heights on April 22nd, 2011. Then there was Leona, who he met at the Fee Fee Cemetery where her father was the grounds keeper.

Other families that he remembers include Junior and Vernon Peachtree, and the Schraders, particularly Elmer who like the rest of his family was outstanding in sports.

Jobs

Dad held several jobs after graduating from High School in 1940. One of the most memorable was Schneithorst's Concessions:

We used to have the airport close by. People used to come out from St. Louis to the airport in a hot summer time in the evening to cool off. And there were a lot of airplanes - they could get airplane rides. And there were concessions there where you could get hotdogs and popcorn and coca cola and ice cream and all that stuff. And one of the big restaurants was Schneithorst's concessions with beautiful glass brick and lights and everything. And both my brother (Jim) and I got jobs there.

I remember just sellin' those hotdogs, "So-o good! Charcoal-broiled hotdogs!" And the buns were just fresh and tasty and everybody would be buying those hotdogs. And I would be makin' the popcorn and it was fresh and the aroma around there. We used to drink coca cola and eat ice cream.

Of course we'd have to clean up after midnight or one o'clock when things were closin' down, nobody else around. And the place got pretty messed up from all the activity of sellin' all this stuff. And it was kind of like corridors of concrete with a gully on the side, all indoors. And the outdoors had these great big windows or awnings that opened up out and then you could close them. But after hours Mr. Arthur Schneithorst Jr. which was a young man who later married into the Anheiser Busch family - he was a rich guy, a really good businessman, this young Schneithorst was - and he kind of liked us, he kind of liked having us do his work for him. And we'd have to clean up afterwards and my brother Jim liked to be on the power hose with water and he's wash everything down. Schneithorst was counting the money in the cash registers and Jim come around the corner with that hose and he accidentally hit him with a spray of pressure water and Schneithorst said "What's that?!" And Jim my brother said "Water!" (laughter) And everybody would laugh! Oh boy, what a time we had.³¹

Another job was for Emerson Electric on the assembly line. He had to whack motors with a hammer to get them to set their polarity before they would work. He liked the ability to make his own money.

One of the last local jobs was with Curtis-Wright just off from the airport. He cut sheet metal for the A-9 flight training airplane that they built there.

. And Curtis Wright later became McDonald Aircraft. But during the time we were getting ready for goin' into war, Curtis Wright made trainers for pilots and they weren't the jets at that time, but fighter airplanes. I think the P-36 and another one.

Anyway we had the trainer and it was kind of a crucial job. I got in there as a sheet metal worker, drillin' holes and cutting sheet metal. And we had templates and patterns and that. And pretty soon they made me into an inspector because I was good at being particular about stuff.³²



³¹ Joseph A. Barreca Tape 2

³² Ibid

Several other family members ended up working for Curtis-Wright including grandfather Tony Barreca, Sandra and Virginia Barreca, who was injured working there. She was carrying a tray of key-punch cards and fell injuring her tailbone. The company, by then McDonald Aircraft, would not even pay for X-rays.³³

Dad was also an inspector at Curtis-Wright where he worked until November of 1942 when he was drafted into the service. He had tried to join the Navy right out of high school but he learned a lot from that experience:

*Yeah, that was a disaster trying to get into the navy. I should put that in here. While I was goin' to high school, a lot of my friends were getting into the naval air force. And I went down with them, but I got tested down town with Life Magazine kind of circles, where I could see colors different. I didn't know I was different, but they would show me these circles and I could see numbers in 'em like "56" and "21" and "32" where nobody else could see 'em, you know. And boy I thought I was goin' gung ho until I got to the doctor and he scratched "CB's only" because I was color blind. I didn't see the other colors that messed up those numbers. And boy did I feel downhearted and low. But it saved my life – if I'd have been one of those naval cadets, I don't think I would have ever returned because that was early in the war. They were using those guys in those airplanes you know.*³⁴

Being color blind had its good and bad points. As mentioned above, he might not be alive if allowed into the Navy. He cannot distinguish red from green. It is called red-green blindness. What he can see is yellow. So yellow has always been his favorite color.

Enlisting in the Service started a whole new chapter in Dad's life, and will be a whole new chapter in this book. He writes: *Actually I was still working there when I got the greetings from the U.S. that I was selected as a soldier. So I went into the army air force from there. And then I went into Jefferson barracks and from then I went into St. Petersburg Florida.*³⁵

Before we launch into a chapter all about love and war, this is a good time to reflect on the lasting effects of growing up in Pattonville. Dad never lost his love for gardens and produce. Few things were more exciting for him than fresh tomatoes and other fruit in season. Also Dad has always been optimistic and enthusiastic about activities that benefit a group of people. Even though he didn't enter the Service thinking of a future as a college graduate with a law degree, he showed the responsibility and talent as editor of the Schola that would make him a successful attorney in later years. Even though he would embarrass us kids as teenagers by singing loudly and starting conversations with total strangers, you can see how those traits would have been advantageous in his role as "The Kid" selling produce from his father's truck or hot dogs at the airport. In a lot of ways the apple didn't fall far from the tree. We may not have spent much time with our grandfather Tony, but he was a big influence on us through our own father. We may have some regrets in not meeting all of our Italian relatives in St. Louis but luckily we have re-connected with many of them in Castelbuono.

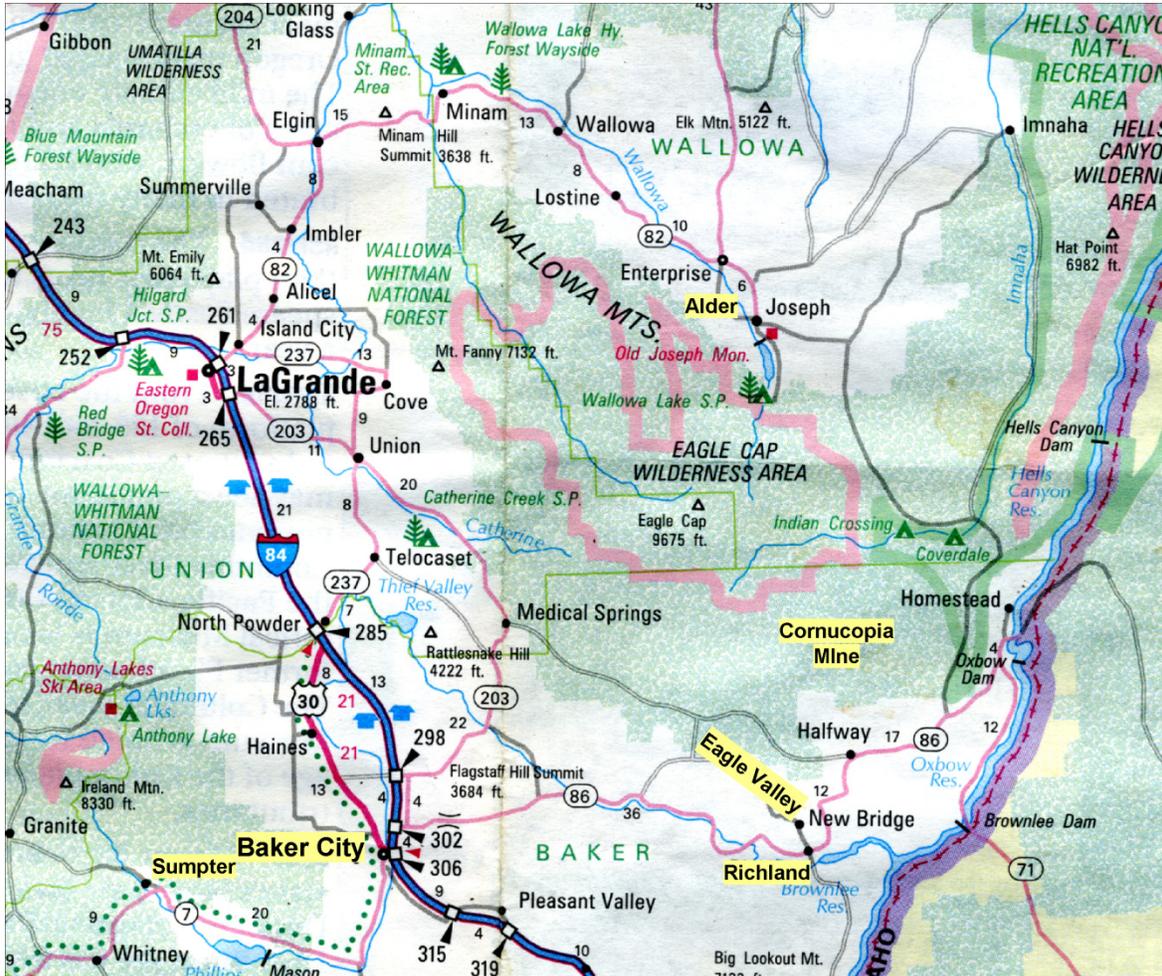
³³ Interviews with Joseph Barreca and Mary Jo Rumball-Petre.

³⁴ Joseph A Barreca Tape 2.

³⁵ Ibid

Eagle Valley

It is not surprising that there were a lot of differences between the families of Joseph Barreca and Evelyn Jones . What is surprising are the similarities, particularly that a good portion of the Jones family had strong ties to Missouri. In fact the whole population of Eagle Valley Oregon had strong ties to Missouri. Both families were diligent farmers. Both families immigrated to areas of the country where they had family and friends of the family. Both families suffered traumatic losses of loved ones and both had religious convictions that they upheld even when conditions made that difficult.



[Most places mentioned in this text are highlighted in yellow on this map.]

Mormon Roots

Because the Jones family had strong Mormon roots and continues in that tradition, we have extensive genealogical information about it. Whatever else might be said about the Latter Day Saints, they are the acknowledged world leaders in gathering genealogical history,

preserving it and making it accessible. This chapter owes a lot to the work of Leland Jones and his sister Kayleen Jones Wissel, two of our Mormon relatives.¹

Evelyn Jane Jones was born May 2nd, 1920 to Daniel W Jones and Matilda Durrett Jones in Eagle Valley Oregon. She was the 7th and last of their children, so unlike Joseph Barreca, she started out in a well-established family group. Her closest sister, Ruth, was born 3 ½ years earlier on November 16th, 1916. Her nephew, Harold Chapman was born August 25, 1924 and his brother Everett (Bud) Chapman was born September 8th, 1926 to Evelyn's sister Laura Geneva Jones Chapman who was 16 years older than Evelyn. So Harold and Bud were closer to her in age than her oldest Sister and in fact any of her brothers and sisters besides Ruth. This group of younger kids played together and took on more and more chores as they got older.

Many of the neighbors were also family. Her uncles and Grandparents often stayed with the Daniel Jones family in Eagle Valley. Although not a town today, Eagle Creek runs alongside New Bridge Road down to Richland, Oregon. It lies east of Baker City along Hwy 86, south of Wallowa-Whitman National Forest. It is a green oasis in the dry rolling hills along the Snake River.

Matilda Durrett



A look at the various long journeys that brought the Jones family to Eagle Valley will tell us a lot about the home that Evelyn grew up in. Her mother, Matilda Ellen Durrett was born near Garden City Missouri, May 28th, 1881. Matilda's father, William Albert Durrett, was also born near Garden City Missouri and spent his whole life there. Matilda's mother, Amanda McCullum, married William Durrett when she was 18 years old, in 1879. She had 3 children.² The first, Jesse, only lived for two weeks. The next child was Matilda, Evelyn's mother. The third, born in September of 1883, was named Janis, but her family called her Janey. Sadly, Amanda died of a ruptured appendix in 1885 when Janey was only 10 months old. This left the two girls in the care of their father. A year and a half later, he married a 20 year old girl, Ida Henschman, with whom he eventually had six more children. This did not work out well for Matilda and Janey.

¹ Particularly Dan "W" Jones and Matilda Ellen Durrett Jones: *A collection of memories* by Kayleen Jones Wissel (2005), *A Story of the Life of Martha Princes and Thomas Jones* also by Kayleen Jones Wissel and a Family Tree along with other information supplied by Leland Jones.

² There is some speculation as to how much Native American blood was in Evelyn's Family. A family history by Roy Sparks, who was her Mother's cousin, relates that he was born in the Cherokee Indian nation in Oklahoma and that his mother, Mary Margaret Tindall, was full-blooded Delaware or Iroquois and his father was part Indian. Genealogical research makes the picture much more complicated, so "some Indian blood" is about all we can say.

*“Matilda was the babysitter much of the time and often took the blame for whatever the younger children did wrong. Years later, Janey told her niece, Ruth of an example of their step-mother preferring her own children to the exclusion or detriment of the two children of Amanda. Janey was sent on an errand a long ways away just before dinner and was not allowed to eat when she returned because she wasn’t there when the rest of the family were eating. It couldn’t have been too pleasant of a home life for these two little girls growing up. Matilda never did get along with her stepmother.”*³

Matilda escaped this situation to live with her Uncle Henry Marshall Durrett’s family and help with Henry and Caroline’s children, Bertha and John. Henry M. Durrett’s other daughter, Lydia married George Gutridge. George made a small fortune in the gold mines west of Baker, Oregon. He came back to Missouri and convinced Matilda’s Uncle Henry and his family to move to Oregon in 1899. Matilda, then 18, went with them. And so Evelyn’s mother arrived in the West at Sumpter Oregon, a gold mining town in the mountains west of Baker. Luckily, we have the picture above of her about that time found in a collection from a distant relative.⁴

Her Uncle Henry and his family didn’t last long in Sumpter and moved back to Missouri, but Matilda stayed on and was later working at a nearby mining camp, Clifford, where she met a young miner named Daniel “W” Jones.

We know at this point that young Matilda was beautiful, self-sufficient and adventurous. She also had a sense of humor. Daniel Jones relates that while working at the boarding house where they met, if someone asked for a “half a cup of coffee” she would reply “Which half, top or bottom?”

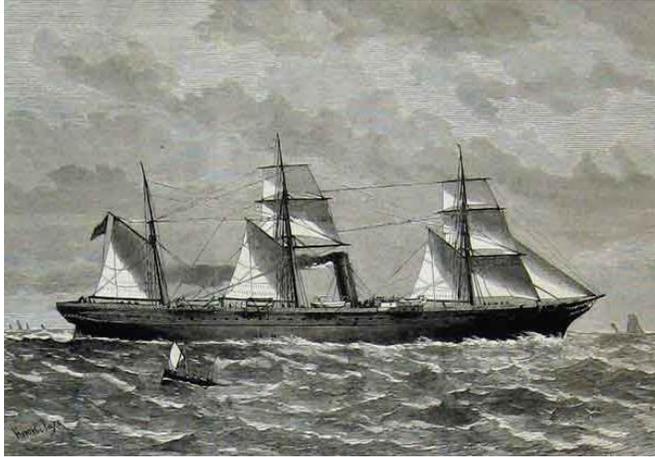
Daniel Jones

We don’t however know much about Daniel Jones. He was born November 16th, 1875 in North Ogden Utah. So he would have been 25 years old in 1900 and Matilda would have been 19, 5 ½ years younger.

Both of Daniel’s parents, Thomas “W” Jones and Martha Price Jones, were from Merthyr Tydfil, South Wales. They had eight children. George “W” Jones, born 18, December, 1871 and Mary Jane, born October 5th, 1873, both in Gold Canyon near Deer Lodge Montana, a gold mining community. Daniel “W” Jones was born in North Ogden, Utah in 1875, Margaret M Jones was born in Malad City near Oneida, Idaho in 1878. Caroline M Jones was born November 2nd also in Malad City. William “W” Jones was born January 1st, 1883 in Alder, Wallowa, Oregon. Anna Maude Jones was born July 22nd, 1885 also in Alder and Leonard “W” Jones was born June 8th, 1893 in Malad City. The “W” in each of the boy’s names commemorates the maiden name of Thomas Jone’s Mother, Mary Williams. Most of her and her husband, Daniel Lewis Jones’s boys (She had 7 children, 5 of them boys) also had a middle initial of “W”. All of Thomas and Martha Price’s children are listed here because they keep appearing in this history, as they did in the life of Evelyn Jones Barreca.

³ Daniel “W” Jones and Matilda Ellen Durrett Jones by Kayleen Jones Wissel, page 4

⁴ Daniel “W” Jones and Matilda Ellen Durrett Jones by Kayleen Jones Wissel, page 5



Thomas and Martha, met on the ship, Chimborazo, which steamed out of Liverpool on the 17th of April, 1855 with 432 Mormon immigrants bound for Zion, the state of Utah. They would not meet again for many years, Martha was only 3 years old at the time. Only 3 days away from shore on that ship, Martha's twin sister Mary fell down a hatchway from the upper deck to a lower deck and hit on her head. She died three days later. Thomas is said to have comforted the family after this tragic accident, he was from 17 to 20 years

old at the time, having been born March 17th, 1833 or 1836 depending on which records are used. This was already his third ocean crossing. Both the Price and Jones families were already friends having suffered persecution together in Wales for their religious beliefs.⁵

A little background might help understand why these families left their homeland of Wales for the American frontier. There were 13 children born into the Jeremiah and Jane Morgan Price family. Although Jeremiah had a good position in a coal mining company and Jane ran a dry goods store, his children still worked in the mines. Young children were often given the job of controlling the air doors and the ventilation. This work was as dangerous as any in the mine. Two of Jeremiah's children, David Rees Price and Richard Rees Price died working in these mines, each at about the age of 8 years old. Two more children died in infancy. The boom of coal mining for production of metals and steam power increased the population of Wales from 7,705 in 1801 to 96,891 in 1871. Great wealth was accumulated but danger, pollution and drunkenness increased as well. Prejudice against people who left the English Church to join the Mormons was so great that Jeremiah could not sell his possessions when the family moved to America. They were only able to go through a revolving immigration fund that was replenished by immigrants after they arrived in the United States.

*"On 22 May 1855 they arrived at Philadelphia where they stayed a short time with other Welsh families. The only piece of furniture they brought across the ocean was a large hardwood chest. The majority of the ship's passengers continued on together by way of Pittsburgh and St. Louis. The chief outfitting post for the pioneers that year was a camp called Mormon Grove, located west of Atchison, Kansas near the Missouri River."*⁶ So much like the Barreca Family, only 65 years earlier, the Jones Family went west to St Louis by train 5 years before the outbreak of the Civil War. But then they bought four oxen, a wagon and a cow and spent the next 3 months crossing the plains to Salt Lake City.

Jeremiah had already sent his children 20-year-old Josiah and 10-year-old Sarah to Utah in December of 1852 traveling with some close friends from Merthyr. By 1855 Josiah had married Rachel Bowen, who had travelled with him to Salt Lake City and established a home in

⁵ A description of the voyage of the Chimborazo and the accidental death of Mary Price is available on this website: http://mormonmigration.lib.byu.edu/Search/showDetails/db:MM_MII/t:account/id:229/keywords:Atkinson+Alfred

⁶ *A Story of the Life of Martha Prices and Thomas Jones* by Kayleen Jones Wissel page 5.

North Ogden. His sister Sarah was working for a family nearby. Hearing that her parents were in Salt Lake, she walked 50 miles to greet them even though there was snow on the ground and she had to wade across creeks to get there.⁷

By 1858, the Jones Family had built a home in North Ogden despite being very poor and a famine. But they had to leave North Ogden to retreat from Federal troops sent by President James Buchanan to squelch the supposed “Mormon Rebellion”. Many settlers travelling to the west were at odds with the Mormons over their intention of setting up a country of their own and their practice of marrying multiple wives. At the height of the tensions, on September 11, 1857, more than 120 California-bound settlers from Arkansas, Missouri and other states, including unarmed men, women and children, were killed in remote southwestern Utah by a group of local Mormon militiamen. They first claimed that the migrants were killed by Native Americans. This event was later called the Mountain Meadows massacre and the motives behind the incident remain a mystery.⁸ The Mormon settlers took on tactics of harassing the Federal Troops but never directly confronting them. As a result, the dispute was soon settled by negotiations and the displaced families were allowed to return to their homes. But Jeremiah liked the town of Payson, where they fled to avoid the war, bought land there and became a US citizen.

On the 19th of March of that year (1860) Martha’s father was drowned in Payson Lake (later called Utah Lake). The morning of his death his wife Jane, on bidding him goodbye, told him she would never see him alive again. He and his son, John, were making a delivery of chickens to a settlement across the lake and decided to walk over on the ice instead of making the long trip around. They went four miles on the ice and were within the width of a house from the shore when the ice broke and both went down. John was able to get out but the father, perhaps heavier and less agile, trying time and time again until his fingernails had almost worn away, gave up. He refused to allow his son to aid him further for fear they both would be lost. The father talked to his son during his remaining time, entrusting his mother and younger brother and sisters to the young boy’s care and telling him of the life he would have him live.⁹

Leadership of the family passed to John, Josiah and Issac. Hearing from their Welsh friends that there was good farmland available, Josiah and his brothers took land and moved the family about 65-70 miles north across the border into Idaho in the Malad Valley and lived in that area throughout the period of the Civil War. About 1867, the family of Daniel Lewis Jones, who had also sailed on the Chimborazo and arrived in Salt Lake City in the fall of 1855, moved to the nearby town of Henderson Creek near Samaria, Idaho. Their youngest son, Thomas, who had been working in the gold fields of California since arriving on the Chimborazo, rode up north into Idaho to meet them. They were overjoyed not having heard from him all of these years and assuming that he had died. While in Henderson Creek, Thomas, now 34 years old became reacquainted with Martha Price, now 15 years old.

Thomas didn’t stay in Henderson Creek long. By 1868 he was off on another mining adventure with his brother William, this time to Blackfoot City in Deer Lodge County, Montana. He traded the horse and saddle that he had ridden all the way from California for a mining claim.

⁷ Price, Martha Ann & Thomas W Jones.pdf, page 7

⁸ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Utah_War

⁹ A Story of the Life of Martha Prices and Thomas Jones by Kayleen Jones Wissel page 8.

On the surface this might look like another reckless adventure of a wandering young man. But the opposite is true. Thomas and Matilda corresponded regularly while he was away to Montana. The mine was a success and they extracted thousands of dollars of ore from it. That was a fortune in those days. Two years later he returned to Utah to marry Martha Price on October 28th, 1870.¹⁰

Soon after the wedding, the couple headed back to the mine at Gold Canyon outside of Blackfoot Montana. If you look at the area on Google Earth, it is anything but inviting. The valleys are mostly bare of trees and the forests are sparse. They lived in the area for five years and had two children, William “W” Jones and Mary Jane Jones. Thomas’s brother William and Martha’s brother, Issac lived nearby. Thomas eventually sold his interest in the mine to William. Thomas and Martha then moved to Malad, Idaho, close to the Utah border, where our grandfather, Daniel “W” Jones, was born November 16th, 1875.



Matilda’s mother’s parents James H. McCollum & Mary Margaret (Tindall) McCollum

Thomas and Martha seem to have often thought that the “grass is always greener” somewhere else and tracing the progression of their homesteads, it usually was. They soon moved to Elkhorn, Idaho near the town of Stanley and the Sawtooth wilderness, where Martha’s brother John offered them 55 acres of free land. They built a home there and stayed for 7 years. In their next move, they went to Wallowa County Oregon and again started a farm from scratch. They lived there 9 years and had two more of their eventual 8 children.

In Wallowa County the family was overcome with grief when they lost their third son William.

When 9-year-old William was unharnessing the team after the family returned from attending church, he became entangled and was drug by a horse and injured so severely that he died two days later. This was on 5 April 1892 at Alder, Wallowa, Oregon.¹¹

The next year they moved back to Malad, Idaho where their last child, Leonard, was born. Martha was 40 years old at the time and Thomas was 60. Martha suffered from poor eyesight and Thomas had a stroke a few years later, which left him without control of his left arm. They were no longer able to farm. So the family moved from Malad to Baker City, Oregon.

¹⁰ A Story of the Life of Martha Prices and Thomas Jones by Kayleen Jones Wissel page 10.

¹¹ A Story of the Life of Martha Prices and Thomas Jones by Kayleen Jones Wissel page 12

Their second son, Daniel, took up work mining in Clifford in what is now the Umatilla National Forest, not far outside of Baker City, where he met and eventually married our grandmother, Matilda Durrett. So while Matilda's family had moved back to Missouri, Daniel's family was close at hand and would be intimately involved in the life of young Evelyn Jones. Daniel's upbringing exposed him to a lot of mining, farming and construction. The Jones family as a whole worked together on all of these things. Interestingly, another Missouri connection brought Daniel and Matilda to Eagle Valley.

Life in Eagle Valley

For their honeymoon, they visited Matilda's family in Missouri. After that, they went to Cripple Creek, Colorado where Daniel's brother George lived. Daniel worked for a couple years in the Anaconda mining camp with George and their first child, Geneva, was born there in 1904. Mining was dangerous work for the father of a family. Matilda's cousin, Bertha Jane Durrett Morrison, had moved to Eagle Valley, 40 miles west of Baker City, Oregon from Missouri. There were already many other families from Missouri living there. Presumably Matilda and George's wife, Jennie persuaded Daniel and George to move from Cripple Creek to Eagle Valley with their families in 1907.

In a few years, while working at logging and mining, they built new houses for themselves and a new little house for their parents who moved to Eagle Valley in 1910. Thomas's health however failed rapidly and he passed away in 1911 after moving in with son George. Their youngest son, Leonard would have been 17 at the time. He moved in with Dan and Matilda, while Martha stayed with George and Jennie. Many other visitors came to stay for awhile with Dan and Matilda. They included Matilda's cousin Arthur Sparks and her nephew, Fred Barkley, both from Missouri. Grandmother Martha spent 6 months of the year at with Dan and Matilda and helped with the children. This gave Matilda enough freedom from watching the kids to take care of a large garden, which became part of the family's income as well as the food supply. The family cooperation and industry must have paid off. By 1916 they moved into a new house with all the latest conveniences. It had electric water pumping, its own electric light system with storage batteries and indoor plumbing. They also had a new barn and several outbuildings. Soon after moving in they had another child, Ruth Larue Jones, born on her father's birthday, November 16th.

She was born with a congenital hip dislocation which in those days left her pretty much crippled. This is a hereditary problem that is also seen in some other descendants of Matilda's father William, both those descended from her mother Amanda and also through the descendants of William and his second wife, Ida. According to (cousin), Irene Halcomb Puderbaugh, William also limped because he had one leg shorter than the other.¹²

¹² Dan "W" Jones and Matilda Ellen Durrett Jones, by Kayleen Jones, Page 10. This condition is of special interest to me because I was born with a club foot and wore braces on it in my earliest years, although I don't remember any of that.

Evelyn Jones is Born

Four years later, on May 2nd 1920, our mother, Evelyn Jones, was born, the last child of the Daniel and Matilda Jones Family. She almost didn't make it past that first year.



Evelyn Jones Age 3

One day, just after having eaten a meal and before the table was cleared, Matilda headed down to the basement to turn off the generator. The baby, Evelyn was sleeping on the bed in the bedroom just off the dining room. All off a sudden, there was a terrible explosion in the basement knocking Matilda backwards into the closet just off the landing and the door to the closet in the bedroom was ripped off its

hinges and landed on top of the baby. The pressure tank in the basement that supplied their electricity blew up and there was a long strip where the flooring was torn up. There were broken dishes and glass everywhere. If Geneva hadn't moved the piano a few days before, it would have fallen through into the basement. If Matilda had gotten a few steps further into the basement, she would probably have been killed and if the door hadn't fallen across the baby, glass from the blown out windows would have cut her to pieces.¹³

So much for modern conveniences, the family went back to lighting with kerosene lamps until grid electricity was available in the valley. The pressure tank explosion was not the last time in Evelyn's early life that she almost didn't make it.

When I was about three or four, I convinced my mother and my brother for me to go and watch him go fishing. We had a swinging bridge that went over Little Eagle Creek, and I promised faithfully that I would be really quiet and not make a sound if Aubrey would let me go and watch him fish. So we went down to the bridge and he got me settled on the bridge and he proceeded to fish in Little Eagle Creek and pretty soon I sat there, was watching the water and I got dizzy and fell in. So he had to jump in and rescue me and pack me back to the house dripping wet, and I think that was the last time I went fishing with Aubrey.¹⁴

Besides having aunts, uncles, grandparents and lots of friends of the family around, Evelyn Jones arrived with a full complement of brothers and sisters. For the first years of her life, they were her world, so it might be illuminating to portray them now.



Geneva, Clifford, Louise, Aubrey, Ruth, Evelyn, Naomi

¹³ Dan"W" Jones and Matilda Ellen Durrett Jones, by Kayleen Jones, Page 11

¹⁴ Evelyn Eagle Valley.doc Page 1 – early memories recorded by Evelyn Jones Barreca.

Brothers and Sisters

The oldest child of Dan and Matilda Jones, Laura Geneva Jones, was born November 30th, 1904 in Anaconda, Colorado. At the time, Dan was a strike-breaker hired during a union labor dispute at the mine. Matilda was frightened of repercussions from striking miners and their wives. Their neighbors shunned them. They were anxious to move. With the help of income from a small vein of gold at a claim they owned, they were able to move to Eagle Valley.¹⁵

Geneva and her dad kind of butted heads a lot as she was growing up. Evelyn thinks it wasn't quite so much what she wanted to do as it was timing. She thought she was old enough to date, etc. and her parents didn't think so. She married when she was 18 in 1923 and I guess once she was out on her own they got along fine.¹⁶



Ruth, "Quack Quack," Evelyn, "Spot" & Harold

Geneva and Merton Chapman soon had two children, Harold Lavern Chapman and Everett Leroy Chapman, born in 1924 and 1926. They were younger than Evelyn Jones, Harold by 4 years and Leroy (Bud) Chapman by 6 years. Evelyn and her sister Ruth were put in charge of the two boys when

Geneva came over to do laundry every week.

Bud and Harold, we used to play hide and seek and various games while Mother was doing the washing. I remember hiding up in the chicken loft and above the chicken house and various places when we were playing hide and seek. We also rolled tires and had a hoop thing that we rolled hoops, I don't remember where the hoops came from. But we had sort of a T-shaped stick that we would roll the hoops with.¹⁷

Three years after Geneva, Clifford Leroy Jones was born July 29th, 1907 in Eagle Valley. He was named Clifford in memory of Clifford, the gold mining camp where Daniel and Matilda Jones first met. In later years, Clifford and Daniel would own property and farm together in Moses Lake. But it took awhile to get Clifford on the right track.

Now Matilda took care of most of the discipline until the children got too big to handle but Clifford said that when he was around 11 he got a well deserved spanking from his father

¹⁵ Daniel "W" and Matilda Durrett Jones, page 7

¹⁶ Daniel "W" and Matilda Durrett Jones, page 10

¹⁷ Evelyn, Eagle Valley, Page 8



The Byer Family 1938

that he never forgot. Dan was down that winter with rheumatism and had counted on Geneva and Clifford to haul hay and feed stock. Clifford would brush the snow aside and play marbles leaving Geneva to do all the work and it finally caught up with him. He was much better to do his part after that. His mother used to use a razor strap on him and Aubrey. He said he was smarter than Aubrey, he'd cry right away and she'd stop but Aubrey would just frown and she'd keep going on him.¹⁸

Aubrey was a younger brother but two more girls were born before him. Martha Louise Jones was born three days before Christmas in 1909. Eleven years older than Evelyn, Louise had a busy social life and probably not much time for the baby of the family. She was the only child to go to college where she worked for her room and board. The family helped out with her expenses as best they could. Louise married Milton Byer in 1933. They soon moved their family to Forest Grove, Oregon. Evelyn would stay with them later when she moved out of the valley.

Naomi May Jones

Naomi May was born in May 3rd 1912. They almost lost one year old Naomi when she fell into the irrigation ditch but Geneva caught her by the skirt tail and saved her.¹⁹ Evelyn related that

She was very close to me as a sister because she was born on the third of May and I was born on the second. And she always said that I was her birthday present, I just came a little early. She was the one that always helped me; oh Ruth and I used to make little houses out of little boxes. And sometimes she would help us do that; we would make little boxes into peaked roofs and cut out the doors and windows and make little cities out of 'em and places. We made most of our things that we played with.

Anyway, she was always good to help and I know she used to try and curl my straight hair, which was not very successful. But anyway, she was paying attention to me.²⁰

Naomi (Evelyn pronounced it Naoma) was a very outgoing and popular girl. She was on the girls' basketball team. *"We had a pretty good basketball team for the boys anyway and the women used to have a basketball team that played other schools too. Naomi, my sister was on*



Naomi and Harold with duck and chicken

¹⁸ Daniel "W" and Matilda Durrett Jones, page 12

¹⁹ Daniel "W" and Matilda Durrett Jones, page 8

²⁰ Mom cassette 2.doc, page 10

that. But then some of the girls got into hair-pulling fights at the basketball team and so they wouldn't let the girls play basketball anymore with other teams. We still played among ourselves.”²¹

Given the important role that Naomi played in Evelyn's early life, it was particularly tragic that Naomi's life ended while they were both still young. It is probably the saddest part of Evelyn's whole life and I think it affected her more than we realized. This how it happened:

She was very popular in school; she was probably one of the better looking ones in the family and had lots of friends that I remember coming to the house and visiting us. She got sick when I was about in the third grade I believe. She had gone playing basketball out to I believe it was Haines. And after playing basketball in the winter, it was cold out but they'd really got warm playing basketball. And they decided to go to a place to get a hamburger or something after playing. And so she rode on the running board of the car – they used to do that, hanging on, arms up through the window onto the car and standing on the running board.

Anyway she took cold and got very sick. She had some kind of an infection, I'm not just sure what, but we didn't have a doctor in Eagle Valley and took a long time to get one from Pine Valley and we didn't know what was wrong with her. Anyway, she got a very very high fever and was sort of delirious and was very very sick. Anyway, I remember the beginning of the whole thing was that she thought things were going on that really wasn't. I know mother gave her some medicine to put on a cut or something that she had, and she thought that mother had told her to drink it. And it would have been very poisonous if she had. Anyway, we stopped her from doing that. But anyway she started having problems like that.²²

She got worse and worse and so Aunt Jenny came up and they thought that they would send her to Portland to see if she could get a better doctor down there. And Aunt Jenny came up and got her and took her down to Portland to their place on the train. And she did go to this doctor, and healed up the infection and she got better physically. But because of the high fever, her mind wasn't like it should be.

So then they brought her back and she went back to high school. But she got into all kinds of trouble, because she was doing crazy things and people were complaining about her. (Here is a dialog between Anita Barreca and her mother, Evelyn about it.)

A: Like taking her clothes off?

M: No, no.

A: What kind of crazy things?

M: Well I was in the third grade and I didn't know all the things. Poor Aubrey was the one that had to live with this, 'cause he was in high school at the same time. But the kids were kind of picking on her and making fun of her or the things she'd say or do.

A: Because the things she said didn't make any sense?

²¹ Mom cassette 2.doc, page 4

²² Mom cassette 2.doc, page 10

M: Right, I guess. Anyway from there they had trouble keeping her at home, and so finally they sent her to Pendleton to a mental home. And she was there for quite a while and I know Mother was so upset. She'd get letters from her and every time I came home from school Mother would be crying or her eyes all red from crying before. It was a very rough time for everybody.

And then they brought her back; they thought she was a little better and so let her come home again. But she kept running away.

A: Where did she run to?

M: Just places around the valley. One time she was hitchhiking and she caught a ride with a truck going to Baker. And Dad or somebody saw her get picked up and so Dad and Clifford jumped into their car and followed the truck, and I guess they had to drive practically clear to Baker to catch up with him. But they finally caught up with him and got her back and brought her back home.

A: Why was she running away, did she hear voices?

M: I don't know that much about it. I just know that she'd run away. I know that she'd ran away once in the valley to somewhere, I don't know where. And we saw her coming back up the highway, and it was around Valentine's Day. So Ruth and I ran down and met her and talked her into coming back up and helping us make valentines. So she was home a little while longer; I don't know how long. But we never knew if she was gonna run off; we never knew how to keep her home.

And I remember once I think the folks had to strap her to a bed to keep her from running off. And I remember it was very embarrassing for us and everybody 'cause she'd be yelling in there. And I remember my friend Jean Densley had came down, we were sitting out on the steps, reading the funny paper and we could hear her yelling. And it was very embarrassing and it also was very traumatic; the whole family was under a great deal of sorrow and distress, and not knowing what to do with her.

Finally Dad and Clifford took her back to Pendleton to the home 'cause we couldn't control her. And she was down there for I don't remember how long. Anyway, she quit eating and just starved herself to death. And when we'd got word that she'd died I can remember Dad pacing back and forth in front of the barn. Our cousin used to have a funeral thing, and so they got him to go down with Dad to bring her back to Eagle Valley.



And I think I was in the fourth grade when she passed away. I remember the funeral, for some reason, I don't know if it was Ruth or somebody had measles. So they didn't want to bring the body to our place to be viewed, so they took it to Geneva's house. And mother washed her body and dressed her up and she was laid out in the bedroom at Geneva's place. Then the funeral was down at the cemetery. I remember going to the cemetery in a big black limousine or something the other that they took the family to the cemetery in. And it was a long long drive down there. But I remember the thing that was different for the first time they decided that viewers of the funeral service should be separate from the rest of the crowd. So they put us in a little side room where we could just see in where the coffin was and the speaker, but we were separated from the rest of the people. And being as I was kind of the last of the family and everybody else was closer to her and bigger, I was put way in the back so I couldn't even see the coffin or anything. And I remember feeling very out of it because nobody was paying any attention to me. All the older people and all the neighbors was trying to comfort mother. And older people that knew my brothers and sisters were talking to them and I can remember kind of standing off by myself.

A: I remember that you had a problem with carnation smell.

M: Yes, and at the funeral, they had lots and lots of lilies and lots and lots of carnations. And it seemed that smell was so overwhelming that for years I didn't want to have anything to do with carnations. Anyway, she was buried when I was in the fourth grade. 'Cause I remember when I started the fifth grade, my fourth grade teacher telling my upper grade teacher that I'd lost my sister.



Naomi with salmon from the Powder River

A: Was she buried in the cemetery in Eagle Valley?

M: Yes, she was buried in the cemetery. Mother and Dad bought a lot there and that's where they're buried too.²³

Naomi died March 20th 1932. Evelyn was almost 12 years old. We have a letter written by Naomi July 2nd, 1931 from Brush Prairie, Washington, just across the river from Portland, Oregon. She was staying with her cousin, Walter Amos Jones and his wife Myrtle. Walter was 32 years old at the time. He had two daughters, Bessie (8 years old) and Alice who turned 11 the day the letter was written. Naomi would have been 20 years old. She had just cooked dinner for 10 people the day before when her Aunt Jennie, husband Dan and Grandmother Martha visited along with Uncle George and his family. Part of the letter – with edits from Leland Jones- reads:

I sure put in a day of it today. Today was Alice birthday so this morning when her and

²³ Mom cassette 2.doc, page 10

*Jennette and I got up I put a pad inside of her coverall's. Say you ought to of saw the expression on Myrtles face when she started to whippe+ her. Then Walter started too – so when he discovered what up – he hit her pretty hard. She just looked up said “That didn’t hurt.” She sure the limit. Then we had apple pie for dinner and as Norvel²⁴ swiped my bread heel - I up and poured some vinegar on his pie while he was up after some cream for it. He thought it was Myrtle done it – then said either her of Walter but before we got through eating **Jennette** had to tell him or he wouldn’t known dif. Yes I sit next to him. We have all kinds of scraps. He has been taking the kids for a ride on the horses last 2 evenings. I think I’ll take a turn of it tomorrow nite. Ha. Been long time since I have even been on a horse. After we got the dishes done tonite the kids hoop and wheel was by steps so I up and used it. Ok, I havn’t forgotten how either. Walter sure laughed. Said Clifford used to be good with them. Tell Louise I drank 2 ½ glasses of root beer today. Sure good. **Have it** ever few days when is real hot day.²⁵*

You can see from the letter that Naomi was fun-loving and hard-working too. Her death would have been a terrible loss to the whole family. For the first years of Evelyn’s life she was a great older sister and those seem to have been very happy years.

Ruth Larue Jones

The closest sister to Evelyn was Ruth. She was an older sister that looked out for young Evelyn when they were young. Their mother would leave them together on a quilt in the garden



Ruth & Evelyn with “Fluff,” Ooglesknops & her kitten

while she was working.²⁶ As they grew older, Ruth became more of a playmate and less of a guardian. She and Evelyn would look after Bud and Harold while their mother, Matilda, and Bud and Harold’s mother, Geneva did laundry together in the house.²⁷ If we look at the whole scope of Ruth’s life (and at this writing, she is the only child still alive), we find her and Evelyn caring for their father in Portland after his prostate surgery.²⁸ She helped care for her mother at her sister Geneva’s in 1951.²⁹ So Ruth was always a very caring and helpful person.

But that didn’t mean she wasn’t a lot of fun when the girls were young. She and Evelyn would gather eggs together. In the winter, when the chickens were in the hen house, that was easy...

But in the summer they were turned loose to run all over the place. So we had to look all over to find the nests. Some of them would be in the haystack or the mangers in the barn or just about any place. So Ruth and I together used to

²⁴ Norvel L Jones son of George and Gennett would have been 16 at the time.

²⁵ Letter from Naomi corrections.docx – corrections and relations added by Leland Jones

²⁶ Evelyn Eagle Valley, page 1

²⁷ Evelyn Eagle Valley, page 8

²⁸ Daniel “W” and Matilda Durrett Jones, page 18

²⁹ Daniel “W” and Matilda Durrett Jones, page 25

*search out where the new nests was and keep the eggs gathered.*³⁰

Ruth and Evelyn took care of many of the animals. *“We had different pets. I had pet ducks that we raised from duck eggs that a friend gave us and we raised them under a setting hen. And when they hatched out it was as much frustration for the mother hen because the ducks would insist on swimming in the little water puddles. And when they got older they would go down to Eagle Creek and go swimming and then sometimes they would go too far down the creek and Ruth and I would have to go down and shoo ‘em back home. And finally they went so far that we lost them.”*³¹

Chores

When Evelyn was born the Jones family enterprise was already in full motion. Everyone had chores to do and a role to play in keeping the farm going. *“Summers were pretty busy, we were always doing something. Because we didn’t have grocery stores that had fresh vegetables, we looked forward to spring when we could get some leaf lettuce or radishes or some of the first things that came up always taste so good. Cause most of the winter we just had to eat the stuff that mother canned, and she also can lots and lots of fruit, which we’d usually buy, oh, boxes of peaches and pears and apricots and different fruit that she canned. Besides what we raised – we also raised quite a lot of apples which we rather enjoyed picking and keeping as long as we could.”*³²

The bulk of the work would be during the summer and fall but there were many chores that had to be kept up all year long. Evelyn writes a fairly long list of the regular ones:

And we also had other chores that we done year round like one of our big things was bringing in the wood; because we had both the heating for the house and the cook stoves that was wood stoves. So we had a huge wood box on the back porch. And one of my jobs from the time I could carry a few sticks was helping fill that wood box, keeping it full. It was kind of a chore in the winter time when it was really really cold but it had to be really full in the winter to get us through the next day. So that was one of my daily chores.

Sometimes I helped feed the chickens and I always was given a pail to go down and get some milk before it was separated and that was kind of a nightly thing I done to bring in the whole milk before it was separated into cream and milk.

*We always had other chores like the regular things of setting tables and doing dishes and so there was always usually something going on in the way of keeping us busy. I think I worked outside more as kind of the outside chores as much as the inside because we were kind of short on boys and long on girls. The older girls used to help more with the cleaning and cooking than I did. Of course after they were gone I got involved in some of that too.*³³

³⁰ Evelyn, Eagle Valley, page 3

³¹ Evelyn, Eagle Valley, page 4

³² Evelyn, Eagle Valley, page 7

³³ Evelyn, Eagle Valley, page 3

Seasons on the Farm

The farming season started early: *“The spring always decides the planting of the gardens and all of that was a time for baby animals. And we would always be excited about the new calf or the baby pigs or a few times we had colts from horses. And also we always had baby lambs that we got from the people down below us that had a place where they done lambing that they ran sheep. And there was always orphan lambs and my brother would get us orphan lambs and we would feed them by hand, sometimes to eat but mostly to sell. So that was also something that I spent quite a bit of time at.”*³⁴



Ruth. “Nannie” & Evelyn in summer

Selling lambs was not the children’s only enterprise. *“The first things we did to earn money when I was growing up were picking berries for mother, which we were allowed to sell the berries after mother had used all she wanted. And Ruth and I would pick the berries and we would sell what was left over. One of the other early jobs we had was that we’d pick cherries for Mr. Hokum, that had a cherry orchard up in the upper valley. I don’t think I was more than probably 13 or 14 at the time. They didn’t pay much attention to child labor laws at that time. Mr. Hokum used to pay us at the end of the day in cash which was quite exciting for me to earn a little money at that time.”*³⁵

The harvest really got under way when the first of three cutting of alfalfa hay was ready. *“Back then they just raked it up into kind of windrows and then by hand with pitchforks they would put it into kind of shocks, what they called shocks, and then load it onto slips which was just like a wagon only it didn’t have wheels it was just a sled-like type of thing. And they would haul it into the haystack on these sleds, and then there was this huge derrick that had a huge fork that we pulled up with a dairy cart to the top of the haystack. And my Dad was usually the one on top of the haystack that showed where to put the hay to make a nice even haystack. And then there was a trip rope that would dump the hay from this big fork-thing that picked it up. And sometimes I would drive derrick to pull it with a horse up to pull the load of hay up to the top of the haystack. And that was before the combines that put it into bales or anything. So it was quite a little more complicated way of doing it. We made huge haystacks that would keep for the winter. So that was another one of our harvest things.”*

³⁴ Evelyn, Eagle Valley, page 4

³⁵ Evelyn, Eagle Valley, page 8

Even more work than harvesting hay, was harvesting grain. *“I think the most exciting for us when I was a kid was the coming of the thrashing machine. When we raised grain, we’d get a visit from the thrashing machine and it was a huge noisy monster of a thing. And several people*



The Jones' pig Inkspot and brood, 1939

would come with it to work and they would wear handkerchiefs around their faces like bandits because of the amount of dust that it would throw out when it was thrashing. And my mother wouldn't let us go out and watch because we got too much of the dust. But then they would haul the grain to the granary in sort of solid bed deals that they pulled by horse. And they had sort of a trough that would go from the wagons down to the places in the granary

– we had two of them, one on each side with kind of a middle part where we didn't put grain. And they had sort of doors that you'd put boards in as the grain got higher to build up into the places where they stored the grain. And that was another warning for us kids that we weren't to play in the grain or we might sink down in it enough that we might suffocate I guess, but that was also a no-no.”³⁶

Of course there was harvesting going on the year round with stuff from the garden where we picked beans and peas and all kinds of berries and stuff and mother put up hundreds of jars of canned vegetables and made lots of jellies and jams out of the berries and put up a lot of fruit. We usually bought our soft fruit like apricots and peaches and stuff by the box and so we always kids got involved in peeling peaches or washing jars or shelling peas or stemming beans or something. And so we were kept quite busy all summer with harvesting of something the other.

Sometimes we raised pumpkins; I remember riding on a big wagonload of pumpkins, bringing them up to the barn. I think we fed them to the pigs during the winter. So there was always lots of different types of harvesting going on the year round. We always got involved in different things that was being harvested.³⁷

Washing Day

A big regular chore mentioned earlier, was washing clothes for Dan and Matilda's family as well as Geneva's.

Washing at home was always a big day's job. I remember in the early days we had a washing machine that had a gas motor which was sometimes very hard to start. My brother would usually help mother. But wash day started early in the morning by heating a huge container of water on the wood stove and in the summertime we'd wash on the back porch and in the winter in the basement. But we had two huge washtubs of rinse water and of course the old wringer type that we had to wring the water from one tub to another and then hang it on the line to dry. I often think of those when I do my laundry at home.

³⁶ Evelyn, Eagle Valley, page 2

³⁷ Evelyn, Eagle Valley, page 3

When Geneva was first married, she used to bring Harold and Bud over to wash with Mother, and so I would get involved in playing with Harold and Bud while Mother and Geneva would do the laundry. Later I got more involved in helping with the laundry of hanging out clothes and bringing them in. In the winter I remember they were froze stiff and then we would hang them in the basement to finish drying. But it was pretty much an all day chore to do the laundry.

We went through several different types of washing machines. I think we finally got one that was electric... Washing at home in the early days was an all day process. Mother would start out early in the morning with a big pan of hot water. It was made of copper and it covered all the burners on the wood stove. And that had to be heated and then we had two big washtubs of water for rinsing. And we usually put it through one rinse and then a rinse with bluing in it for the white clothes.

This was an all day process and the clothes were hung out on the line in the summertime, and in the winter we put them mostly in the basement. Sometimes in the winter they were hung out 'til they were frozen partly dry and then re-hung in the basement. So it was a long process and took most of the day.³⁸

Playtime

Life was not all work and no play for young Evelyn. "One of the other things we did was we had a horse called Old Blaze. And riding Old Blaze was one of our fun times. But that also got me in trouble when I was rather small. Ruth was riding Old Blaze and pulling me in a dishpan which she had a rope tied to. And the handle of the dishpan came off and I went tumbling in the gravel getting rather beat up again. Another time we were both riding Old Blaze and eating apples and Ruth was driving and got through with her apple and gave Old Blaze a swat and he started up really fast and I fell off the back end. So there was dangers even in our fun."³⁹



ROBY, ELWOOD, AUBREY, LOWELL, I, + HAROLD

Along surprisingly similar lines is this story about fun in the snow: "I think most of our real fun we enjoyed was in the snow. And of course, we always made a snowman. And we also had a sled which we used as soon as there was snow enough to use it. Our best place for sledding was up in the upper pasture which was on a hill and a good part of the neighborhood also used that sometimes for sledding. But we had full use of that and would go up and stay until we were half frozen before we came home.

³⁸ Evelyn, Eagle Valley, page 8

³⁹ Evelyn, Eagle Valley, page 5

One of my experiences of sledding that wasn't so much fun was that I went down the back road that went down under the hill. We would go down the road from the barn to the lower pasture and then we could go down Eagle Creek if it was frozen. And one time I went down that and went down the river and ran into a wire fence which I looked up to see where it was and it caught me right under the neck. And that sort of done me in for a bit.”⁴⁰

And on that same creek during the summer there was swimming: *“The other thing we did for fun was go swimming in Eagle Creek. At first, when I was smaller we just went in Little Eagle Creek which was down below our house. And that was a way of cooling off whether we could really swim or not. One of the better places was down a ways in our neighbor's field. There was a little larger pool that we could actually swim in.*

The other swimming we did was when I was a little older and Bonnie Chandler could drive.⁴¹ Bonnie learned to drive her father's car. I'm not sure she had a license; there were no patrol police there. Bonnie would call me to go to the swimming hole on Big Eagle. Little Eagle Creek ran through our pasture but Big Eagle had a large place to swim about a mile away. We timed how long it took to get to my place so I could run down the hill and catch her on the fly, because she had trouble stopping and starting the car.⁴²



Evelyn, Louise, Ruth at swimming hole

You can't help but notice that a lot of these “fun” activities turned out to be somewhat dangerous. This might have something to do with how worried Evelyn Barreca was that her children might get hurt playing or even just going to school.

Grade School

Grade school was just over a mile away but getting there was not always fun for little Evelyn. *“I walked to school with two or three friends usually and the boys used to love to put burrs in our hair and heckle us along the way. I think one of the scarier things was we had to go by a pasture that there was a big mean bull in and I was always scared to death of that darn bull. He'd come roaring up to the fence and we would sneak by that place pretty quietly.”⁴³*

During the warm weather kids could play outside at their school. It was called “Sunnyside,” *“and the school was on a sort of a little hill and it was all gravel which made a wonderful play yard for scraped knees and I usually had some. They couldn't afford to have good soil on the school ground; it'd be a waste of property.... In the summertime there was never enough people to have a complete ball game, so the girls and the boys sort of played together, a little baseball. And we did a lot of jump rope and we did “Annie Annie over the*

⁴⁰ Evelyn, Eagle Valley, page 4

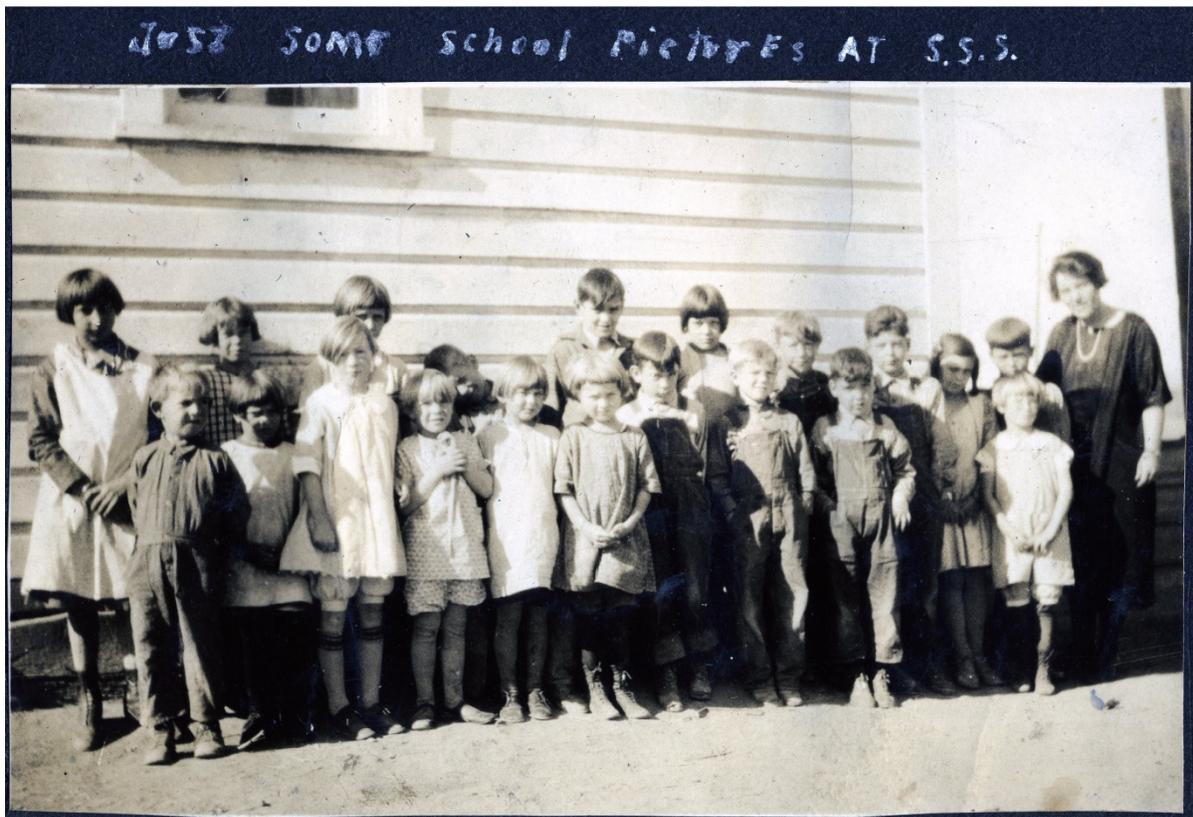
⁴¹ Evelyn, Eagle Valley, page 5

⁴² Mom's friend Bonnie.doc, page 1

⁴³ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard.doc Page 5

school house” throwing the ball over the top of the school house and seeing if the people on the other side could catch it. So we had all kinds of different games. Played a lot of jump rope in the summer when it was warmer.”⁴⁴

But most of the school year was during the winter which was not so easy on the kids. “We walked to school – it was about a mile, kind of up over a hill. And in the winter time it was pretty bad, ‘cause sometimes there’d be sort of a blizzard going on, and our noses and fingers would be frozen before we got out of the driveway at home... we would be bundled up with mufflers and mittens and scarves and all kinds of things. But it was so cold sometimes that before we kind of even got out of our driveway we would be half frozen. And we’d get to school and they had this great big enormous stove that burned coal. And we’d all huddle around this big stove to thaw out.”⁴⁵



Country Schools had to get by with what the community could afford at the time. “The grade school I went to was a two room school house. We had one teacher for the first four grades and a teacher for the upper four grades. And the teacher would give one class an assignment and then go on to the next class and give them something to do. And so we didn’t get any individual attention to speak of... (the teacher would) give us a writing assignment and then she’d go on to the next class and give them something in reading or geography or arithmetic or whatever that class was studying, and then she’d come back and maybe listen to what we had to

⁴⁴ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard.doc Page 2

⁴⁵ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard.doc Page 2

see what we had learned or whatever. So anyway it was pretty hard for one teacher to keep track of all the different grades.”⁴⁶

Early country schools had a rule that the teachers had to be single women. It must have been a way to get more women into the country. Since boys often fell behind on their schooling while working in the fields or away from school, they would often end up with teachers nearly their own age. This was not the case in Eagle Valley.

“Most of our teachers were housewives from the valley and had families of their own. In fact I remember my first grade teacher had this little boy she’d bring to school with her and every once in a while he’d run off and we’d have to go chase him down and bring him back. (Laughter) And so it was a very sketchy schooling looking back on it. And my neighbor just below us, Mrs. Halls, was my teacher in the fourth grade. And she had two boys in school and so she tried to avoid teaching the classes that they were in, but when it came to Roby was in the fourth grade when Lowell was in the fifth grade, and so she had to take one of them. So she taught the one that Roby was in for the one year.

But I remember several of my teachers and most of them were middle aged women that had children of their own. I think we had one young teacher that came from Baker area and I remember her because she stayed with the family that lived down below the school. And this family was related to my sister Geneva’s husband. And she got a lot of criticism I guess from the community at large or from this family in particular about her having her boyfriend over there in the evening to the schoolhouse where she was preparing the lessons for the next day. And there was quite a little scandal around that and I remember her asking me if I’d heard anything from these neighbors that was kind of related to my sister. And I told her I wasn’t supposed to spread rumors and I wouldn’t answer. (Laughter) And she was pretty mad at me at the time but she later said I was right and she shouldn’t have asked. Anyway it was a small time school. “⁴⁷

Evelyn went through grade school with Ruth three grades ahead of her. The higher grades, 5 through 8, were on the second floor of the school, so Ruth moved to the second floor the year Evelyn was in second grade and there were only two years that the two girls were on the same floor.

High School

After graduating from grade school, Evelyn headed off to High School, which was the opposite direction toward Richland. Here is another dialog between Evelyn and Anita about that:

M: The high school was the other direction; it was in the edge of Richland, just maybe a block or two out of town. It was about a mile the other way from the other one. And I walked to high school. It had more teachers; we had different classrooms for different subjects and stuff. I had a teacher for history and a teacher for literature and a teacher for home economics and different subjects I took. And I had a Spanish teacher. And they were usually teachers that came

⁴⁶ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard.doc Page 1

⁴⁷ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard.doc Page 2

from Baker or somewhere else; they weren't teachers from the valley. Usually younger, unmarried most of 'em, at least the women were.

A: Did you have men teachers, too?

M: Yes, we had men teachers. Carlos Swano was our Spanish teacher and he taught Algebra and he was also coach for the boys. So they had multiple jobs. I didn't get too involved in sports, because I had to get home and do my chores. And so I usually didn't stay after school.

A: It seems like a lot of people would be in that category that they'd have to rush home and do chores.



Bonnie

M: Right. A lot of 'em did. Some of 'em would be able to stay and play and occasionally I would not go home so early and watch the boys play ball for awhile. But anyways, high school was a combination of several different grade schools so I met a lot of new people. Bonnie Chandler, my long-time friend was one of them; she went to a different school to start with.

Marjorie was in grade school with me right on through. We had lots of experiences. Marj and I decided to skip class and get out early once and we were sneaking around and thinking we were doing fine. And we looked up and the teacher was watching us out the window (laughter). So we had to stay in after school for several nights. Another time we sneaked out to help the gardener – he was outside pruning trees and we thought that looked like more fun than what we were doing in study hall, so we sneaked out and helped him cut trees.

A: Did he turn you in?

M: No, he was a good guy. (Laughter)

A: Well, you were helping him.

M: Right.

A: So were there other after school activities besides sports? Were there clubs or anything?

M: Yes, we put on a play each year and I was in one of 'em. I forget what it was now. Anyway we did that and then we always had programs for Christmas and stuff. It was always something happening at school. We had a bunch of pretty rowdy boys. I can remember a couple of 'em that climbed into the attic and fell through the ceiling into the study hall one day. (laughter)

A: That's just like out of Tom Sawyer.

M: Yes, it was a little like that...

We divided up teams among ourselves there at school, and I was on the team that we called ourselves “the Leapin’ Lenas.” (laughter) Anyway, we had fun whether we had any competition or not.

A: Did you have a prom?

M: Yeah, we had a prom. I went to it with Walter Shulls, I think. Anyway, it wasn’t any big deal.

A: Was it at a hotel or anything?

M: Oh no, it was just at the high school. We didn’t have any big hotels or anything to go to. So that was about it.



High School Girls

Working in the Valley

During high school, Evelyn Jones, Bonnie Chandler and Marjorie Hewitt were close friends, “the three musketeers”. Bonnie was a life-long friend who joined the Coast Guard with Evelyn as mentioned in the chapter on Love and War. “Bonnie was tall, at least taller than Marge and me. She had dark brown hair and green eyes and was a fun person to be with. She was willing to try anything once and had lots of ideas for us to do. One summer we both signed up for youth camp at Twin lakes out of Spokane. We were roommates in a small cabin. One of our fun activities was rowing a little boat on Twin Lakes. We left our pastor who wanted to chaperone us on a rock where we convinced him we wanted to take his picture.”⁴⁸



Packing Crew, Baker's Ranch

Back in Eagle Valley, Bonnie and Evelyn also worked together. “My first jobs after high school I worked down at Baker’s ranch that fall... I went down and packed peaches down at Baker’s ranch..., I worked two seasons down there. The first season Ruth and I went, and I believe Geneva went and helped in the cooking for awhile. Then one season Louise went down and worked and I babysat with (Louise’s children) Joanne and Doris while she worked. I think that was maybe for apples or something later than when I was working. Anyway, I met Ray Reinierson who I went with for a couple years. He was what they called the foreman of the orchard of the pickers that was picking peaches. And I worked in the packing shed. And Bonnie went down with us and she worked in the packing shed, too. And Ruth and Bonnie and I roomed together and they had a big boarding house. And the women had one floor and the men had a different floor at the boarding house. And we got all of our meals there. And in the evenings for entertainment there was a young man that played the guitar and another

⁴⁸ Mom's friend Bonnie.doc, page 1

one that played the accordion. And so they'd sit out on the steps or the lawn and play music, and sometimes we'd all sing and various things to keep ourselves entertained.

When it was really hot on a weekend or something we went swimming in the Snake River. It was pretty hard because the currents were really swift. And we'd have to row across the river to get the best shore, 'cause on the side we were on they just had a steep bank and on the other side there was kind of a sandy kind of beach-like. So we would row over there and sit on the beach or at least get ourselves wet. It was pretty swift water to swim in. (Now all of that's gone now that the dam went in)... it buried that whole place. Even Mr. Baker's house, which was quite a mansion of a place was buried under the water when they raised that dam (Brownlee Dam).

Soon after that Evelyn had a job helping the Holman family. Mrs. Holman "had had her legs amputated and her husband had had a operation, too I think for his heart. And their son lived with them and his wife was pregnant, and they had a little baby about a year old. So when I worked there I wasn't very happy because Mrs. Holman was a really good friend of Mother's, and she was really sweet and I liked her, too. But the daughter-in-law that was pregnant was a real hard person to like. She didn't do anything, she was pregnant and she'd go in her own room and read a magazine or something and order me what to do. And I done the laundry and the cooking. And sometimes what I think really made me mad was she put me to polish – they had a big country home with a wraparound porch and big living room and dining room - and she wanted me to polish all the floors with wax. And besides doing all the other work, I kind of resented that. The laundry was quite something with the baby and all and 'course it was with an old fashioned washing machine with a wringer and two tubs of rinse water and hang it all on the line and everything. So it was pretty hard work and I didn't really like to work there."⁴⁹

She took some other jobs and was soon working for another family, the Densleys. She had a lot of adventures at the Densley's as described in this dialog.

Jean Densley was a friend of mine. And her mother had had an operation, I think she had had a hysterectomy or something, and they had all these people they had to cook for. They had lambing crews, so I helped cook for the lambing crews. And helped with the laundry, but I wasn't doing it all by myself, Jean and Mrs. Densley helped some, too. But there was a lot of work to do cooking for a bunch of men. We had some funny experiences there. One time we had these huge big tubs of water where we had rinse water and wrang the clothes into on this wringer. And we'd bring them in on a big bench into the kitchen to do the laundry. And one time a handle came off one of these tubs when we was taking it out and we spent the whole tub in the middle of the kitchen. So we had water all over the place and it was getting close to dinner time and we had to work like everything to get all the water swept out before the men come in to eat.

Another time which was even worse was Mrs. Densley's father and mother lived across the street and they were fairly elderly, but they had a little house of their own. And Grandpa Simones decided he was going to clean out the chimney. So he had this chain up on the roof and

⁴⁹ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard.doc Page 5

was running it down through the chimney and into the dining room. They had an outlet for a stove, but in the summer they just put a piece of tin, they had regular tin things that fit over where the stove pipe would go. And with his chain he knocked that out. And all that soot came down all over the place. It went all over the kitchen and the dining room and every place. And we worked and worked and worked cleaning that mess up.

Another thing that happened there that was well funny but not funny – Mrs. Densley had just gotten some new curtains. And the first time she washed ‘em and we’d put ‘em out on the line, and had all these curtains hanging out on the clothes line. And one of their dogs had just had pups, and they had all these little pups. And the first thing we knew we looked out and here was those pups just swinging on those curtains out on the line, (laughter) jumping up and grabbing these kitchen curtains and having a gay old time. And poor Mrs. Densley was just heartbroken over losing her nice curtains, and they were just making them into shreds. So we had all kinds of experiences in the time that I worked for Densleys.

A: How long did you work there?

M: It wasn’t an awful long time, it’s just a lot of things happened in that short time. I think I started in the late summer and worked up ‘til Christmas time. But during that time Jean and I shared a bedroom. We were always good friend in high school and grade school. And while we were there she ran off and got married.

A: She eloped?

M: Yeah, she eloped. And she hadn’t told her parents and she went over to Idaho to get married because they didn’t have to wait for very long to get married over there, they could just go over there and get married. So anyway, she instructed me to tell her parents that she was married while she was gone (laughter). So I had this little assignment of breaking this news to her parents.

A: Were they gonna be happy?

M: Oh, they were very unhappy! They never forgave her for years.

A: They didn’t like who she married?

M: No! They didn’t want her to marry him. And he was not a bad guy; they stayed married for I don’t know, at least 50 or 60 years. But at that time, well they was very unhappy that she would marry this guy. They’d sent her off to college and expected her to marry someone down at college. But she came back and still went with the boy she had started going with in high school. And so anyway, I had this job of telling her parents and I can remember her father saying, “the poor little fool!” (laughter)

So there was lots of experiences there at Densleys. I think another thing that happened there was her older sister Alice came up to visit. And she was helping me in the kitchen. She had a little boy about a year old and I can remember him getting up on the table where we were going to feed the men, and getting into all the jam and eating it up, sitting on top of the table.

*Another time we were sitting there in the kitchen and we saw all of these little bugs that came from the chickens. And they had come in through the window and they were climbing all over the wall. And Alice and I had to get a spray can of something the other to kill 'em all and get 'em out of there. That was just some of the problems we had there. Looking back they were kind of funny but at the time some of them were kind of tragic.*⁵⁰

The Depression

This whole period of Evelyn's life took place from 1927 to 1939. The depression had gone on for a decade. Most people who remember it say that they were poor but they didn't think of themselves as poor because everyone was poor. The depression had started off suddenly for her father, Daniel Jones. *"He had some money he took over and put in the bank in the evening. The next morning the bank had closed and never to open again. He lost quite a bit of money and he was angry because he knew the bank knew that they weren't going to open when they closed down that night and took his money."*⁵¹

Anyway there wasn't anything that we did during the depression. There was very little money for anything. Mother used her eggs to get the essentials for us to cook with like flour and sugar and stuff that we did not raise on the farm. Our only income was kind of from the cream that we sold from the milk which was not a lot to live on.

I remember Dad arguing with the assessor trying to get our taxes decreased and he wouldn't decrease them, although he was decreasing 'em for a lot of people. I think it was because we had a very nice house and had built a new barn so our taxes were quite high. I think that he had to sell one of our better cows I remember at one time to pay our taxes, so it was always a problem, along with buying shoes for us to go to school and things. Mother made a lot of our clothes or remade them from older children's clothes. I also remember her making our underwear and pajamas out of flour sacks. That they had flour sacks with sort of printed flowers or designs on 'em which we used for many things.



Hooverville Portland

I remember what we called the bums – the people that would come to our house asking for a handout or food and we'd make 'em a meal or give 'em sandwiches or something and they'd sit out on the back steps and eat it. I also remember Dad worrying about the ones that slept in our haystack, afraid that they would smoke and set the haystack on fire. I remember the papers and seeing pictures of Hooverville in Portland and long lines of men lining up for soup and that type of thing.

We were luckier than I'm sure a lot in the United States because we did have our own vegetables and fruits that Mother canned. And

we lived out of the garden pretty much in the summer. We had chickens and milk and eggs, so as

⁵⁰ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard.doc Page 5

⁵¹ Evelyn Eagle Valley.doc, page 9

far as food was concerned, we probably done much better than a lot of the country did. I remember Roosevelt's Fireside chats where he would talk every evening, and I can remember Dad always wanting to get in on those. Us kids were a little annoyed sometimes, 'cause they cut into some of the programs we wanted to hear on the radio ourselves. I think that's about most of my memories as far as the depression was concerned, other than the boys and older children couldn't get jobs. I think that Aubrey worked in CCC.⁵²

Transportation

As outlying areas became developed, new roads and bridges were built to supply them. The town of New Bridge was actually fairly old by the time the Daniel Jones family arrived there having been established when a bridge was built crossing Eagle Creek in 1878. It was later eclipsed by the founding of the town of Richland in 1897. The Jones Family witnessed the further expansion of transportation when a road from Richland to Baker was built next to their house:

One of my early memories was when they made the new highway from Baker to Eagle Valley. The road used to go through Sparta, but they came down Powder River and into Eagle Valley and made a whole new road. It also changed to go across Big Eagle Creek, they made a new bridge across Big Eagle and took the road up toward our high school up the hill. The part that I remember was, as I was rather small, they made a deeper cut down through our front yard. Because we were kind of up on a bluff and they made a cut probably twenty feet or so down through there. And what I remember about it was that they done it by blasting and then had a six mule team that drug out the thing in a big I don't know what you'd call it. It was a big scooper that they drug out with the horses and then dumped it. And every so often they have to blast, and when they'd blast the rock out they would come up and notify us. And we would have to either go the basement or out to the barn or somewhere because usually they broke out a few windows in the process. So I remember that – I wasn't very large at the time but I remember seeing the horses and watching the men sometimes work.⁵³

The 1920's and 1930's also watched the slow replacement of horses and oxen with automobiles and tractors.

This is a little bit on my memories of transportation. I kind of faintly remember going to church in the buggy way back. And then we had a Model T Ford, which kept us going for several years. I remember getting the Chevrolet which was a real upgrade from what we had before 'cause it's supposed to have had isinglass windows that you pulled down. It was sort of a plastic-like inset into sort of a material that you pulled down like a canvas or something.

Anyway, I know we still froze in it in the wintertime and we'd wrap up in big blankets or comforters to go anywhere. If we went as far as Halfway, we'd have to really bundle up to keep warm. I guess our transportation improved after that, and finally got more glass windows, as kept us a little warmer. They didn't have automatic shifts so we had the regular type of gear shifts. But anyway, that was our sort of gradual upgrade in transportation.

⁵² Evelyn Eagle Valley.doc, page 9

⁵³ Evelyn Eagle Valley.doc, page 7

*We did not travel very far from home. My first trip I think out of Baker County was going down to La Grande to see Joanne when she was born. Louise and Milton lived in La Grande at that time. The other little trips we took was just to Halfway and maybe going up to the hills to go huckleberrying or something.*⁵⁴

Camping

There is a good story about one such trip with Ruth to pick huckleberries in the mountains.

It was in the middle thirties when my brother, Clifford, and cousin, Fred Barkley, were cutting wood up in the Blue Mountains above our village to earn a little money. They had an old flatbed truck from which they had removed the doors so they could jump out if they got in trouble. The road was one way with a few places to pass. It mostly followed Eagle Creek with lots of turns and high banks.

In August, my sister, Ruth, and I joined them to pick huckleberries and help with the cooking. The camp covered a fair sized area as we each had a tent besides a cook tent and Stony Mick, a character who had a gold mine was nearby. He was witching for gold like some people do for water. Ruth and I made our beds carefully by laying small fir branches and layers of ferns. No sleeping bags then, we had an old comforter that mother had made and some sheets and a blanket.

Huckleberries were plentiful. We soon found a beautiful patch next to a fallen tree. We were busy filling our buckets when we became aware of a black bear picking berries on the other side of the log. We quickly decided not to argue with him about ownership of the patch. We quietly made a large circle around the area and found our way back to the camp. Our help in cooking went OK. I remember that we had lots of bacon and fried potatoes. The boys did most of the cooking. They were good at flipping pancakes. After they left for work one morning, there was pancake batter left so Ruth and I tried our hand at shaking pancakes in the skillet and flipping them. The chipmunks and birds were well fed that morning but we did manage to successfully flip a few.

*One night a sudden and ferocious storm came up. The rain came down in torrents and began to seep into our tent. Ruth and I put our jackets over our heads and ventured out to make the ditch around our tent deeper with sticks we found. The wind came up with terrible force and we could hear trees crashing throughout the forest. We huddled together and prayed as one fell close to our tent. Branches were hitting all around us. Finally morning came with bright sunshine. Our camp was littered with fallen trees and branches. On checking on each other none of the tents had been hit by a fallen tree. The cook camp was damaged by a large limb. No, this did not discourage us from camping or picking huckleberries. We always went out to camp or pick huckleberries at any opportunity.*⁵⁵

Moving to Portland

⁵⁴ Evelyn Eagle Valley.doc, page 10

⁵⁵ A Scary Camping Trip.doc page 1

Before she left Eagle Valley for good, Evelyn Jones had not traveled much. *“My longest trip was when I was about thirteen or fourteen. I went to Portland with Dad and Uncle Leonard, because Grandmother was quite ill and they was going down to see her and took me along. I know Hester (daughter of Aunt Mary Jane Jones/Davis) took over and kept me at her house and that’s when I first got acquainted with my cousin Hester. She was very good to me and took me around Portland and went shopping and various things.”*⁵⁶

Evelyn must have liked getting out of the valley at that age. *“I was ready to get out of there I guess. Anyway, it seemed like there wasn’t much to do in Eagle Valley, but work at house jobs or something.”*⁵⁷

After graduating from high school in 1938 *“I got a letter from Louise and Milton that*



Milton and Louise Byer, Joanne, Leona, Gary

*lived in Forest Grove (West of Portland), urging me to come down for Christmas to visit them, and said maybe I could get a better job down there. So I did; I packed up and went down to Portland, and stayed with Louise and Milton. And then I got a job working for the McCreedys. They had two little kids and a very very nice house. So I took care of the kids and done some of the housework and part of the cooking, and I worked there for a few months. And then I found I could get more money working for Birds Eye Frozen Food Products. And so I worked there running a little machine packaging up strawberries and peas and stuff from the harvest for awhile. And I got a little more money than I did from working at housework.”*⁵⁸

The Birdseye plant was further west from Portland but you could take a bus to work. Louise worked there too for awhile. But staying with her sister Louise and Milton was not a lot of fun. Evelyn worked for room and board. *“I ran a mowing machine and helped mow the hay and done quite a lot of extra work around there. I helped saw up some timber he wanted sawed off for wood and different things.”*⁵⁹ The Byers children were very young. Gary was two and Leona about three and Joanne was probably five or six. Evelyn was uneasy with how those kids were raised: *“Milton was kind of hard on the kids. He really made them work hard and I felt sorry for ‘em... They had to pack in the wood and do all the chores down there, and I can remember poor little Doris was having such a time packing in wood. She could only carry a few sticks. And it seemed like she always had a cold and was always feeling bad anyway.”*⁶⁰

At the age of 18, Evelyn was looking for a better situation and kept finding better opportunities. She found one at the Masonic Temple.

⁵⁶ Evelyn Eagle Valley.doc, page 10

⁵⁷ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 8

⁵⁸ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 7

⁵⁹ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 7

⁶⁰ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 8

Anyway, while I was there I worked for a short time for the Masonic Temple. It was an old people's home, right at the end of their lane. And it was kind of a retirement home and part of the people were pretty healthy, others weren't. I worked in the diet kitchen taking food to people that were shut up in their rooms. I remember two roommates that every time I'd go in there one would point to the other one and say, "Don't pay any attention to her, she doesn't know anything." And maybe the next time I went in the other would do the same thing pointing to her (laughter). And they were both kind of suffering from Alzheimer's or something.

I know there was one guy that had Alzheimer's and he had been quite a prominent doctor or something at one time. But every once in awhile he would break out of the place and go down the highway in his nightshirt. And the police would bring him back. So it was kind of a different place to work, too.⁶¹

In her next move, she signed up for a trade school and moved in with her Aunt Jenny. This worked out very well... Aunt Jenny was in fairly good health. They had this apartment house next door that they ran. She was always at home taking telephone calls and complaints when something didn't work or they needed light bulbs or they did this or that. So she was pretty much stuck at home and she done a lot of crocheting and making rugs and all that kind of thing. She had some beautiful crochet work and made a lot of hooked rugs that were beautiful. She had drawers full of the stuff; I often wondered what her kids or grandkids done with it. She made a crocheted bedspread for all of her four kids, and they were really nice. (George and Jenny's Jones' children, Walter, Bessie Mae, Charlotte and Norval would have been ages 25 to 20 and probably moved away from home by 1941.)



Uncle George & Aunt Jennie



Bonnie and Evelyn, Portland

Anyway, while I was going to this in Portland, I met Bonnie at one of these schools. She was going to a school to learn to be a waitress in a restaurant. And I met up with her and invited her to come live with us in Aunt Jenny's apartment. And then Ruth finally came down and joined us too, after jobs started at the beginning of the war. There was all these jobs for military stuff. And Ruth came down and worked in the airplane factory. And eventually I did too, but first I worked for Jantzen knitting for a short time after I finished this course at school. I was sewing little diving things on to the suits most of the time; those little emblems.⁶²

The three girls all roomed together. "We fixed an apartment

⁶¹ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 8

⁶² Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 9

*in the basement of the house. And it was kind of made out of their garage, which they didn't use. But we kind of constructed it and they furnished it. They had a lot of extra furniture up in the attic that we used what we wanted and put it together. I forget who came first, Ruth, or Bonnie. But I think Bonnie did, 'cause I met her at these classes and she didn't have any particular place to stay. So I asked Aunt Jenny if she could stay there, too. We all paid rent a bit."*⁶³

They were staying with Aunt Jenny when Pearl Harbor was bombed and the United States got into the war. *"Uncle George got a job as the block watch captain and he had to go around every night to see if everybody had their lights off or their blinds pulled down. There wasn't supposed to be any lights showing, and he was in charge of that. We was also put on rations right away, and we had rations for sugar and rations for butter and rations for meat. We were issued little cards allowing us so much, and Uncle George was always hassling Bonnie and I to get part of our rations, 'cause he didn't think he was getting enough. So, we would bargain for our sugar or something the other."*⁶⁴

As the war effort ramped up, so did Evelyn's part in it. *"After working at Jantzen Mills, I got a job at the Columbia Aircraft Factory. And Bonnie was working at a restaurant which was just a half a block or a block from where we were living, the Fuller's Restaurant. And I rode the trolley car to Columbia Aircraft. And I worked different things there, I worked a riveting machine."* She was literally our own version of Rosie the Riveter.

Boy Friends

Three girls 18 to 22 years old were bound to attract some boys. *"Bonnie and I, and I think Aunt Jenny went with us the first time, went out to Jantzen Beach. One of our favorite rides was the roller coaster and we got Aunt Jenny to go with us. I forget whether Ruth was with us or not, but I think she wasn't. I think it was Aunt Jenny and Bonnie and I, and Aunt Jenny and Bonnie sat together and I needed another seat, so I landed up with some young men. And of course they introduced themselves and we got a little bit acquainted. And we found out we lived just about a block apart from Aunt Jenny's house. And there were three cousins in this group and they were having sort of a going away get together with one of the cousins that was going into the service."*⁶⁵

(Jantzen Beach Amusement Park was heralded as Portland's Million Dollar Playground. When it opened on May 26, 1928, Jantzen Beach was the largest amusement park in the nation. The park sprawled over 123 acres at Hayden Island at the northern tip of Portland.)⁶⁶

Bonnie and I landed up talking to these two cousins when we found out they lived so close. So then they got our address and we started going out with 'em. But it was kind of funny because one of the cousins worked day shift and one worked night shift. So after we'd gone together a few times, I was going with the one that worked night shift and so we all decided that wasn't working, so we switched boys. And she went with the one that worked night shift and I went with the one that worked day shift. Timing worked out a lot better.

⁶³ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 9

⁶⁴ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 9

⁶⁵ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 12

⁶⁶ http://www.pdxhistory.com/html/jantzen_beach.html

We went with these two cousins for a quite a little while to different movies and various things. And the one I was going with had the use of his Dad's car, which was nice in those days. And so we went on a lot of drives different places. And eventually they were both due to go in the service, too. And so I remember Lauren, which was the one I was going with then, took us up on top of a kind of a high hill in Portland, for we could see the city, and they were turning out all of the lights that night. And so we went up there to see the lights go out. And then we vowed to come back when they went back on. And anyway, he gave me a watch before he went in the service then. And I can remember when they came over both of them and we told them goodbye for the last time. And they were shipped out.”⁶⁷

Joining the Coast Guard

This experience gave Evelyn and Bonnie a new understanding of where the boys are. The Women's Reserve of the U. S. Coast Guard Reserve program (officially nicknamed the "SPARs"), was first established in 1942... More than 11,000 SPARs served during World War II. To bolster the image of this new group, the Coast Guard wanted to make sure people didn't think of it as just a way for the women to chase the men. It depicted the SPAR as “an attractive, wholesome, high-spirited young woman with impeccable grooming habits, perfect teeth, and no ambition beyond serving her country, ‘releasing a man to fight at sea,’ and getting married – preferably after the war.”⁶⁸



We kind of looked at all of ‘em (the branches of the service), and I don't know, we thought we'd get into a higher class people or something the other. The army was taking all kinds of people. And I guess we're going to be a little snooty or something, but anyway, we decided the Coast Guard would be a good choice. And so we both went down for our exam, and I was a little underweight, if you can imagine. And the guy out front says, “Well just go down and drink a lot of water.” And so I did (laughter). And I can remember we had to go through all of these exercise things to see how good of health we were in. And I can remember I got so tickled at Bonnie hopping up and down in this gown, and I was laughing at her and she got mad at me.

But anyway, we both got in, and then when it came to be shipped out, she was shipped out before I was. And we thought we'd go together, but she was called up a few days or a very short time before me. So we didn't land up in the same unit when we got down there. We'd hoped to be roommates and everything you know. But anyway, it was quite an adventure for me to get onto a train and go clear to Florida for the first time, when I'd never been out of the State of Oregon.”⁶⁹

⁶⁷ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 12

⁶⁸ <http://www.uscg.mil/history/articles/WomeninCG.pdf>

⁶⁹ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 13

Evelyn's experience in boot camp was a lot like that of her future husband, Joseph Barreca, except that she was not as fond of the routine. *"So anyway I landed up in boot camp. And boot camp was kind of like men's boot camp. We done a lot of marching and we done a lot of various things of crawling through loops and under barbed wire and all kinds of stuff. And we had to do a lot of drills and we also had to work to keep up the camp and keep up our rooms and stuff. I don't remember, I think I worked in the kitchen one day on KP and various little jobs 'til we got out of boot camp."*⁷⁰

Carpenter Striker

The Coast Guard used the same kind of aptitude test to place Evelyn in her initial role as they did with Joseph Barreca. Her years on the farm filling in on chores that would have been assigned to brothers if she had more of them gave her unique talents for the situation.

*"And then I was put into ship company and so was Bonnie. And she landed up because she worked in a restaurant, working in the commissary, selling stuff. And because of some tests we had taken, they decided I had mechanical abilities, so they put me in as a carpenter striker. And I worked with a group of boys. There was about twelve boys and me. So anyway it was kind of an experience, but what I did a lot was either go with the boys when they were repairing something and help 'em, or lots of times I would go by myself to repair stuff. I put bunks back together that was falling apart and I fixed up ironing boards that was falling off the wall and a whole bunch of various things. I also done some painting in the officer's quarters and worked I think a little bit on a sort of a little house shack they were fixing for the guards. So there was quite a variety of different things I done as a carpenter striker."*⁷¹



"Striker" is a Coast Guard term for sailors who go directly to a base, station or ship without specialized school training following recruit training. It doesn't have anything to do with unions or not working. They are encouraged to select a career field. Through correspondence courses provided for self study and on-the-job training (OJT), they may qualify for entry into a rating. This path is called "striking for rate."⁷² Evelyn's friend, Bonnie Chandler, was assigned to the commissary. "

As a striker, Evelyn found herself working in a variety of places, but most were part of the Coast Guard building, the former Builtmore Hotel on Lake Worth in Palm Beach Florida. It had been built for \$5 million to \$6 million, which, in 2007 dollars is as much as \$68 million. Here is one story from that time.

⁷⁰ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 13

⁷¹ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 13

⁷² http://bluejacket.com/usn_ratings.html

“I was sent up to the officer’s quarters with Red, they called him Red; he had red hair. He was from Oklahoma. And we were sent up to do some work on this officer’s quarters and it was on the very top floor, and had a big lanai that you could look all over the whole Atlantic Ocean for miles. And I remember we were up there and we’d finished our work, I think we were putting in some supports for a shade of some kind. Anyway I know we was drilling holes in cement or into the side of the house. Anyway when we got through, we were both standing up at this deck one at one end and one at the other gazing out over the ocean when the officer came back into the room. We were a little startled to be caught just standing there staring out at the ocean, but it was quite a view.”

The 711

Not surprisingly, most of the stories from that time are about life outside the duties of the Coast Guard. Living in Palm Beach, Evelyn and Bonnie had time to go to movies and ride bicycles around Lake Worth. Many of their adventures stemmed from a sail boat several of the SPARs went together to buy.

“At this time I was put in with my roommates into ship’s company rather than with the people I was in with boot camp. We was six in a room when we were in boot camp, and were four of us in this room. And that’s when we got together and bought our little sailboat. One of the girls were quite familiar with sailing; she came from up near Detroit and I guess her family had a sailboat. Anyway, we all



agreed we’d buy this little sailboat, and it was advertised in a paper that we got. And we went down to collect it, which was several miles down on the lake. And I remember coming back, we had to go under several bridges and they all had to close the bridges up ‘cause the mast was too high to go under, and it was kind of embarrassing to stop all the traffic.

There was a whole bunch of dolphins came alongside of our boat and was swimming around it and under it. And we were kind of scared ‘cause we didn’t know what the heck they was doing and we didn’t know if they were dangerous if we shipwrecked and landed up in the water with ‘em. But anyway, they were just playing along, swimming alongside of us, and afterwards we got used to the dolphins swimming with the boat. Out on Lake Worth they’d often follow us along, which was kind of fun. Lake Worth is really like Puget Sound is here; it was part of the ocean actually. So Lake Worth was not a freshwater lake, it was just a body of water between West Palm Beach and Palm Beach... We got permission to fix the boat out on our parade ground which was next to Lake Worth. So we scraped it all down and re-caulked all the seams and I think we painted part of it and really done a lot of work on this little sailboat, ‘fore

we even started using it. And then we had a lot of fun going out weekends or we'd get Sundays off and we could go out sailing.



But one time, we were all out on the little boat and the wind changed real suddenly and tipped the boat over out in the middle of Lake Worth. So we tried to get it righted up, and we were paddling around just treading water. And a fishing boat came by and picked us up. And we couldn't get the boat up, so we had to leave it, and we had to have the Coast Guard go out and rescue it for us, which was also rather embarrassing being SPARs, having to be rescued by the other Coast Guardsmen. But we rode back on this fishing boat, and I remember we were all sopping wet with our hair all streaming down wet and we had to go in over the quarterdeck and report in. We were kind of a messy looking group. But that was just one of the incidents we had.⁷³

They named their boat the 711 because that was their room number at the Builtmore. They had a great view from that room but one night it was not so pleasant. *"I remember the night that a freighter and a transport ship collided out there and burned, and we could see it from our room. And the Coast Guard men were called out to help see if they could rescue people. But the oil from the freighter was burning on the water, and so when the men would jump off they had to go through this fire, so there was a lot of lives lost. It was kind of a horrible thing to really watch it from our bedroom window, seeing all this flame and ships burning."⁷⁴*

Corporal Barreca and the Model SPAR

After one of her trips bicycling to a movie with her friend Bonnie, Evelyn met Corporal Barreca at the USO. That was where these two lives began to merge into one, but while her beau was off fighting the Japanese from an island in the Pacific, Evelyn was busy on the home front.

As noted in the last chapter, Joseph Barreca was not the only one who took notice of Evelyn Jones. While still in Palm Beach some officers decided that she would make a good model for the kind of women they wanted to recruit into the Coast Guard. *"They had a way of telling you what you had been volunteered for. It wasn't my idea. Anyway I remember taking these pictures once, they had this guy come and take me out to a ball game. Me, who does not like ball games! And I was supposed to stand up and yell for the right team and do all of this like I was really enthused about this while he was taking pictures of me. And I hated the whole thing!*

⁷³ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 14

⁷⁴ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 15

It was just a high school game there in Palm Beach, but they was trying to show what fun you could have in the Coast Guard to get more people to join up I guess. “⁷⁵

Off to New York

As a “striker”, Evelyn was looking for ways to make rank. There was no training available for carpenters in Palm Beach. *“They asked me if I wanted to go to radio school. And they had just started up a radio school up in Staten Island.”* Evelyn ended up in charge of getting a group of SPARs up to Radio School in New York. *“I was thrilled, but a little scared too, because it meant going to New York, a big scary city. There were ten of us SPARs chosen to go. It was an opportunity which just opened up. No SPARs had ever gone to radio school before.*



I was put in charge of the group because I was in Ship’s Company at the base in Palm Beach. The other nine girls had just finished Boot Camp Training. I was given the responsibility to carry all of our Orders and other papers and told to keep everyone together. We were put on a train in West Palm Beach and all went well until we arrived in Washington D.C. where there was a two hour delay. Everyone wanted to see the city with promises to meet back at the train station at 1:45pm. I did not relax until all nine girls were back and accounted for. Some of the girls wanted to buy a drink and explore the rest of the train. I was much relieved when we were met in New York Central Station by Spar Officers where I could turn over all of our Orders and other papers and the responsibility for the group. We were taken to the Embassy Hotel, our home for the whole time we were in Radio Training School.⁷⁶

Evelyn met at least one life-long friend at the Embassy, Betty Schwecke. *“Arriving at the Embassy, we were assigned quarters and shipmates (roommates). My roommates were Elizabeth Schwecke, we called her “Betty”. She was from a rural place close to Stehekin, Washington on Lake Chelan. She was a quiet girl from a German immigrant family. Her father had passed away but her mother was the Postmaster at a mail stop close to Stehekin.*

Verada Callison came from Florence, Oregon. We called her “Micky”. She was an outgoing, friendly person; a little on the plump side. Bernice Kirton was a sweet girl-- we called

⁷⁵ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 15

⁷⁶ Mom’s Stories.Doc, Page 2

her "Bernie" and she joined the Spars in California when her husband went into the armed service. While we were in Radio School he received a medical discharge but Bernie had to stay in the Spars.

*After we graduated she was given leave for a trip home to attend her brother's funeral. We all went with her to the train station and told her to get pregnant while she was on leave. She did and also was given a medical discharge.*⁷⁷

The trips to Staten Island during the 6 weeks of radio school were sometimes a little more



thrilling than safe. "Anyway, we took the ferry across, which was an experience, across New York Harbor, 'cause we went by the Statue of Liberty and all of those famous places I guess on the boat. And there was an awful lot of activity in the harbor with the troop ships coming and going. And in the wintertime, some mornings were very foggy and I

remember almost bumping into a troop ship coming in once that we were just really alongside of 'em. And we could wave and talk to the sailors coming in. And there was other places where we'd come awfully close to bumping into a ferry or something the other because it was so foggy going from Manhattan over to Staten Island."⁷⁸

Actually being outside anywhere in New York didn't sound very safe. "And being stationed there was nice, 'cause there was about four of us, we were kind of Upper Manhattan where we stayed in the hotel. And we took the subway back and forth and we had experiences on that too. One time, it was very crowded on the subway; we were kind of jammed in there. And I remember a lot of workers that smelled of garlic. But one night there was a couple young black men that had knives and wasn't gonna let anybody off the subway. So we had to ride clear to the end of the subway and then take it back to where we was supposed to get off. But I think some of the men on the subway sort of subdued them a little bit and got 'em off. So we had experiences with that.

Where we lived was close to Central Park. But we wasn't supposed to go out there and walk around by ourselves. We had to go in groups in the daytime and not go at night at all.⁷⁹

Christmas in New York

The SPARs in Radio School got a real taste of Christmas in the big city that year. Evelyn tells this story:

⁷⁷ Mom's Stories.Doc, Page 2

⁷⁸ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 15

⁷⁹ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 16

It was very cold in New York City for the Spars Christmas Party in 1944. There was lots of snow which was beautiful for awhile. The year before in Palm Beach, Florida, we had gone to the beach and helped ourselves to poinsettias on a hedge around a night club to decorate our rooms. We shared them with the C.O. on duty when we came in. We didn't tell her how we got them.

In New York City we went to see the lighting of a huge, outside Christmas tree and watched ice skating in Rockefeller Center. At the Embassy it was decided that it would be nice for us Spars to give as well as receive. The officers were able to get names and addresses of children on welfare in our area. We were given the opportunity to choose children to buy a gift for if we wanted to and to invite them to our Spar Christmas party. A tree was put up and decorated by the Spars. The base furnished all the food with traditional candy, nuts, popcorn, and fruit.

My roommates and I chose a girl, about four years old, and her brother, about six. Mickey and I volunteered to go and invite them to our party. We were given their addresses and after a little searching, we found the tenement house where they lived. Their unit was on the third floor of this walk-up tenement house. After climbing all the steps we were faced with a long hall which not very clean. There was trash scattered about and the smell of cooking from different units.

The family we were looking for was at the far end of the hall. We knocked on the door with a bit of fear of what we would find and what reception we would get. The family was a bit shaken up, I think, with two Spars, in dress uniform at their door. We explained why we were there and hoped their children could come to our party, in that we needed children to make it seem to us more like Christmas. They promised that they would bring the children to the party.

I was very thankful for my childhood on the farm with all the space to play and animals as pets. I wished we could take these kids to our farm for a week's vacation.

Our other two roommates did the Christmas shopping. They bought a pretty doll for the little girl and a toy truck for the boy. We wrapped them in Christmas paper with their names on them and put them under the tree.

The children were a little late getting to the party but were happy with their gifts which our Santa handed out.

I will not forget our visit to the walk-up tenement house and others like it where so many New York City children grow up.⁸⁰

Pen Pals

Helping children at Christmas was not the only good work Evelyn was doing besides Radio School. *"I was staying at the Walcott Hotel and I remember getting acquainted with a young sailor there that had been in a torpedoed ship in the Aleutians. He was in the water a long time and his legs were frozen. And he was staying in the Walcott and going to therapy.*

⁸⁰ Mom's Stories.Doc, Page 3

And so I remember talking to him quite a bit. He had been married and his wife was killed in an automobile accident while he was overseas. And he had a little girl about a year old. And his parents were taking care of her. I remember him showing me pictures of her and talking about her.”⁸¹

This was not the only lonely serviceman that Evelyn kept in contact with. The most notable was Lee Mellenson:

I was also writing to two or three other people. I know I was writing to Lee Mellenson; he was from Canada, and I'd met him down in Palm Beach too, while I was bicycling once. Well he and another guy was hassling me and they both came up on either side of me and somehow our bicycles got tangled up and mine got wrecked. And so we all sat down under a tree and they worked on my bicycle to get it back together. I think they got the chain off of it or something.

Anyway, I got acquainted with this Lee Mellenson and his girlfriend he'd been engaged to was in the service from Canada. And her ship had been bombed and she was killed. And then his folks had come down from Canada to see him, and on their way home, they were in a car accident and both of them were killed. And so anyway, he wanted me to write to him, so he says he needed a buddy. So I wrote to him as a buddy while he was in the service.

He was injured in the fox hole, and then he was in the hospital for quite awhile. And I was still writing to him. He liked to draw pictures, cartoons and so forth, and so he had requests and I sent him some colored pencils and some paper and tablets and stuff to write on to keep himself occupied while he was in the hospital.

I also wrote to Lauren who I'd went with in Portland. So I had several people I was writing to besides Geneva and Ruth and the family. So mail call was always kind of important.⁸²

By far the most important correspondent was Joseph Barreca. I imagine it was a plus that he was not quite the Sad Sack that the others might have been.

Anyway those days I didn't get out to as many things because I didn't like to go out by myself on the streets of New York very much. I go shopping or shop looking. But anyway I think I kind of lived on Joe's letters; he was over in India and I would rush home at night and look for a letter. And they'd sometimes come in bunches because it'd depend on how his letters could get back. And so maybe I wouldn't get any for quite awhile and then I'd get a whole bunch of 'em at once.⁸³

After the War

As narrated in the previous chapter, Evelyn was still in New York when the Japanese surrendered and celebrated with the whole city starting at Times Square. This was not the end of her time in the service, but it did put her efforts in a new framework.

⁸¹ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 16

⁸² Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 18

⁸³ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 17

But after radio school we were shipped out to different places and I was assigned to go to Jersey City and work in the radio shop there. And it was just a Coast Guard station on the edge of the Hudson River. And we had to take the Hudson tubes over – there was just one other girl and I. We landed up rooming together ‘cause we were the only ones being sent to Jersey City...

She wasn’t a particularly good friend of mine; she was just somebody I went to radio school with. We didn’t actually have a heck of a lot in common. But we roomed together over in the Walcott Hotel which was close to the Hudson tubes that we could take over to Jersey City. And then we got off the subway, well we had to walk quite a little ways down to where the Coast Guard station was, kind of on the edge of the Hudson River. And it was kind of through an industrial part of town, so it wasn’t that great. I can remember one time that we saw a frozen body in one of the shacks or houses along the trip down there. He was just popped up and frozen to death. In New York, coming back from Staten Island once, there was a body on the stairs going down to the subway. We had to step over him to get on the subway and come on home. So these things weren’t really uncommon there.



But in working in the radio department there we repaired radios that were being used on PT boats for the Coast Guard. And they would bring ‘em in and a lot of it was just cleaning ‘em up because they’d get all crusty with salt from being out in the salt water and everything. And then we had to test all the tubes and resistors and condensers and all that type of thing and replace the ones that weren’t good...

There were quite a few boys, but I guess there were just the two of us girls. They had other Coast Guard women in the office; there was one or two that worked in the office. But we were about the only ones that were repairing radios. So anyway, I done that for quite awhile...⁸⁴

After VJ Day, keeping up with radio repair was not as critical: “We were still doing pretty much what we’d done before. But instead of putting the radios back on ships and being used, well they were having us fix ‘em and putting ‘em in storage. And we felt like that was kind of a waste of time, ‘cause we knew that the time another war came along they probably be very much out of date, which they would have been. But anyway it was a little while ‘fore we were mustered out. We had to go through a process of turning in our uniforms and having all the things ripped off from ‘em and going through quite a process.”⁸⁵

Evelyn and Joe got out of the service at nearly the same time. She was in New York. He was in Los Angeles. “And anyway, I made arrangements to stop and see Ruth on the way home;

⁸⁴ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 17

⁸⁵ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 17

she was in Kansas City. But I also wanted to see Joe 'cause from his letters I knew he was just getting back from overseas too.”⁸⁶

This is where our two story lines come back together. From here on out the story of Joseph Barreca’s life is also the story of Evelyn Jones Barreca’s life. Now that we have met the girl from Eagle Valley, we know that she is hard-working; has leadership skills (even if she is reluctant to use them); is thoughtful and considerate of people in need; is very responsible, sensible and has a large supportive family. She has seen the nation and is no longer just a country girl from eastern Oregon. She has literally been a Rosie-the-Riveter and also the ideal SPAR. These two, from different cultures and regions, are now an All-American couple. Along with the rest of the United States, they find themselves in a new life, more aware of the rest of America and the world, more ready to take on new challenges and expect to succeed and definitely ready to leave the Depression behind. In all honesty though, the frugality and common sense ethic that got people through the hard times was still very much needed to make it through the rest of the century.

⁸⁶ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard, Page 19

Love and War



Franklin D. Roosevelt

It is difficult today to imagine the situation of the nation and of Joseph Barreca Sr. on December 16th 1942 when he answered the call of duty at Jefferson Barracks, just south of St. Louis on the Mississippi River. Today it is a park with numerous military related buildings. In 1942 it was the induction center for thousands of American boys headed to the War. This was the Greatest Generation coming of age. Just over a year before on December 7th, 1941, “a date which will live in infamy” as President Roosevelt called it, Japan attacked Pearl Harbor.¹ Induction centers, such as Jefferson Barracks, were immediately inundated with volunteer soldiers ready to defend the country with their lives.

The United States Armed Forces were extremely well organized and the war effort reached into every household in the United States. Still, the battle lines were constantly changing on all fronts and decisions had to be made and remade continually to succeed. The outcome was by no means certain. The same can be said of 22 year old Joseph Barreca. He already knew from his failed attempt to enlist in the Navy that he was red-blue color blind. This condition disqualified him for service as a pilot. Having lived next to an airfield all of his life and worked in an airplane plant up to the day of his enlistment, he was very familiar with aircraft and wanted to serve in the Army Air Force. The decisions he made during the course of that service largely determined the rest of his life. In this period the history of the United States and the history of our family were welded together, not just in the fate and fortunes of each but also in the patriotic fervor and spirit of self-sacrifice that made that victory possible.

Our father entered military service at Jefferson Barracks, St Louis three days before



Jefferson Barracks

¹ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Infamy_Speech

Christmas, 1943. Presumably it was a cold winter day. Within a week, he was training in Saint Petersburg, Florida, probably the furthest he had ever been from home and probably much warmer. He has good memories of the time:

Anyway, I ended up goin' to Jefferson Barracks and then down to St. Petersburg Florida. And that was a great time even though it was basic training. Because I liked the music and I liked the way they sang and we'd march along. And I remember passin' review with everybody out there and the music, dadada dun da dun da dun da dada da dun. I hope you can pick that up and type it out (laughter from Jeannette, typing, and from Evelyn and Anita in background of tape. Evelyn: "I'm worried about the arm movements"). Joe: the old first sergeant would say, "PASS AND REVIEW!" And then it would start.²

In St. Petersburg the Army started sifting out who was going to do what. Besides exercise, discipline and protocol, inductees were tested for their different skills. In this case it seems to have been the Army's decision that our father would be good at languages and therefore good at radio. I think this was more about using the radio than fixing it. (Our mother turned out to bet better at that.) Dad's account is:

Anyway, from there they tested me and they said I was gonna be good at radio. I ended up in radar but I was supposed to be good at languages and I was supposed to be good at radio. I wish they had gotten me into languages instead of radio.

But anyway, they sent me way up to Truax Field in the middle of the winter in Madison,



This is a typical building at Truax Field not a picture of Joseph Barreca. (from Google and Frank Vierling)

² Tape 2, Page 3

Wisconsin. Truax Field with tar paper barracks and cold winter and we'd have to get out of those barracks at I think it was 6:00 in the morning or maybe earlier. And you'd have to get out and they'd take the roll call of this whole row of barracks and they'd have the so-called leader of the barracks report. The captain would say, "Make your report!" And one guy would say, "All present are accounted for, SIR!" And then the next guy would say "All present are accounted for . . ." "Are accounted for" would take care of everything, I mean whether they were out there or not, you know.

And then we'd go marching. We'd have to go march for calisthenics, and doing jumping jacks and stuff like that, way out. And then we'd come into breakfast. One thing we did; we ate good. Three full meals a day and I gained about sixty pounds or somethin' like that. I went from about 120 pounds or 130 pounds to 180 pounds, no doubt about it. That's where I gained most of my weight.³

Truax was taken over by the Army in 1942 and named in honor of Wisconsin-native Lieutenant Thomas L. Truax, who was killed in a P-40 training accident in November 1941. So it was only a year old, that explains the tar paper barracks. Originally known as "Madison Army Airfield", Truax Field was activated as an Army Air Forces airfield in June 1942 during World War II. During the war it was used by the Army Air Force Eastern Technical Training Center, a major school operating at Truax AAF for training radio operators and mechanics, and later expanded to training in radar operations, control tower operations and other communications fields for the Army Airways Communication Service. A special unit established in 1943 trained radio operators and mechanics on B-29 Superfortress communications equipment. The host unit on the airfield was the 334th (later 3508th) Army Air Force Base Unit. On September 17, 1945, the airfield's mission was changed to that of a separation center, and it was closed as an active AAF airfield on November 30, 1945. Today it is the Dane County Regional Airport in Madison Wisconsin.

Already, Dad was on a path toward working with equipment on the newly developed B-29 Bomber, a project that had been in the works for several years by this time and one that was justifiably expected to be crucial to victory in the Pacific.

Anyway, from Truax Field they sent me to Scott Field, Illinois, where I learned the Morris code. De-de dee de de-dee de. "Pay day today," that means dot dash dot dash. But I guess it'd come back to me. I knew the Morris code and I could listen.⁴

By August of 1943, after 8 months in the Army Air Force, he was promoted to corporal and sent briefly to Scott Field in Illinois. This was a base famous for radio communications training. After September 1940, the primary wartime mission of Scott was to train skilled radio operator/maintainers; to produce, as the Radio School's slogan proclaimed, "the best damned radio operators in the world!" Scott's graduates flew in aircraft and operated command and control communications in every Theater of the War, and were often referred to as the "Eyes and Ears of the Army Air Forces."⁵ But he was not destined to become a radio operator:

³ Tape 2, page 3

⁴ Ibid

⁵ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Scott_Air_Force_Base

But then they decided that I was gonna learn radar, which was a new secret at that time. Radar was unknown at the time by the regular public, but with that radar wave going out, it would come back and you could tell what was out there. You could tell if it was metal; if it hit metal it would come right back. Or if it hit something solid like earth, you could tell the coastline and the mountains and everything, and other airplanes. I tell you we ended up with the B-29s with the APQ-13 with the big bubble in the bottom and that was super secret at that time. Anyway I ended up being a radar mechanic. I couldn't fly because I was color blind, but I could be a radar mechanic and take care of the APQ-13 and the other radar on the airplane.⁶



Scott Field Postcard

This decision had huge implications. As operators of super secret equipment, radar technicians got special treatment and more importantly didn't fly missions on the B-29's, which as we shall see was a dangerous assignment. Also, Dad shipped off to Boca Raton Florida for special radar training August 15th, 1943. And that's where the love part of this "Love and War" chapter began.

We went from Scott Field down to Boca Raton, Florida and I was on the overnight pass and went to Palm Beach. And that's where I met

your Mom, a pretty Coast Guard girl that I met at a USO in West Palm Beach. And her friend (Bonnie) and my friend were dancing upstairs and we were downstairs playing Chinese checkers or having a coke or something like that. And then I got the chance to walk my girlfriend, which was your Mom, at that time across a bridge across Lake Worth. And she never wanted to go in, we never went in, until it was absolutely the last minute before curfew or whatever it was. It was probably about either 11:30 or midnight, I don't know. [Evelyn: "No, it wasn't that late, it was earlier."] But we were out there sittin' on the bench and huggin' and stuff and then she'd go in.⁷

I wish I could say that this was "Love at first sight." Actually it wasn't. Evelyn's impression was that Joe was "so arrogant that breaking up would have done him good." They did make plans to get together again. But those didn't go so smoothly either. Here is how Mom tells it:

I first met Joe after a movie with Bonnie and a stop at the USO. Bonnie told me about this wonderful tall Coast Guard man she had met while I went to Jacksonville to meet my brother, who was back from overseas duty as a Marine Pilot for a short R & R. Bonnie talked me into going with her to see her new friend's patrol boat. He had invited her to come see his boat. He was the Captain and had one shipmate. Bonnie said it was a short bicycle ride but it turned out to be a long one, which made me miss another date with Joe.⁸

But Evelyn stood Joe up three times running. At first they were for fairly good excuses. The first time, her brother Aubrey, had stopped by for a surprise visit. The next time she was asked to chaperone her friend Bonnie on a date with what turned out to be Bonnie's future husband. But the third time she had been restricted for staying out late. (Rumor has it that Evelyn Jones was somewhat of a hooligan.)

⁶ Tape 2 page 3

⁷ Dad Tape 2 Page 3

⁸ Mom's friend Bonnie, Page 2.

Evelyn did however explain these circumstances to Joe. And eventually they got together for regular bicycle trips around Lake Worth.⁹

Joe found that unlike most women he had met the longer he knew Evelyn Jones, the more he liked her. Three months later on New Year's eve, 1944, Joe and Evelyn were both invited over to Bonnie and Count's house in West Palm Beach. (Bonnie and Counts had married and Bonnie was pregnant, which gave her a medical discharge, so they had a small house together where Dad and Mom went to visit.) Dad gave Evelyn an engagement ring at breakfast. They spent the day at the carnival, rode the Ferris wheel and started a new year and a new life full of its own share of wild rides. Soon the war got in the way and it was quite a bit worse than being stood up a few times.



Smoky Hill, Salinas Kansas, 1943

Dad's radar section was sent to Salinas, Kansas to join the 793rd bombardment squadron. Never intimidated by distances, Mom found a way to stay with a friend's parents and went out to see him. Not much later the 793rd was sent to India. When looking up the history of this military campaign, you need to orient yourself to the divisions. The 793rd Squadron was one of 6 squadrons that were in the 468th Bomb Group which was under the 58th Bombardment Wing, a major part of the XX (20th) Air Force.

Let's take it from the top: Established on 4 April 1944 at Washington D.C, 20 AF was a United States Army Air Forces combat air force deployed to the Pacific Theater of World War II. Operating initially from bases in India and staging through bases in China, 20 AF conducted strategic bombardment of the Japanese Home Islands. It relocated to the Mariana Islands in late 1944, and continued the strategic bombardment campaign against Japan until the Japanese Capitulation in August 1945.

The headquarters of the XX Bomber Command had been established at Kharagpur India on 28 March 1944. The commander was General Kenneth B. Wolfe. The first B-29 reached its base in India on 2 April 1944. In India, existing airfields at Kharagpur, Chakulia, Piardoba and Dudkhundi had been converted for B-29 use. All of these bases were located in southern Bengal and were not far from port facilities at Calcutta, (now spelled Kolkata).¹⁰

Joseph Barreca was part of an elite group sent ahead to Kharagpur. This trip halfway around the world was one of the most exciting trips of his life. While most of the crew went by ship, the top brass and the radar guys went by plane. They stopped once more in Florida where Mom and Dad said good-bye for almost two years. The 793rd took a route which included:

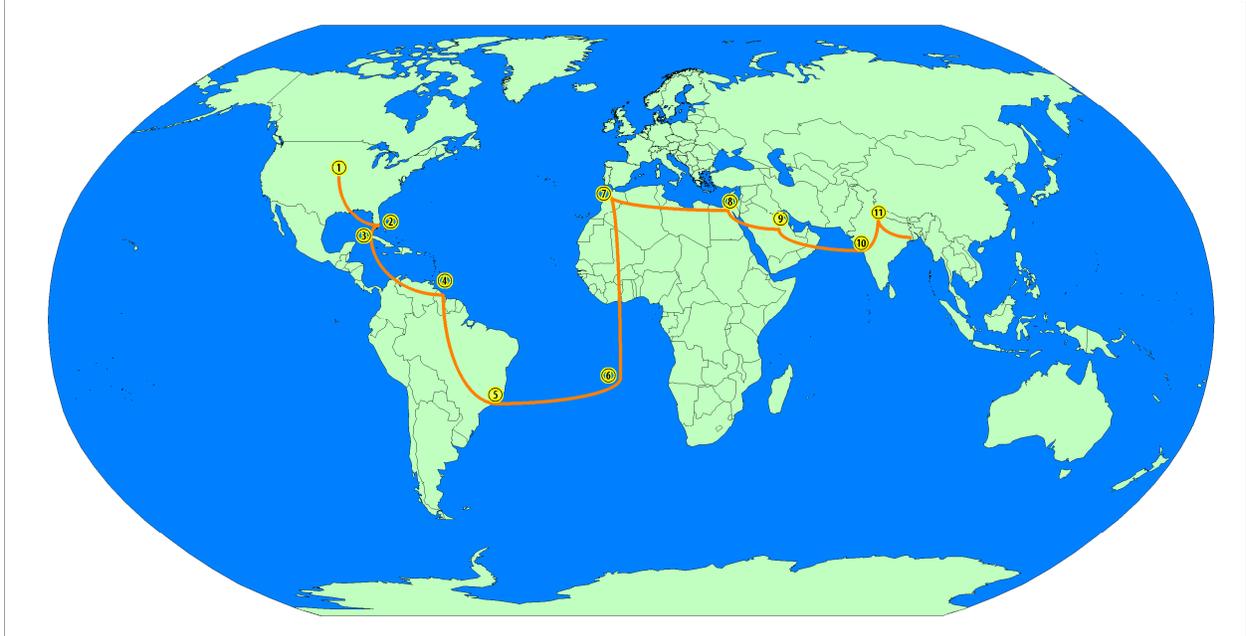
1. Salina Kansas to Miami
2. Miami to Havana Cuba
3. Havana to British Guiana

⁹ Barreca, Joseph & Evelyn 50th, page 1

¹⁰ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Twentieth_Air_Force#World_War_II_operations

4. Guiana to Rio de Janiero
5. Rio to St Helena
6. St. Helena to Casablanca Morocco
7. Casablanca to Cairo Egypt
8. Cairo to Riyadh Saudi Arabia
9. Riyadh to Bombay (Mumbai) India
10. Mumbai to Agra India (the Taj Mahal is there)
11. Agra to Kharagpur

This might not have been the shortest route, but it avoided the war in Europe and hostile territory the whole way. One B-29 was even sent over England to make Axis intelligence think



that they were being used in Europe, when really the B-29 had been envisioned from the start as a weapon needed to defeat the Japanese. The 468th Bombardment Group (792nd, 793rd, 794th and 795th Squadrons) arrived at Kharagpur on 13 April, 1944. This turned out to not be such a great plan, but it was an impressive achievement. Our Father's experience was not all he expected either.

And when we got to Calcutta, here we were those super secret radar technicians and they gave us our tools, which happen to be a pitchfork and a pick and we had to make little ones out of big ones. We had to dig grease pits for the mess hall for the group that was comin' by boat. And they were gonna be there a month or two months later. They had to come around and evade all the Japanese submarines and so forth on a troop ship. We avoided all that and we got to play volleyball with the captains and the majors and the high brass there. But we also had to make those grease pits.

I remember the first thing we did. They gave us C-rations which were hardly edible after how spoiled we were in Miami and other places. And we'd hold out our mess kits and couldn't eat most of it and were gonna throw it in the garbage. But before we'd get to the garbage can, these vultures would come down and swoop down and grab that stuff out of our mess kits.¹¹

¹¹ Dad Tape 2 Page 3

Kharagpur, less than 100 miles from Kolkata, was not at all like any place these GIs had ever been. The area was impoverished and torn by civil strife. Consider this excerpt from the history of Kolkata. “The city and its port were bombed several times by the Japanese between 1942 and 1944, during World War II. Coinciding with the war, millions starved to death during the Bengal famine of 1943 due to a combination of military, administrative, and natural factors. Demands for the creation of a Muslim state led in 1946 to an episode of communal violence that killed over 4,000. The partition of India led to further clashes and a demographic shift—many Muslims left for East Pakistan, while hundreds of thousands of Hindus fled into the city.”¹²

The firsthand view was less academic:



Dad's Picture of Calcutta

We experienced also the smell of those, we called them wogs, and they were smokin' betel nut cigarettes there and you could smell 'em a mile away. Anyway that's India for you. The little kids with their little pot bellies and naked. They'd come around and they'd say, "bok shee Saib, bok shees" and you'd have to give 'em somethin' you know. And whatever you'd give them they were happy as could be. And I remember sayin' that those little kids didn't know how miserable they were

*until some of us would tell 'em. They thought they were happy little kids, you know.*¹³

Soon after arriving in India, Dad was able to send letters back to Evelyn Jones. Regular contact with his girl back home was a boon to his morale; a huge achievement for the Army Air Force; a great source of information since Mom kept most of Dad's letters and a somewhat public communication since the letters were censored to make sure no strategic information was being sent home. Now, 70 years later, we can correlate what was happening in the war with what was written in the letters. Much of what was happening in the war was not even known to folks back home or even at the foreign bases, but I'm sure what was known made the hopes and dreams discussed in these letters all the more poignant.

On April 26th, writing from Kharagpur, Joe Barreca was on his 46th letter to Evelyn. (We don't have all of the letters but Dad kept count.) The guys at the new air base were making their own furniture. He was wishing Evelyn was there since she was the better carpenter and he missed her. His buddies were giving him a bad time about being so dependent on the next letter. Meanwhile British Troops were pushing back the Japanese from the borders of India and the Americans were fighting for the Carolina Islands just north of New Guinea and just south of the Mariana Islands, which include Tinian, where Joe would spend the majority of the war.

¹² <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kolkata#History>

¹³ Dad Tape 2 Page 3



A few days later (5/9/1944) Dad is responding to a letter from Mom where evidently she was thrown in the water as a prank by her fellow Waves. He is glad that her first thought was to check to make sure that the engagement ring he gave her was still on. On the Eastern European front, The German Army was evacuating Sevastopol the largest city under their control on the Crimean peninsula on the Ukraine and an important port on the Black Sea. The fact that Germany is in retreat shows that the war in Europe is going our way. D-Day the Invasion at Normandy, June 6th, 1944, is less than a month away.

Mom has already written a letter on May 4th and sent it by V-mail.¹⁴ Dad got away to buy some things in town, though he can't mention the name of the town.

May 21st finds Dad who is usually sleeping from midnight to 6AM has worked till 6AM. The 468th had not yet flown its first mission: *“Overheated engines plagued the B-29s in India. The entire B-29 fleet had to be grounded until the cause was found. By mid-May the B-29s were again ready. The initial mission of the 468th in India was to use their aircraft to haul bombs, fuel, ammunition and spare parts 1,200 miles to its advanced base at Field A-7, Pengshan, Szechwan Province, China. Six round trips were necessary to deliver enough fuel for one airplane to mount a combat mission from China – an impractical logistics concept for an aerial campaign, particularly with an airplane plagued with an unreliable engine.”*¹⁵ Poor logistics and unproven equipment were just the beginning of the obstacles the Twentieth Air Force would overcome in the course of the next year. This had to be stressful on the men, but you don't see much evidence of it in Dad's letters.



India B29s Rangoon Raid - official Air force picture

The May 22nd, letter was longer than most. He had received letters written on April 18 and 30. Stanley Foreman was about to move ahead,

though he doesn't say where to. Joe will miss him because “He was the only constantly cheerful boy in the tent”.¹⁶ There is news that Evelyn might go to NY, which did eventually happen. Dad expects that it will be a very good thing.

May 25th, 1944: Wind blew tents apart and dust everywhere.

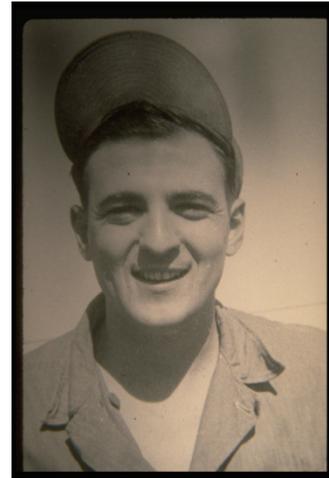
May 28th, 1944: This is an even longer letter than May 22nd and very telling about how things will work out in the rest of his life. It starts out noting an argument with a guy from

¹⁴ **V-mail**, short for **Victory Mail**, is a [hybrid mail](#) process used during the [Second World War](#) in America as the primary and secure method to correspond with soldiers stationed abroad. To reduce the logistics of transferring an original letter across the [military postal system](#), a V-mail letter would be censored, copied to film, and printed back to paper upon arrival at its destination. The V-mail process is based on the earlier British Airgraph^[1] process.

¹⁵ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/468th_Bombardment_Group

¹⁶ JAB WW20009.pdf

Missouri who storms out of the tent after calling Dad lazy. Then Dad talks about religion, evidently in answer to an inquiry from Mom. *“I received three V-Mail letters from you – one was only two weeks old – it was the best too. One written 3 days sooner got into religion – now I have to sort of answer it. – pause – It’s getting dark so I’ll go on by flashlight – I’d like to start out with Darling – but you’d think I was trying to love my way out of this and say “don’t ‘Darling’ me!” so I’ll just go on. I’m not very religious, Chips – but my folks had me baptized – I didn’t know much about church till I was 10 years old – then my brother (the Lieutenant), my sister (Sandra) and I memorized quite a few common prayers – studied the 20 Commandments and a sister told us, as a class of about 25, all there is to know about the Catholic Church – Well it was sort of a swell feeling to go to my First Communion and to get confirmed – each time I entered our church – it was great in solemnness at times, happy in hymns and organ music at times and the priest was quite a swell character himself. By golly it made a Sunday complete to go to church – My mother was too busy or too sick to go, most of the time, but Dad took us or as soon as I was fifteen – I drove myself and my sister, usually cause Jim didn’t care whether he’d go or not. I found that a good many of my schoolmates went to the same church and we looked forward to seeing each other on Sunday mornings – usually at the late mass about 9 a.m. but sometimes I’d get up early and go to the first one. I wouldn’t give a million rupees for the wonderful atmosphere around the church I knew – it was more enjoyment and a welcome way of life to look forward to and back upon. Well, I’d have missed all that if my mother wasn’t set on the idea – for we lived fairly far from our church and it took a set idea – the other churches around home didn’t interest me even though I had been at parties and the story telling and other events. I know it would be different if I were in your position, but I’d like to have our boy or girl or children to have the same awe-inspiring feelings as I so fortunately did. However I’m not narrow minded Little One – you’re right in saying we all believe in the same God and that you couldn’t honestly swear to bring our children up as Catholics. Sure Chips, I’d give in if it meant even an uncertain feeling in your heart. I love you. There’s no two ways about it, it’s not religion but that personal satisfaction I had when I was a kid that I’ll never forget – I’m not – we’ve a lifetime together to think about and I’d rather have you happy and satisfied than to be persistent about any point...”¹⁷*



Religion will be the main topic of a later chapter and a theme for the rest of this story. So this is just a foreshadowing.

5/29/1944: Sent necklaces and bracelets, raining, showers on other end of field

6/6/1944: Dad is glad to get some peanuts and other snacks after waiting hours but was not at the head of the line to get chocolates. The saying around there is "Father Son and Holy Ghost, who gets there fastest gets the most"¹⁸ Also he mentions how a fellow in the tent, Wang, is talking about how good the water is in Washington. When you are drinking chlorinated water

¹⁷ JAB WW20011.pdf

¹⁸ JAB WW20014.pdf

every day, that might well be on your mind. It was also another foreshadowing of things to come. Perhaps also the fact that the whole 58th Bombardment Operational Training Wing was developed to use B-29 bombers built by Boeing in Seattle also had an influence.

In the same letter he writes. “I just was talking to a Major who rode me to camp in his jeep and he says the big push is on in Europe. Things are looking up around here also – that old one-two punch – so keep your fingers crossed Chips. I’ll be back to you before I had anticipated.”¹⁹ What he is referring to in a way that the censors won’t object is that his unit had finally started fighting. “The [first B-29 bombing raid](#) took place (the day before) on 5 June 1944. Led by General Saunders himself, 98 B-29s took off from bases in eastern India to attack the Makasan railroad yards at [Bangkok, Thailand](#). This involved a 2261-mile round trip, the longest bombing mission yet attempted during the war.”²⁰ That was the “one” part of the punch. The “Two” part was D-Day, the largest amphibious invasion in history and the beginning of the end for the Axis Powers, 160,000 US, British, and Canadian troops stormed the beaches of Normandy and secured a foothold for the Allies.

6/7/1944: The next letter, written on a rainy day and is in response to one Mom must



Calcutta

have written on a similar day in Palm Beach. “Your description of what we’ll do on rainy nights meets with my whole hearted approval – and how!”²¹ It goes on to note a “slight trace of a rainbow against a dark sky.” He says that “the invasion of Europe is the topic of conversation.” Then he compares it to “the same feeling as you get when you wait for the return of a crew and a buddy gunner smiles from ear to ear and clasps his hand on his head as a job well done.” This note stands out as an expression of the ties these men had to each other in a series of letters that often sticks to lighter subjects, reveling in the music of Tommy Dorsey “I didn’t want to do it” and “The Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy of Company B” or talking about the heat, food or movies. The war was close at hand and personal. They just couldn’t talk about it freely.²²

What he could talk about was that he was getting a pass for his birthday to visit “a large city”, which he couldn’t name here but does name in the next letter. The city was Calcutta, now spelled Kolkata, and it would turn out to be one of the most memorable, trips of his life. What he wrote about in his letter was the grandeur of Calcutta. It is worth transcribing because he paints such a picture:

“Here’s my chance to tell you about Calcutta – the largest city in Asia and the third largest city in the world. Boy! What a city – I don’t know where to begin. The main street through town is Chowringer. It runs pas the Grand Hotel, A. Fripo’s Ltd (the finest house for food in the city), past Dollhouse Square and the White House of Bengal. There’s many taxies and coolies with buggies that take you wherever you feel like going. The cabs are Chevrolet’s, Oldsmobiles and other common cars with the steering wheel on the wrong side of the front seat.

¹⁹ Ibid

²⁰ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/58th_Bombardment_Wing#Operations_in_India_and_Tinian

²¹ JAB WW20016.pdf

²² JAB WW20017.pdf

The drivers are fat bearded men with turbans. They look funny and mumble under their beards but boy can they drive. In the city at night – the place is dark - and all those drivers have to go by is little parking lights – yet they speed through traffic – weaving in and out giving one of the most exciting rides you can get. After the first ride, however, you get used to it.

There's a marketplace down there in the heart of town in which you can get anything – it takes a full half day just to walk through it (clothes, jewelry, chinaware, cutlery, stationary, books, food, perfume, drugs, gadgets and du dahs – you can get anything. I just walked through it however.

A. Firpo Ltd. is where I ate most of my meals – the food is superb – Dinner is a five course affair – served in the most aristocratic manner. It starts about 7:45 PM and ends at 11. The waiters are sharp looking boys – dressed in a white uniform – a wide waist belt and a neat looking turbine. There's one for each table. Its really something to see about 105 of those boys dash around – they're quick and silent (barefoot) – you can't find the service any better if you were a millionaire in the Brown Derby in New York. It's the best – highest type house in all Calcutta and G.I.'s or anyone with a couple hundred rupees is treated as a millionaire.

The place is air conditioned by 90 large fans – really a sight. The orchestra plays American rhythm in an American way – waltzes – new songs, favorite tunes and rumbas. The women are bee-u-tee-ful. They look and dress like American girls – don't know why they're here – but they are. The dance floor is a huge highly polished hardwood section in the center of the floor. They serve a high class five course meal. You can buy drinks just the way you want 'em. A couple buddies and myself settled down to Tom Collins or Rum Collins – they say John Collins – well its the same thing. We had a great time – We didn't get drunk, Chips – and the girls belonged to other, more fortunate boys – in some cases – their wives. Some of the fairer sex were English, Burmese and Anglo Indians.

In the Grand Hotel they have a reserve spot for officers only – yet in the Casanova – another top notch restaurant there are no officers allowed! (Winter Garden has both). In Winter Garden – there's the jitter-bug type of band – and the small floor is a hub of motion.

I stayed at a small hotel owned by an American lady and her husband who have been here for seven years – the service was great – my two buddies (corporals) a Texan Master Sergeant and myself had a large room – cooled by a large regulated fan in the center of the ceiling. The cool white sheets and soft mattresses were really enjoyable after sleeping for months on the cots here.

Names of other things here such as streets are Chowringer, Government Road, Lower Circular Road, Doll House Square, Lord Cinha road, Kalighal, Kaligunge street car lines – by the way – those street cars are fast and smooth riding – just like those in the large cities in the states. The conductors and motormen are Indian and they really know their business. You can ride one for miles and still be in the city."²³

A remarkable thing about this letter about Calcutta is that it doesn't mention seeing a funeral pyre, a vivid memory that comes up in more than one of his later interviews but must have happened on a later trip:

After months of monotony and a hospital stay for dysentery and the monsoon season, some of us were given leave to go into Calcutta. We were advised not to drink or eat anything offered or sold by street people, except little bananas we could peel for ourselves. Naked children with pot bellies from malnutrition would always beg by saying "Bok Shies, Sahib" meaning give me some alms. If there was more time they would add, "no mama, no papa, no

²³ JAB WW20019.pdf

sista, no broda", just to emphasize their poor situation. An anna or partial rupee or even a stick of gum would make them happy.

Roaming the narrow streets of Calcutta one would see skinny sacred cows and lots of small brown women carrying large bundles on their heads, ox carts, vintage cars, bicycles, goats and markets of every kind. The drivers of military trucks would get into more trouble for hitting a sacred cow than a person. The only safe thing for a service man to do was to have a magnificent meal in one of the best Englishman managed restaurants where the water was purified by treatment and the food was freed from local contamination.

The most unforgettable event occurred when I came upon a large mud lot alongside the Ganges River where large piles of wood sticks and branches were set on fire to burn a corpse with the widow and others wailing and crying. As the fire grew hot the body would fry, sizzle, and pop and the smell was terrible. It was raining and my trench coat got wet and picked up the smell. The whole event was so repulsive that I threw the coat away. I was ready for R & R up in the Himalaya Mountain Range resort called Ranikhat.²⁴

His trip to Ranikhat was 5 months later but he had many chances to visit Kolkata before that.

A day or so after he was back from this 3 day leave, the bases in India completed enough missions over the "Hump" to supply bases in China so that an attack on Japan could be launched.

It was a nighttime raid to be carried out on the night of 14/15 June 1944 against the Imperial Iron and Steel Works at Yawata on Kyūshū.

Unfortunately, the Japanese had been warned of the approaching raid and the city of Yawata was blacked out and haze and/or smoke helped to obscure the target. Only 15 aircraft bombed visually while 32 bombed by radar. Only one bomb actually hit anywhere near the intended target, and the steel industry was essentially untouched. Although very little damage was actually done, the Yawata raid was hailed as a great victory in the American press, since it was the first time since the Doolittle raid of 1942 that American aircraft had hit the Japanese home islands.²⁵

To get an idea of what the 58th Bombardment Group had to go through to pull this off, this is a quote from a book, 58th Bomb Wing: Wait Till the 58th Gets Here By Turner Publishing Company about what Joseph Hampton, an engineer with the 444th Bombardment Group had to say about what it took to be a good pilot. (From what I can discover and others say, the mission described here didn't happen but the problems were similar.)



Lieutenant Colonel Doolittle wires a Japanese medal to a bomb, for "return" to its originators.

²⁴ Dad's Stories Page 3

²⁵ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Twentieth_Air_Force#World_War_II_operations

“First you take an airplane that was originally built for 120,000 pounds gross weight and load it to 138,000 pounds. The plane is in the service test mode in a valley that you have to spiral out to above 20,000 feet in order to clear the mountains called the ‘Hump’. You are on instruments, as it is night and raining so hard you cannot see the outboards. The turbo control on the center isle stand is set on #8 and the four engine throttles are ‘firewalled’ so you have 2800 rpm and 47 inches of mercury at take-off power. The pilot will need all the rpm and every one of those inches to get off the ground. About the time he puts his wheels away, he hits ice and there are no de-icer boots as we had ripped them off early in the game to save weight! The pilot has a plan drawn out on his clipboard telling him how many seconds he can fly on a certain compass heading and then turn to another heading for so many seconds so he does not hit the rocks on the mountains. After almost an hour of the most hair-raising flying, he breaks out above the Hump and heads across China for the target in Japan. He flies across a part of occupied China we call “the corridor”, which is loaded with Japanese fighter bases, and then to the Yellow Sea. About seven hours after take-off he sees the IP, and then he encounters fighter attacks, and on to the bomb run where he flies through heavy flak. After ‘bombs away’ he heads back out to sea and for home and mother. He may have some fighter opposition when he crosses the corridor and later, after dark, he is back over the Hump. It is generally socked in again, and all the planes are low on fuel after flying 14 hours, and they have to take their turn spiraling in to the base. Once in awhile, you will hear a pilot break radio silence and say he is coming in as he is running out of fuel. You will not see him, but you may feel his prop wash as he passes you. It sort of gets you in the stomach. The pilot sits there with his feet in the stirrups, flying her in on the clocks and finally sets her down on the runway. He may bounce her a time or two, for he has nothing to prove; he is not a junior birdman. He is a good pilot!”



Dad particularly liked this cartoon. I think the center part about standing in line for food struck a chord. The last panel refers to the Marine attack on Tarawa, a tiny island 2,500 southwest of the Hawaiian Islands, the first landing in the Pacific. It was heavily fortified by the Japanese and manned with 4,700 of their best soldiers. The Japanese commander said it could not be captured. The Marines did capture it but with heavy losses totaling almost 3000 men killed or wounded. Only 17 of the Japanese were captured alive. It's no wonder the Marine in the last panel would not talk about it. There is live footage in color on the Internet.²⁶

A little over a month after the Normandy Invasion, Mom was transferred to New York to attend her own version of Radio School. She had been the only girl carpenter at Palm Beach, now she was residing in the Embassy Hotel in New York with the Coast Guard and some other

²⁶ <http://www.eyewitnesstohistory.com/tarawa.htm>, <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b3ce-hreP-w>

SPARs who were learning radio repair.²⁷ We don't have her letter, but there is mention that Mom was getting some attention from "Public Relations". Dad was not the only one who noticed that she was pretty. Along with radio studies, she became a poster girl for the SPARs.²⁸

On October 2nd, Dad had just gotten back to camp from R&R in Ranikhat, a British resort in the mountains. He doesn't talk about it much in the letter, he had 31 pieces of mail waiting for him including 9 letters from his sweetheart back home and they were at the top of his mind. Topics included a detailed description of what he noticed in two pictures Mom included; both St Louis teams (The St Louis Cardinals and the St Louis Browns) winning the pennants; the ballots for the fall elections were out and Dad was thinking of voting for Roosevelt and the slate of Democrats; Mom had thrown out some of her possessions that were made in Japan including a china horse with colt, (Dad called it a calf) and Mom was planning on giving a silver mirror to her first granddaughter on her 18th birthday.

Later in October of 1944, Dad got to fly in a B-29 over the Hump and into China. He included some Chinese money, worth practically nothing, in the letter written from there. He stayed there awhile and bought Evelyn some embroidered silk.²⁹

While Dad was on leave at Ranikhat the US Navy landed unopposed at Ulithi Atoll in the Caroline Islands; it is a small atoll that will later become an important naval base. The harbor was capable of holding over 700 ships. The Navy created a repair and refueling base there that also provided R&R for the sailors. It was relatively close to the Mariana Islands which include Tinian, where Dad would spend much of the war.

Meanwhile back in India. "Each B-29 mission consumed tremendous quantities of fuel and bombs, which had to be shuttled from India to the China bases over the Himalayas, the world's highest mountain range. For every Superfortress combat mission, the command flew an average of six B-29 round-trip cargo missions over the Hump. Even after the Air Transport Command took over the logistical supply of the B-29 bases in China at the end of 1944, enough fuel and bombs never seemed to reach Chengtu.^[2]

Range presented another problem. Tokyo, in eastern Honshū, lay more than 2,000 miles from the Chinese staging bases, out of reach of the B-29s. Kyūshū, in southwestern Japan, was the only one of the major home islands within the 1,600-mile combat radius of the Superfortress.^[2]

The very heavy bomber still suffered mechanical problems that grounded some aircraft and forced others to turn back before dropping their bombs. Even those B-29s that reached the target area often had difficulty in hitting the objective, partly because of extensive cloud cover or high winds. Larger formations could have helped compensate for inaccurate bombing, but Saunders did not have enough B-29s to dispatch large formations. Also, the Twentieth Air Force periodically diverted the Superfortresses from strategic targets to support theater commanders in Southeast Asia and the southwestern Pacific. For these reasons, the XX Bomber Command and the B-29s largely failed to fulfill their strategic promise.^[2]³⁰

So, while corporal Barreca enjoyed China, presumably in Chengtu, it turned out to be a misguided plan to attack Japan. But a much better plan was being worked on in the Mariana Islands. Plans were also being worked out between the young couple.

²⁷ JAB WW20026.pdf

²⁸ JAB WW20028.pdf

²⁹ JAB WW20032.pdf

³⁰ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/XX_Bomber_Command

Later in November, Roosevelt has been re-elected as president. Mom is floating ideas about serving some time overseas. Dad is not too keen on that happening. He also mentions that another outfit has been the first to bomb Tokyo. He can't say in the letter, but it is the first raid from a new base on Tinian and is carried out by B-29s. A couple days later, the USS Intrepid was hit by kamikazes for the third time; other American ships are heavily damaged. Even though the tides of war have turned against them, both Japan and Germany are waging large-scale desperate attacks against Allied Forces.

A few days later, December 8th, 1944, Dad responds to an idea Mom has to move to the country and farm like pioneers. Both of them know a thing or two about farming and Dad says he would do it if that is what Mom wants. In the same letter he tries to quell Mom's concerns about why he loves her saying that although she is not Lana Turner and he is not Cary Grant but *"I just love you and if you ask "Why" – offhand – I'd say I didn't know. – Why do you love me? Is it because I love you or would you love me anyway? I couldn't even answer that, but after fifty years we'll know why."*³¹ Later in the same letter he mentions that he received a nice letter from Mom's mother, Matilda Jones who related that Evelyn had chances to go to Hawaii or Alaska. Reading between the lines, being in New York for Christmas was not Mom's cup of tea.

On December 16th, Germany launched what would become known as "The Battle of the Bulge". The **Battle of the Bulge** (16 December 1944 – 25 January 1945) was a major German offensive campaign launched through the densely forested Ardennes region of Wallonia in Belgium, France and Luxembourg on the Western Front toward the end of World War II in Europe. The surprise attack caught the Allied forces completely off guard and became the

costliest battle in terms of casualties for the United States, whose forces bore the brunt of the attack, during all of World War II. It also severely depleted Germany's war-making resources.³²

It is getting close to Christmas. Mom sends Dad a gift package that includes a chess and checker set. He's been beating the chief officer regularly at checkers and is glad to get this present. He sends her a Christmas Postcard that doesn't look like an announcement of the birth of the "Prince of Peace". A close look reveals the insignia of the 20th Army Air Force.

In a letter written December 12th, Dad notes that from what she saw of it, (St Louis), Mom didn't like Missouri. He assures her that the countryside is better. The next week in his last letter for the year, he is thinking about his family decorating the Christmas tree but he is especially remembering the upcoming anniversary of their engagement on New Year's Day. This is the last letter we have from 1944. There are a couple letters in February and then no more letters until May 1945. From the count, we know that 10 more were sent, but not exactly



³¹ JAB WW02049.pdf

³² http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Battle_of_the_Bulge

when. What we do know is that even though he didn't expect any big changes for a long time, he had just gotten a new set of immunization shots and that the next letter we have is written from Tinian Island in the Marianas. The letter we have about that trip arrived quite a bit later. It is 20 pages long and more or less a journal from the trip.

It was a long trip from the first week of March 1st to April 6th. He got a meal ticket at the start with 40 days worth of meals to punch. These were large troop ships. He had the top bunk of a stack of four on the fourth level down. He spent most of the first part of the journey on his bunk which was next to the compartment's speaker. All the announcements started with loud piping and then announcements like "All hammocks up", "All hands to battle stations", "Call to breakfast", "Physical Drill", "Smoking lamp is out"... They spent a lot of time playing cards. He won big then gradually lost at poker, then switched to pinochle (which has always been his favorite card game). The news on the radio was encouraging. the Allies were crossing the Rhine. But outside the ship, they were still in dangerous waters and had destroyer escorts for the first four days. They didn't know exactly where they were going until the very last part of the trip.

The biggest event for those new to life at sea was the King Neptune Order of the Deep Celebration. In this ancient tradition, those who have never crossed the equator at sea, "pollywogs" or just plain "wogs", are initiated by those who have crossed before, "shellbacks". They are usually judged one by one before the court of King Neptune, a senior hand or officer dressed in green togs, long beard holding a trident and usually dripping wet. The wogs are dipped in sea water, have their heads shaved and often splattered with eggs, rotten fruit etc. This initiation included a paddle line that Dad avoided by covering himself with grease and flour to look like he had already been initiated. He did get his hair shaved, which he felt he needed. It was all good fun and probably the most memorable event of the trip, though certainly not the only one.

Another event was testing the ships anti-aircraft and 5" guns. They sent balloons up for the anti-aircraft practice. One was shot right off, but another on the opposite side of the ship got away. Finally they had a balloon target miles away, just a speck on the horizon that the 5" guns fore and aft had a crack at. Men covered their ears and flames shot out from the guns as they fired 20 or so rounds that finally brought the target down.

Dad didn't get seasick but did get sunburned. Guys spent as much time as possible on deck. After 18 days, they arrived in Melbourne Australia. Although they didn't know exactly where they were going, the trip went south from Calcutta across the equator and around the south side to Australia with a one day leave in Melbourne. The description of that stop is very exact and because some readers may someday get a chance to revisit the scene, a transcription is as follows:

"We finally got to Melbourne on March 18 – we happened to dock at Gillsbrant pier in Williamston about ½ hour from Melbourne. On March 20th our group got a pass. We had seen the sailors go on liberty the night before - all spruced up and boy! Did we envy 'em. We thought we wouldn't get to see town but we got out one day in town and we'll never forget Melbourne. The people were just like Americans – the buildings and streets are like those in the States – the girls are plentiful and willing. The town swallowed up the relatively few G.I's we soon learned what a schilling and a six pence and a pound was worth. Luna Park was the spot where most G.I's went. Everyone had a girlfriend or two or three before the day was over. Australian beer was good. Department Stores were just like those in the U.A. Kitzman and I walked miles together, through a famous garden – down Bourke Street, and up to Exhibition and Collins Street, across the Princess Bridge on St Kildar etc. At the Red Cross right in town we ate and

signed up for a house party. At 7:30 three girls showed up and gathered 14 of us – they had quite a time getting that many – we took a train to Canegie and met the rest of 14 girls and went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peterson. A swell little home with thick rugs and small rooms – We met everyone (Marge Peterson was the hostess.) We played a few games and ate a specially prepared luncheon. We had to leave in a hurry because we were due back at the dock at midnight. The girls rode the train as far as Spencer St with us.

The girl I was with was really nice to look at – nicer to cuddle with – her name Phyllis Montgomery. Her sister was equally good – Mary – went arm in arm with Sultan – we planned a double date for Friday – but we never got off the ship again and Friday we took off. Australian hospitality is wonderful. All the boys talked of for the next three days was Australian women and how you had to beat ‘em off with a club.”³³

A week later on March 28th the ship stopped in Townsville in northern Queensland and took on 400 RAAF (Royal Australian Air Force) troops that they took to New Guinea on their way north. The New Guinea native boys swam out to the boat and one dove off the main deck perfectly. The island looked rugged as they passed by on their way to the next stop, the Admiralty Islands, which had been captured by McArthur’s troops in heavy fighting the year before. They are only 2 degrees below the equator and the ship would soon cross that again.

By this time Dad has his shipboard routine down. He gets up early to secure a spot near the bow of the boat where he can watch the sunrise and see flying fish skipping over the water. He also likes the porpoises which try to keep up with the ship. He is daydreaming of either going back to work at Curtis-Wright or getting a farm in the country, and is thinking that he will need to be a lot less lazy if he does either one. Daydreaming came to an end on April 6th, 1945 when he landed on Tinian Island, an island that changed the course of history.

The next letter we have from that time is dated May 5th. In the gap between letters Franklin Roosevelt died on April 12th and Harry Truman became President. The Allies are capturing concentration camps in Germany every other day. Victory in Europe is declared three days later on May 8th. Adolf Hitler, Joseph Goebbels and Heinrich Himmler all commit suicide on May 23rd.

The US commanders had been looking at Tinian and Saipan long before Joseph Barreca arrived. On July 24, 1944, 30,000 US Marines landed on the beaches of Tinian Eight days later, over 8,000 of the 8,800 Japanese soldiers on the island were dead (vs. 328 Marines), and four months later the Seabees had built the busiest airfield of WWII - dubbed North Field - enabling B-29 Super fortresses to launch air attacks on the Philippines, Okinawa, and mainland Japan.³⁴

Saipan is less than a mile north of Tinian The month before the Marines took Tinian, on June 15, 1944, 71,000 Marines landed on Saipan They faced 31,000 Japanese soldiers determined not to surrender.

Japan had colonized Saipan after World War I and turned the island into a giant sugar cane plantation. By the time of the Marine invasion, in addition to the 31,000 entrenched soldiers, some 25,000 Japanese settlers were living on Saipan, plus thousands more Okinawans, Koreans, and native islanders brutalized as slaves to cut the sugar cane.

There were also one or two thousand Korean "comfort women" (*kanji* in Japanese), abducted young women from Japan 's colony of Korea to service the Japanese soldiers as sex

³³ JAB WW20082.pdf

³⁴ Tinian Island, an Internet posting, Tinian Island.docx is a copy in our files.

slaves. (See *The Comfort Women: Japan's Brutal Regime of Enforced Prostitution in the Second World War*, by George Hicks.)

Within a week of their landing, the Marines set up a civilian prisoner encampment that quickly attracted a couple thousand Japanese and others wanting US food and protection. When word of this reached Emperor Hirohito - who contrary to the myth was in full charge of the war - he became alarmed that radio interviews of the well-treated prisoners broadcast to Japan would subvert his people's will to fight.

As meticulously documented by historian Herbert Bix in *Hirohito and the Making of Modern Japan*, the Emperor issued an order for all Japanese civilians on Saipan to commit suicide. The order included the promise that, although the civilians were of low caste, their suicide would grant them a status in heaven equal to those honored soldiers who died in combat for their Emperor.



And that is why the precipice in the picture above is known as Suicide Cliff, off which over 20,000 Japanese civilians jumped to their deaths to comply with their fascist emperor's desire - mothers flinging their babies off the cliff first or in their arms as they jumped.

Anyone who was reluctant or refused, such as the Okinawan or Korean slaves, were shoved off at gunpoint by the Jap soldiers. Then the soldiers themselves proceeded to hurl themselves into the ocean to drown off a sea cliff afterwards called Banzai Cliff. Of the 31,000 Japanese soldiers on Saipan, the Marines killed 25,000; 5,000 jumped off Banzai Cliff; and only the remaining thousand were taken prisoner.

The extent of this demented fanaticism is very hard for any civilized mind to fathom - especially when it is devoted not to anything noble but barbarian evil instead. The vast brutalities inflicted by the Japanese on their conquered and colonized peoples of China, Korea, the Philippines, and throughout their "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere" was a hideously depraved horror.³⁵

Tinian was fairly civilized when Barreca arrived. Being closer to the marine supply lines going back to the States, it had faster mail service, better food, real beaches and some of the best weather in the world. What it didn't have was Evelyn Jones. But he made do by imagining every movie star in every movie they watched was Chips. Stan Foreman was there, fixing up furniture out of whatever was available. Joe even made a desk lamp that used batteries so he could write at night when it was quiet. Stan and Joe would also go swimming when they had the

³⁵ Ibid

time. At least they could write home about that. What they could not write about was the war as it raged on in the Pacific.

Al during this time the Marines and Army were fighting to capture Okinawa. The Battle of Okinawa, codenamed Operation Iceberg,^[3] was fought on the Ryukyu Islands of Okinawa and was the largest amphibious assault in the Pacific War of World War II.^{[4][5]} The 82-day-long battle lasted from early April until mid-June 1945. After a long campaign of island hopping, the Allies were approaching Japan, and planned to use Okinawa, a large island only 340 mi (550 km) away from mainland Japan, as a base for air operations on the planned invasion of Japanese mainland...The battle resulted in the highest number of casualties in the Pacific Theater during World War II. Japan lost over 100,000 soldiers, who were either killed, captured or committed suicide, and the Allies suffered more than 65,000 casualties of all kinds. Simultaneously, tens of thousands of local civilians were killed, wounded, or committed suicide.³⁶

Once captured, Okinawa also offered an air base that could be used for emergency landings when air strikes over Japan went awry. And air strikes over Japan seldom went as planned. XXI Bomber Command's initial attacks against Japan were focused on the country's aircraft industry. XXI Bomber Command attacked Tokyo three times between 27 November and 3 December; two of these raids were made against the Musashino aircraft plant while the other targeted an industrial area using M-69 Incendiary cluster bombs, specifically developed to damage Japanese urban areas.^[67] The aircraft plant attacked on 27 November and 3 December was only lightly damaged as high winds and clouds prevented accurate bombing.³⁷

The B-29 had been designed to bomb from high altitudes, 30,000, and at high speeds, 400 mph. While swarms of Japanese fighter planes would respond to a flight of bombers, the bombers suffered only light damage because they could outrun them and with their pressurized cabins, they could fly above them. The downside of this strategy was that fast jet-stream winds over Japan scattered the bombs making precision bombing nearly impossible. Allied command decided that they needed a new commander and a new strategy.

Brigadier General Haywood S. Hansell was replaced by Major General Curtis LeMay in January of 1945. In light of the poor results of the precision bombing campaign and the success of the 25 February raid on Tokyo, LeMay decided to begin firebombing attacks on Japan's main cities during early March. To maximize the effectiveness of the firebombing attacks, LeMay ordered the B-29s to fly at the low altitude of 5,000 feet (1,500 m) and bomb by night; this represented a significant change from the Command's standard tactics, which focused on high-altitude daylight bombing. As Japan's night fighter force was weak and the anti-aircraft batteries were less effective at night, LeMay also had most of the B-29s' defensive guns removed; by reducing the weight of the aircraft in this way they were able to carry more bombs.^[80] These changes were not popular with XXI Bomber Command's aircrew, as they believed that it was safer to fly heavily armed aircraft at high altitude.^[89]

The first firebombing attack in this campaign was carried out against Tokyo on the night of 9/10 March, and proved to be the single most destructive air raid of the war.^[90] XXI Bomber Command mounted a maximum effort, and on the afternoon of 9 March 346 B-29s left the Marianas bound for Tokyo. They began to arrive over the city at 2:00 am Guam time on 10 March, and 279 bombers dropped 1,665 tons of bombs.^[91] The raid caused a massive firestorm that overwhelmed Tokyo's civil defenses and destroyed 16 square miles (41 km²) of buildings, representing seven percent of the city's urban area.^[92] The Tokyo police

³⁶ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Battle_of_Okinawa

³⁷ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Air_Raids_on_Japan#Initial_attacks_from_the_Mariana_Islands

force and fire department estimated that 83,793 people were killed during the air raid, another 40,918 were injured and just over a million lost their homes; postwar estimates of deaths in this attack have ranged from 80,000 to 100,000.^{[93][94]} Damage to Tokyo's war production was also substantial.^[93] Japanese opposition to this attack was relatively weak; 14 B-29s were destroyed as a result of combat or mechanical faults and a further 42 damaged by anti-aircraft fire.³⁸

This attack proved to be the most deadly attack on Japan of the entire war, worse in terms of casualties than either of the atomic bombs that were dropped later. It happened almost two months before Joseph Barreca arrived on Tinian. Troops were still fighting for Okinawa when he arrived. Some B-29s from Tinian bombed air fields that were sending kamikaze aircraft to attack naval forces during the battle for Okinawa.

Dad does mention that the Lucky Lady is his favorite airplane and even sent a picture of it on May 24th, 1945.³⁹ A couple days later he writes: "Although the sight of America's might – the rows of smooth looking loaded superforts with four powerful purring engines at take off – is awe-inspiring and it's good to be able to say 'I was there' – there is something more dominating in wanting to be a civilian."⁴⁰ He also told how he acquired what might be his only war-related injury, He hit his head on a raft while playing with a basketball swimming with Stan and other friends.⁴¹ The next couple of letters also mention Stanley who Dad expects to be arguing with much of the time over trivial topics such as "Why servicemen should get a \$1000 bonus," or the latest songs. Later in the same letter he signs off saying he is going to help Stan build a rack to hang their clothes on. In the next letter, June 5th, Stanley informs Joe that he will be much more well-liked and sociable when he gets back to St Louis because Stanley had "reformed" him. Dad is writing because all the planes are out on a mission and there is little to do. On 5 June, 473 B-29s struck Kobe by day and destroyed 4.35 square miles (11.3 km²) of buildings for the loss of 11 bombers.⁴² It is nearing Joe's second birthday while overseas. He got a birthday card from Mom and she also sent a Mother's Day card to his mom.

Getting to know each other's families is a common topic during this period. On June 7th he writes that his brother Jim is engaged to a girl named Joan. Jim suggests that the prospective sisters and brothers-in-law exchange letters. Dad agrees, sends Jim Evelyn's address and tells her that Jim writes humorous letters. Joe has been up until 2 AM and now the planes are off on a mission.⁴³ A force of 409 B-



³⁸ Ibid

³⁹ JAB WW20059.PDF

⁴⁰ JAB WW20060.PDF

⁴¹ Ibid

⁴² http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Air_Raids_on_Japan#Initial_attacks_from_the_Mariana_Islands

⁴³ JAB WW20063.pdf

29s attacked Osaka again on 7 June; during this attack 2.21 square miles (5.7 km²) of buildings were burnt out and the Americans did not suffer any losses.⁴⁴

6/8/1945: An old friend from Boca Raton, King, moves into the tent. Evelyn gives up on the idea of being stationed in Alaska. Joe is glad and comments on a house design from Mom.

6/9/1945: The Curtis-Wright plant in Pattonville is closing. Grandfather Tony is out of work but considering going into business for himself. Sister Sandra is out of work too, but planning to go to college. Dad has no job to return to, jokes about staying in the Service. He has time to write twice by staying up late after watching the movie, National Velvet. So it becomes his birthday by the time he is finished.⁴⁵ On 9 June, two groups of B-29s bombed an aircraft factory at Narao and another two groups raided a factory in Atsuta; both facilities were badly damaged. A single group of Superfortresses also attempted to bomb a Kawasaki Aircraft Industries factory at Akashi but accidentally struck a nearby village instead.⁴⁶

6/11/1945: Joe got a letter from Lenore Swan, a friend from Pattonville who writes him about once a month. She is going to college and thinks it would be good for Dad to take advantage of the G.I. Bill and attend college too. Joe is not too keen on that idea. He would rather be a 'working man' and have a family. (Stanley is reading by the light of a flickering light that he made which interferes with King's radio, but Stanly won't turn it off.)⁴⁷

6/12/1945: Joe can finally write that he is on Tinian Island by Saipan and it is beautiful.⁴⁸

6/13/1945: Stan is smoking a long "seegar". Dad is going to watch "Destination Tokyo" for the third time, hoping for a new cartoon to go with it and realizing that is childish.⁴⁹

6/14/1945: Stan is playing with the radio while Dad is trying to write, so he goes to the orderly room to get some quiet just as taps sounds for the night. It reminds him of hearing taps for the first time at the military funeral for his grandfather. (This part of letter JAB 20070 doesn't make any sense genealogically. His father's father died when Tony Barreca was 12 in Sicily. His mother's father died in 1954 after the war, unless our records have it wrong.)

6/15/1945: Planes are all gone on a mission. The G.I.s, celebrating the anniversary of the first strike on Japan, were entertained with a stage show, Ship Ahoy, featuring 5 real women. They pulled up 3 B-29s to watch from the wings, as well as from a lot of other equipment pulled in front of the planes. The planes came back as the show was ending. On June 14th, 510 B-29s escorted by 148 P-51s were sent against nine factories in southern Honshu and Shikoku. Heavy clouds over the region meant that many bombers attacked targets of opportunity individually or in small groups, and little damage was done to the raid's intended targets.^[136] Coincidentally, that was also the case in the raid they were celebrating from the year before.⁵⁰

Dad is in a good mood, not just because of the stage show, but because he just got a letter from Mom's mother and the war is going well: "*The Chinese are cutting down the Jap stronghold in China – we now have Okinawa – the Australians are taking the East Indies and there's hardly anything to worry about except Manchuria – I'd like to see Russia do something about that.*"⁵¹

⁴⁴ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Air_Raid_on_Japan#Initial_attacks_from_the_Mariana_Islands

⁴⁵ JAB WW20066.pdf

⁴⁶ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Air_Raid_on_Japan#Initial_attacks_from_the_Mariana_Islands

⁴⁷ JAB WW20067.pdf

⁴⁸ JAB WW20068.pdf

⁴⁹ JAB WW20069.pdf

⁵⁰ JAB WW20070.pdf, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Air_Raid_on_Japan#Initial_attacks_from_the_Mariana_Islands

⁵¹ JAB WW0071.pdf

6/21/1945: It's raining at night and the radio's playing soft music as Dad relates that a girl he knows joined the Navy in New York and likes it and a couple he knew all during school years is getting married. He would have been best man.⁵²

6/23/1945: Dad watches Greer Garson in the movie *Random Harvest* for the second time since Radio School and is reminded again how she seems so much like Mom. He says that previously he would immediately react if he didn't like someone, but now he is more reserved and often finds that they really are alright.⁵³

6/27/1945: Dad is listening to news on King's radio that the United Nations Charter was signed in San Francisco. He hope they got it right and can end world wars. He also thinks Mom's brother, Aubrey, may be stationed in Saipan.⁵⁴

7/14/1945: Aubrey is stationed only a mile away! Dad had thought 242 was his APO number but it is his group number. For instance, Dad's in the 793rd squadron in group 468 of 58th Bombardment Wing of XXI command. Aubrey's group of fighter planes is on Tinian. Aubrey got a letter from Dad and drove right over to find Dad working on a B-29. He met him at the bomb bay doors, stuck out his hand and said "I'm lieutenant Jones." So that is how they met and the beginning of a better situation for corporal Barreca.⁵⁵



Greer Garson

They go to drink a couple beers at the officer's club where Aubrey is well-liked by his fellow airmen. Aubrey relates that "Evelyn is a funny girl. She'll try anything once." A couple weeks later it looks like Aubrey will be sent to Iwo Jima. But that is delayed. Letters in this period are further apart. Both men are busy. But two weeks later, Joe finds time to write the 20 page letter about his boat trip from Calcutta to Tinian.



Aubrey at his tent on Tinian

The air campaign against Japan had been unopposed for some time. They have started dropping leaflets telling the Japanese what cities they will hit next. The Japanese make it a capital offense to keep one of the leaflets. Some missions have placed mines in critical straits and harbors around the islands. The Japanese are almost out of fuel and are saving their last fighter planes for the inevitable battle for the mainland. The end is obviously near, the only question is "at what cost?"

Late in the afternoon of August 5, 1945, a B-29 was maneuvered over a bomb loading pit, then after lengthy preparations, taxied to the east end of North Field's main runway, Runway Able, and at 2:45 am in the early morning darkness of August 6, took off. Dad

⁵² JAB WW0073.pdf

⁵³ JAB WW0074.pdf

⁵⁴ JAB WW0075.pdf

⁵⁵ JAB WW20077 Jul 14 1945 met Aubrey.pdf

remembers that the troops were required to wear gas masks. They didn't know exactly why.

The B-29 was piloted by Col. Paul Tibbets of the US Army Air Force, who had named the plane after his mother, *Enola Gay*. The crew named the bomb they were carrying *Little Boy*. 6- hours later at 8:15 am Japan time, the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima.⁵⁶ The resulting explosion killed tens of thousands of people and destroyed about 4.7 square miles (12 km²) of buildings.^[222] The six American aircraft involved in this attack returned safely to the Marianas.^[223] Postwar estimates of casualties from the attack on Hiroshima range from 66,000 to 80,000 fatalities and 69,000 to 151,000 injured.^[224] Tens of thousands more subsequently died as a result of radiation and other injuries from the attack; it has been estimated that 140,000 people had died as a result of the atomic bomb by the end of 1945. Estimates of the total number of fatalities range as high as 230,000.^{[225][226]} Of the survivors of the bombing, 171,000 were rendered homeless.^[227]

Because the Japanese were used to bombing raids by hundreds of bombers, they didn't even bother to scramble a fighter against the *Enola Gay* and the two observer planes that went



Enola Gay on Tinian

with it or the three weather planes that preceded it. We can debate today about the ethics of this attack, but to the soldiers who had been fighting this war and the commanders calculating the cost in human life, both civilian and military of the planned, Operation Downfall, the invasion of Japan, there was no debate. A study done for Secretary of War Henry Stimson's staff by William Shockley estimated that conquering Japan would cost 1.7–4 million American casualties, including 400,000–800,000 fatalities, and five to ten million Japanese fatalities. The key assumption was large-scale participation by civilians in the defense of Japan.^[1157]

Three days later, in the pre-dawn hours of August 9, a B-29 named *Bockscar* (a pun on "boxcar" after its flight commander Capt. Fred Bock), piloted by Major Charles Sweeney took off from Runway Able. Finding its primary target of Kokura obscured by clouds, Sweeney proceeded to the secondary target of Nagasaki, over which, at 11:01 am, bombardier Kermit Beahan released the atomic bomb dubbed *Fat Man*.⁵⁸

⁵⁶ Tinian Island.docx – circulated on the Internet.

⁵⁷ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Invasion_of_Japan#Assumptions

⁵⁸ Tinian Island.docx

The resulting 20 kiloton explosion destroyed 1.45 square miles (3.8 km²) of buildings in the Urakami district.^{[230][231]} Official Japanese figures issued in the late 1990s state the total number of people killed as a result of this attack exceeded 100,000.^[232] The attack also crippled the city's industrial production; steel production was set back by one year, electrical power was severely reduced for two months and arms production was greatly reduced.^[233] All the American aircraft involved in the operation returned safely to Tinian.^[234] The Soviet invasion of Manchuria also began on 9 August, and the Red Army advanced rapidly.^[235] On this day, B-29s dropped three million leaflets on Japanese cities warning that atomic bombs would be used to destroy all the country's military resources unless the Emperor ended the war.^[236] At this time a third atomic bomb was expected to be ready by the end of August.^[237] Eight bombs were scheduled to have been completed by November.⁵⁹

16 hours after the bombing of Nagasaki , On August 15, Emperor Hirohito issues a radio broadcast announcing Japan's surrender.⁶⁰ This triggered huge celebrations in large cities all over the world. Mom had a wild night celebrating in New York. That she describes like this:

I was still in New York when VJ day came. I remember that I and my roommate and I think somebody else that we knew were all in a restaurant across the street from the hotel where we lived, from the Walcott. And one of the boys from the Coast Guard that lived fairly close around there I guess, came rushing into the restaurant and told us oh, you've got to get down to Time Square it's the end of the war! It being up on the reader board in Time Square - and so we pretty well shuffled out of that restaurant in a hurry and all rushed down to Time Square. (She might be in this picture.)

And it seemed like there was about a million people down there. And boys were turning cartwheels and yelling and dancing and hugging everybody in sight. It was quite an exciting experience watching all of the stuff come in over the reader board there in Time Square. People were throwing ticker tape stuff out of the windows and the streets were just covered with stuff.

And I don't know why we were so brave to do this but a couple came by in a car and wanted to know if we wanted to go driving around town to see what was going on and so we went with them. And they took us up through Harlem and all the different boroughs in Manhattan there to see what everybody else was doing. I remember a little young black girl came up and gave us both a big hug and thanked us for saving 'em and we thought that was kind of funny.

But it was quite an experience just to go through that. And then after that we were still doing pretty much what we'd done before. But instead of putting the radios back on ships and being used, well they were having us fix 'em and putting 'em in storage. And we felt like that was kind of a waste of time, 'cause we knew that the time another war came along they probably be very much out of date, which they would have been. But anyway it was a little while 'fore we



VJ Day New York

⁵⁹ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Air_Raids_on_Japan#Initial_attacks_from_the_Mariana_Islands

⁶⁰ [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Timeline_of_World_War_II_\(1945\)#August_1945](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Timeline_of_World_War_II_(1945)#August_1945)

*were mustered out. We had to go through a process of turning in our uniforms and having all the things ripped off from 'em and going through quite a process.*⁶¹

Surprisingly, the Japanese were celebrating too. Dad writes that the incoming Americans were greeted by signs saying “Three Cheers for the Americans”.⁶² So we were not the only ones thinking the Japanese military were insane despots. That is especially heartening given the incredible devastation that we inflicted on their homeland.

Back on Tinian, Dad is totaling up his “battle points”. The winning number is 80. At that number you get to go home. He has 76 and expects to get 5 more soon. After all, bombs sent from Tinian ended the war. (They get 1 point for every month, 5 points for every decoration and 18 points for every child back home.)⁶³ One version of VJ Day is August 15, when Hirohito surrendered, another is September 2nd, when the treaty was signed. Joseph Barreca was invited to ride in a B-29 over the scene. Here is his description:

V.J Day found me in a B-29 over Tokyo and over the U.S.S. Missouri, flagship on which McArthur and other Allied Leaders together with Jap “gears” signed surrender and peace



Air force over USS Missouri, VJ Day 1945

terms. We wagged our wings over that ship at about 10:30 AM in Japanese time – just about when the peak of the ceremony was going on. The pilots were permitted to take five passengers on this victory or power showing flight. Formations in waves of Superforts buzzed over Tokyo for hours. I saw the Imperial Palace – it looked like a yellow castle from the air – and we saw troops going ashore – we saw the ruins of blocks and blocks of the Nips capitol or what used to be the third largest city in the world. Japan, aside from the burned cities, is beautiful from the air – little roads and trees and landscapes are tops – we could distinguish people waving – and we saw trains still

*operating normally; automobiles and trucks on the main highway to Tokyo and people on bicycles crossing bridges etc. Our four engines never missed a beat in the 15 hour mission and I wouldn't have missed it for the world. Werner and Aubrey planned to go with me and everything was all set for them but their C.O. returned from Guam and refused to give them permission – if you ever saw a couple of disappointed men, it was Aubrey and Werner. They gave me one of their parachutes and Mae West so I could go.*⁶⁴

Time travels much too slowly after that. Everyone is anxious to get back home to their friends and family. On the island Dad is counting his points and listening as rumors pass that they will be flying B-29s in formation over major cities in the US. He is having a hard time

⁶¹ Evelyn grade school-Coast Guard.doc

⁶² JAB W00290.pdf

⁶³ JAB W00291.pdf

⁶⁴ JAB W00291.pdf

getting a jeep to go over and visit Aubrey. Apparently the officers are using all the jeeps to escort nurses around the island.⁶⁵

Later in September Dad mentions the “Big Idea” that he had while swimming. It involves both he and Mom going to college, which may delay having a family a little. He won’t say more than that because he wants to explain it in person so he can gauge Evelyn’s reaction.⁶⁶



Evelyn with the Barreca girls in St. Louis

Finally in October 17th, he is sent to a staging area on Saipan to wait for a transport ship. He doesn’t get any mail there. Men are separated into groups from each “Separation Center”, which in his case is the same as his “Induction Center”, Jefferson Barracks, St Louis. This puts him in the company of lots of boys from St Louis, but separates him from all the guys he worked with during the war. There is no mention of that in his letters though. It’s all about getting on a ship, sailing to San Francisco and then on a train straight to St. Louis. He plans to telegraph Chips at the Wolcott as soon as he arrives stateside. He is on board a ship by November 4th.

Correspondence is missing for most of the next two months. He does get out of the army and manages to visit Evelyn for 5 days before returning to St Louis. Being home for Christmas loses its charm however because his folks are leaving to see relatives in California. He is home with Virginia and Mary. He is anxiously waiting to get into college with Mom.

So three years to the month after leaving

Pattonville he is back home, but anxious to leave. He

is no longer a laid-back boy from rural Missouri. Joseph Barreca has been around the world, met a lot of people, served his time and decided that the Army is not for him. He will go to college. He is devoted to his long-time fiancé, Evelyn Jones. He has been corresponding with her family and has invitations to visit Oregon and Washington. He has plans and they all center around a cute little girl from Eagle Valley Oregon.

⁶⁵ JAB W00292.pdf

⁶⁶ JAB W00292.pdf, JAB W00293.pdf

Saint Louis to Seattle

Meeting in Missouri:

On October 17th, Joseph Barreca left Saipan and arrived back in San Diego 7 days later on October 24th. Soon he was back at Jefferson Barracks where he had enlisted. He was discharged on November 24th but Evelyn Jones was one step ahead of him having been discharged on the 23rd. She headed straight for St. Louis by train and bus. She didn't want to send a telegram because she thought that would scare Dad's folks who didn't have a phone. Mom called on her friend, Betty Schwecky, who lived in St. Louis to help her find Dad. This was more trouble than they expected. Here is the story from an interview between Anita Barreca (A:) and her mother, Evelyn (M:)

M: Well, my friend Betty Schwecky and I finally found Pattonville on the little map of the town, and we located a bus that went out there. And so the only thing I remember about where his house was that he was across the street from the orphanage home. And so in going out on the bus, I told the bus driver to let me off at the orphanage home. And I walked across the street which I thought was the closest house, but it wasn't his house, it was a neighbor's. But the neighbor knew them and they said oh you just cut through our back yard and you come in their back door. So I tried that and seemed pretty funny to be meeting them first time coming through their back door. (Laughter) But they were very gracious.

A: Were they expecting you?

M: No, I think they were kind of surprised. But the bad thing was that Joe wasn't there. He had taken his Sandra, his sister up to go back to college. And so he wasn't at home. But they insisted I stay and wait for him, so I had to wait until he got back. And I remember his father brought me a big glass of wine and I wasn't very familiar with drinking wine at that time and I had quite a struggle drinking some of that wine. Don't think I ever finished it. But I helped his sister and them get dinner or do something the other for dinner and Joe got back then that evening. And he was rather surprised to find me there too.



Tony (Jr.) Barreca, Rose Barreca,
Evelyn (Jones) Barreca, Sandra
Barreca

A: Well did you worry that you guys wouldn't hit it off once you saw each other in person?

M: Well I wondered about how we'd both changed. But after we'd talked together awhile we could see that we were still the same as we were. I think his looks was kind of a shock 'cause he was very thin and had a lot of hair when I met him in Palm Beach. And when he came back from overseas his hair was receding quite a bit and he was much much heavier. (Laughter)

A: How come he got heavier over there?

M: Well, when they were just waiting for a ship home, I think all they did was eat (laughter) because he was much heavier when he came back.¹

¹ Mom cassette 2.doc, Page 22

Visiting Evelyn's Family:

After visiting with Joe's family for awhile Evelyn and Joe both went to meet Evelyn's sister Ruth, who lived in Kansas. After 5 days with Joe, Evelyn left for Washington State to see her parents who had just moved to Moses Lake. That move is described here by Kayleen Jones:

Dan and Matilda went to Moses Lake, Washington to visit her brother, Roy Durrett who was farming in Mae Valley right by the lake. Dan decided to buy 12 acres of ground next to Roy to farm. Then they came back down to Eagle Valley to tell their family about the move and get packed. On June 6, 1944 Clifford moved them in his truck, taking 4 year old Leland along Leland remembers riding at least part of the way with Dan and Matilda in their 1938 Plymouth, lying in the cubby hole behind their seats up against the window. It was a long slow ride in those days before freeways and Clifford's old truck would only go about 30 miles an hour².

During their brief visit, Joe and Evelyn doubtless talked about the opportunities available to them now that the war was over. The war itself had been a horrendous experience for the world at large. Over 48 million people died, 2.5% of all mankind.³ Over 400,000 of them were American military. But while the majority of casualties in the rest of the world were civilian, the United States suffered few civilian casualties. The economy was capable of great production which the rest of the world needed, so it was in a great position to sell goods and make money.

Beyond that, in 1944, Congress had passed the GI Bill of Rights. It gave veterans money for education and training, loan guaranty for homes, farms or businesses, and unemployment pay.

Before the war, college and homeownership were, for the most part, unreachable dreams for the average American. Thanks to the GI Bill, millions who would have flooded the job market instead opted for education. In the peak year of 1947, veterans accounted for 49 percent of college admissions. By the time the original GI Bill ended on July 25, 1956, 7.8 million of 16 million World War II veterans had participated in an education or training program.

Millions also took advantage of the GI Bill's home loan guaranty. From 1944 to 1952, the Veterans Administration backed nearly 2.4 million home loans for World War II veterans.⁴

In order to take advantage of the educational opportunity that the GI Bill opened up, Joe and Evelyn enrolled in Missouri University at Columbia Missouri, about an hour's drive west of Pattonville. Joe's sister, Sandra, already was a student there. But before they got going on college, Joe went to visit Evelyn in Moses Lake.



Evelyn and Joe at Missouri University

² Jones, Daniel W. and Matilda Ellen Durrett.PDF, page 20

³ <http://warchronicle.com/numbers/WWII/deaths.htm>

⁴ <http://www.va.gov/opa/publications/celebrate/gi-bill.pdf>

This was a little after Christmas because Joe had to watch over the family home in Pattonville while his parents visited the Prestos in California. As soon as his folks were back, he left for Spokane and then took a bus to Moses Lake. He had already put money down on a residence for Evelyn at Columbia.

Accommodations in Moses Lake must have been fairly cramped. Evelyn's mother was staying with her daughter, Geneva, who also lived in Moses Lake. (Moses Lake was a fairly small town at the time. Two of Joe's surviving letters, one written just as 1945 became 1946, are addressed simply to "Evelyn Jones, Moses Lake, Washington". Later letters have C/O Daniel Jones – but none of them have a street address. All arrived apparently without trouble.)

Clifford and perhaps Merton Chapman (husband to Evelyn's sister Geneva), were building a new house for Evelyn's Parents, Daniel and Matilda Jones, which explains why Matilda was staying with her daughter Geneva. Evelyn was soon involved in the carpentry herself. Here is Evelyn's account of Joe's arrival:

I remember him getting off the bus in Moses Lake and Geneva spotted him coming across the street and told me, "I think your young man's coming." And so he came into Geneva's and met Geneva and Mother. And I think he stayed then for quite a little while and I remember Dad loaned him the car and we drove up to the dam, Grand Coulee Dam. And that was about all there was to see around Moses Lake, I think.⁵

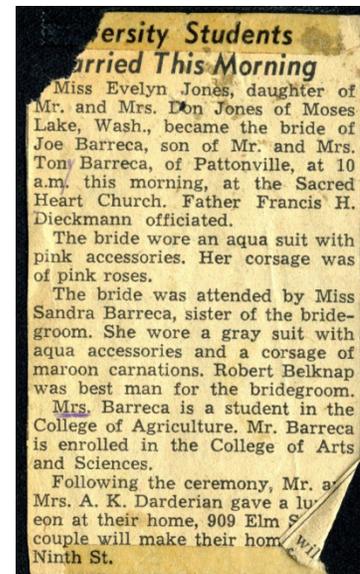


Dan, Clifford and Aubrey(?) Jones at Dry Falls on the way to Grand Coulee Dam

Missouri and Marriage:

In his letters prior to starting college, Joe was willing to wait until spring if necessary before getting married. Winter semester must have started in late January because Joe's sister, Sandra was taking final exams in the middle of January. Joe had wanted to avoid having a quick marriage during a spring break and imagined a honeymoon in Washington State.⁶ But a quick marriage is what happened. Evelyn took classes from Father Dickman on "How to Marry a Catholic." One of the rules she learned was that the Church would not perform marriages during Lent. Also, Evelyn had her own rules. She wouldn't let the groom's family pay for a big wedding so they would make do with a simple ceremony in the church rectory. They were married just before Lent on March 2nd, 1946.

We couldn't get married right away because we couldn't find a place to live. And finally Dad found this place called "Mama Jake's." It was a boarding house and we just had a room. And we were supposed to have privilege to cook but Mama Jake wouldn't let us in there to cook. But we were married there just before we moved into Mama Jake's, at the Catholic Church there...



⁵ Moms Cassette 2.doc, page 23

⁶ WWII20106.pdf Page 4

I had roommates where I was living at a boarding house waiting to find a place to live. And Dad was living in sort of a dormitory for servicemen. I was in a dormitory with probably eight other service women that was rooming there and going to school. So they gave me a shower before we were married and gave me a lot of different gifts of clothes mostly.⁷

Joe's sister Sandra was the Maid of Honor and one of Dad's classmates, Robert Belknap was



the best man. With a narrow window of opportunity they got married on Saturday morning March 2nd, 1946. None of their parents were able to attend. After a brief round of pictures they were off to Evelyn's boarding house for a special breakfast, consisting mostly of hors d'oeuvres and beer. They spent the rest of the day moving in together at Mama Jake's. (Unfortunately, memories of getting married and

moving to Mama Jake's are closely tied together.)

⁷ Moms Cassette 2.doc Page 24

Sunday was free and Monday they were back at school. There is no honeymoon in this part of the story. Now begins one of the most challenging episodes of their whole marriage, living at



Sandra, Joe, Evelyn, Robert Belknap

Mama Jake's Boarding House. Their first clue that things would not be what you would expect came when they found that their new room was strangely arranged and their door had no lock. They set about making places for each of them to study but immediately were in trouble with Mama Jake because she had arranged it so that the rug would wear more evenly. They had to share the bathroom with other boarders and the kitchen with Mama Jake. She complained about how much hot water they used to bathe and wouldn't let them cook until she was there to watch them. She also decided to make extra money raising chicks in the basement where the smell came up through the ventilation system. She was superstitious and wouldn't let people move in on Friday. That's why they had to move in on their wedding day. Perhaps the last straw was one day when Evelyn and Joe washed their new sheets that Evelyn's brother Aubrey had gotten at the commissary. (They were otherwise impossible to get at the time.) Evelyn and Joe left them hanging on the line to dry while they went to a movie. When they came back, the sheets were gone. The prime suspect, Mama Jake.

So we decided that it would probably be a good idea to move and I kind of wanted to move west because I didn't particularly care for Missouri weather; it was really hot when it was hot and it was really cold during the winter. So we'd kind of made up our mind to move on while we were there. And we went about that by writing to get accepted in schools in Washington. And Dad

*couldn't get into the UW right away because we were out of state. So he decided to go to Seattle U for his pre-law. And I liked the courses better at Seattle Pacific, so I kind of decided to go there.*⁸

Moving to Seattle:

Thus began their journey to the West Coast. In the Spring they left for Moses Lake and visit Evelyn's family for the first time since their wedding.

*Then we bought a trailer house in Moses Lake and we found a friend that would haul it over to Wenatchee for us. And we worked in the fruit for my uncle (Roy Durrett). He had a orchard over there and put the trailer house in the orchard and we both worked packing peaches or delivering 'em to be packed or something. Anyway we both worked in the fruit and in the evenings, we picked cherries and stuff out of my uncle's orchard.*⁹

You would have to count the time working in Roy Durrett's orchard in Wenatchee as their honeymoon. They both liked working with fruit and in the country. Having a little trailer parked under the trees would have been a welcome break from the war, school and Mama Jake's. When Fall arrived, they moved to Seattle, the city that would become their home for the rest of their lives.

And then we had another young man that we met while we were working in the fruit that said he would haul our trailer house over to Seattle. And we had trouble finding a place to park it when we got over here. So we had to do a lot of calling around and finally located what they call "Snug Harbor," which was down where Boeing I used to be over close to the First Avenue Bridge.

So we landed up in Snug Harbor at the trailer house down by First Avenue. And Dad got registered and started going to Seattle U. and also he got kind of a night job. And I was going to Seattle Pacific. Anyway, along the middle of my term I was going to Seattle Pacific taking oh, quite a few home-ec courses and that type of thing.



And during that time I got pregnant. And I remember being at school shortly afterwards and feeling really dizzy and sick and they sent me to the office of some kind. And then when I felt well enough I took the bus home. And I remember it was a rough month or so while I was pregnant because I had to ride on a very crowded bus of Boeing workers. And it was sometimes so crowded I couldn't sit down. So it was not a very fun time.

Being pregnant, by herself and in a small trailer in a new city were not the only rough parts of this experience.

*Dad was going to school and then he was working too, so he didn't get home 'til quite late. And it was during that time that he got a little worried about me because there was a trailer house next door to ours that had a bunch of motorcycle bums. And they would have big parties every once in a while with these other motorcycle people. And Dad was a little worried about all this because they would drink and have quite a big party. So he bought me a gun. And I think I was more scared of the gun than I was of the people! But anyway he was afraid that I shouldn't be there all evening by myself. So anyway, he got this gun for me.*¹⁰

Evelyn had training in the Coast Guard but it was with a rifle, not a pistol. *I remember the young man that was teaching me was part Indian. He was from Death Valley or something in*

⁸ Moms Cassette 2.doc Page 25

⁹ Mom's Cassette 2.doc, page 25

¹⁰ Mom's Cassette 2.doc, page 26

California and he was the one that was teaching me to shoot a rifle. But never got into small gun things but Dad gave me some instructions that came with the gun, so I had it handy anyway.

The First Avenue Bridge and the former Snug Harbor trailer court are on the south side of Seattle. Seattle University is on Capitol Hill in the middle of Seattle and Seattle Pacific College is on the north side of Queen Anne Hill by the Fremont District. Both were a long way from Snug Harbor. Commuting to classes and work would have been strange and lonely.

Dad was working such long hours that we didn't see each other a whole lot but we'd go for a walk on weekends and stuff. And I can remember when they were building that road that now goes up to Burien from the bridge there. And I can remember they'd cut trees down and at Christmas time we went up and got a little tree that they'd cut or dug out or something the other for our Christmas tree. I think it might have been just the top of a tree that we had in the trailer house.¹¹

This would have been Christmas, 1946. The rush to expand college offerings and housing for young students back from the war put all the young couples in a bind. A lot of post-war housing was sub-standard, built quickly to accommodate the influx of students and workers from the countryside, which had been the best place to survive the Depression, to the city where jobs and opportunities abounded after the war. The young couple applied for better housing closer to the



Joseph Barreca at High Point housing.

University of Washington and finally found a way to move out of Snug Harbor.

We moved to High Point housing which was kind of a low income housing unit, 'cause we couldn't get into Union Bay Village right away. And housing up there was kind of row housing, and we had a unit on the corner. And we got acquainted with some of our neighbors. There was Virginia Crowley across the street that was quite friendly. And there was a guy next to her that we got to talking to.

We had a icebox; no refrigerator, and the iceman come around once a week with a chunk of ice that we bought. Anyway, the problem we had right off was keeping the little container that was catching the dripping water from the icebox. And when the neighbor of Crowley's came over he says, "Oh, I'll take care of that right off." So he went home and got a drill and drilled a hole in the floor underneath the icebox and put in a piece of hose that went down through the hole and drained the water away from the icebox. So anyway, we didn't have to bother with that one anymore.

Joe Jr. is born:

We got acquainted with some of the other neighbors, but not very many. As Joe was gone most of the day and night, I spent a lot of time by myself. When the time came for Joe Jr. to be born, the contractions were coming about five minutes apart and I went out to the phone booth. But that

¹¹ Mom's Cassette 2.doc, page 26

was a time when the young people were seeing how many people could get into a phone booth and it was chuck full of teenagers, and a lot of others of them standing around waiting to get in. So I gave up on that and went across the street to Crowley's, that had a phone. So I phoned both Dad and the doctor.

And while I was waiting for him to get back up there to get me, I decided what I needed to do was take a shower and wash my hair, 'cause I didn't know when I'd get to do it again. And Virginia came over to check on me and balled me out for taking a shower when my contractions were coming about five minutes apart. Anyway, Dad came in a taxi to pick me up, and I remember the guys across the street yelling and saying, "it's gonna be a girl!"



Anyway, we went to Maynard Hospital and they told Dad, that "Oh, it'll be hours 'fore she'll be ready." So he took the bus and came on back to the apartment. And he'd just gotten in the door and found out that I was going into labor and that I was going in the delivery room. So he hurriedly took the bus back down there, but I don't think he made it. Anyway, that was Joe Junior's birth.¹²

Joseph Anthony Barreca Junior was born September 26th, 1947. The Barreca Family was off to an inconspicuous start. Joe Jr. was not only born while Joseph Barreca Sr. was not close at hand, he was born at the height of the "Baby Boom". Evelyn remembers being moved out into the hallway after the birth because there were no more private rooms available in the hospital. More babies were born in 1946 than ever before: 3.4 million, 20 percent more than in 1945. In 1947, another 3.8 million babies were born; 3.9 million were born in 1952; and more than 4 million were born every year from 1954 until 1964, when the boom finally tapered off. By then there were 76.4 million "baby boomers" in the United States, They made up almost 40 percent of the population.¹³

Baby Joe may have been a bundle of joy, but he was also a bundle of trouble.

Problems we had right off was that Joe had a little hernia and the doctor showed us how to make a little yarn truss that had a knot over the hernia. And we had to do that all the time and of course, they didn't stay clean very long. So I was constantly making new little trusses for him out of yarn. And when the hernia would come out, it would be painful and he would cry and cry. So Dad and I spent many a night walking the floor with him trying to get him calmed down for he would go to sleep. That was pretty bad taking care of him for the few months that he had this problem.

Also, I got into a problem, because he wasn't a very strong sucker and my nipples were inverted, and so I got a bad infection. And I ran a high fever and was very sick and



Baby Joe Jr.

¹² Mom Cassette 2.doc Page 27

¹³ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Post%E2%80%93World_War_II_baby_boom

Louise finally came up to help take care of me for a little while. So that was another problem...

We finally had to go to Children's Hospital, which was up on Queen Anne at that time and have Joe's hernia taken care of. We were so worried about him I remember walking around and 'round the hospital while he was operated on. I think they let us take him home the same day.

Anyway, the next problem we had was his eyes. This eye doctor we took him to because one of his eyes was kind of turning in. So they gave him glasses when he was probably nine months old or something like that. Anyway, he started walking when he was nine months, so it wasn't long 'til he was out playing with other kids. We got into Union Bay Village about that time, into the housing there... We didn't have too much trouble having him keep the glasses on, but all the kids in the play yard was constantly grabbing them off of him and trying them on theirselves. So it was kind of a constant battle keeping him playing out in the courtyard and keeping his glasses on.¹⁴

Another problem young Joe Jr. had that may not have been obvious immediately was that his right leg turned in, a condition known as "club foot". It was treated with a brace on one leg that corrected it while he was still very young.¹⁵

Back to the Church

As baby Joe Jr. was growing inside Evelyn, both Joe Sr. and Evelyn became more concerned about how to raise their children in the best possible tradition. Their own upbringing had included instruction in Christianity but as adults moving around and trying to cope with school, new jobs and then a new child, they had not become a part of any religious congregation. Joe had enrolled at the U. of W. to take advantage of its' Law School, after fulfilling Washington State residency requirements while attending Seattle University, a Catholic College. They had been married in the Catholic Church and Joe Sr. decided to find a church in the University District of Washington State University. Here is how he describes the experience:

I started going to mass regularly in the summer of 1947 at Assumption Parish in the U. District. Frank Kalberer got me into the Holy Name Society. I can tell you my first time in the church building, on a walk, it was open, no one around. I found a prayer book. It opened easy to the Our Father and by myself I began to cry. Frank coaxed me in the next Sunday. All the guys were at the entrance and out on the street in those days and Frank gave me the collection basket and I had to go to the front of the church for the first time. Then he got me to join the usher's club and we could play penny anti-poker until 12 midnight after fasting and no meat on Friday and then a big buffet right in the church auditorium.

Holy name Sunday was the 2nd Sunday of the month and I had to go to confession before receiving communion with the men.

Mom took instructions and was received into the church fully while she was pregnant.¹⁶

Frank Kalberer would become a lifelong friend of Joseph Barreca and his family. He was soon the Godfather of young Joe Jr. A godfather sponsors a baptism and takes responsibility for raising the child should something happen to the parents. By rejoining the Church in the summer of 1947 and starting studies at the University of Washington in the Fall, Joseph Barreca was choosing directions for himself, his career and his family that he would follow for the rest of his life.

¹⁴ Mom Cassette 2.doc Page 28

¹⁵ There is no real reference for this assertion but I remember Mom telling me about it.

¹⁶ Spiritual Renewal.docx, page 1

Joe Junior's birth occurred at the beginning of Joe Senior's law studies. The family found better housing at Union Bay Village. All the units there were new and even better, they were rent-controlled. *"The lucky vets at Union Bay Village knew what they were doing. However, even with their \$90 monthly GI-Bill, and cheap rents, they still needed extra part time work to raise their families. At night they studied – here in the "Ravenna lowlands" near the north shore of Lake Washington's Union Bay.*¹⁷

Joe and Evelyn stayed at Union Bay Village for the rest of Joe's college years. It was student cooperative housing. So for instance, a student would part time as a milk man or as in Joe's case as a title examiner to pay for expenses. Evelyn described it like this:

*We had about forty kids I think in that playground. It was kind of U-shaped; houses down both sides and across the end for the play yard. And I think we had four little kids named Michael...One of these Michaels, Michael Greathouse that lived right next to us; he was the most active little boy I ever saw. I remember when he was about six months old he could crawl faster than most people could walk. And he crawled clear from his place next door clear out to the street in front of our place to get into the busy traffic, while his mother was on the phone one day. Anyway, he was always climbing and everything. But one of the things he got into was, we had a milkman that delivered milk in bottles once a day, and he'd set them on our little back porches. And Michael, being always active and up and out early in the morning, he would go from house to house and take the milk bottles and drop 'em off on the sidewalk on the cement just to see them splatter milk all over. So you had to be really fast in the morning to get your milk in.*¹⁸

Little Joe continued to be a problem but Evelyn managed to deal with everything.

*I remember once he got a real high temperature, and Joe was working night shift as usual, and I was very worried about him, 'cause his temperature was up 103 or 4. And I called his doctor and his doctor told me what to do, to bathe him in cool water or tepid water or something. I think I got a little aspirin down him with some jello or something. And he said he would come by early in the morning on his way to work; he must have lived up in Laurelhurst somewhere. Anyway, he says "You fix me a cup of coffee and I'll stop by in the morning." So he did, he came by in the morning and I fixed him a cup of coffee and he checked on Joe and gave me some stuff for him. I don't think they do that anymore. Anyway, that was pretty much of our life there.*¹⁹

Evelyn managed to sew her own clothes: *About that time Oregon gave money to all the people that had been in the service, a bonus. And so I got a bonus from the State of Oregon. And I bought a sewing machine with it and I made Joe Jr. a coat and a hat and a pair of slacks, all of that from one of my old uniforms. I'd done some other sewing; some for other people; gave me somethin' to do.*²⁰ Evelyn sewed clothes for herself and all of the children over the years.



Michael Greathouse and Joe Jr. at Union Bay Village.

¹⁷ <http://pauldorpat.com/seattle-now-and-then/seattle-now-then-union-bay-village/>

¹⁸ Moms Cassette 2.doc, page 29

¹⁹ Moms Cassette 2.doc, page 29

²⁰ Moms Cassette 2.doc, page 29

John Barreca is born:

While Joe Sr. was still attending classes and the family lived at Union Bay Village, Evelyn gave birth to John Russell Barreca on July 27th, 1949.

One of the effects of having a new baby in the family is that it draws in lots of relatives to “help” the mother. “Help” in this context is a very relative term, having a lot of company tends to bring on its’ own problems.

When John was born, Sandra helped me for awhile. And I remember once that her and Bill went out to a movie and left me with the kids at home. And we hadn’t done the dishes yet and I’d borrowed a big glass casserole dish from Lorna Greathouse next door. And so I decided at least I



Sandra Barreca, Frank Kalberer and baby John Barreca

could wash the dishes. So I started washing the dishes and broke that big casserole. And not only did I break it, but a piece of it cut a huge gash in my hand and I was dripping blood all over. So I ran back across to Lorna’s and she was busy with the kids, and I was standing on her little porch dripping blood all over the place. And she took one look at me and she ran down the street to a couple that was a nurse and he was going to school to be a doctor. And so they came up and bandaged me all up. And I guess Sandra and Bill were kind of mad at me for startin’ to do the dishes while they were gone. Anyway, that was just some of the little problems we had there.

When John was born, he had colic. And he had colic for at least three months, and cried and cried every time we fed him, because the milk didn’t agree with him. And we tried a whole lot of different formulas and none of ‘em seemed to work very well. And they had a clinic right back of our place, where they would come in and check

the kids and offer help and what to do for different things. And they put him on all different kinds of formulas and stuff, but I still spent a lot of time walkin’ the floor with him and putting a heat pad on his tummy or anything I could think of to get him quieted down and get him to sleep. Of course Joe was going to school days and working swing shift so he was never around to help me.

It wasn’t too long ‘til Sandra and Bill found their own place and moved into another little apartment. And they both got jobs and was working here for awhile. Then they decided to move back to Missouri. Anyway, that was our busy start at Union Bay Village.

After John got over the colic, he was a very good baby and never gave me any trouble at all to take care of him. He entertained himself very well. And Joe Jr. was very good, too, so I was very lucky in having the two little boys. And I enjoyed spending time reading to ‘em and building stuff with blocks or Joe Jr. was a wiz at putting puzzles together and he spent quite a bit of time at that. Anyway, they were good kids after Joe had his little hernia operation and John got over the colic.²¹

Joe Sr. had already started to work at Lawyer’s Title while he was attending Seattle University and taking pre-law classes. He learned more about probate, legal descriptions, mental health competency and many other topics from Vern Arnold, an employee at Lawyer’s Title, than from most law courses. Joe was still working there when the family moved to Union Bay Village.

²¹ Moms Cassette 2.doc, page 30



Joseph Barreca Sr. with Chevy Coupe

The family car at the time was a 1929 Chevy Coupe. It had a crank starter which was, (pardon the pun) cranky. Joe found that he could park the car up the hill near the wealthier housing and pop-start it down the hill. He needed to do that a lot since he worked swing shift at Lawyer's Title after attending classes.

About 150 students entered the University of Washington Law school in 1947. The University wanted to whittle these down to the best 50 students. The man for

the job was Professor Milton Green, "The Monster". He deliberately worded questions on true and false tests to include double negatives and other tricky techniques. Joe had been getting A's and B's at Seattle U. When he went to check his test scores from Professor Green, he found his name down in the D's. He had a conference with Professor Green where the Professor suggested that Law was not the career for him and that he might make a good salesman. Joe left the office saying to the Professor "I don't think that way at all." Joe decided to quit he job at Lawyer's Title and double down on studies. He had taken a course on criminal law from Green and took two more courses, Bills and Notes and Evidence. He got A's in both.

Professor Judson Falknor, the Dean of the Law School, liked Joseph Barreca and encouraged him to continue his studies. Meanwhile, manyl students who managed to get good grades from



Barreca Family at Graduation

Professor Green had to drop out. The study of law involves knowledge of the law itself – which is continually revised. Most attorneys at the time owned a collection of the RCWs – the revised code of Washington. But beyond that, "stari decisis", decisions based on interpretation of the intent of the lawmakers who made those laws are the basis of any new decisions made in courts of law. Law libraries are filled with these decisions and arguments. The University of Washington Law Library was filled with students digging into the operations of law as defined in those decisions. Marian Gould Gallagher was appointed Law Librarian and Professor of Law in 1944. Under her leadership the library collection grew to over 114,000 volumes by 1950.²² Joseph Barreca spent a lot of time in that library studying those decisions. In 1949 he graduated with a Bachelor of Science in Law degree.

Having a degree does not make you a lawyer. The real criterion is passing the Bar Exam, a grueling three-day affair of essay questions that are reviewed by designated members of the Bar Association. To pass, you need a thorough knowledge of the law and how it is applied. You also need to be able to express that knowledge as a clear and convincing argument. Joseph Barreca had a lot of experience writing, as editor of his high school paper and as a thoughtful correspondent to his

²² <http://www.law.washington.edu/About/history.aspx>

future wife Evelyn. He studied diligently taking post-graduate courses in property, contracts, security, debtor's estates etc. He spent a lot of time studying with friends. He also went back to work for Lawyer's Title. He passed the Bar Exam on the first try in the Spring of 1950. He was an Attorney!

For the Bar Association Commencement Ceremony, Evelyn bought a patten and sewed herself a new dress.²³

Things were happening quickly at this point. A third child, Jeffery Louis Barreca, was on the way. Joe became friends with (first name needed) McNamera, an estate appraiser for Lawyer's Title. They had dinner together often at Rose's Highway Inn – in West Seattle. (Their favorite dish was chicken livers.) Joe decided to move to West Seattle and bought a house at 2154 28th South West near the Highpoint Housing Project. It had a daylight basement and a back yard with room for a garden and play area. It didn't have a working stove or refrigerator. He also bought a new green Ford Coupe, that started with a key, not a crank. To buy those on time, Joe needed to make more than the \$650 a month he was earning at Lawyers Title.



Attorney Joseph Barreca and sons at West Seattle home

The new manager of Lawyers Title was Wharton Funk. He took over from the previous owner, Mr. Rhea, who had originally hired Joe. Joe met with Mr. Funk to ask that he be given a raise to \$750/month since he was now a licensed attorney with a family to raise and a house in need of appliances. Wharton Funk had some advice and connections that changed Joe's life. He wished that he, himself, had started out in his own law practice many times over the years and advised Joe to start his own practice as soon as he could. Recognizing that it is hard to start from nowhere, Wharton let Joe know that the King County Auditor, Robert (Bobby) Morris, was looking for young talented lawyers to work on the night shift. Joe got a job there right away and was soon earning more from 4 PM to 10 PM in the evening than he had at Lawyers Title from 9 AM to 4 PM during the day.

Moreover, another attorney friend, Tom Issac, offered to rent Joe space in his law office in the Alaska Building, located at the southeast corner of 2nd Avenue and Cherry Street. (Constructed in 1910 by Eames & Young, a St. Louis architectural firm, with assistance by Seattle architects Saunders & Lawton, it was 14 stories high. The Alaska Building remained the tallest building in Seattle until the 18-story Hoge Building (705 2nd Avenue) was completed in 1911.)²⁴ Of course, by 1951 it was far from the tallest building in Seattle, but it was impressive never-the-less with marble floors and hallways to offices paneled in hardwoods with views of the city.

On his first day of practice, March 19th, 1951, St. Joseph's Day, Joe went to see Judge Van C. Griffin at the Bankruptcy Court. At this meeting Joe's studies on Debtor's Estates and work at the Title Company served him well. Van Griffin appointed him on the spot as Trustee for the

²³ This came up in a tape of Mom going through pictures with Anita so there must be a picture of this occasion and the dress. Evelyn 1950-early 60s revised.doc, page 1.

²⁴ http://www.historylink.org/index.cfm?DisplayPage=output.cfm&File_Id=1975

Bankruptcy Court. Soon his law office was busy with bankruptcy cases, work for the court and consulting with other attorneys who needed advice on bankruptcy. He was a lawyers' lawyer.

In the course of 5 years, Joseph Barreca had gone from an unemployed single soldier discharged from the Army Air Force to become a husband and a father with two children baptized in the Catholic Church who owned his own house, a new car and had his own law practice in downtown Seattle. These three roles, as father, as attorney and as a practicing Catholic would define the rest of his life. Each of them progresses with their own stories. They are intertwined with each other as they would be in any life, but here they will be treated with their own chapters for the sake of simplicity.

Law Practice

The Road Not Taken

Joseph Barreca's choice to take an extra course while he waited to take the Bar Exam steered him onto a "road not taken" by most attorneys. The course on Debtor's Estates fit well with his current job at Lawyers Title and allowed his family to keep receiving G.I. Bill school funds. It also helped him examine an interesting point of law called "preference".

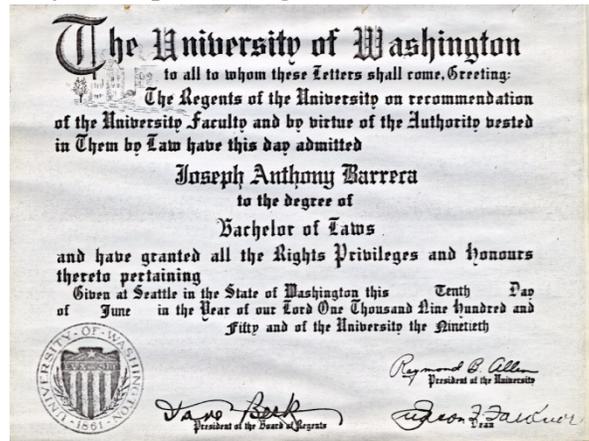
A preference action is typically brought by the Trustee of a bankruptcy estate (or a debtor in possession) to recover payments made by the debtor to a creditor prior to the filing of the bankruptcy petition. In authorizing such actions, the Bankruptcy Code provides a mechanism to remedy past preferential treatment of certain creditors for the benefit of all. While the concept of requiring a creditor to disgorge payments made on account of valid debts may seem unfair, particularly where the debtor may still owe money to the targeted creditor,

the rationale behind permitting recovery of these payments comports with the overall purpose of the Bankruptcy Code: to ensure that all creditors receive equitable distribution of the debtor's assets in proportion to their respective claims. However, the debtor need not have intended to prefer a creditor in order for a transfer to be recovered from the creditor as a preference.¹

In plain terms, if someone sees that they are slipping into bankruptcy and decides to pay some debts immediately (possibly loans from friends or family), before declaring bankruptcy the other creditors do not get a fair share of the value of a debtor's assets. To alleviate this inequity, bankruptcy law allows the court to take that money back from creditors from that was paid up to four months previously if they appear to have been given preferential treatment. This flies in the face of the rule of thumb, "possession is 9 tenths of the law". The power of the court to right such wrongs appealed to Joseph Barreca and the need of the court to have someone to play that role as trustee in bankruptcy as demonstrated by Referee Van Griffen's appointment of Joseph Barreca as trustee for the court on his very first day of law practice (March 19th – also the Feast Day in the Catholic Church of St. Joseph) set a course for his law practice that continued well into the next century.

Bankruptcy Basics

To understand what his law practice was all about, we need to explain the basic United States laws regarding bankruptcy. This topic could quickly become mired in the whole history of how civilizations have treated debt which among other things includes "debt slavery" in Greece and debtor's prisons in England but we'll take it one step at a time. The first laws in the United States, starting in 1898, were designed to allow businesses to close and distribute their assets among the creditors without destroying the owner's life and family or making the



¹ <http://www.wileyrein.com/publications.cfm?sp=articles&newsletter=9&id=1617>

government responsible for imprisoning the owner or the corporate officers. Realizing that circumstances differ, the Bankruptcy Code treats cases under several different chapters as follows:

¶ 20.01 PURPOSE OF CHAPTER XIII 3

¶ 20.01. Purpose of Chapter XIII.

Chapter XIII is entitled Wage Earners' Plans ¹ and for those who fall within its scope,² it provides an alternate method of debtor-relief. Rather than seeking a discharge of debts under the straight bankruptcy sections of the Act,³ through liquidation, the debtor is enabled to choose a form of relief that will keep his assets intact. Not only may he maintain the status quo regarding his assets, but by selecting relief under Chapter XIII, a debtor avoids the psychological stigma sometimes attached to being declared or adjudicated a bankrupt. In addition, he has the satisfaction, as have his creditors, of knowing that while composition or extension of the debts will result, there is a much better chance that they will be paid off, if not in full at least fairly close to it. The debtor's future wages and earnings will be the sole source of payments ⁴ to be made under a plan, and with the aid of the court in budgeting and projecting the payments, the debtor can, ultimately, be in a much more advantageous position than if he had gone through straight bankruptcy. The increasing utilization of Chap-

- [Chapter 7](#): basic liquidation for individuals and businesses; also known as straight bankruptcy; it is the simplest and quickest form of bankruptcy available
- [Chapter 9](#): municipal bankruptcy; a federal mechanism for the resolution of municipal debts
- [Chapter 11](#): rehabilitation or reorganisation, used primarily by business debtors, but sometimes by individuals with substantial debts and assets; known as corporate bankruptcy, it is a form of corporate financial reorganisation which typically allows companies to continue to function while they follow debt repayment plans
- [Chapter 12](#): rehabilitation for family farmers and fishermen;
- [Chapter 13](#): rehabilitation with a payment plan for individuals with a regular source of income; enables individuals with regular income to develop a plan to repay all or part of their debts; also known as Wage Earner Bankruptcy
- [Chapter 15](#): ancillary and other international cases; provides a mechanism for dealing with bankruptcy debtors and helps foreign debtors to clear debts.²

² <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bankruptcy>

In the most common bankruptcy, Chapter 7, a debtor surrenders his or her non-exempt property to a bankruptcy trustee who then liquidates the property and distributes the proceeds to the debtor's unsecured creditors. In exchange, the debtor is entitled to a discharge of some debt.³ It is useful to note here that creditors who are secured get paid before those that are not secured. So if you bought a car or a house on credit, the creditor usually owns “security” in the house or car and they might be repossessed. The law does not intend to leave a person destitute. A debtor also usually has “equity” in the secured property. It is the job of the court and often of the court’s trustee to sort these things out.

Some of the duties of the trustee in bankruptcy are to:

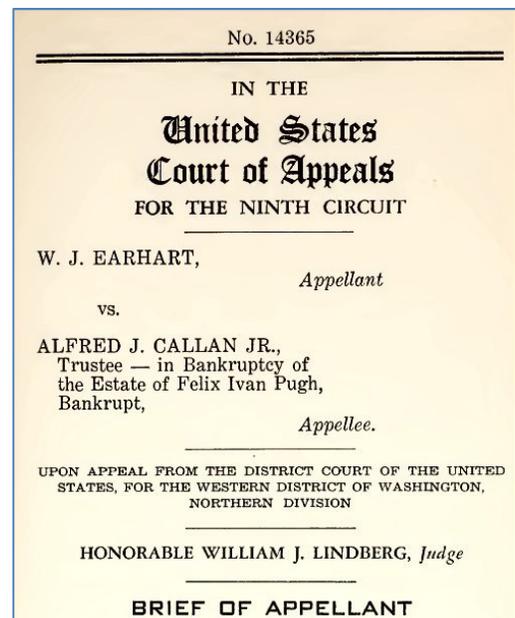
- Review the file for any fraudulent preferences or reviewable transactions
- Chair meetings of creditors
- Sell any non-exempt assets
- Object to the bankrupt's discharge
- Distribute funds to creditors

Note that some assets are exempt from sale and that the “discharge” means that the person who has completed the bankruptcy is no longer liable for the debts listed in the bankruptcy. Making these decisions about who gets what puts the trustee in the middle of the action. It takes an exact knowledge of the law and a good measure of diplomacy to settle these cases fairly and quickly.

A History-Making Case

Unlike the business of many professionals, almost everything an attorney does is a matter of public record. They are literally making history every day. Because the laws of the United States strive to adhere to consistent application of decisions, the arguments for any case involve reference to previous decisions in similar matters. When one of the parties involved in a particular case disagrees with the judge’s decisions, they have the right to appeal that decision to a higher court. In effect, the court system is continually making laws by defining what the law means in a particular instance. It is a matter of pride for an attorney not only to win an argument but in the process to establish precedent as to what a law means.

All bankruptcy cases are federal cases. So immediately, they are heard before higher courts than state courts. There are 94 federal court districts and each of these has “referees” (judges) assigned to bankruptcy cases. If a case is not



³ Ibid

settled in the district court, it can be appealed to one of the 12 Regional Circuit Courts. The only court above that is the United States Supreme Court, which only hears a very limited number of cases each year. In their careers, few attorneys plead cases before one of the 12 Regional Courts of Appeal. So it was a surprise, an honor and a serious responsibility for young attorney Joseph Barreca to have the chance to establish law before the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco in 1955.

The case that brought this level of authority into play involved a dairy farmer, Felix Ivan Pugh, who filed for bankruptcy and W. J. Earhart to whom he owed money. The bone of contention was a winter's supply of hay for the dairy, 60 tons in all. Pugh had purchased the hay prior to filing bankruptcy and had a receipt for his check, (which bounced). But Earhart later financed the purchase. He paid a hay farmer in Yakima directly for the hay and transportation to the farm that Pugh was renting from Earhart. When Pugh filed for bankruptcy, the judge, Van C. Griffin, found Pugh to be in possession of the hay and that it therefore constituted an asset of the bankruptcy which could be distributed to all creditors equally. Earhart was keenly aware that his right to the hay was in jeopardy and on October 16th, 1953, two days after Pugh had filed for bankruptcy, Earhart had Pugh sign papers saying that he (Earhart) owned the hay and Pugh had no claim to it. This late written agreement did not, in judge Van Griffin's opinion, constitute a valid secured claim to the hay nor did alleged oral agreements made before the bankruptcy was filled. He had Alfred J. Callan, the trustee in the original bankruptcy, proceed with the sale of the hay and distribute the income to all of Pugh's creditors.

Earhart appealed the case from the bankruptcy court to the Seattle District Court. At that point, Joseph Barreca became an attorney for Callan. William J. Lindburg, United States Judge for the District Court in Seattle ruled in favor of Callan and Griffin. Still not satisfied, Earhart appealed to the Circuit Court in San Francisco. As attorney for trustee Callan, Barreca travelled by train to San Francisco in 1955 to present his arguments and a legal brief on the case to the appeals court. After an examination of the evidence, the appeals court upheld the decisions of the lower courts and cited almost exactly attorney Barreca's arguments in the case. This was a tremendous success for a young lawyer and earned him respect among the judges and bankruptcy attorneys back home. This respect was soon turned into even greater responsibilities.

Chapter XIII Trustee

In 1954, the same year that Barreca became involved in the Pugh case, Judge Van C. Griffin appointed Joseph Barreca as Trustee in Bankruptcy for a different kind of case, a Chapter 13 case. Like most attorneys at the time Barreca was not overly enthused about the appointment. It would mean a great deal of bookkeeping and oversight on the case for the next three years with only a token amount of payment for his work. But he took the assignment as a favor to the judge. It turned out to be a major factor in his life's work and the course of his law practice for many years to come.

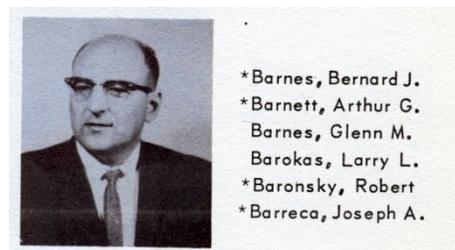
A trustee in a Chapter 13 Bankruptcy is known as a "Wage Earner Trustee". Unlike a traditional straight bankruptcy (Chapter 7) where the debtor with few or no assets discharges all of his debts and incurs a poor credit rating for years to come, a debtor who elects to file a Chapter 13 wage earner bankruptcy submits a plan whereby he lives on a minimum family budget and the rest of his wages are paid directly to the wage earner trustee who distributes the money to his creditors and pays them off as far as possible over the next 3 to 5 years. Instead of

dodging his debts, a wage earner tries to pay them off as best he can. The wage earner trustee gets a small percentage of the diverted income to handle the expenses of managing the plan.

This course of action was devised by Tennessee Congressman Walter Chandler and enacted into law in the Bankruptcy act of 1938, also known as the Chandler Act. It was not really an effort to provide special relief to consumer debtors as much as a way to deliver some payment to creditors who would get nothing in a straight bankruptcy. It also relieved sheriffs and others involved in serving garnishments on a wage earner's income. But it did provide a great deal of relief to a debtor who was being hounded by debt collectors. It stopped any contact from creditors. It stopped any more interest from being added to existing debts and it insured that the minimum housing and transportation assets that a person needed to keep holding their job would be protected from repossession. In short, where it could be applied, a Chapter 13 bankruptcy was better for all involved.

The Consumer Credit Boom

Chapter 13 was also a very timely procedure for the 1950s. World War II ended the depression and gave new opportunities to millions of Americans in the form of GI Bill benefits such as had helped Joseph Barreca become an attorney. The new manufacturing prowess of the United States meant full employment for most people and a wealth of household items that could now be purchased. To facilitate these purchases a new kind of financial institution evolved that specialized in consumer credit. In 1951, the same year that Joseph Barreca became an attorney, the National Foundation for Consumer Credit (NFCC) was founded. Their solution to the boom in consumer debt was to extend more credit and apply ever-increasing rates of interest with no protections given by the legal system. Before the war in 1940 the total US consumer debt was \$8.3 billion. By 1950 it had almost tripled to \$21.5 billion. By 1958 it had more than doubled again to \$45.5 billion.⁴ This was a huge problem for the US economy and for the millions of people who were in over their heads.



King County Attorney, 1965

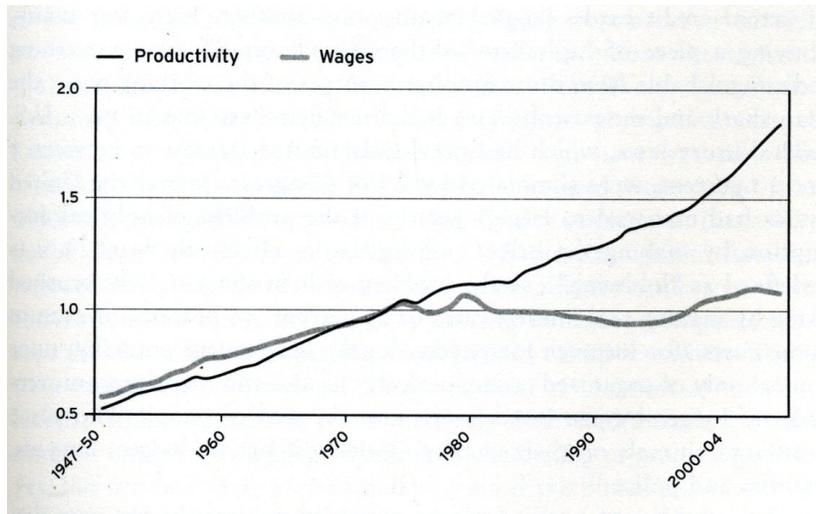
“A highly paid army of Persuaders surrounds us with thousands of seductive messages each day, all urging us to buy, buy, buy. Readily available credit makes living beyond our means easy and resisting the siren sounds of the advertisers difficult. But we’re also told that if we fail to pay for it all right on time, we’re miserable deadbeats. In short, much of American economic life is built on a contradiction.”⁵

You might want to assume that this new crop of debtors was comprised mostly of spendthrifts. The opposite is true. Though maybe a third were extravagant in their purchases, another quarter incurred legal expenses, a fifth had hospital bills, 12% were laid off from work and some were getting divorced. Accidents and other unforeseen emergencies filled in the rest.⁶

⁴ Reginald W. McDuffee, The Wage Earner's Plan in Practice, Vanderbilt Law Review, Vol 15, page 174

⁵ Chapter 13 Bankruptcy: Repay Your Debts, Robin Leonard, Nolo, 2002, 5th edition. Page1/1

⁶ Reginald W. McDuffee, The Wage Earner's Plan in Practice, Vanderbilt Law Review, Vol 15, page 174



Despite all of its advantages, Walter Chandler's idea for wage earner relief was slow to take off. By 1952, 14 years after the law was enacted, there were only 7397 chapter 13 bankruptcy cases filed in the entire United States.⁷ That figure however continued to grow. Chandler reports that 13,599 cases were filed in 1960 and 19,723 were filed in 1961. In those same

years, 89,639 straight bankruptcies were filed in 1960 and over 119,000 in 1961.⁸ Of these 89% were filed by employees or others not in business.⁹ So the potential for Chapter 13 filings was 105,910 in 1961, over 5 times the number of actual Chapter 13 filings. To understand the discrepancy between potential and actual filings, we need to look at the disadvantages of Chapter 13 from several points of view.

Challenges for Chapter XIII Acceptance

The public was largely unaware of the different forms of bankruptcy and how they could apply. The Chapter 13 industry needed publicity such as movies, article and advertisements. Under the Bar Association's ethical standards at the time lawyers did not advertise so that was awkward. Also, there was no common literature to give to prospective Chapter 13 Debtors to explain how the plan worked.

Even attorneys who were aware of the Chapter 13 plans were reluctant to prescribe them. Chapter 13 involved slow payments over a long period of time that meant waiting for legal fees. Besides, attorneys would need to learn about a whole new legal mechanism that involved a lot of paperwork. From an attorneys' point of view, Chapter 13 was no money maker.

The Credit Industry saw Chapter 13 as a threat to its own "solution" which was really just more of the same. Their plans gave debtors longer to pay their bills but kept accruing interest. They offered them no real legal protection, but participating creditors liked a solution that gave them more money even if over a longer time. They deployed anti-Chapter 13 lobbyists in Washington DC. They promoted giving more and more credit to consumers. They set up their own "Counselling" services which did not tell debtors about Chapter 13, or if they did, accused it of costing more than their own plans – but neglecting to count the added interest debtors would pay by consolidating debts under a credit agency. The credit rating agencies did not distinguish between Chapter 7 and Chapter 13 bankruptcies, even though they had vastly different outcomes

⁷ Reginald W. McDuffee, The Wage Earner's Plan in Practice, Vanderbilt Law Review, Vol 15, page 192

⁸ Ibid

⁹ Walter Chandler, The Wage Earners' Plan: It's Purpose, Vanderbilt Law Review, Vol 15, page 170

for everyone involved. Also secured creditors preferred to be able to repossess their security with little regard for the equity or livelihood of the debtors.

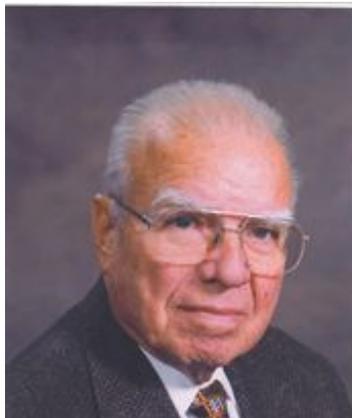
Debtors were often their own worst enemies. Only 35% actually complete their plans in some districts. And in others, debtors found the ability to stop interest accruing on their debts so appealing that they filed Chapter 13 cases over and over again. One of the most crucial factors in making Chapter 13 plans effective in any given judicial district was the knowledge and diligence of the appointed Chapter 13 trustee, who was charged with keeping the plan on track.

Trustees had their own set of issues with how Chapter 13 was working. They were a small group fighting an uphill battle for the greater good. They needed to get the word out about Chapter 13 and they needed comrades in arms to carry the torch for this new way of doing business. The compensation rates for trustees varied quite a bit across the country. The work was often more like banking and accounting than the law practice. As officers of the court it was also unclear if they needed to pay employment tax. There was a great need for trustees to learn from each other. One of the big items on the learning curve was the new technology of computers. In the 1950s and 1960s, these were not computers that you could put in a law office. They were mainframes and “mini” computers that were still the size of refrigerators and took special skills, programming and training to use. But computers were ultimately the technology that would turn trustee work into a viable business.

Elected officials were unaware of the potential or the problems with Chapter 13 plans. The bankruptcy laws needed to be changed to make them more workable and stop abuses. To get the attention of politicians you need big numbers: big numbers of people bringing up the issue and big amounts of money that would be affected by changes to the law. In short, the trustees needed to get organized.

Trustees Get Organized

In the 1960s, the staff in Joseph Barreca’s law office were using Selectric typewriters to type up disbursement documents through 4 copies of carbon paper. Copiers were more likely to be thermal than Xerox. Legal documents started out as Dictaphone recordings and file cabinets filled up with paperwork. These were the best technologies available to a small legal office. But across the county there were a lot of these small legal offices with the same issues.



Claude Rice

In 1964 they began to get organized and Joseph Barreca was right there with the front runners when Claude Rice organized the first annual meeting of what would become the National Association of Chapter Thirteen Trustees in Kansas City. Mr. Rice was not only familiar with the business of being a Chapter 13 trustee and the challenges facing trustees, he also knew how to use computers to facilitate that work. He had a data processing service for Chapter 13 trustees. This was a winning combination for the Chapter 13 trustee community.

The trustees were energized when they met again the next

year, 1965, in Seattle Washington. The National Association of Chapter Thirteen Trustees, (NACTT) was founded by 34 Chapter XIII trustees in Seattle.¹⁰ Shortly after that meeting, Joseph Barreca prepared the incorporation papers and filed them for the organization. Washington was a good place to get the movement going. Joseph Barreca was trustee in Seattle. Keith Oberhansly was trustee in Tacoma Washington. Both were future presidents of NACTT. Judge Sidney C. Volinn, an advocate and innovator of Chapter 13 procedures attended the 1965 conference of trustees and hosted the 45th National Conference of Referees in Bankruptcy in Seattle in 1971. Claude Rice was the first president of NACTT. These men along with a host of others moved Chapter 13 bankruptcy proceedings from a backwater of neglect into a mainstream solution and created an industry in the process.¹¹

Help from the Judges

Over the next 5 years, the NACTT began to address the many challenges to acceptance of Chapter 13 as a preferred option for wage earner bankruptcy. In the beginning, Chapter 13 proceedings were only common in disparate parts of the country. Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, California and Kansas had numerous filings. Most states however had few or none. The NACTT had challenges with public understanding and awareness, cooperation from bankruptcy attorneys and the credit industry. But they had a big ally in the bankruptcy referees. Referees had been holding a National Bankruptcy Conference annually since 1926, 12 years before the Chandler Act became law, and they had a great deal to do with that law. One of those judges was Reginald W. McDuffee. He was a Referee in Bankruptcy in the southern district of Georgia; Past President of the National Association of Referees in Bankruptcy and Chairman of the Chapter 13 Subcommittee of the American Bar Association Committee on Consumer Bankruptcy. In 1962 he wrote an article in the Vanderbilt Law Review analyzing the numbers on Wage Earner plans. In conclusion he enumerated 10 essential ingredients for Chapter 13 success.¹² Ten years later he was Anchor man of the 1972 Trustees Convention in Akron, OH and reiterated these same ten elements:

1. A referee dedicated to rehabilitation;
2. use of full injunctive powers against the creditor;
3. use against the debtor of full injunctive powers forbidding the creation of any credit obligations without consent of the Court;
4. methods of assuring control over the debtor's paycheck;
5. maximum deposits by debtor;
6. a dedicated trustee: full-time where justified, adequately compensated, prompt in remittance to creditors;
7. a bankruptcy bar sharing the qualities of dedication suggested for the referee and trustee;

¹⁰ NACTT website, www.nactt.com, introduction. Chapter 13 of the bankruptcy code was referred to as Chapter XIII until the bankruptcy code was changed in 1978.

¹¹ There were several dozen people who made Chapter 13 happen. I have begun a list of those noting their roles. It is available by request and may be an addendum to this biography.

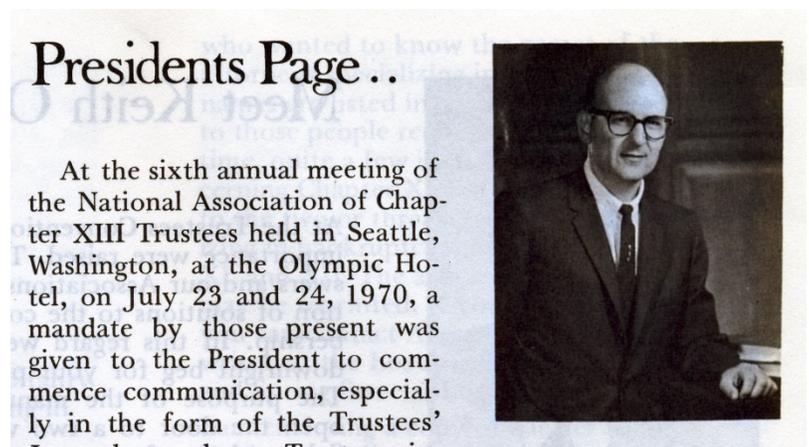
¹² Vanderbilt Law Review, Volume 15, Pages 173-193, The Wage Earner Plan in Practice, Reginald W. McDuffee.

8. a type of debtor who seeks out the court of bankruptcy not as a sanctuary, asylum or place of refuge, but as a means of learning (perhaps for the first time) the hard lesson of self-discipline;
9. prompt dismissal where the case justifies it;
10. continuing education workshops, seminars, forums.¹³

Most of these elements can be controlled by the presiding judge. Element 6, a dedicated trustee who works full time in larger jurisdictions, does a good job and is paid fairly, is one of the most important of these. In the years following the incorporation of the NACTT, trustees took on some of the challenges listed above and many more that involved the members of the community affected by bankruptcy.

The National Association of Chapter XIII Trustees swings into action

The 6th Annual meeting of the NACTT, was held in Seattle July 23 & 24 1970 and mandated that the NACTT start a journal. Joseph A Barreca, the newly elected president, also became the first editor of the NACTT Quarterly and published the first issue in the Fall of 1970.¹⁴ This issue and many subsequent issues contain articles by the vanguard of trustees and judges who brought Chapter 13 into general practice.



One of the first problems they addressed was the need to get the word out to the public about the wage earner plan option. The first issue of the NACTT journal includes the outline of a script written by Marilyn Aiches for a short movie about Chapter XIII. Miss Aiches, then a graduate student at U.C. Davis, spent time in Samuel Kaplan's Sacramento office talking to people filing wage earner plans and got to know them. But the movie was never produced.¹⁵ Newspaper and magazine articles about Chapter 13 were one of the first avenues used to inform the public. By the fourth quarter of the first year the journal included one such article from the Seattle Daily Journal of Commerce:

“Every year millions of people in this country skate on very thin ice, just above bankruptcy. Unwise spending, sickness, damnable high hospital charges, loss of jobs by the heads of families, slumps in business – all of these can bring on fiscal crises. But, according to an American Bar Association informative column just released, debtors are, in increasing

¹³ NACTT Quarterly Journal Vol 1 #4, Page 9

¹⁴ NACTT Journal Vol 1 #1, Page1

¹⁵ NACTT Journal Vol. 1 #1, Page 5 – and a telephone conversation with Marilyn Aiches, who now does career counseling for students in Berkley California.

*numbers, rescuing themselves through what is known as the Wage Earner Plan. Although the plan is administered by the bankruptcy courts, it is very different from bankruptcy...*¹⁶

“The peak year for bankruptcies came in 1967 when a total of 208,329 bankruptcy petitions were filed and an all-time high of 191,729 consumers went to the bankruptcy courts for relief from their debts, igniting the demand for the reform of the U.S. Bankruptcy system to better meet the problems of consumer debtors who reach the brink of bankruptcy.”¹⁷ In 1967 the United States was fighting a war in Vietnam, a cold war with Russia, a War on Poverty at home and dealing with the civil rights movement. It was tough to get a word in edgewise about consumer bankruptcy. Some information was already out there, “We went Bankrupt on the Installment Plan” by Helen Arnold was published in Reader’s Digest in 1961. A following article, Ready Help for People in Debt” by Murray Teigh Bloom was printed later that year in the same magazine.¹⁸ It emphasized that Chapter 13 was good for both the creditor’s wallet and the debtor’s pride.

By 1973, things had settled down a bit internationally but Nixon was about to end the gold standard, the first big oil shock was about to hit and “Stagflation” was setting in. In 1972 a valuable book was published by Melvin James Kaplan, Out of Debt through Chapter 13.¹⁹ It explained Chapter 13 in simple language using a case study of “Mary and Joe”, how easily a young couple can get into financial difficulty. It shows their increasingly desperate attempts at resolving the dilemma – a loan company; a “loan consolidation” company (outlawed in many states, and for good reason, as the author shows); and, with repossessioners on the verge of removing their furniture, TV, and auto, and an ill-advised and abortive attempt at filing bankruptcy – which solves nothing.²⁰ Finally it explained how a wage earner plan under Chapter 13 could solve the family’s problems. So by 1972 the word was getting out to the public about Chapter 13 but there was a lot of blowback from the loan consolidation industry.

Loan Consolidation Companies vs Chapter XIII

“The National Foundation for Consumer Credit, Inc. (NFCC) was founded in 1951 as a non-profit educational and research organization

designed to foster a better public understanding of consumer credit through sound programs of education, research and counseling.”²¹ Fair and balanced consumer education was the ostensive purpose of the NFCC, but from the perspective of the wage earner trustees, the NFCC “education” was anything but fair and equal. Sam Kaplan, wage earner trustee in Sacramento and executive of a Chapter 13 data processing company, examined their approach in the Fall 1972 edition of the NACTT Journal:



Begin a brighter financial future today.

¹⁶ NACTT Journal Vol. 1 #4, Page 20

¹⁷ Daily Journal of Commerce, Seattle, 1973, in NACTT Journal Vol. 3 #3, Page 16

¹⁸ Reginald W McDuffee, The Wage Earner Plan in Practice, Vanderbilt Law Review, Vol 15

¹⁹ Out of Debt through Chapter 13, Melvin James Kaplan, Simon and Schuster, 1972, \$3.95

²⁰ NACTT Journal Vol. 3 #3, page 14

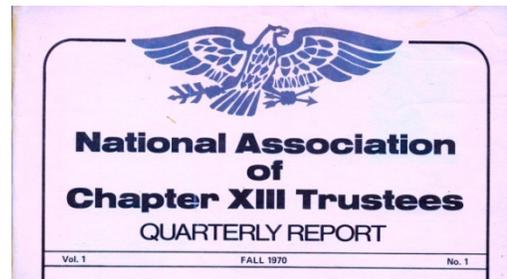
²¹ Recommendations for Change in the Bankruptcy Law by NFCC. (NACTT Vol 2 #2, Page20)

The Members Bulletin of the National Foundation for Consumer Credit is directed to the Consumer Credit Counselling Service and their sponsors. On the front page of their July, 1972 issue they make two points. The first is that they are an important factor in the reducing number of filings in both Bankruptcy and Chapter XIII. The second is that Chapter XIII costs are generally 20% of the total debt and that “This is 4 times the highest debtor charge reported by any Consumer Credit Counselling Service in the last quarterly report.”

My response to the letter is that it totally disregards the fact that the TOTAL DEBT paid off through the Consumer Credit Counselling Service normally is a larger figure because it generally allows full interest, cannot stop judgement action or garnishments, probably does not dispute balances, reject contracts or cause return of unwanted merchandise etc. etc.

The real question is – What will the total figure be when an original amount of debt is paid through Chapter XIII as compared to Consumer Credit Counselling Service? In my experience, in many cases, a debtor will have paid in hundreds of dollars less through Chapter XIII (including all costs) than if he or Consumer Credit Counselling Services paid the debts.²²

Melvyn J. Cobin explained the situation this way. *“The largest creditors pay in the most money for the support of CCC (Consumer Credit Counselors) and the largest creditors get the most money back through CCC because more citizens who have debt problems usually owe money to the largest creditors. That’s why they are the largest creditors.”²³* The consumer debt problem for the economy as a whole had become the consumer debt industry for big money interests.



To add insult to injury, credit reporting companies were giving no credit to people who tried to pay off their debts honestly through Chapter 13. *Credit Reporting Agencies actions have frustrated the original purpose of Chapter 13 by continuing to report 100% plans as straight bankruptcy discharges. This approach provides a “no win” situation for debtors considering bankruptcy alternatives. Many Chapter 7 debtors have the desire and the disposable income to repay their creditors over a three to five year period, however in the current credit reporting environment there is no motivation by the debtors to pursue and complete a 100% plan. Perhaps development of a system for rewarding debtors for repaying obligations by eliminating bad credit marks upon completion of a 100% repayment Chapter 13 would inspire those who can pay 100% to choose a 100% Chapter 13.²⁴*

In many ways when it came to consumer credit issues, the cards were stacked against the wage earner trustees. But in at least one jurisdiction, the tables were about to be turned. “The Court in Seattle has approved plans which let the creditors bear the expense of administration (11% from unsecured creditors).²⁵ This was “The Seattle Plan” and it would become part of a

²² Sam Kaplan, For Your Information, (NACTT Vol. 3 #1, Page16)

²³ Melvyn J. Cobin, To Each His Own (Consumer Credit Counselors vs. Chapter XIII) (NACTT Vol 3 #3, Page12).

²⁴ David M. Howe, (Tacoma) How Debtors can be Motivated to Complete 100% Chapter 13 Plans. (NACTT Vol. 8 # 2, Page 6)

²⁵ NACTT Vol. 1 #4, Page 18 – from proposed pamphlet to be published by the NACTT – Bills! Bills!

slate of legislative recommendations brought to Washington DC by the NACTT, but there was one critical set of players who the NACTT needed to influence first, the debtors themselves.

Behavior of the Debtors filing Chapter XII Plans

In the parts of the country where Chapter 13 was both well-known and well-used, debtors often went beyond the intended use of Chapter 13 to relieve critical debt situations and educate debtors in sound fiscal practice. “In one district where the Chapter XIII Trustee does not supervise the incurrence of new credit while debtors are under the wage earner plan, a survey has shown that approximately 65% of the cases filed were by persons who had previously filed one or more Chapter XIII petitions.”²⁶ These serial filers would use Chapter 13 bankruptcies to avoid interest payments on debts that they should not have and probably would not have incurred in the first place if Chapter 13 had not been available to them.

These repeat filings coupled with a low completion rate for Chapter 13 plans in general gave Chapter 13 a bad reputation with number crunchers on both sides of the fence. In order to bolster the Chapter 13 solution in the minds of judges, attorneys, creditors and legislators, the NACTT would need to enhance oversight by trustees and strengthen the court’s ability to prevent continued overspending on the part of debtors. They approached this issue by framing the main purpose of the NACTT as education. Their website states “Our organization is dedicated to the highest standards of education related to Chapter 13 bankruptcy and education is the focal point of the NACTT’s annual seminar.”

Providing Adequate Compensation

Determining how and how much to pay trustees for their services turned out to be a thorny issue for judges all over the United States. Trustees are technically officers of the court, but they have their own employees. Are the employees due the same wages as other court employees? Does the trustee need to pay employment compensation? The rates per case were as low as 1% of debt to as high as 11% in different jurisdictions. Working this out would take some time, but it was at the top of the NACTT agenda from the start.

“Much of the discussion at that founding meeting of NACTT in 1965 centered around the time and dollars it took to get the trusteeship into the black, recover the original rather substantial investment, and make a profit. Many of those present either were now relying, or had in the past relied upon, family for help to get over the initial heavy financial outlay. Wives, children, other relatives, were to be found present in many instances. I know in my own case my son and a newly acquired daughter-in-law both came into my one man office to help me get started and over the hump. They worked for next to nothing, or nothing if necessary, to help out. In some cases these family members stayed on the job, helped develop it to its full potential, and shared in the success finally achieved. We put this under the heading of family loyalty and love. Today, apparently, such support by a family member has the label of nepotism, a word that is mouthed with a curl of the lip as if it were a four letter word.”²⁷

²⁶ NACTT Vol 1 #4, Page14 – article by Conrad K. Cyr, Referee, Bangor Main

²⁷ Robert Loheit, Looking Back (NACTT Vol. 8 #3, Page 6)



Bob Loheit, 1972

These are the words of Robert Loheit, perhaps the most respected of all former presidents of the NACTT. His experience mirrors that of Joseph Barreca, whose own family members often found themselves inducted into the law office and carrying out the duties of wage earner trustees. The accusation of nepotism would eventually end Barreca's role as trustee, but there was a lot of hard work done in his law office as trustee before that event and after it as attorney for bankruptcy.

The expenses of any employer are extensive. They include regular salaries, sick leave, vacation leave, health benefits, insurance benefits, retirement benefits and cost of living increases.²⁸ The costs of setting up an office include office space, furnishings, utilities, supplies, licenses, insurance and bonds. All of these increase with a larger staff and more work. There were no economies of scale to the wage earner trustee business in the early days. All of these factors made "The Seattle Plan", which recognized that work which would otherwise have fallen to collection agencies, was being handled by the trustee. It diverted 11% of the total debt to pay for the disbursement work and looked very attractive to the trustee community.

Eventually the services of people like Claude Rice and Samuel Kaplan, who developed programs and computer services to handle Chapter 13 work, would reduce the overhead, but for the staff of an ordinary law office, the learning curve for feeding punch cards into computers to make them print checks and reports was just too steep.

The Immediate Effects of Having a National Association

"XIII Steps Forward is the theme of our 1973 Annual Convention to be held in Kansas City, Missouri next June. XIII has stepped forward and will continue to do so and our association is one of the main reasons progress had been achieved. Prior to the founding of NACTT in 1965 Chapter XIII had no organized voice and the problems and criticisms that arose were either unanswered or answered by a lone voice that was void of the backing, knowledge and support of a national association. Today, just a short seven years later, the picture is entirely different. Chapter XIII has an organized voice and it is recognized, heard, and sought out by many who formerly gave Chapter XIII little or no thought or consideration. Our position on matters of national importance is solicited. We are quoted and referred to in reports made to august and influential bodies and our presence is requested before such groups. In just seven years your association has changed Chapter XIII on a national basis from a "What's That?" thing to a recognized and respected function of our society, and achievement that can make all members feel rather proud."²⁹ These were the words of Robert Loheit, NACTT president in 1973, printed in the NACTT journal by Joseph Barreca, editor, as the NACTT prepared to once again meet in Kansas City, where the first annual meeting had been held in 1965.

²⁸ NACTT Journal, Vol. 3 #2, Page 12

²⁹ Robert Loheit, President's Page, (NACTT Vol 3 #2, Page2)

The NACTT had recognition but here was still a lot of work to do. In 1970 a federal Bankruptcy Study Commission had been formed. The results of that study and changes in the law were still years away. The NACTT found itself along with Referees in Bankruptcy, the Bar Association and of course the credit organizations in a position to influence legislation. The big question was about whose opinions would prevail.

Mr. Barreca Goes to Washington

In those early years many of the challenges facing the NACTT were legislative. First they needed to get the attention of legislators about bankruptcy laws that needed to be fixed. Then they needed to make sure that they were actually fixed and not made worse.

Groundwork for the present U.S. bankruptcy system is the Federal Bankruptcy act of 1898, passed at a time when personal credit for consumer purchases was virtually unknown. The act was intended to deal with the problems of insolvent businesses, not consumers, and despite more than 100 amendments since the turn of the century, this emphasis had not changed. In 1971 Referee Conrad Cyr wrote: “We can expect a rather sudden and extensive heightening of the level of interest and activity in the fields of consumer credit and insolvency. I specify *consumer* credit because it is obvious from the legislative history of this measure that the dominant concern among knowledgeable Members of Congress and experts in the field of bankruptcy administration focuses on the archaic legal structure under which modern *consumer* credit problems are contorted into a statutory mold fashioned for the *business* insolvency cases of a bygone economic era.”³⁰

In late 1970, Senate Joint Resolution R88 established a Bankruptcy Study Commission, also known as the Burdick Commission, which had \$600,000 and 2 years to make a major review of the Bankruptcy Act and its administration. In June of 1971, Frank R. Kennedy, Executive Director of the commission wrote to Joseph Barreca, the president of the NACTT responding to a letter send to them by Mr. Barreca on April 21st to assure him that the Commission was very interested in receiving the recommendations of the National Association of Chapter Thirteen Trustees.³¹ A party of representatives was soon formed.

*“Claude Rice, Joe Barreca and Theodore Meth appeared in Washington D.C. in March, 1972 before The Commission appointed to study Bankruptcy Law. A brief and questionnaire had previously been submitted to our Association and we were given an opportunity to respond. From all reports I have had to date, we were most ably and capably represented and the enthusiastic accounts I have received from the Administrative Office on the hearings and our representatives roles and their presentations were nothing short of dramatic, sensational and effective.”*³² *This was the appraisal of the work of the NACTT representatives by then President Keith Oberhansly.*

³⁰ Conrad Cyr, Chapter XIII and the Commission on the Bankruptcy Laws of the United States , a Time of Reckoning, NACTT. Vol. 1 #4, page 10

³¹ NACTT Vol. 1 #3, Page 26

³² Keith Oberhansly, Presidents Page, NACTT, Vol. 2 #2

Thus began a dialog that was not brought to fruition until 1978 when a new Bankruptcy Code was established. The experience of Joseph Barreca went beyond just representing the NACTT before the federal commission in Washington DC. He also got a ringside seat at the impeachment hearings of President Nixon being held about the Watergate break-in. His singular impression was that the representatives were very polite in their exchanges with each other during the hearing. He also got to visit his niece, Joanne McLaughlin and her husband.

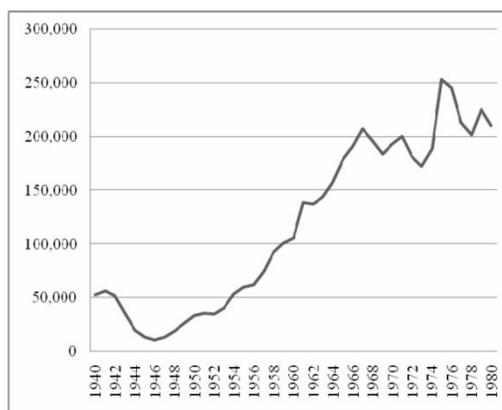
His main objective however was to represent the views of Seattle Judge, Sidney Volinn that creditors could bear 11% of the cost of implementing a wage earner plan and that this would support the work of the wage earner trustee. This was the “Seattle Plan”. In 2002, Barreca would receive the Sidney C. Volinn achievement award from the Washington State Bar Association for his work promoting and improving the use of Chapter 13. This trip to Washington DC was a factor in those achievements.

The New Bankruptcy Laws of 1978

As new bankruptcy laws went into effect in 1979. That same year the Washington State Bar Association Continuing Legal Education Committee chose Joseph A Barreca as Chairman of a panel of specialists to write a manual on “Personal Bankruptcy and Wage Earner Plans”.

“The Bankruptcy Reform Act of 1978 was passed in 1978 and took effect on October 1, 1979. This act, which continues to serve as the uniform federal law that governs all bankruptcy cases today, substantially revamped bankruptcy practices. A strong business reorganization Chapter was created: Chapter 11. (This replaced the old Chapters X, XI and XII that had been created by the 1898 Act and amended by the Chandler Act.) Similarly, a more powerful personal bankruptcy, Chapter 13, replaced the old Chapter XIII. In general, the Reform Act of 1978 made it easier for both businesses and individuals to file a bankruptcy and to reorganize.

FIGURE 1: BANKRUPTCY FILINGS, 1940–1980



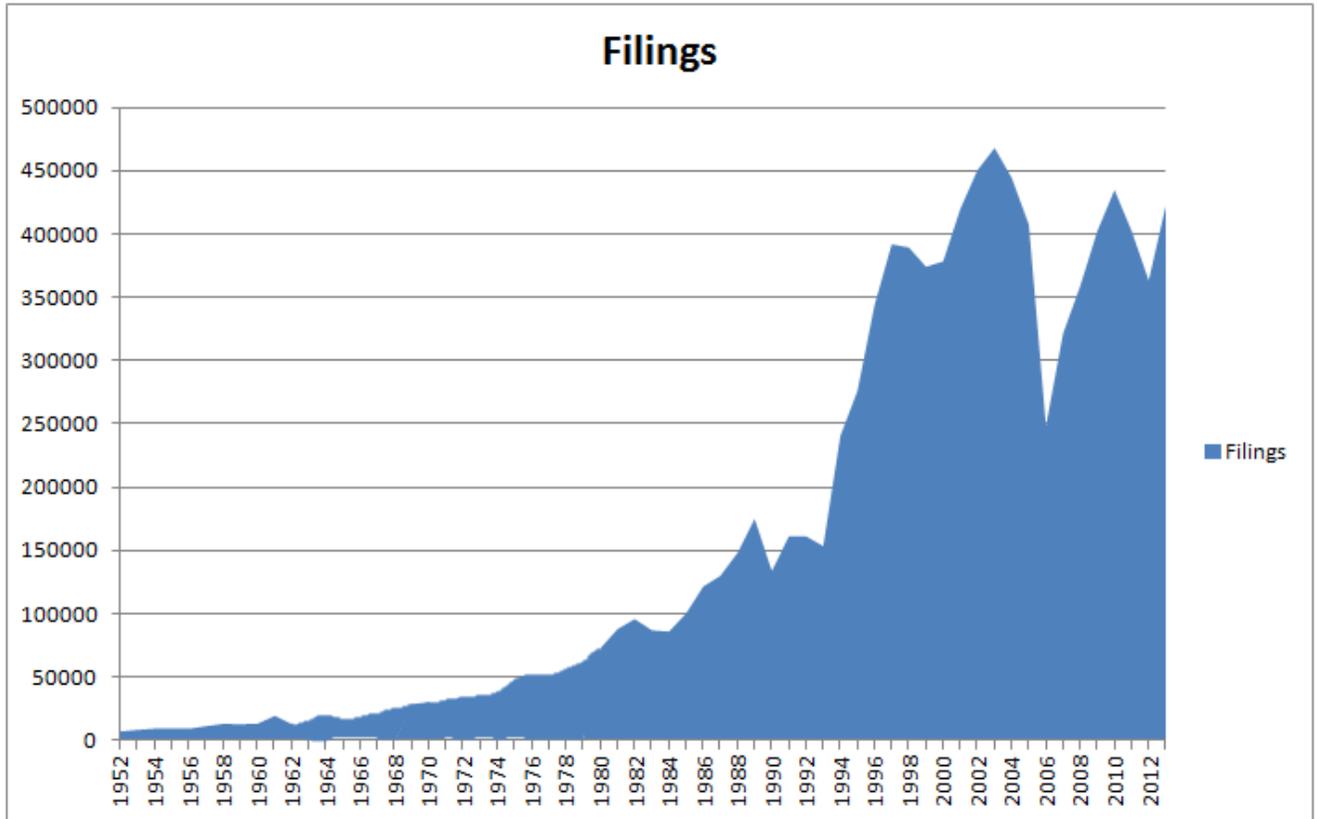
The 1978 Act, a major piece of legislation, started a number of legal controversies and many amendments and judicial clarifications of the 1978 Act were made during the 1980s. One pivotal event was a 1982 Supreme Court ruling that the Bankruptcy Court's enlarged jurisdiction, which was established by the 1978 Act, was unconstitutional. In layman's terms, the Supreme Court ruling stated that bankruptcy judges had been given too much power by Congress and their duties overlapped with those of other branches of the government. The 1982 ruling led to the Bankruptcy Amendment Act of 1984.³³

Thus the fight for control of a bankruptcy proceeding went back and forth. Judges did gain more oversight of the proceedings and used their trustees to assure the validity and priority of claims. One constant complaint was the overreach of the IRS in claiming security, the right to interest payments and priority in debt repayment. But even the IRS was later brought under

³³ <http://www.bankruptcydata.com/Ch11History.htm>

control of the plan.³⁴ In the next decade the newly founded Executive Office of United States Trustee (EOUST) would begin arbitrarily creating its own rules governing trustees. The NACTT had to keep representing bankruptcy trustees both where the government did not exercise enough control and where it claimed too much authority.³⁵

The Impact of the NACTT and Chapter 13 on Our Economy



In the 62 years since Joseph Barreca first became involved in Chapter 13 bankruptcy, the industry has grown from an unusual and seldom-used practice to a mainstay of fiscal stability for millions of families in the United States. The above chart is compiled from data in early literature and the NACTT Quarterly for the years up to 1980 and from United States Court Records in the years from 1980 since.³⁶ It shows chapter 13 filings increasing 100 times from around 5000/yr in 1952 to almost 500,000 in 2013. By comparison, the overall population has doubled in the same period from 157 million in 1952 to 317 million in 2013.³⁷ The success of the Chapter 13 pioneers and the NACTT is that today an American worker is 28 times more likely to file a Chapter 13 plan than 60 years ago.

³⁴ NACTT Vol. 8 # 3, Page 28

³⁵ NACTT Vol. 8 # 3, Page 9

³⁶ Articles by Reginald McDuffee in the Vanderbilt Law Review, Vol 14, Page 173- 193; NACTT Quarterly, Vol 1, #1, Page 15; and The American Bankruptcy Institute online statistics 1980 to present.

³⁷ www.census.gov

CONCLUSION

The stepchild of bankruptcy has finally matured. The emergence of the Chapter XIII wage earner plan from its infancy has been swift. As noted previously, the number of cases have increased rapidly. With this increase in Chapter XIII proceedings has come complexity both in problems and administration.

The thinking toward wage earners' plans has evolved from scepticism⁶⁹ to enthusiasm.⁷⁰ The administration of the plan is now the function of specialists.⁷¹ Where the facilities for handling many wage earner plans are centralized in one trustee, the resulting economies are proving a boon to creditors and debtors alike.⁷²

Today the NACTT website proudly states: *The NACTT was founded by 34 Chapter XIII trustees in 1965. Currently, more than 200 Chapter 13 standing trustees serve in the 50 states and Puerto Rico. Today, the NACTT has grown to more than 1,000 members whose membership consists of trustees, bankruptcy judges, lawyers for debtors and creditors, certified public accountants and other insolvency related professionals.*³⁸

Big Cases

Although the biggest lifetime professional impact of Joseph Barreca's work was probably in helping to establish the NACTT, he had a thriving law practice beyond that. He said that he would rather be a lawyer than a trustee. In 1975 after being accused of nepotism by Tony Johnson, a CPA for the Bar Association, United States Judge Goodwin, who worked in Tacoma, ordered that Joseph Barreca be relieved of duties as Chapter 13 Trustee without looking at any of the actual workings of the office or his many accomplishments in that position. But 1975 turned out to be Barreca's biggest year up to that time. His work with commercial bankruptcies, under Chapter 11, included most of his biggest cases.



Sorento Hotel

After his start in the Arctic Club Building, Barreca moved his law offices to the College Club. It is a building of modest size but with basement parking directly across the street from the Federal Courthouse in Seattle, a place where he did most of his business. His office looked out on Madison Street, a main arterial for the city with its own overpass over Interstate 5, which runs along 6th avenue just to the east of the College Club. A few blocks up the hill from his office sits the Sorento

Hotel. As its website states, it has been "A Seattle icon, 100 years in the making". Today it is a

³⁸ <http://www.nactt.com>

thriving business which invites guests saying “It’s that kind of locale, after all. Since 1909, the Sorrento Hotel on Seattle’s First Hill has been a special place where memories are made, and traditions are born. With its rich Italian architecture and personalized service, the Sorrento has a warm, inviting nature that feels like a second home. The Hunt Club is a neighborhood favorite for locals who know where to find the best martinis and seasonal cuisine. A wonderful buzz and welcoming smiles permeate our Fireside Room. Step through our doors and you’ll find the Sorrento teeming with literary and artistic activity. Live jazz one night, a book event the next. There’s always something happening here. Everyone has a Sorrento story. Join us to create one of your own.”³⁹ One of those Sorrento stories is that the hotel is haunted. “Even back in the 1900’s, Seattleites were marijuana supporters. Alice B. Toklas was credited with the invention of pot brownies back in 1954. Today she is credited with roaming the halls of The Sorrento Hotel, specifically the fourth floor, and even more specifically in and around room 408. When asked about their ghost, The Sorrento Hotel responded, “Our ghost is very hip”.⁴⁰

Years after its famous guest had come and gone, the Sorrento Hotel was in financial trouble. It filed a Chapter 11 bankruptcy. Somewhat like a Chapter 13 plan, a Chapter 11 plan allows a business to keep running until its finances are either put in order, or it dissolves as a Chapter 7 bankruptcy. Joseph Barreca was the attorney for the trustee in that bankruptcy. Together they resolved the current financial crisis and left the Sorrento Hotel to march forward into history. Before and since, the Sorrento has undergone many restorations and is now a well-established Seattle landmark.

The top of Snoqualmie Pass was first reached by wagons in 1865. State Highway 10 – now Interstate Highway 90 – crossed over that pass in 1934. Even before that the Seattle Parks Department opened up a ski area there called “Municipal Hill”. But for many years getting there was still easier by train through the Snoqualmie Tunnel. Over time four separate ski areas were developed. Competition, fickle weather and in 1971 an accident with an out of control ski lift that sent 7 people to the hospital contributed to the bankruptcy filing by the Hyak Ski Corporation. Joseph Barreca was appointed trustee. It was evident that the owners had squirreled away most of the resort’s assets before filing for bankruptcy. Barreca was preparing to go after that money as part of a preference action. It would have been perhaps his biggest case. But in a very unusual and suspicious move, the judge in the case put all of the assets of the corporation into a trust and out of the hands of the bankruptcy trustee. It was a huge loss to Barreca’s law practice.

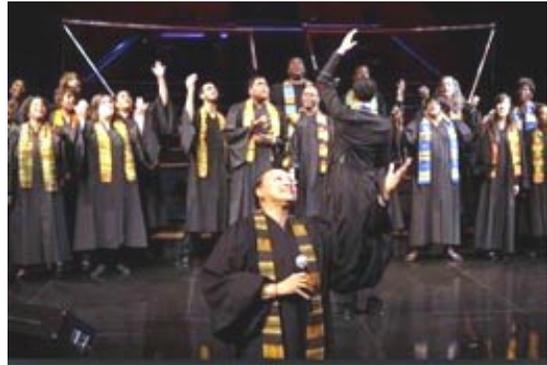
Another Chapter 11 transition from bankruptcy to successful operation was the Yankee Diner Restaurant. When Barreca got the case, the Internal Revenue Service was about to take over the business and sell it for back taxes. Chapter 11 saved it from that fate. It was sold and the new owner made it into a chain of three mid-priced, casual dining restaurants in Ballard, Bellevue and Lynnwood. In 1993 they generated about \$9 million in annual sales.

In another case brought on by the IRS, the Catholic Printers of Seattle filed a Chapter 11. That also resulted in resolution of all debts while maintaining the business. Attorney Barreca considered it one of his best cases.

³⁹ <http://www.hotelsorrento.com/>

⁴⁰ <http://seattle.curbed.com/archives/2013/06/seattles-haunted-hotels.php>

KTW Radio, “The Sacred Sound of Seattle” was forced into bankruptcy in 1970. It was one of a chain of Christian-themed radio stations on the West Coast owned by the same family. They also owned an airplane, a yacht and valuable real estate. But they refused to pay the bills for the radio station. The owner was known to rush out the back door of the office when creditors came in the front door. Its offices were in one of the more prominent buildings in downtown Seattle and its broadcasts from a remote broadcast tower could be heard as far away as Alaska. The dedicated telephone lines going to the tower and the Associated Press news teletype in the office were some of the few expenses actually incurred by the station. It was one of the original radio stations in Seattle. Broadcasting from a Presbyterian Church in 1923, it shared air time with other stations. It was sold in 1963 to new owners.⁴¹



Total Experience Gospel Chior had roots in the Pilgrims Hour broadcast on KTW in 1944

Walter Webster, then attorney and later a judge, was appointed as receiver in the bankruptcy and Joseph Barreca worked for Webster trying to recover money owed to creditors. The owner proceeded to condemn Barreca on air as an “agent of the devil”. He then took all of the accounting records from the station and stole the crystal from the broadcasting tower, effectively putting the station off the air. Barreca and Webster had to hire a new staff and engineers to get it running again.

The beauty of a religious broadcasting station is that you don’t need to sell much advertisement time. The programming pays for itself, so you don’t need to provide either content or sponsors. Some of the shows were live with open phone lines to the broadcast booth. Most were paid programming and there were news spots at the top of the hour. The first job of the new accountant was to contact all of the paid programs and ask them how much they owed the station. Many responded honestly. With that, billing began again and income started coming in to pay the creditors. Webster hired a parking garage attendant to run the station.

After a year or so of being run by the court, the station was in the black again. The salaries of the staff increased and eventually the station sold. The real value of a radio station is in the bandwidth that it owns. 1250, the FM band used by the station was worth over a million dollars in 1971. One irony recorded by listeners was that the FM frequency was affected by the ionosphere. Sometimes the station could be heard in Alaska. At other times paid programming that railed against communism would fade and be replaced by broadcasts from Russia.⁴² After the sale of the station and the end of the bankruptcy, Barreca was paid \$44,000, the biggest fee of his career.

⁴¹ **The Presbytery of Seattle 1858-2005: The "Dream" of A Presbyterian Colony ...**

By Robert L. Welsh, Robert L. Welsh M.D. (For much of 1970, the author worked as a bookkeeper at the station.)

⁴² <http://www.radiowest.ca/forum/viewtopic.php?p=12815376>

Joseph A. Barreca
 Saturday, January 2, 1965
 Attorney at Law
 2nd Day
 How office opened (New Will Exp. 3/19/51)

Choso

Year	How office opened	Assets	Liabilities	Net Worth	Notes
1951	8:30	1,762.87	70	38,569.34	
1952	9:00	5,113.17	71	56,439.26	
1953	9:30	6,991.86	72	33,134.00 (Net)	(10,168.53 (Gross))
1954	10:00	11,437.25	73		
1955	10:30	12,734.26	74		
1956	11:00	11,840.44	75	66,610	tx 16,450
1957	11:30	18,526.25	76		
1958	12:00	18,023.40	77		
1959	12:30	19,780.62	78	57,349	
1960	1:00	15,592.56	79	21,297	
1961	1:30	19,258.24	80		
1962	2:00	27,622.72	81		
1963	2:30	15,643.80	82		
1964	3:00	26,951.43	83		
1965	3:30	25,962.82	84		
1966	4:00	38,333.48	85		
1967	4:30	25,686.73	86		
1968	5:00	53,092.81	87		
1969	5:30	46,304.89	88		

Coll. Chats 200

It is our policy to employ as counsel in the probate of an estate the attorney who drafted the Will unless otherwise directed by the testator.

A highlight of the year was the annual office party at the Windjammer Restaurant. Everyone had a great meal and received bonuses. Some of those employees were Joseph Barreca's children. Family was always a priority. Joseph Barreca considered them to be his best employees. The business supported them and they supported the business.

Raising a Family

West Seattle

While Joseph Barreca was busy down town at his law practice during the day, his family was busy growing and growing up at home. Over the course of eleven years, seven children were born, most of them in the house at 7154 28th St SW in West Seattle. We know Joseph Barreca Sr. as "Dad". Much of this chapter will picture life at the home in West Seattle and later in one in Seahurst, Washington through our own eyes as Barreca children. The strength and weakness of this portrayal is that like the story of the blind men examining an elephant, each person has different impressions of what took place. Add to that the memories of Dad and Mom, and you have nine biographies going on instead of one. I am not going to carry these through much beyond the period of 1958 to 1976. At the end of the chapter is a small synopsis of the education and life of each child. For the beginning of this chapter, we will list the characters in order of their appearance.

- Joseph Anthony Barreca Jr. - 9/26/1947
- John Russell Barreca - 7/25/1949
- Jeffrey (Geoffrey) Louis Barreca - 10/9/1951
- Anita Marie Barreca - 5/13/1953
- Marc (Mark) Leon Barreca - 1/24/1955
- Jeannette Louise Barreca - 4/8/1957
- Rosalie Ruth Barreca - 8/31/1958
-

Births

Jeff, Anita, Marc and Jeannette were born while the family lived in West Seattle. Rosalie was born after the move to Seahurst. Since none of us remember as much about the West Seattle house as about the one in Seahurst, let's start with some of Dad's memories of how we were born. We have already covered Joe Jr. and John.



Family in West Seattle when Jeff is born

Jeff was born in 1951. Dad was working night shift at the Auditor's Office. With Jeff, Mom and Dad were still going to Maynard Hospital. They hoped for a girl. The doctor emphasized that the boy was good. He had started kicking early and was loud, traits that some might contend remain to this day. While Dad was working at the Auditor's Office on night shift just before Jeff was born, his practically new green Ford Coupe was stolen. It was later found wrecked in Renton. Dad bought a Dodge Special to replace it and later bought a Chevy station wagon.

Nothing that traumatic occurred when Anita arrived. Having a girl in the family was a big deal. She soon had a nursery room across from Mom and Dad's and the boys were relocated to the basement.

When Marc was born at Group Health, it was the first time we had ice cream while Mom was in for an exam or delivery. This was the start of a memorable tradition that carried on through the rest of the births. There was a small ice cream shop just north of the hospital. While Mom was busy getting an exam or giving birth, Dad would entertain us by buying blackberry ribbon ice cream cones at that shop, which would keep us content until Mom returned. We didn't vary the place or the flavor during the next

five years. I'm not sure if we were more excited about getting a new brother or sister, or getting more ice cream at the time.

When Jeannette was being born at Group Health, she was coming in breach, but the doctor turned her around. She was a quiet baby. By that time we had a 1956 Chevy station wagon, a car that held Mom, Dad and the older five kids comfortably. In fact, at times Dad had up to 21 kids in it that he would take to catechism class at Holy Family school.

Around the House

Dad took a lot of pride in our place on 28th. He built a brick flower bed in the front of the house and a white picket fence to go around the front yard. There were also fences on the sides that we shared with the neighbors and in the back, part of which was lower than the lawns near the house. In later years I don't think we considered him much of a handyman. Mom was the one with training as a carpenter. But they did know how to save money. We had shelves made out of wooden boxes. Dad rented a jack hammer and created space for a doorway through a concrete wall in the daylight basement wall into the back yard. The upstairs had a front room, kitchen, bathroom and two bedrooms. The downstairs was basically unfinished when we moved in. As the number of kids grew, we needed another bedroom. Dad salvaged lumber from a house that was being torn down and created a bedroom downstairs for Joe, John and eventually Jeff. He finished the inside with knotty pine tongue and groove, which was nicer than any of the drywall upstairs. He also made a place for a which evidently the original designers had not anticipated.



Dad working on white picket fence while his brother Jim visits.

We used to ride tricycles, bicycles and pull wagons on our paved sidewalks. There were young children our age in practically every house on the block. So we often had fun creating our own parades with all the sidewalk vehicles.



Joe and John with the wagon and Tricycle

Mom and Dad also fixed up the yard, not just with flowers in the front yard, but also with a rockery down the south side, planted with flowers. There was a good-sized flat lawn immediately behind the house. A fairly steep slope went down to another level, where we had a swing set that kept us busy for days. Below that was still another level of lawn. The family had a small garden there with vegetables and raspberries. The Folks planted a weeping willow tree that grew well. There are still trees there today, though it is hard to tell if the same willow is there 64 years later. The big attraction in that part of the back yard however was a club house that

the boys built. It looked like something out of an Our Gang comedy, especially when the ragged crowd of kids from the whole neighborhood hung out there.

The Neighborhood

Just beyond the backyard fence was a large wooded area. As we grew up, we spent more and more time there and beyond that into an area that was a sand quarry with a large rusty "steam shovel" (It



**The backyard clubhouse:
Jeff, Joe, Rudd boys, Marc, John, Jack Shultz and Anita**

around on for a young kid, it was full of other kids and their parents. Just to the north of the house lived Ed and Margaret Shultz and their two children, Betty and Jack. Mr. Shultz had a shop in the back yard perched on the edge of a slope going down to the lower yard just like ours. He sharpened lawn mower blades in the shop. Most people had push mowers then and keeping them sharp was important. In the lower yard was a small baseball diamond where we would occasionally play a game or two. One vivid memory on that field was that we killed a turkey that I think Dad won from a raffle at the West Side Italian Civics club. Dad chopped off the turkey's head and it ran all the way to first base. Their girl, Betty had birth defects and passed away while we lived there. Both John and Jeff played with Jack. Jeff missed Jack when we moved to Seahurst. They used to go on adventures even though Jack was older. Once Jeff and Jack took a long walk down the hill and were too tired to walk back, so they asked a stranger if they could use their phone and called Jack's parents to come and pick them up.

The Rudds lived across the street from the Shultzes. The Rudd's father repaired radios etc. in his basement. They moved and left an old Juke box in the basement that Jack claimed the father had given to him. Jeff and Jack broke into the basement early one morning after the Rudds had moved and took the giant speaker out of the juke box. They knew the magnet in the speaker would work with electricity (but not evidently that it needed to be DC, not AC). They took it back to Jack's house and plugged the wires into an electric socket and blew a fuse. Jack's mother proclaimed that when Jeff and Jack got together it was "like nitro and glycerin."

The boys spent a lot of time in the woods. We once built a tree fort there. Another great sport was climbing smaller trees like hazelnuts or vine maple and swinging back and forth on them. We would have running battles using bracken ferns as spears. In preparation for one such battle, we dug a pit in the forest floor and covered most of it with chicken wire laid over bent branches. Then we put some more foliage over that. When people threw bracken fern spears, dirt clods or anything else at it, it just built up and made it stronger. (That may have been the start of my interest in underground buildings.)

Like most places in Western Washington, blackberries grew in abundance. We would collect the small mountain blackberries that ran along the ground fairly easily. John remembers that Dad used a ladder to climb into the larger Himalayan blackberry hedges. There were chipmunks in the woods and lizards in the fields. We captured a lizard and fed it spiders in a dry aquarium in our bedroom. Dad helped us to trap a chipmunk by building a live trap with a drop-down door. I imagine that he also helped us build a bigger cage to keep it in with a wheel that it would run in for hours. Once the chipmunk got loose in the bathroom - probably while we were cleaning the cage. Another time it got loose in the basement and we had to trap it again. I think we finally let it go.

had an internal combustion motor.) The quarry had sand banks where even a kid could easily dig out a little cave for himself. It was a particularly nice area to find northern alligator lizards, one of which was a pet for quite awhile. Further beyond that was a swamp we could visit though we were probably not allowed to go there. Deep in the woods was a house decorated like it was made of gingerbread owned by Mr. Creamer, a Norwegian bachelor, who as far as we knew, kept mostly to himself.

Not only was our house on a pretty darn nice block to run

Mr. Anderson lived in the house just to the south of us. He had a wood shop in the lower part of his lot. A fairly steep but short hill ran down just south of his place and into another subdivision. We would sled down the hill when it snowed, but if we could get Dad to ride on the sled with us, it went much further. Marc remembers a box of building blocks that Mr. Anderson built for him out of scrap pieces of wood from his shop.

Across the street lived the Rohweters . They had daughters who were older than us and would sometimes be baby sitters. They also had a boy who was mentally handicapped. The boy would sometimes throw fits and throw our lawn furniture over the bank . Once he messed up the club house we had in the backyard. Another time Joe saved Marc from being thrown over our bank by the same boy.

Further up the street lived the McCoskerys. They had a couple of boys John and I played with much of the time. Their father liked to fish and had a pile going down their bank with grass clippings and coffee grounds where he raised earthworms to use while fishing. They also had a girl, Linda, who was both mentally and physically handicapped. We didn't play with her much and she probably didn't have many friends. (We made contact many years later and she still seemed desperate for people to talk to.) Thinking back on it, we may have had an unusually high proportion of families raising kids with disabilities. Of course that was all just normal to us kids, since we didn't know anything else.



A West Seattle sidewalk parade

West Seattle Schools

When we got to be five or six, we started going to a kindergarten up the hill several blocks from our house. Once we knew the way, we could walk there and back, though I think Dad drove us up a few mornings each week during the school year.

At age seven, we started attending Holy Family School in White Center. Only Joe, John and for one year, Jeff, attended Holy Family. Besides attending a big school with nuns as teachers, we would also receive First Communion when we were in the first grade. I remember being told that we could receive First Communion because we had reached "the age of reason". That phrase always puzzled me. I wondered what I was thinking before I reached the "age of reason." For First Communion, we wore white pants and shirts. There was a ceremony in Holy Family Church, right across the street from the school. Also at school we wore uniforms, brown corduroy pants and black sweaters.



Joe Jr., John, Jeff and Anita in uniforms at Holy Family School

Holy Family was and still is an important church in Barreca Family life. While we were attending that church a new church building was built. Spearheaded by Fr McGrath, it was - and still is a very solid and impressive building. As a generous parishioner, Joseph Barreca and family are memorialized on a plaque inside. At this time (2015), Joseph Barreca Sr. is once again a parishioner at this church and carries on extended duties as an extraordinary minister of the Eucharist.

The school building itself still stands and is still an active grade school with an emphasis on its bilingual curriculum that includes both English and Spanish. I don't remember any Latino students or Asian students while attending

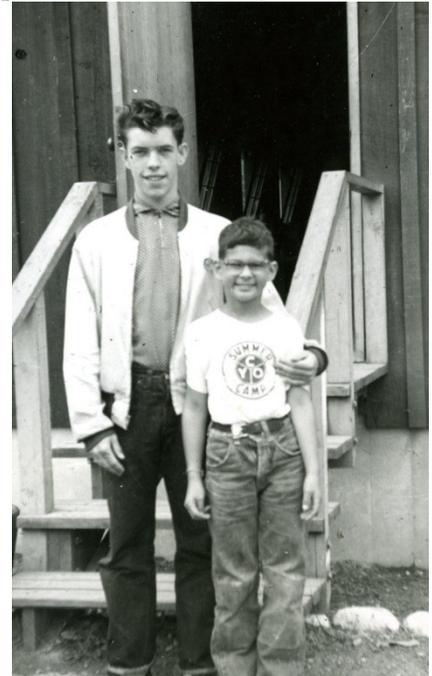
school there. It is located in White Center, an area that has seen a lot of change over the years. I do remember packing brown bag lunches and eating in what seemed to be a very big cafeteria. The school was founded in 1927 and the building might be that old. When we attended, we could sometimes catch a glimpse of mice darting in and out of holes at the base of the walls while we were eating lunch. As an extra-curricular activity, I studied piano at Holy Family. I can't say that I was very good at it. At that stage, the family could not afford a piano to practice on at home. I used a piece of knotty pine board with the keys painted on it. I remember feeling particularly odd playing "Old Black Joe" at a recital. The nuns were fairly strict, but earnest. We didn't come up with any horror stories of their discipline while we went to school there. Jeff recalls that standard punishment was a trip to the boiler room with a spanking implied. The Mother Superior was bigger and meaner than the other sisters and even they were afraid of her.

There was no bus system for Catholic Schools. Dad would drop us off in the morning and we would take city buses back home in the afternoon. One day my brother John and I missed the bus after school. I knew where we lived in relation to the school and decided that we could just walk back home. It was 1 1/2 miles as the crow flies. We took a direct route over what is now a shopping center and up a fairly steep hill to the ball park on the south end of our part of 28th street. We arrived much later than usual and I'm sure gave the parents quite a scare. It was certainly an adventure that no one wanted us to repeat.

West Seattle Scouts and CYO

As "older" boys, Joe, John and Jeff participated in cub scouts. Mom was a den mother and helped us craft several little projects like a shelf with a decal on it and a ceramic bowl. We also learned to tie knots, which Mom was particularly good at, having been in the Coast Guard.

We also went to Catholic Youth Organization (CYO) summer camps, most of which still exist today. At camp we learned crafts such as braiding and wood burning. We went swimming and hiking and sang songs around a campfire at night. We were also expected to write letters home. I'm pretty sure that I didn't find much time for that my first 10 day outing. I did however get some nice



Joe Jr. and councilor at Camp Don Bosco



Joe Jr, Jeff, Marc and Anita at Marc's 2nd Birthday

goodies in the mail. The CYO camp experience went on even after we moved to Seahurst in 1959. But most of what we did and remember happened right around home with the rest of the family and the neighbor kids.

Parks and Parties

Since there were already 6 kids by the time we left, there were lots of birthday parties with the family and most notably kids from up and down the block. There are lots of pictures of these parties, though I can't say that I remember them. We also have pictures of Lincoln Park. Sometimes we would all go down to the beach at Lincoln Park, which was right next to the Fautleroy Ferry Terminal going to Vashon Island, a mile and 1/2 away but further by car.

Puget Sound was too cold to swim in. We would cool off wearing swim suits and playing with water at the house for that. But it was fun to pick up things on the beach and watch the ferries arrive and depart.

Visiting Relatives

Having our own house in Seattle made it easier for Mom and Dad's family to visit. Grampa Jones visited and stayed with us at the old house for 2 months before going to live with Geneva. Other members of the Jones Family came over to visit us and also Mom's sister Louise, who lived near



Dan and Matilda Jones and Louise on Mt Rainier

Georgetown, a little closer to downtown Seattle, but not far away. Many times, all of the Barreacas and Jones families would travel to Mt. Rainier (AKA Tahoma) for picnics.

Dad's sister Virginia visited. Uncle Lou came out to visit while he was in the Army. Dad's sister Sandy and her husband Bill also came out together.

Dad's youngest sister, Mary Jo came out and stayed with us for awhile. She joined a group of Catholic young people and told us about working on a float for Seattle's annual Seafair parade. Seafair was and is a big deal in Seattle. The highlight for many of us was not the parade, though I think we watched it a time or two. The big deal was the Gold Cup Hydroplane races on Lake Washington. In West Seattle we could hear the hydroplanes roaring 5 miles away on the Lake. A few times we went to Seward Park on the shores of Lake Washington and watched the race.

Something that both Aunt Mary and we boys remember about her visit is that one day we caught a garter snake in the yard and hid it under the covers of Aunt Mary's bed. There was a lot of shrieking at bedtime that night. We did actually get spankings once in awhile and that might have been one of them.

Dad's youngest brother, Tony, also came to visit.

He was only 5 years older than me and 20 years younger than Dad. There were a lot of things they didn't agree on from what I remember of their conversations as we drove around Seattle to see the sights. I do remember my impression that my uncle Tony was pretty cool.

West Seattle Holidays

From the family photos you can see that was a big deal for our family. At this stage Mom had a lot to do with our costumes. Family pictures from 1957 show Joe Jr. with a big Mexican hat, John somewhat like a pirate, Anita as a witch, Jeff as a ghost, Jeannette in a fuzzy jump suit and Marc looking like Charlie Chaplin. I think Dad went around the block with us and Mom stayed home to hand out candy at the door and watch Jeannette.

Christmas was also big. I think we went to a Christmas party at the West Side Italian Civics Club and got stockings containing oranges and candy canes. The first few Christmas trees were upstairs in the living room. We have pictures of Jeff with a toy gun and a record player and Anita with a doll house and toy kitchen range. But the classic picture that captures the moment as I remember it shows Dad running a Lionel three track electric train



John & Joe at Halloween

that he set up for us in the basement and the kids sitting around wondering when they are going to get to play with it.

Building a New House

After Jeannette was born in 1957, the West Seattle house was pretty full and by 1958 with another baby on the way, it was time to look for another house. There were a lot of factors to consider. A better neighborhood was one. Having a big backyard to run around in would be good. Being close to a Catholic Church and school was very important. Having a view of Puget Sound and access to the beach would be very nice. Being able to afford the house was a given. The baby boom was still on and neighborhoods were growing in every direction from downtown Seattle. Being able to get downtown to work was a factor too. Mom and Dad looked in communities both north and south of the city.

In the end I think the Catholic grape vine provided the direction we took. There was a parish on the south side of Seattle between the airport and Puget Sound called "St Francis". It had been assigned a new pastor with a reputation for getting things built, Fr. William Quick. Just down the hill from the church and the new Catholic school, a contractor named Ray Clark had some lots for sale and some house plans that took advantage of the 180 degree view of Puget Sound, Vashon Island and the Olympic Peninsula.



Mom talking to Contractor Clark about the new house.

While I'm sure Joseph Barreca Sr. took care of the finance and paperwork. Evelyn Barreca took charge of reworking the house plans with Clark to make sure they would hold a family with 7 children and not involve too much walking up and down stairs. Also the house needed to be built and occupied by late August when the next baby was due. Thus began a whole new era in the lives of everyone in the family. Having exchanged house plans and family plans all during the war, Evelyn and Joseph Barreca were working hard to make their dreams come true.

All that spring and summer the house took shape on two lots that the Barreca's bought.¹ One lot was seen as a playground right outside the kitchen and living room windows, but also as a buffer to make sure another house would not block the view and an investment to sell when the kids were grown sometime down the line. The main lot would have a two story modern home with a washer and dryer in the upstairs bathroom and separate rooms

in the bathroom itself for a toilet, a bathtub and a pair of sinks. The kitchen would have lots of cabinets, a window with a view of the water above the sink and a small table. The dining room would also have a view and be open into the living room with huge view windows and a fireplace. There were three bedrooms upstairs and two more downstairs along with a smaller bathroom that had a shower stall. The downstairs also had a large recreation room and access to the garage.

As years went on, a lot of other construction projects in and around the house went on, but for the young Barreca family, this house and the neighborhood were a completely new experience. We would go out to the house on weekends and see the changes being made. The boys would pick up plug nickels left from the electricians poking out openings in the electrical boxes. The girls would see their own rooms being built.



Jeannette in her new room

¹ One lot was purchased originally and the other at a discount after it failed to pass a percolation test.

Moving In

By midsummer the house was done, at least done enough to move in. Moving out of one home and into another was not trivial. Arranging for a truck, packing and setting up again were the concerns of Mom and Dad. The kids were more interested in leaving old friends and finding new ones. Jeff was friends with Jack Shultz and had a hard time moving because he didn't have new friends in Seahurst. Anita actually stayed with the Shultz family while her stuff was being moved. She was friends with the Japanese people who lived at the end of the block. Her Japanese girl friend was mad that she was leaving and sprayed her with "poison" which turned out to be just milk.

When we had all moved into the house at 2610 SW 152nd in Seahurst there was a lot to explore and do. It started with having rooms of our own. Anita loved the purple room in the new house across the hall from our parent's bedroom. But that soon became the nursery since Rosalie was born just after we moved into the Seahurst house. Anita had to stay with Jeannette in the room across from the bathroom for two years until she was 7. She got the purple room as her own after Rosalie moved in with Jeannette. This meant that all of the girls in the family had upstairs rooms with views out over the old orchard in back of the house, quick access to the bathroom and the kitchen. The boys were all downstairs.

The boys were pretty-much okay with that. Joe and John shared a bedroom underneath the kitchen. It was a big bedroom with a bunk bed and room for a table holding an HO scale model railroad. Jeff and Marc shared a bedroom downstairs. Mom had varicose veins and didn't go downstairs much to check on the kids. So the downstairs gave the boys a space of their own. They improved on it by laying down linoleum tile on the floor. They put an image of a Bomarc Missile (the first long-range surface to air missile) on the floor of the recreation room and a chess board in a bed room. Soon the television was also down in the recreation room. So the boys spent a lot of time downstairs and the girls spent most of their time upstairs. We all spent a lot of time outside.

The Orchard

The draw below and behind the house was once a productive orchard. By the time we arrived it was mostly overgrown with blackberry vines up to six feet high. But many of the trees were still clear and that included an apple tree and a very tall pear tree in our own back yard. There was also a walnut tree and some grape vines. Technically, the orchard belonged to a Mrs. Pucky, who lived in a house on the beach. She rode a horse and carried a shotgun to guard her orchard. (Jeff's memory) She also had a teenage daughter, but we never met a husband. If you went straight down the draw toward the water, you would end up on the beach, but you could not go that way. There were houses all along the beach and the hills behind them were so steep that each one had a "hillelevator", (basically a little platform that rolled on rails up and down the hill, an elevator for hillsides). So we did not ever meet Mrs. Pucky and had the old orchard to ourselves.

The Beach

Beyond the orchard, down a paved road and then down a dirt path with switchbacks was the community beach. It was not Waikiki. The top end was all rocks with some sand when the tide went out. The water was always cold. The waves were generally small and pretty much all the time there was rotting seaweed and other smelly stuff. We loved it.

Mom got us started on picking worn pieces of glass, shells, sand dollars and agates out of the rocks and driftwood at the top of the beach. She used them in art projects. We had a little rock garden where many of them ended up in back of the house. Joe made sculptures with wire and beach glass. Jeannette made shell earrings. We played with washed up kelp like it was a giant bull whip. Jeff discovered "gold" in the creeks going to the beach. But the beach was mostly a summer spot and we couldn't go there by ourselves at first.

The Parish

Up the hill at the corner of SW 152nd (our street) and 21st was the Catholic School, the church, and a rectory where the priests lived. Across from the rectory on the shores of Lake Burien was the convent where the Sisters of Notre Dame, who taught in the school lived. Living 4 and a half blocks from the church and school was a key reason why we had the house built where it was. When we moved there in 1958, the church was already too small for the congregation. It only held 400 people. There were several masses each Sunday. We usually attended an early one to make sure there would be room for all of us. By 1966, Fr. Quick had raised the money to build a new church. It is still a very substantial and beautiful building.



The nuns at St Francis holding baby Rosalie when she was baptized.

As children in school we didn't have much contact with the priests of the parish. Once while I was in the 7th grade, a priest came in and talked to the class about how to take notes in outline form, a skill that has served me well, including the writing of this book. But other than that, most of what we learned about the Catholic religion was from the nuns. All the basics were in the catechism, a series of questions and answers used in giving religious instruction. Since we were all in school already, a catechism class was held regularly as part of our everyday curriculum. Catholic kids who were not enrolled in the Catholic school, would attend catechism classes on weekends.

As we progressed through the elements of church belief (what was a sin and what was not, the details of the Holy Trinity, the life of Jesus and how he redeemed us from our original sin...) we also progressed through the sacraments. A sacrament is a "visible sign of an inward grace, especially one of the

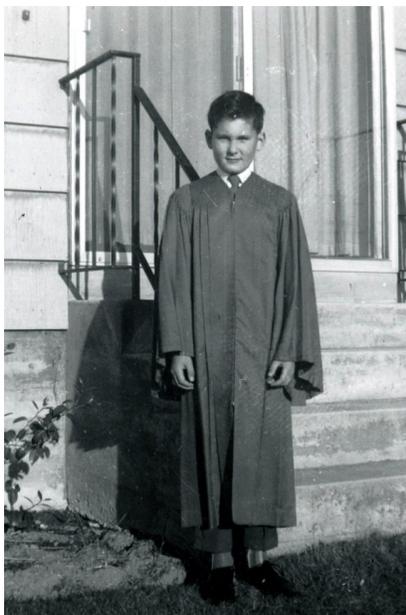
solemn Christian rites considered to have been instituted by Jesus to symbolize or confer grace: the sacraments of the Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox churches are Baptism, Confirmation, the Eucharist, Matrimony, Penance, Holy Orders, and Extreme Unction."

We were all baptized as soon as possible after being born. This at least gave us a shot at going to heaven and avoiding hell. As soon as we were able to attend school and had reached "the age of reason," we studied the meaning of the Eucharist and received First Communion. That meant that we could eat a host elevated to be the body of Christ in the ceremony of Mass. For the First Communion, there was a special Mass and ceremony. We dressed all in white and entered the church in a procession along with our fellow classmates. It was a very big deal and we have many family photos documenting the event.

Along with Communion, we were also initiated into the rite of Confession. This is a much more private affair. There are special confessionals in every Catholic church where if you admit all the sins you have committed since your last confession and are sorry for them, the priest will listen to you, perhaps give you some advice on avoiding temptation again and give you Penance, usually in the form of certain prayers to pray. After you have done the penance, you are free from your sins and in God's good graces until you sin again. It is expected that a person does not receive Holy Communion if he or she knows they are still "in sin". So it was a good idea to go to confession regularly. The school provided us the opportunity to do that. We would sit in pews quietly in the church until our turn came to enter the confessional where it was just us kneeling



Anita in her First Communion dress



John in Confirmation robe

down and the priest on the other side of a screen listening. There were no fancy uniforms - other than our regular school uniforms- or ceremonies besides the act of confession.

St. Francis Grade School went from the first to the eighth grade. Toward the end of our years in grade school we would be eligible for Confirmation. "Confirmation is the final stage of initiation into the Roman Catholic Church. The preparatory period before receiving this sacrament is one of the most significant opportunities for young Catholics to grow in their faith."² We would also have a graduation from grade school with robes, mortar boards, a senior dance etc., but in terms of being a Catholic, confirmation was just as big. The Archbishop, Thomas Arthur Connolly (Archbishop in Seattle from 1951–1975), would come from the downtown cathedral of St James to Seahurst and confer on us the sacrament of Confirmation. There were special red robes and a procession into the church. Since the new church was not built until 1966, most of these ceremonies would take place in the original church. It had several steps to walk up before entering. Those about to be confirmed would march in two lines, boys in one and girls in another, from the school

into the church. Parents and relatives would crowd around the entrance trying to get pictures or home movies while we walked up the stairs into the church. For the older children we have still pictures and for the younger ones we have movies to attest to our Confirmations.

Neighbors

A neighborhood of course is made up of neighbors. Like West Seattle, the new houses in Seahurst had families with children. None of the closest families had as many children as we did. Another Catholic Family across the gully and old orchard to the north on 151st street, the Graddoens, had a lot of children. Marc had a Graddoen Family friend. Most all of the children made friends with some of the neighbor kids. So much so that our house became basically kid-central for the neighborhood.

Joe and John played mostly with Steve Denhart. He lived across the street from our house. His father was an airline pilot. He also had two sisters about our age. We would build things with Steve, most notably we helped build a tree house in a madrona tree on the Denhart property. A memorable event in our time there was when Steve's father was needed quickly for an airplane flight and a helicopter landed in the empty lot next to our house to pick him up. Other neighbors didn't like that but kids thought it was great.

Joe and John were also friends with Mike and Dennis Hansen. They lived down near the beach at the end of 152nd street in a wonderful big old "fairy tale" brick house. We often would go down to their beach. Dennis survived polio but his legs did not work well. Lisa Hansen was a younger sister to Mike and Dennis and had a terrier named Sandy. Their father did engineering to control sound. The boys were both very smart. For a high school project, Dennis built a kidney dialysis machine. He grew up to become a cardiologist. Their family remains friends with ours.



Steve Denhart climbing a rope to his treehouse

² www.ehow.com

A notable event was that the boys witnessed a meteor landing in the woods near them. They ran out and found the burned spot where it landed and dug it up.

The VanNesses lived two houses down the street. Christy VanNess played with Anita. Jay VanNess was a little older than Joe and John, but we played with him too. They had a pool table in their basement and that was good for hours of fun. The downside was that their mother smoked cigarettes and we would always smell like smoke when we came back home. Jay was also very good at chess. He would play chess with our father and win fairly regularly.

The Nelsons lived in the house to the east of us going up the hill. They had two sons; Ricky was the older and Robbie was younger. He played with Rosalie. Rosalie and Robbie Nelson found three fossil fern fronds that fit together in the backyard. She gave the fossil to Uncle Hugh, husband of Dad's Sister Mary Jo. (Hugh was a high school science teacher.) Mr. and Mrs. Nelson did not get along well and divorced after we moved in next door. That probably affected their son Ricky the most. He did play with Marc sometimes but was prone to trouble. One project of the Barreca boys was to build a club house in the lower part of the property. Ricky was accused of stashing beer in there when he was older, but not old enough to drink beer and Jeff admitted to it.³

Past the Nelson's lived the Nolteens. They had a son, Greg, who was Jeff's age. Jeff accounts some of that to a time Jeff stepped on a rake that flipped up and hit Greg. Rosalie was friends with their youngest daughter. Mrs. Nolteen had a drinking problem. Anita played with Jan and Deb Nolteen. I can't say that as boys we knew much about the family life of the neighbors, but as the girls grew up, they realized that many families were not as "normal" as ours.

Marc liked the tugboat stories told by another neighbor down the hill, Capt. George O. Anderson. Sometimes when the tug boat he was captain of would cruise down Puget Sound toward Tacoma past our place, he would toot the foghorn and point the beacon toward his house. He secured "Ordinary Wiper" seaman's papers for Jeff but Jeff didn't choose to go into maritime work. Jeff recalls his advice on women "Why pay for the cow when you can get the milk for free." Jeff admired his use of table saws and power tools until he held up several missing fingers.

Many of our friends were Catholic and lived nearby for the same reasons we did. Anita was close friends with Joan Stadler. When Joan became an adult, she joined the Sikh religion and changed her name to Guru Dahn. That didn't change their relationship much and they are still close friends. Rosalie was friends with Greg Stadler and Jeannette was friends with Theresa Stadler.

Joe and John were fiends with Dennis Kemp. The Kemps lived a couple blocks away. We would go up there and play long games of Monopoly and other board games. Dennis later became a Catholic Priest. Even later, the "Vatican permanently barred from active ministry the Rev. Dennis Kemp, former pastor of St. Monica Roman Catholic Church on Mercer Island ...for seriously inappropriate behaviors of Father Kemp toward the minors involved."⁴ John and Joe didn't find him to be too strange but while you are young, everything seems normal.

All of the children had classmates that were friends, though they did not always live nearby. One way around that was through Boy Scouts, which will get its own treatment a little later on.

The Help

As the family grew and Mom's legs gave out, we got some help from Mrs. Hodges. Dad hired her to assist Mom with chores while Mom dealt with kids and food. This was a big relief for Mom since she had her hands full just getting through the day. Laundry and cleaning the house became too much. Mom and Dad had both wanted a big family, but with Rosalie, ours became big enough and the kids kept on growing.

³ Rosalie says it was Rick. Anita says Jeff admitted to it. Jeff does admit to it.

⁴ <http://www.seattletimes.com/seattle-news/vatican-removes-local-priest-from-active-ministry-allegations-involved-minor/>

We also had baby sitters on occasion. I think the Hodges girls came over from West Seattle a time or two. The family did not know many teenage girls from the parish. Most of the families were probably young like ours.

Pets

We didn't have the luxury of lots of pets like Mom did growing up on a farm. But we did manage to have a few. Joe and John seemed to prefer the cold-blooded varieties. They had a chameleon and later on a turtle. Once they raised tadpoles all the way into frogs and released them near a wet spot in the woods.

Anita had parakeets named Windy and Patty. Later, while in high school she had fish.

Jeannette and Rosalie had goldfish, then a gerbil, and finally a cat named Mandy. Mandy had a litter of kittens in Marc's sock drawer. We raised them until they were weened and then gave them away. The girls let Mandy into their bedroom through a window that opened up to a cover over the back patio. Mandy was pretty but could be temperamental. One thing she could hear from across the house was the sound of a can opener working on a can of her food.

John liked the cats but did not have one of his own.

One pet that we all liked was Champ. Mom and Dad bought Champ as a young blond Cocker Spaniel mostly for Jeff, because he didn't have many friends to play with. The pet shop pamphlet



Jeff and Champ

recommended training using a rolled up newspaper, but that only him more afraid and increased his barking. Marc liked Champ a lot too. He loved to play with the kids in our family, but he would bark at kids walking by on the street. He was not very big and two girls who lived down the street decided that it was fun to tease him every time they walked by. This became more and more annoying and one day Champ left the yard and nipped one of the girls. They ran home and raised a ruckus about our "vicious" dog. That accusation was totally untrue but there is not much of a defense against it. Dad decided that the best resolution was to "take Champ to a farm." For a long time Marc believed that that was just a euphemism for having him put down. But Dad confirms that it was true and that he really was adopted by a family living on a farm.

The View

Perhaps the best feature of the new house was its 180° degree view across Puget Sound to Vashon Island. There were

always ships and occasionally colorful sailboats going by on their way to and from the Port of Tacoma. We could see the ferry landing on the Northeast tip of Vashon Island taking people back and forth to Seattle and the Fauntleroy Ferry terminal. There were three tall radio towers right across from us on the island that would stand out in the night with their blinking red lights.

Beyond the Island on clear days you could see the snow-capped Olympic Mountains. To the north was the valley with the orchard trees and on the far side tall fir trees that waved back and forth in a strong wind. Once in awhile during the summer there would be a lightning storm that would light up the whole sky with jagged white bolts framed in our windows. Sunsets and



Our View of Puget Sound, Vashon Island and Olympic Mountains

Moonsets would stretch out across the Sound and fill the living room with light.

Wildlife

The new house in Seahurst had some inhabitants that we had never seen before. Digging under the Himalayan Blackberries were Mountain Beavers. I don't think we saw many of them and the boys, early on tried to trap them. But they were well-protected by the briar patch and I've never seen one since.

There were also raccoons. We had a small garden pond in back of the house where the younger kids would leave bread for them. They would come up out of the gully, wash the bread in the pond and share it with the whole raccoon family. Squirrels, chipmunks, frogs and snakes all lived in the neighborhood, and occasionally in our house.

But the mainstay of wildlife watching in Seahurst were birds. Quail would come up to the rose garden which grew up over the patio covering in back of the house. Stellar's Jays dined at the bird feeder. We had a hardy fuchsia hanging in front of the house that would attract humming birds. Eventually we had a bird feeder outside of the big view windows.⁵ Mom bought a book about birds at a rummage sale. She had a big pair of binoculars that we could use to look at the birds, the trees or boats and whales in Puget Sound.

Blue herons and the occasional eagle would fly by. Blue Stellers Jays were common. Not understanding much about how nature worked, the boys had learned that these Jays would eat the eggs of other birds. This seemed unfair to Joe and John. who would hunt them with a pellet gun. We even spotted an owl while doing that, but I don't think we shot at the owl. Birds, camping trips and our proximity to Puget Sound spurred Jeannette's interest in ecology and eventually led to her career in environmental science. Joe Junior's love of animals became associated with the patron saint of animals, St. Francis. The fact that the local grade school and Catholic Parish were named St. Francis also probably had a lot to do with that connection.

School

One of the main ideas of moving to the new house was to be close to an active Catholic School. All of the Barreca children were educated at least into High School in Catholic Schools. Joe, John and Jeff had some experience with Holy Family grade school. But for all of us, most of our grade school memories center around St. Francis.



Kids in School Uniforms at Christmas

The majority of the teachers were Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, founded in 1804 at Amiens, France by St. Julie Billiard and Marie-Louise-Francoise Blin de Bourdon, Countess of Gézaincourt, whose name as a Sister was Mother St. Joseph. Mlle Blin de Bourdon, who had received spiritual guidance from Julie for many years, offered to defray the immediate expenses of founding the Congregation.

As kids we didn't know anything about the history of the Sisters of Notre Dame except that they all lived in a convent across the street from the school on the shores of Lake Burien. Anita remembers that at first the nuns gave Mom a bad time about not taking a turn at playground duty like other parents until they found out that she had 7 kids to take care of at home. Then they were nicer

about it. We have some memorable pictures of them holding baby Rosalie when she was first baptized

⁵ Mom got the bird feeder after the kids left home.

taken in front of the convent. With one Barreca kid after another passing through each grade of the grade school, they became very familiar with us and we knew quite a bit about them.

These days, although Catholic Schools still thrive, finding women to take religious vows and become nuns is not as common. Even St. Francis School from 1959 to 1965 had its share of lay teachers. One was Ms. Boyle, who taught eight grade. She was the daughter of an optometrist, who also lived in the parish. Joe and John at least had her as a teacher. I remember that one of our classes involved dissecting cow eyeballs. It was a memorable experience to say the least, though I doubt that it spurred any of the students on to become optometrists themselves. It was amazing to attend a class reunion years later and have Ms. Boyle show up to share memories. The last memory I had of her prior to that was hearing that she had quit teaching school and run off with one of the Sisters of Notre Dame.

A much more memorable eighth grade teacher, if you were unlucky enough to get her, was Sister Theodora. Anita had her as a teacher in eighth grade. She retired after that. "Sister Theodora used to put the fear of communism in kids. She believed McCarthyism. She also spent a lot of time elaborating on venial sin and mortal sins." Anita also said her class could get her off topic and telling stories without much trouble. Joe remembers that Sister Theodora had a wall eye, which means that one of her eyes was always looking to the side and not where the other was pointing. When she would substitute for his eighth grade teacher, Ms. Boyle, she could spot kids not paying attention or acting up on the other side of the room from where she seemed to be looking. Since his eighth grade class was often trying to hook up a homemade crystal radio to the radiator or drop something out the window, kids got into more trouble when Sister Theodora was in the room.

Jeannette remembers that when she was in the 1st grade, President Kennedy was shot (November 22, 1963). The nuns came into the classroom and sent the kids home early. The first grade classes were in the lowest floor of the school. As you graduated from one class to the next, you would move up to the main floor that was accessible from street level. You also got to change uniform. Grade school classes up to 6th grade had salt and pepper colored corduroy pants and white shirts for the boys and red and green plaid dresses with white blouses for the girls. When you reached "Junior High" (7th and 8th grade), boys wore tan pants and maroon sweaters. Girls wore maroon skirts.⁶

Because we had these uniforms, which were a great equalizer among students, we didn't think about it too much in school. But walking to school and back, we definitely stood out. Teachers and Priests were aware that we had friends in the public schools and may have felt strange about going to our own school. They taught us that our school was better and we were learning more than students in the public schools. That may well have been true. All of us scored well on placement tests.

St. Francis School was on the southeast corner of what was essentially the downtown crossroads of Seahurst, 21st Ave. and 152nd Street. On the northeast corner was a grocery store. On the northwest corner was the "What Not Shop" and on the southwest corner was a gas station. The Seahurst Post Office was in the middle of the block on the north side of 152nd street between 21st and 22nd Ave. Next to it was the What Not store that sold candy and toys which as kids we seldom stopped at because we didn't have money to spend on that sort of thing. There was a fad going on about that time of getting sweet flavored juice in wax tubes. The wax tubes ended up being on the sidewalks and streets. It was pretty disgusting and didn't last long. Also disgusting was later finding out that the owner of the candy shop was a pedophile who lured kids into the back of his shop.⁷

O'Dea High School is a Catholic all boys high school located in Seattle's First Hill neighborhood in the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Seattle. The school is named after Edward John O'Dea who was

⁶ I don't remember the skirt colors being different in Jr High, but I believe the pleating was. The best part was we could wear a gray sweater or gray socks instead of white. (Jeannette)

⁷ I don't remember that shop, but I do remember when the 7-11 came in. I also remember two gas stations across from each other, a grocery store on the north side of the street, our dentist Frank Gallant near it, and Kirk's Seahurst Pharmacy on the south side of the street. See (Jeanette) http://www.highlinehistory.org/oral_histories/BarneyKeebler.html

bishop of Seattle when the school was built. Because Dad's office was in downtown Seattle, he was able to bring John and Jeff to O'Dea High School each day on his way to work and bring them home again. This made their Catholic education continue through High School. The School is taught by the Congregation of Christian Brothers, a religious order founded by Edmund Rice in Ireland. Their first school was opened in 1802.

By the time Anita was ready for High School in 1967, there was a new Catholic High School in Burien, John F. Kennedy Memorial High School. President John Kennedy, who was the first Catholic president of the United States had been assassinated 4 years earlier. His death reinforced his image as a hero and in the eyes of Catholics made him very much like a martyr. Since this Catholic High School was much closer, Anita and all of the children younger than her could get there more easily. Anita was in the second class to pass through Kennedy High School and was the editor of the school annual, Imago. Marc was two years behind her and was an editor of the school literary magazine, The Aeg. In this, they followed in their father's footsteps since he was editor of the school newspaper.

Meanwhile, in 1961, having graduated from St. Francis Grade School, Joseph Barreca Jr. became interested in the religious order founded by St. Francis himself, the Franciscans. Although Joe Jr. had never met a Franciscan Priest, he liked the associations with loving animals, distaining wealth and spreading peace throughout the earth that were attributed to St. Francis and his followers, the Franciscans. He also was enamored of the calling to the priesthood; that seemed to be the greatest vocation you could achieve as a Catholic. After some effort convincing Joseph Barreca Sr. and Evelyn Barreca that he was serious about becoming a Franciscan Priest, they found a Franciscan Seminary in Troutdale Oregon where he could study for the priesthood. Thus began a very divergent path for young Joseph Jr. from the rest of the children. During every school year for the next 8 years, he would be away from Seahurst to schools in Oregon and eventually California.

This was a source of pride for Joe Sr. and the rest of the family, but also a burden in terms of worry about a boy who was away from home at the age of fourteen; who mostly communicated by weekly letters and who could only be seen by taking the rest of the large family on long car trips. Joe Sr. never complained about paying for all of these private schools or busing kids

around. It was also a burden on the rest of the children, who missed having a big brother around except for summer and Christmas Vacation. On the up side, they did get to travel to see him and often other relatives in places they would have probably have not visited otherwise.



Joe Jr. at St. Francis Seminary

Chores

In our house, chores were tied to allowances. Joe, John and Jeff cleaned most of the downstairs since they practically lived down there except for meals. The rest of the kids would come down to watch TV. The older boys also did yard work. A singular memory I have of that is weeding the rockery, which lined the driveway and the street side of the house. One day Mom assigned all three of us to pull the grass etc. out of the front rockery. We divided the area into three parts. John and I jumped in picking the parts with the smallest weeds, leaving Jeff with the biggest. As it turned out, pulling big weeds was easy and pulling small ones was tedious, so Jeff was done long before John and I.



Joe Jr., John and Jeff Cooking

The boys spent a lot of their allowances on model airplanes and boats that we would glue together and paint. After awhile, we had quite a collection. We were shocked one day

when visiting the family of one of Dad's fellow attorneys, the Holbrooks. They had a son who had a lot of fun destroying the model cars and planes that he had. But eventually we did some of the same, probably with pellet guns or homemade explosives. On at least one 4th of July, the family went down to the Green River, where fireworks were legal, and sailed a battle ship down the river with fire crackers in it. Dad used to light them and yell "Fire in the hole!" while we held our hands to our ears and watched things blow up.

Everyone was also expected to help preparing and cleaning up meals. Marc made juice from the frozen cans in our huge freezer. Anita made salad. John baked (and still does). Jeannette and Rosalie set the table, but later on Jeannette helped with much of dinner and dessert preparation. Anita also made Jell-o and worked with Mom to prepare lunches. One week she would make sandwiches and the next fruit and dessert. The girls also did ironing until perma-press came along. Mrs. Hodges had helped with the laundry before Anita was big enough to iron handkerchiefs and scarves. Anita helped sew laundry number tags into Joe Jr's clothes when he went to the seminary.

One of the most memorable chores was collecting slugs. Regular slugs were worth 1¢ each. We would take them off the plants on either side of the driveway into the basement garage. We would use sticks to pile them on to boards and pieces of cardboard, then Mom would pour salt on them and put them in the garbage. John was in charge of getting rid of wasps in the rockery.

Jeannette made extra money cleaning out drawers and used her allowance to buy albums, posters and crafts.

Marc made some allowance money clearing the blackberry bushes out from below the back of the house.

This combination of doing chores, riding our bikes or walking to Burien to shop for crafts etc. , and then working on those hobbies, which eventually included a lot of HO scale model trains, kept the children busy much of the time.

Closely related to chores was cooking and canning. Our mother was an amazing cook. She would make an applesauce cake for John in an oblong pan that would travel well to picnics. It was also easy to cut. We would go to the park for a birthday party. John still can't figure out the frosting for that cake.

Jeannette remembers mixing up baking powder and baking soda one time. The taste was memorably awful. Jeff's area of expertise was pancakes. I think we used Krusteaz pancake mix most of the time, so that part was easy. We also made root beer. After the dish washing machine broke down, we would store the bottles in there until they were ready to drink.

Puget Sound provided some of our food. We collected clams and speared sole, a small fish that would hide in the sand. Both of its eyes were on one side of its head like a flounder. You could see them sticking out of the sand. We would occasionally dig geoduck, clams with very large diggers. Mom would grind them in a meat grinder before making chowder.

Music

Listening to music and making music was always a big priority for Joseph Barreca Sr. Today he still leads a choral group at his retirement center and sings a prayer at family gatherings. Early on he invested in musical training for the family. I think a life-long affection for Lawrence Welk led to a series of accordion lessons for most of the kids. Joe Jr. and John were at the head of the pack in starting to learn accordion but Anita and Marc made it the furthest.

Joe Jr. remembers lessons from Mr. Grilly from the Stancato School of Accordion. He came to the house once a week after school hours and gave lessons to several of us. Dad would also take us to group band practice sessions in



Joe Jr. with Accordion

the Top Hat district east of White Center and when they happened to have large assemblies of accordion players in an all-city band. Dad loved to hear us play his favorites, such as Santa Lucia. Joe remembers getting far ahead on the exercises that had to do with the left hand, the bass notes of the accordion. Today he plays bass with the Gifford Folk Society, an infrequent gathering of friends and "The In-laws and Outlaws," a Barreca Family gathering band that plays whenever the family can get together.

Marc has by far the best music credentials. He continues to produce CDs of synthesizer music and is by far the best musician in the family using his now very sophisticated electric accordion to move the In-laws and Outlaws in the right direction. Anita was close behind him and also continues to play accordion. Marc took eight years of accordion lessons. Every kid had better accordions than he did, especially those in all-city band. He graduated from Mr. Grilly to Mr. Chappel, who was a better teacher living on Queen Anne Hill. He stopped taking lessons after 8th grade.

Marc later joined a rock band. When he was in the rock band, Jeannette made him a velvet jacket, which he still has. He started with a tiny red accordion, then an aqua colored one that he still has. He got Anita's gold accordion. Jeannette got an organ. Jeff had art lessons. We would get plastic busts of composers as rewards for advancement. Marc played duets with Anita and was in a late-night talent show with her. They went as far as Portland for competitions. The biggest competition was at the Eagle's Hall (Now the Egyptian Theatre) in Seattle. Their teacher was in a skit at the competition.

Rosalie didn't get music lessons and her feet didn't reach the pedals on Jeannette's organ. Today she sings in a choir. So the music tradition continues in the family although we have nothing to compare to Lawrence Welk.

Scouting and CYO

There were hints of the future when Mom acted as a Cub Scout Den Mother while we lived in West Seattle, but they were minor compared to life in Seahurst after Joseph Barreca Sr. became Troop 353 Scoutmaster at St. Francis Elementary School. "The Scout troop is made up of patrols. A patrol is a grouping of six to eight boys who work together. Each patrol elects its own boy leader, called a patrol leader. The new Scout patrol is composed of new members who have not entered the seventh grade, or not yet 12 years old. The experienced Scout patrol is for those boys who are age 12 and older."⁸ John and I were the first in the family to be boy scouts. Jeff was not far behind. Marc was patrol leader of the leopard Sharks Patrol. The meetings were not too memorable. After a flag salute and pledge of allegiance we would learn knots or other woods craft and probably play some games. The big deal was that we would get to go on hikes to places in Western Washington, usually during the school year.

Going outdoors in Western Washington means that you can expect to get wet. It also means that you need to set up a tent, cook your own food and pack everything you need on your back for further than you would normally walk in a week. We did have a pretty steep hill to walk up every morning and were in somewhat good shape. Not all of the scouts were. We got Army Surplus packs, tents, sleeping bags and mess kits. You get merit badges for proving that you have certain skills in Scouts. I earned one for cooking. The bottom line there was that you had to cook some meals that the other scouts were willing to eat. The basic utensil was the "tin tin", which was usually a big juice can or soup can, at least one half gallon, with some holes punched near the top on both sides and a wire strung through them so you could hang it over a fire with a forked stick. If you didn't stir the potatoes, meat, veggies etc that you threw in there, it would burn on the bottom pretty quickly and ruin your chances at a merit badge.



Joe Jr. and John in Cub Scout Uniforms

⁸ <http://usscouts.org/boyscouts/bstroop.asp>

Of course you also had to pack all of those things wherever you hiked. Freeze-dried, just add water and boil kinds of meals were seldom available. You also had to get a fire going in perennially damp woods. I remember being shocked when some forward-thinking scout brought some gasoline to get the fire going. It got going alright in a big flash that almost got him burned. Other times, you would get a bunch of dead and dry branches with needles still on them piled up. They would go up with a roar but without a progression of fuel from small to large, the fire would be out soon after it got started.

One such hard-to-start fire happened at **Lake Annette**. The troop went there a couple of times. As the crow flies, it is a fairly short hike south from I-90 for 2 miles. But the trail winds around and climbs steadily. You could catch fish up there and have them for breakfast with good luck. I think the flaring fire was on the first trip. But it was a later trip that stuck in my memory. We must have taken off early on a Friday afternoon, probably hoping to get up there, come back on Saturday and be back in Seahurst for Sunday Mass. Things went fairly smoothly until just after the hike started. We ran into a patch of forest that was being logged. There were huge fir trees across the trail. We tried climbing over them with our full packs on and walking along them working our way uphill. But the sleeping bags started falling off the packs. They were usually tied to the top and held everything else in. Climbing down to retrieve the lost stuff cost a lot of time. It started to get dark. We did have some flashlights, but they were not that reliable. It started to rain. Kids were crying. We were definitely not going to make it to Lake Annette. Somehow we made it to the top of the clearcut. There was a setup there for high-lead logging. They would tie cables on the logs and pull them to the top of the hill where they could be loaded on log trucks. There were flat places around that logging show where we could camp. I'm pretty sure we slept well.

The best part was that in the morning we found a long electrical cord that ended in a box with a big button on it. Of course we pushed it. It sounded this great blast a lot like a fog horn that echoed around the mountain. They probably used it to warn loggers setting chokers on the logs to get away before they started pulling them up the hill. I'm sure most of us had to try it or even work up some kind of a rhythm until the adults stopped us. Luckily the loggers were gone for the weekend.

Another especially wet trip was up the river by **Carbonado**. This was the trip with the gasoline starting fluid. But I also remember that one of the assistant scoutmasters, Joe Testu, had a son who kept hiking faster than everyone else and getting far ahead. We stopped to rest somewhere and Mr. Testu decided to slow the kid down. So while his boy was off peeing in the woods, he put a big rock in his pack and tied it up as if nothing had happened. That did slow him down. Carbonado was especially wet. The Hubbard's Shoe Grease on my boots didn't seem to help at all. My feet were always wet. My current thinking is that shoe grease keeps the leather from drying out but not from getting wet or letting water into the boot. (Perhaps as an after-effect of cold wet feet at a child, I seem to have especially good circulation in my feet now.)



Jeff with the biggest trout at
Ross Lake

Probably the most unique idea that the scout masters had for a hike went from **Lester**, a remote town that we reached by rail along the Green River to the Greenwater River that is over some hills. The hike appears to be around 10 miles long. Other Scout parents were to arrive and meet us at a campground after a two-day hike. Lester is now a ghost town and access is highly restricted, though it does have an attractive hot spring, which as scouts we knew nothing about. On this hike, John and I were the ones who led the pack along the trail, that was an old road. We set up a tent that was basically a lean-to out of plastic. Other scouts set up their camps nearby. We were in the lean-to when a knife shot through the edge of the tent and stuck in the ground. Some other scouts were playing outside and evidently got carried away. No one was hurt.

There was a more pressing emergency however because one of the scoutmasters got severe stomach pains, perhaps appendicitis. I think Dad was the one chosen to get him back to civilization and a doctor

ASAP. So they hiked ahead and got him to safety. I know that Mom and the rest of the family went to the same campground at some time. I'm not sure that it was the same trip. Weyerhaeuser owned the camp and was cutting down some big trees. They claimed it was for safety reasons, but the trees looked to be very healthy - and very valuable.

This was also a camp where the boys did some fishing. We decided that we could increase our chances of catching a fish by creating a deep dark pool that would attract trout. We spent a lot of time in cold water gathering logs and moving rocks to get it built. It actually worked. We caught fish there the next morning. But it was also the downfall of a hat that I particularly liked. The hat looked like something that Robin Hood would wear. It was green and had a feather in it. While I was fishing it fell into the water. We tried to catch up with it but did not. For some reason though parts of that misadventure ended up in the family home movie archives.

The trip that I really wished we had pictures of started out with camping at **Denny Creek**, a campground that is still prominent along Interstate 90, east of Seattle. I think the intension was to camp overnight at Denny Creek right out of the cars, and then hike up a trail to a lake. It was dusk when we arrived and set up our tents. Experienced scouts advised everyone to dig ditches around each tent to keep it dry inside. Soon, rain started to fall and fell harder and harder. Then it turned to snow. Boys whose tents did not make the grade were quickly soaked. They retreated to the out houses and cars with wet sleeping bags. The snow stopped before morning, but was followed by intense cold. Everything froze. Luckily, or probably through the providence of a forward thinking father, our tent had a bottom and was waterproofed. It smelled like creosote and was heavy, but it stayed dry. The picture-worthy part was the next morning. We started to break camp, and I think to keep many from hyperthermia, we drove back home. But when John and I took the poles out of our tent, it just stood there. It was frozen solid! I'm really glad we didn't need to pack up and carry it up the mountain.

There were more adventures, particularly at scout camp, but we will get to those later. Another kind of scouting event was the Jamboree. Our troop did pretty well at these. Besides the usual camping and trying to convince other scouts to eat what I cooked, there were lots of contests. In lashing, we built towers with poles and rope, we also had "chariot races" where we would lash together three poles and then someone would sit on the back corner while the other two would pull the whole thing toward the finish line. At times we had to cook pancakes and flip them over an overhead rope. Jeff remembers that we would call our pancakes "barfys" when they were too thick, burned on the outside and still raw in the middle. He was the pancake expert. There were probably archery and other sports. At one such gathering we had to take cover from a thunder storm. Not a good time to be out in a field. I remember the tingle of electricity hitting my ear but luckily no one took a direct hit.

Over Christmas vacation one highlight was going to Camp Sheppard near Snoquera Falls on Highway 410. Actually it was not far from where we came out of the hike from Lester onto the Greenwater River. But since we visited the camp in the winter, it was all about snow. We would bring big truck inner tubes and toboggans. There was a good sledding hill nearby. Of course we soon discovered that the more people you put on a toboggan, the faster and further it goes. Unfortunately there was a creek at the bottom of the hill, so things did not always end well. Toward dusk and into the night, we would play Capture the Flag. *Capture the flag, ... is a traditional outdoor game where two teams each have a flag (or other marker) and the object is to capture the other team's flag, located at the team's*



Camp Sheppard

*"base," and bring it safely back to their own base. Enemy players can be "tagged" by players in their home territory; these players are then, depending on the agreed rules, out of the game, members of the opposite team, sent back to their own territory, frozen in place until freed by a member of their own team, or "in jail."*⁹ This would go on for hours and we would be tired by the time we got to our bunks in the warm cabins. But we were not too tired to have spitball fights and carry on. Perhaps it had something to do with the candy we bought in Enumclaw, (commonly called Enumscratch) on the way to camp. My favorite was a Sugar Daddy. For not much money you got a big chunk of hard caramel on a stick that you could not possibly eat at one sitting and that might last the whole weekend. The real cost was probably in visits to our family dentist, Doc. Gallant much later on.

Summer

All of these activities took place during the school year. During the summer a broad variety of things went on. But since we are talking about camps, summer camps were the best. For most of the boys, our first experience staying away from the house and the rest of the family was at Camp Don Bosco, a Catholic Youth Organization (CYO) camp near Carnation Washington. The camp consisted of several bunk houses, a mess hall, a chapel, a swimming pool and a parade ground with a big fire circle on one side. John and I may have gone there before the family moved to Seahurst. They kept you busy with crafts like braiding and wood burning. I took up wood carving at camp and kept at it through high school. We went on hikes and learned lots of songs, which we sang while hiking such as the Happy Wanderer (" I love to go a-wandering, Along the mountain track, And as I go, I love to sing, My knapsack on my back...") I think this one kept us going on a particularly long hike from which we came back late to dinner. There was also a swimming pool where we learned to swim. I learned that I sink in fresh water, though I did make the most of it by becoming very good at swimming under water. We were encouraged to write letters home during our brief stay, and even received packages from home. Some kids were pretty homesick, but John and I were too busy for that. John remembers that they had us clearing rocks off the assembly field, so it was not all fun and games. Marc later went back and played music with on the organ - while he was at Kennedy High School.

Don Bosco was a boys camp back then. It is more coed now but still takes grade school children. The Girls went to Camp Cabrini, established in 1960. It was on Beaver Lake and campers learned to canoe. Rosalie was given the "Honor Camper" award at Camp Cabrini. She remembers getting cookies in the mail. She also did lots of writing. Anita was also "Honor Camper" at Cabrini. The location became a little too wet one year when the camp actually flooded and they took a row boat to the mess hall. The site has since been purchased by the State and is now Beaver Lake Park. Campers took a 3 mile hike while Rosalie was there, probably to nearby Little Si near North Bend. There was snow on top of the hill and the girls got very cold, bordering on hypothermia.

Later on Rosalie got to stay at Camp Kaligis on Puget Sound. She remembers that they could see phosphorescent waves in the light of a full moon.

Camp Parsons

The granddaddy of all summer camps however is Camp Parsons. "the oldest operating (Boy Scouts of America) camp west of the Mississippi and one of the few camps that uses an open water saltwater base for all scouting aquatic activities. Since July 7th, 1919 Camp Parsons has never ceased operation nor moved from its original site." Located on Hood Canal, Camp Parsons was the highlight of summer activities for St. Francis Parish scouts. We would stay there in our own set of open-air cabins for a week. Scoutmaster, Joe Barreca Sr., was always one of the adults on the trip.

Camp Parsons was a place where you could learn archery, canoeing, marksmanship, ropes, fishing and swimming. It had a giant mess hall with a big parade ground in front, slopping down to the water. Several scout troops would camp there together for the week. Near the end of each stay was the Hullabaloo. This was a contest between all the troops. I remember winning the canoe race because I was

⁹ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Capture_the_flag

in the canoe with Doug Moreland. He had polio at a younger age and his legs were not that strong, but boy could he paddle. (He later worked as an attorney in Dad's Law office.) John was a great swimmer



Our Scout Troop won the Hulabaloo at Camp Parsons with Joseph Barreca Sr. as the Scoutmaster

and completed a mile long swim in Puget Sound as did Marc. We were also good shots with guns and bows. I took overall in the knot tying. When they couldn't stump me on any of the regular Boy Scout knots, they had me tie them all behind my back. I was not quite as good at throwing a rope over a high bar.

Another component of the contest was how clean you kept your camp. We picked up any trash or paper and made our beds so tight that you could bounce a quarter on them. Our troop under Dad's leadership won the contest over the other troops and took home a trophy for the school

Camp Brinkley

Dad was less involved in Boy Scouts by the time Marc joined troop 353. Marc was the patrol leader of the Leopard Sharks and almost became a Life Scout. Marc remembers that they used army surplus tents at the scout jamboree and that an older scout peed on his tent. Marc went to a new boy scout camp, Brinkley (renamed Camp Edwards in 2014), near Lake Roesiger, seven miles east of Everett. He achieved the Order of the Arrow at camp and got a sash with an arrow on it. There was a survival test where you had to pitch a tent by yourself at night. Camp Brinkley had a replica of a Cedar long house. While there Marc was able to swim a whole mile in fresh water.

Games

Besides all the regular board games and card games that kids can play such as Life, Monopoly, , Life, Mille Bornes, Conflict, Hearts etc. The whole Barreca Family, well the kids anyway, would play games in the yard. Since



Kids Playing a board game

the yard was in an "L" shape, we had our own version of croquet that was also "L" shaped. It was more of a country croquet with balls going a long way and into the "rough" fairly often. So it took hours for us to get through a game but that was fine with us. The view of Puget Sound was wonderful and we would only play in good weather. We had an advantage over other families in that we had lots of kids to play with.

In the dusk on warm summer's nights, we would play various forms of Tag. Because there was such a big difference in age and size within the group, we developed a version called "Gets'm Bug". It was a little like frozen tag. The person who was "it", the Gets'm Bug, would tag the other kids, who were not allowed to run out of the yard and they would be frozen there until the last kid was tagged, who would in turn become the next Gets'm Bug. The big catch was that whoever was "it", had to walk on their knees while everyone else could run on their feet. This tended to slow down the older kids and give the younger ones a chance. I'm pretty sure this was not an approved game for keeping the knees of our pants free of holes, but I don't remember any repercussions about that from Mom. More than likely, anything that kept us out of the house but nearby in the yard was just okay with her.

Other favorites were Oogoo Dada, mud ball throwing, and Inertia (which I can't describe).

Projects:

The mainstay of all projects was tree houses, or in the last stages, the club house. Our first was in the old apple tree in the bottom of the gully. It was fairly low with big wide-spread branches. It was not particularly sophisticated, just a platform in the center of the tree. We probably used wood left over from constructing the house, or from other houses that were being built around us.

The next effort was more ambitious. There was a large Maple tree on the hill across the gully to the north of the house. When you got 10 feet or so up into the tree, the view of the Sound was splendid. We built the first story with scrap wood and then built another layer above it that served as a roof or a sun deck, depending on the weather. We found some plywood to use on the roof part. I was up there sawing it one day and had the edge I was working on moved out from the rafter that supported it so I could saw easily without hitting the board underneath. With plywood it is a little harder to see exactly where that edge is. While sawing it I suddenly felt the whole thing tip over the edge with me on top of it. I fell with my back toward the ground and hit with a thump. The board and the saw must have hung up in the branches because I don't remember them hitting me. Actually I don't remember much at all for awhile. No one else was out there at the time. I laid on my back with the wind knocked out of me for a fairly long time. Finally, sore and shaken up, I made it back to the house and probably didn't work on the tree house for a couple of days.

Inside that tree house it was drafty, so we put old sheets or some kind of scrap cloth up for curtains. That helped with privacy, but it was probably the last straw for the big house with rock walls that looked like a castle just up the hill from our tree house. Our raggedy tree house was right in the middle of their panoramic view. Our parents heard from them and pretty soon, we had to take that tree house down.

There was one other tree house after that, but it was in a Madrona tree across the street from our house in the side yard of the Denharts. The older boys were good friends with Steve Denhart and helped with the project. It was of much better construction - overseen by Steve's father. But being on the Denhart property, it didn't get much use from the Barreca boys.

The final stage in the evolution of tree houses, was actually a club house on the ground. Like most places in Western Washington, flat ground was in short supply on our Seahurst property. We picked out a place over the bank from the house, down near the old apple tree. We had to dig out a flat space on the hill. We wanted to use basically standard 2x4 construction, similar to what we saw in the houses being build in the neighborhood. Since we didn't have lumber or money, Dad helped us out by locating some buildings that were being torn down. We all went out there with hammers and a crow bar, knocked the boards apart, pulled the nails and came home with a station wagon full of wood.

I think the building was only 6 feet square. We buried posts in the ground to attach the floor to. We were shooting for level, plumb and square and did okay at that by our own standards. It had a door,

windows and a shed roof. There were benches inside where we could actually lay out some sleeping bags and camp out in the back yard.

The "Blast Furnace"

At some point John and Joe became interested in melting things. Well, aluminum and glass mostly but eventually more items were involved. Mom's vacuum cleaner, an Electrolux I believe, had a feature that allowed you to stick the vacuum hose in the back end of the machine and turn it into a blower. The boys built a low-budget "blast furnace" from cement blocks, some coal and a cast iron ladle. The ladle could handle temperatures under 2000 degrees. Aluminum melts at 1221° F. To get the coal that hot, they blew air into the fire with the vacuum cleaner. They made little tiki heads out of aluminum by casting it into clay molds.

Glass melts at around 1400° F. not a big step up from aluminum. But it does not really become liquid enough to pour. It just becomes a blob. To make the vacuum run at top speed and get the fire hotter, you can take the bag out of the vacuum, since no dust is being collected. Something went wrong with this concept. Maybe the motor overheated or junk was sucked in and jammed in the motor. At any rate, they burnt up the motor in the vacuum and that was the end of the blast furnace. The vacuum cleaner however did get repaired.¹⁰



Backyard Furnace

The Arc "Welder"

In a similar project, Joe and John read that you could create an electric arc by stepping up the usual house voltage with a transformer. They found the largest transformer available at a local junk yard, but it was wound with small wire, not enough to carry the amperage they wanted. So they took it apart and located much larger copper wire. Luckily the company that had the wire belonged to our old neighbor from West Seattle, Leonard Faucher. They persuaded Dad to buy some from Mr. Faucher. Soon they had rewound the transformer core with large copper wire. To make a carbon arc, they took the carbon rods out of the middle of alkaline batteries and gripped them in alligator clips mounted on the ends of wires from the secondary coil of the transformer. Then they plugged the wires from the primary coil of the transformer into a wall socket in the garage. It immediately blew the fuse on that circuit. Undaunted, they decided that more resistance was needed to keep the fuse from blowing. So they hooked up an electric heater between the transformer and the outlet. That did the trick and soon they could get a blinding arc of light between the carbon rods. Beyond that, there was not much use for the contraption and they moved on to other things. Joe still has the transformer in his shop.

Boats

Living close to Puget Sound, we occasionally thought of it as a gateway to the world. With a saltwater-worthy sail boat, even without a car or gas money, we could go a long way. Looking for a design, we came across the Boston Whaler¹¹. The one we were most interested in was a 10 foot fiberglass

¹⁰ In a memorable vacuum cleaner-related story, a Hoover Vacuum salesman once came to the house and in order to demonstrate the power of the Hoover vacuum, he put a big metal ball bearing on the rug and sucked it up with his vacuum cleaner. Not to be flimflammed, Mom said "I think our vacuum cleaner can do that." She took it out of the hall closet and proceeded to suck up the same ball bearing. The salesman left soon after that.

¹¹ Boston Whaler is still an operating boat company in Florida. But it does not offer sailboats of any kind. it does offer kits to build your own boat, but they still cost around \$10,000.

sailboat with a drop centerboard. Unfortunately for teenage boys, the price, \$750 if I remember correctly, was out of our league. Undaunted, we procured some diagrams of the boat from a dealer and began to figure out how we could build one.

We figured that we could laminate plywood ribs and make them hold their shape with waterproof wood glue. We could cover the ribs with more plywood and screw it down with brass screws that would not rust. Then we could cover the whole thing with fiberglass cloth and coat it with epoxy to make it waterproof. This was a doable plan that in the end turned out to be a bad idea for some fundamental reasons. Plywood is MUCH heavier than fiberglass-covered foam. So the finished boat sat much lower in the water than the plan. Powdered Weldwood Glue when mixed with water and dried is very strong. If you get it on your clothes, it never comes out. The polyester resin we used to cover the boat was just as bad and had a very strong, surely poisonous, smell. Our family didn't really own any power tools, so we borrowed them from several neighbors.

Somewhere along the line we made too many sections of the hull and looking at it one day discovered that it was 11 feet long when it should have only been 10. After an attack with power tools, Weldwood and brass screws, we got that fixed. A keel is the fundamental difference between any other boat and a sail boat. The wind tries to push the boat across the water, but the keel grips the water and makes the boat slide forward. The keel on most small sailboats is a drop centerboard that slips through a slot in the middle of the boat. The slot is basically a hole in the bottom of the boat. To keep water from getting in, it has sides that come up as high as the sides of the boat. Like skylights, these slots are hard to build and to keep from leaking. Further on in the story, this becomes a critical flaw.

We built a mast with aluminum tubes and bought some old parachute material at an Army Surplus store for a sail. We sewed a skull and crossbones in the middle of the sail. We bought oars and built a rudder. When it was "done", we convinced Dad to take it up to Lake Burien for a trial run. We had some friends up there that agreed to let us launch at their place. Trying to lift the boat to the top of the Chevy Station Wagon, we realized that it must have weighed 300 pounds, about twice the design weight. It did alright on Lake Burien. There was not much wind, and we didn't know how to sail anyway. But we looked dashing in our own homemade boat with the Jolly Roger sail. The lake was too small though. By the time you got going in any direction, you were on the other side of the lake. What we yearned for was to get it out on the salt water, where it could really take off.

A while later, after more heavy lifting getting it on top of the Chevy and packing the family inside the car, we took the boat down to Seahurst Park, a public beach not far from the house. We got it into the water. John and I had life vests and got on board. We hoisted the sail but mostly rowed away from the beach because there was not much wind. When we tried to turn it back toward the beach, we realized two things. One, the centerboard was leaking and two, it was the tide that was taking us away from the beach more than our paddling. I started rowing back toward the beach. John started bailing out water.



Three Oldest Boys in the Boat

Meanwhile, back on the beach, the family realized that we were struggling. Dad decided that we need help, drove home and called the Coast Guard. By the time he got back to the beach John and I had managed to get the boat back on shore. We didn't wait for the Coast Guard to arrive. We got the boat loaded back on the station wagon and drove home.

After some repair, we decided to try it out on the Olympic Peninsula. The boat was so heavy that it was almost impossible to load on top of the 56 Chevy Station wagon. John was learning to drive and had to deal with logging trucks and a swaying boat on top. We got it all the way to Lake Ozette. We got stuck on the other side of the lake because the sail was just a jib and we could not tack back. More rowing back to the boat launch. We also tried it on Lake Crescent, also on the Olympic Peninsula. Dad had a friend, Howard Doherty with a cabin on Lake Crescent that he let our family use. By that time, I don't think we even bothered with the sail.

Joe and John were not the only ones who built a boat. Jeff built his own fiberglass speed boat that was shaped roughly like a hydroplane. It had an outboard engine. He tinkered with a series of outboard motors. We took the hydroplane and motor to Lake Ozette. The boat went across the lake easily but the engine started to sputter. Joe's friend Jimmy, a big black guy, was on board and when it looked like it might not make it, he swam for it. The boat did limp back to the starting point. The water was very cold and it turned into a cold night for everyone

Other projects

Boats were by no means the only construction projects. There were several that Dad contracted out. The first was a patio in back of the house. This was a great boon to everyone. We spent a lot of time out there, especially in summer months because it was cool, flat and clean. Then we had the patio covered with a latticework of boards that provided more shade. Mom planted some roses including one that grew up on the patio cover. I think one of the roses was named for Jacqueline Kennedy. They were most easily seen from the big picture windows that looked over the water and the patio. Next Dad had Clarence Govereau, a fellow Catholic parishioner, build a closed shed at one end of the patio that held the garden tools. Both the patio cover and shed were painted a brown color that matched the trim on the house.

Annual Events: Christmas

The premier annual holidays for us were Christmas, Easter, 4th of July and Halloween, roughly corresponding to the four seasons of the year. These holidays were also big with our parents' families and in 1957 we got a chance to celebrate Christmas in Missouri with Dad's family. Most of the time however we were on our own, and built up our own traditions.

The Christmas tree was always upstairs in the front room of the house, most of the time in the corner between the picture windows. We always had a live tree, with a big assortment of Christmas bulbs and lights. One memorable Christmas, John took over tree decorations. He flocked the tree heavily in white and all of the lights and decorations were blue. It was artistic and beautiful, but felt cold. Most of the time we had colored lights and tinsel. It would usually stay up until the needles started falling off. Jeff remembers watching the Christmas lights with Anita after watching Maverick on our black and white TV.

While we were kids, we didn't do too much to give gifts to each other. We had stockings with tangerines, candy canes etc. One of Dad's friends would usually send us some smoked sturgeon from the Columbia River, which was always wonderful. Fruitcake with lots of candied fruit inside was always a treat. Christmas stollen eventually became part of the menu, but I think that was something our baking brother John introduced.



Joe Jr with dart truck and chipmunk in our knotty-pine finished bedroom.

One of Joe and John's favorite toys was a truck with a model anti-aircraft gun on the back and a search light. It had silhouettes of planes that one kid could project at the wall and the other could try to hit with darts shot from the gun. Another was a motorized tank that would climb over and through mountains of toy blocks or other things intended to imitate rubble. It also had a gun that shot small projectiles. They would probably be considered choking hazards today. As we got older, John and I started building an intricate HO model railroad. Train cars and model buildings that you could assemble for it

were always a hit.

Jeff got into the train theme with a larger electric train that actually ejected steam. He also recalls getting a fire truck that ran on a flywheel revved up by rubbing across the floor a few times. He took it apart to see how it worked and was later spanked for his effort. When Joe and John got bicycles to ride, he only got a two-wheeled scooter which was actually more dangerous than a bike.

Anita remembers Marc's Popeye doll and the Sindy Doll (a British rival to Barbie).

Marc made army setups with toy soldiers and took pictures that sometimes included fire. He got a metal dump truck made in Japan for Christmas, and an airport set. (Many of the early Japanese toys were made from recycled tin cans and you could see the Japanese writing from underneath them.)

I'm not sure whose gift it was but the classic spinning top toy with lights was a hit. There was an artificial tree ornament that played White Christmas. It was about 18" high and you wound up the tree to make it ready to play. Jeannette and Rosalie got Chatty Cathy Dolls, stuffed animals, troll dolls, and Little Kiddle dolls, along with various craft kits and games. Jeannette remembers playing with an Easy Bake oven.

Rosalie recalls that John made Yule logs which burned in many colors. We burned them in the upstairs fireplace which was reserved for special occasions. She would watch the patterns on the ceiling with Mom. She made candles with Joe of many kinds, rolled ones, snowballs... She also made felt



Anita with doll in West Seattle house.

ornaments with Jeannette from patterns in Sunset and Western Gardener that Jeannette still has. (We have pictures of many of these things to stick in here later.)

Of course Christmas was also a big deal at church. One year Rosalie led a procession with baby Jesus to the crib and was once an angel swinging on a rope in a play. Also Christmas was a very photographic occasion and we have lots of pictures to prove it. Sometimes we would invite the Byers or other friends and relatives over and have a big turkey or ham dinner.

Many of these traditions carried on long after the kids were married and on their own. Then we would all bring gifts for each other to the Seahurst house, which ended up almost burying the Christmas tree and took hours to unwrap. To avoid that for several years we had a rotating gift list, that Anita maintained, where each family would give another family just one gift. After Mom and Dad moved out of the Seahurst house, we got together for Thanksgiving but not for Christmas and started our own traditions.

Easter:

Our Easter traditions included dressing up as a family and going up the hill to church. Later on we would attend the Easter midnight mass which included a huge candle and a lot more incense than



The family except the 2 Joes dressed for Easter

usual. The church was usually decorated with Easter lilies and smelled wonderful. Going to mass at midnight had the added benefit that we didn't need to get up as early in the morning and could have a big breakfast and then an Easter Egg hunt.

We always prepared by decorating our own Easter Eggs with dye that came in a kit with little wire tools to lift the eggs in and out of pots of color. Vinegar must have been part of the formula because that smell comes to mind. If our eggs developed small cracks after being hard boiled and cooled, the dye would sometimes seep in and color the egg white. Our fancier eggs would have one color on one end and another on the other. I don't remember that we got into batik or fancier decorating techniques.

It must have been up to the boys to hide the eggs because Rosalie remembers the boys hiding eggs where she could not get to them. Our family Easter egg hunt took place on the front and side lawn. But sometimes the family would also go to community Easter egg hunts in Burien or West Seattle. Most of our pictures of Easter have us dressed in new-looking suits and dresses. I don't think the Easter bonnets were a big deal, but it looks like Easter hair cuts were part of the mix.

4th of July

As mentioned under chores, on at least a few occasions, we went down to the Green River to shoot off fireworks. On other occasions we went to see public fireworks at Greenlake, but not often. Mostly we had sparklers to wave around and some kind of "safe and sane" explosives. Not included the list of "safe and sane" fireworks were homemade fireworks produced by Joe and John (mostly John).

With close attention to certain sections of the Encyclopedia Britannica we assembled what at first were rudimentary elements of gun powder. You could buy sulfur and ammonium nitrate by the pound at the local feed store. Add some ground up charcoal briquettes, grind everything together in the right proportion and you have something that can be molded into rocket fuel or built into a fire cracker. Cheap nozzles can be formed out of clay inside of the cardboard tubes on disposable coat hangers.

Most of our rockets worked fairly well after some experimentation. We also realized that packing firecrackers with a lot of paper would make a deeper and more impressive boom. I think that trying for more exotic colors, reds, greens and blues, may have gotten us into trouble. We probably had to order the necessary chemicals from Edmunds Scientific. One in particular, barium nitrate, was a key to green flashes and faster combustion. If the fuel burned faster than it could escape through the nozzle, an explosion occurred. We were generally cautious and no one was hurt. But once on John's birthday, not the 4th of July, we had a rocket made from a used CO2 cartridge. We launched it off the patio in back of the house and it landed at the bottom of the gully but was not through burning. It started a fire that burned the hillside to the north of the gully. Mostly grass and blackberries were involved, but the firemen who put it out made sure that would be the last rocket launched from cape patio.



One of John's homemade Explosives

Also on one occasion, John was grinding the gunpowder components together with a mortar and pestle in our basement bedroom. Something triggered the compound to ignite in a flash. I think John may have had his eyebrows singed, but nothing too serious. The main problem was all the smoke. It filled the room and was starting to rise up the stairway to the kitchen where Mom was cooking. We hastily opened the small basement windows near the ceiling of the room and the smoke rose out of them eventually clearing the air. I don't think we really got into trouble over that one or ever said anything about it.

One thing that did get a lot of use on the 4th of July was the Big-Bang carbide cannon. Calcium carbide is a chemical used to produce acetylene gas. It's traditional use was as a fuel for miner's headlamps. A little water mixed with the carbide made gas that would burn in the headlamp. The carbide cannon had a chamber that held water underneath the barrel. On the back was a hatch that held a small scoop and an igniter somewhat like those on cigarette lighters. The cannon would only work correctly with the small amount of "Bangsite" (calcium carbide). Too much and there would not be enough air in the chamber to ignite all of it. So it never had enough power to explode. I still have the body of the cannon, but not the igniter. You could put wads of paper or other small objects in the barrel and they would shoot out. Another bonus was that, unlike firecrackers, it was cheap to use. We played with ours for hours on the front porch during the 4th of July, but not much at other times.

Another key component of a proper 4th of July was a barbeque of t-bone steaks on the patio. Dad always did the cooking. He also had a special sauce, butter, garlic, salt, pepper and maybe some olive or other oil. I'm sure there was corn on the cob, potato salad and a lot of other goodies, but the steaks were the main thing. I still get hungry just thinking about them. We had a series of barbeques, mostly in the round, supported by three legs, early Weber style. All used charcoal briquettes. But they would rust out in Seattle's rainy weather. Eventually, John made one out of stainless steel, which he still has. There was a huge standup freezer at the bottom of the basement stairs where we would have meat from a half of a cow at a time. The steaks were saved for special occasions and they made them very special.

Seafair

Another special occasion was Seattle's Seafair celebration. It was scheduled for the first part of August, the least rainy part of the year. There were hydroplane races, usually the Gold Cup, the biggest race of the year, on Lake Washington. A few times we did go to the lake to watch but mostly we watched on TV. The Blue Angels, the United States Navy's Precision Flying Squadron, would be flying overhead. We lived in "Jet City" after all. The Seafair Pirates would be running around in their amphibious vehicle. We would be home with more great barbecue, maybe some homemade root beer. We went other places during the summer, but not usually during Seafair.



Seafair Gold Cup Hydroplane

Snow

Snow was another annual event, not scheduled, but so rare that one good snow each winter was as much as you could expect. We were about as prepared as anyone, which is not to say completely ready but very willing. We did have hats, gloves and warm coats. Insulated rubber boots were not available. Seattle's snow was always wet and only lasted a day or so. With a lot of snow, the city was nearly paralyzed. Four wheel drive was almost unheard of and the whole area has hills. This meant that school would be out automatically and the kids were outside sledding, building snowmen and having snowball fights as soon as possible.



Christy VanNess, Anita, Jeannette, Rosalie

The best kind of sled for the city was one with steel runners. Truck inner tubes and saucer sleds would be okay for breaking trail on the good sledding hills, but once that was done, there was no substitute for the speed and limited steering of a steel runner sled like the classic Flexible Flyer. The hill on 152nd street where we lived, was steep except for right in front of our house. It iced over quickly and very few cars dared go up and down. Memorably, Bill Brow our Vita-Milk truck driver, (He was also a hydroplane driver of the Miss Exide in the Gold Cup and died in 1966 during a race of the Potomac River), came down to deliver milk one time and barely made it back up the hill with dual tires and chains. He took several runs and on the last one dug into the pavement a couple of inches near the top. That was on the hill above the house. It was popular since most of the neighborhood kids lived on or near that part of the road.

152nd street going down from the house was much more challenging. It was long, steep and had a lot of curves in it. Only older kids went for that one. But steering was always an issue and if you were not making the corners that included a sharp hairpin, it was a long climb back up for a bunch of short runs.

The real run to take was 151st street to the north of us. It was a long run with gentle curves on a steady slope. You would build up speed most of the way and end in a flatter spot at the bottom. It also

had pretty good street lights, so you could sled late into the night. Usually you would dump a few times and get a little scraped up. Of course your gloves and pants would be soaked through. But it was usually just one night once a year, totally worth it.

Later on they developed the gully in back of the house and paved that street. Marc and Rosalie liked it the best. Rosalie remembers that one time sledding with guys who brought a truck inner tube, they all skidded off the road and broke off some six foot high fir trees from a neighbors yard. They took them and stuck them back in the snow to make them look unbroken. They would build ramps to fly off in tubes and catch air. Our neighbor, Ricky Nelson, put bricks under the ramps. Another hazard on that road was that if you veered off as Marc did at least once, you could end up in a thicket of blackberries.

Sledding was not exactly safe. Anita had a boy friend from Tacoma who had a sled that Rosalie borrowed. A car stopped in the road by the rockery in front of our house and she could not steer around it. She hit her head on the bumper and was bleeding from her eyes and ears. She had a bump on her head for 6 months and the accident probably contributed to life-long trouble with her neck¹². Marc broke his arm once sledding and Dad had to drive him to the hospital.

Visitors

While most of Dad's family and of Mom's family had visited us in West Seattle, having a new house was a visitor magnet and we saw a lot of both families in 1958 and 1959. Dad's brother Lou came out in 1958 and his sister Sandra visited with her family in 1959. Dad's sister Mary came out in 1959 also. We all took a trip to Mt Rainier. Mom's sister Louise Byer lived nearby in south Seattle. She came over with husband Milton and kids Gary and Leona fairly often. Our pictures show us eating big meals together.

When Seattle hosted a world's fair in 1962, more relatives made it up to see the family and the fair. Sandra, Bill and Mary (Beth) Cambron would have been in that group. They visited Seattle fairly often and after Joe Jr. started attending college at San Luis Rey near Oceanside California in 1965, our family visited them in Los Angeles too. Dad's sister Mary and her husband Hugh Rumball-Petre visited and went on a hike with us to Cape Flattery, the western-most point in the continental United States. John Barreca carried their new baby, Rose Michelle in a backpack on the trip.

Besides relatives, we had visiting foreign exchange students from Japan. I remember some Japanese boys visiting in 1966. We taught them the card game "I Doubt It" where the only way to win is to lie about what cards you are discarding. I think they were shocked at first but quickly got the hang of it. We also had G.I.'s over for dinner once in awhile. One came back to visit Anita.



Cambrons and Barrecas, Mt Rainier, 1959

Vacations

Just as often as people came to visit the family, the family travelled to visit them and often went on see other places too. Sometimes we just went camping with the whole family. Very seldom did you find the Barreca family staying at a motel or hotel. A notable exception was in 1964 at the first annual meeting of the National Association of Wage Earner Trustees in Kansas City. The whole family stayed in the hotel where the meeting was being held. Although that meeting had historic implications, they were

¹² A later car accident where Dad, Mom and Rosalie were hit head on caused permanent neck injuries to Mom and Rosalie and broke ribs in Dad and Mom.

lost on us at the time. I do remember that at our request, Dad went to a nationally known paint company and brought back a can of lead oxide for our fireworks projects.

A couple of times we went back to St Louis on a train. We enjoyed the scenery from the dome car and met interesting people. I remember being surprised that sailors often carried a pack of cigarettes in their socks so they would not change the appearance of their uniform. The dining cars and Pullman sleeper cars were also a revelation. It would be much later that travel by airplane became more common. Our most used means of travel was the 1956 Chevy Station wagon and the 1964 Ford Station Wagon.

Early on there were many trips to Mt Rainier with relatives. And in 1959 and 1960 we went to Moses Lake to see Mom's father and her brother Clifford's family. We have lots of pictures of those occasions but truthfully, not many memories. Spending time eating and talking was not a high priority for kids. Many of the most memorable trips were to the Olympic Peninsula. We could see the Olympic Mountains from our house in Seahurst and must have been drawn to them.



Mom and kids on Hurricane Ridge, Olympic Mts

One of the first trips was to Hurricane Ridge. It has spectacular views of the interior peaks of the Olympic Mountains. There was a chance you could see deer or marmots, even a mountain goat. As could be expected, it was a bit windy but I'm sure it whetted our appetite for more experiences on the Peninsula.

From there we pushed on around the loop to see the Olympic Rain Forest. The moss and huge trees were the main attraction. You could find new trees growing out of the stumps

and logs of old trees. Rivers rushed through the valleys and you could even catch a few fish without a license. Unlike Boy Scout trips, Mom took care of most of the food. The family had a large tent with sleeping bags for everyone. (Dad and Mom had a special cabinet built in the basement to keep all of the equipment.) The boys got to put up their own tents.

After that, we would visit the ocean beaches. There were lots of things to find in the driftwood and rocks at the high end of the beaches. But the low tides provided us a place to build sand castles and decorate them with razor clam shells.

Later on we discovered the intrigue of Lake Ozette and Ozette Beach. It was a destination that John drove to after getting his driver's license. Jeff took his homemade hydroplane there. And probably most memorably, the three older boys convinced Dad that it would be a great adventure to take inner tubes and drift down the Ozette River to the beach then hike back on the established trail. It worked out well, but took more time than we expected. The most amazing part was that the whole bottom of the river in most places was covered with fresh water mussels. The river itself is not big or fast. Sometimes we had to portage over log jams. Deer would come right down to the river to drink and look at us in wonder. Because it was something that as far as we could tell, no one else had thought to do, it was especially wild and daring. On a later trip, we have a picture of the Chevy Station Wagon with a sign declaring Mussel Power. I'm sure no one else knew what that was all about.

Lake Ozette was also the destination in one of our most traumatic adventures to the Olympic Peninsula. The road to the lake takes off from Clallam Bay. It was a gravel road. On a trip there with the whole family in the Chevy, we encountered a road grader that had left a furrow down the middle of the road for many miles. While straddling the furrow, the Chevy turned up a large rock that punctured a hole in our oil pan. With no oil, we turned off the engine and were stranded miles from most civilization. Fortunately, the grader met us on its way back and towed us all the way to a garage on Clallam Bay. There were no good places to stay on the bay but the garage had a school bus that we camped out in while the Chevy was being fixed. It was not a complicated repair, but we had to wait for a new oil pan to come via "Black Ball Express" from Seattle. That took a day or so. The biggest mitigating factor was that the garage was right near the beach. We would go down to the beach and look for agates, kelp or anything really that might be interesting. Eventually the car was repaired and we drove back to Seattle.



Fishing in the rain at Crescent Lake

A more common experience and trip to the peninsula was to Crescent Lake, just outside of Port Angeles. Dad had an attorney friend, Howard Doherty, who had property on Crescent Lake with a couple of log cabins that he let us use. The cabins were furnished with lots of funny plaques, pictures, Mad Magazines and paraphernalia. They also had a host of games and toys to keep us busy when it rained. There was a dock where we could swim, fish or launch boats. The cabin came with a row boat and life preservers. Not far away was the National Park Crescent Lake Lodge. They had a campfire circle there with storytelling at night. Across the road you could hike to see Marymere Falls. We could cook our own food and take trips to see the other sights of the peninsula from that cabin.

Fishing

One of the things that the boys really enjoyed doing with their father was fishing. I think we started out fishing in streams, especially on scouting trips. I remember reading in the scouting magazine, Boy's Life, about where to find fish in a stream in deep pools and shadowy places. Dad picked up the idea somewhere that there was great fishing to be had on Ross Lake, a long man-made reservoir on the



Mark Nets a fish

Skagit River that backs water clear into Canada. Boy did he get that right. After a scenic drive up the Skagit and past Diablo, (where John's future wife, Marilyn Kays probably lived at the time) we drove onto a lift that carried us up to the elevation of Diablo Dam. The North Cascades Highway was not complete in 1961 and the only way to get past that dam was with a giant hillelevator for cars. Then we took a boat to the base of Ross Dam where Dameron's Ross lake Resort take us to the top level of the dam and by boat to the floating cabins of the resort. We rented a boat with an outboard engine. The resort suggested a fishing setup called a "Ford Fender", which was a couple of big spinners that flashed to other fish like there was a school of trout feeding. Behind the Ford Fender you would string a worm on a hook.

That system worked great. We would power

our way up the lake to Little Beaver or Big Beaver inlets, then slow down and start rolling back and forth. Big 1 to 2 pound trout would swallow those worms and sometimes we would have fish on two lines at once. With 4 of us fishing and getting near our limits, we had a lot of big fish. One big surprise was on the way back to the resort one day. Jeff, who had not done so well with the Ford Fenders, threw a spoon out on a line from his fishing pole even though the boat was travelling fast. And he not only got a hit, he reeled in the biggest rainbow trout of the day, 18 inches. We also saw a bear on the shore and caught another kind of fish, a Dolly Varden. It was also big but a little softer and slimier than a Rainbow Trout as I remember it.

Another big fishing trip was to La Push on the Washington coast. Dad got us on board a charter boat there and we went out to do our only ocean fishing. For land lovers, this was totally new. The big



Ross Lake Catch

issue was sea sickness. The swells were pretty big. When we were on top of one, we could see clear back to shore, but when we were in a trough, we were looking up at water above us. Again it was the three older boys and Dad. Everyone was getting sea sick, but just as I was feeling a little queasy, we started catching fish and nothing else mattered. They were King Salmon, 10 to 25 pounds if I remember correctly. I think the limit was one or two apiece. The bait was a small fish on a big hook. The captain did most of the work. When you had one of those salmon on the line and were working it toward the boat, sometimes it would be well below the boat and sometimes you would be looking up at it in the wave next to you. When they got close enough to the boat, one of the crew would snag them with a big gaff hook and pull them on board.

We went home from that trip with a big freezer chest full of fish. We didn't want to just put them in the freezer and decided to smoke the salmon, another new experience. John and I put together a big smoking box with shelves for the fish and a safe place for smoking alder wood underneath.

It took a couple of days of feeding the smoker to get them ready. We probably cooked some on the BBQ and put the others in the freezer. The whole family enjoyed that part of it.

There were some long vacation trips in that white Ford Station Wagon. The family would come down to Troutdale while I was going to school there and we would all go out to see Mom's sister Geneva and her husband Alex at their farm in Hood River. I remember watching Sandy Koufax pitch in the World Series at their house. Probably the other kids remember their animals and the orchards around Hood River more than the World Series.

Odd Events

People seem to remember odd traumatic events more than ordinary good ones. A case in point is The Columbus Day Storm (The Columbus Day Storm of 1962 was a Pacific Northwest windstorm, that struck the West Coast of Canada and the Pacific Northwest coast of the United States on October 12, 1962. It is considered the benchmark of extratropical wind storms. (Wikipedia.) The family slept downstairs in the basement to be safe. Trees toppled power lines in the neighborhood. A favorite Madrone tree in the neighborhood went down. It took days to clean up and the street never looked quite the same. The same storm took out the oldest living tree in Oregon and left Joe Junior's high school in Troutdale without power for a week. He remembers watching whole trees pulled out by their roots and spending the time without power cutting up and hauling away all the downed trees.

Jeannette remembers that she was the only girl home with Mom during the April 29, 1965 Earthquake at 8:30 AM. The chandelier was swinging over the dining room table. The lights swung at

St. Francis School and in Oregon too. Earthquakes were rare in the northwest, but we didn't suffer any damage.

One incident all the kids seem to remember happened one day when the boys "upgraded" their go cart. It was a plain-jane affair at first; some long flat boards nailed to two by fours going across them with a crude seat back and old wagon wheels fixed to the ends of the two by fours. At first the steering was just a loop of rope tied to the ends of the two by four on the front end with wheels on it. That board pivoted in the middle so you could steer it by pulling one side or another. Not satisfied with the look and feel of that simple setup, Joe and John figured that they could make it steer by having the rope wind around a shaft with a steering wheel attached to one end, mounted on the front end of the go cart. They built it and it worked, except for one flaw in thinking. If they had wound it so that the rope went clockwise around the shaft, it would get shorter on the right side when you turned it to the right and turn the cart to the right. But they wound it counter-clockwise and to turn right, you had to turn the wheel to the left and vice versa.

This engineering blunder didn't stop them from getting used to it and having fun on it all day by taking it up the rather steep hill on 152nd street riding down to the house, and running it out to a stop on the flat section in front of the house. When Dad got home and saw their new contraption, he decided that he should try it for a "safety check". Being quite a bit heavier than the cart's usual passengers, he built up a lot of speed quickly. But having driven a car with logical steering all of his life he didn't respond well to the counter-intuitive steering. Veering back and forth wildly, when he reached maximum speed at the bottom of the hill, he swung the cart directly at a guard rail on the left side of the road. Most of the cart went under the rail, but the steering mechanism with Dad sitting directly behind it, was ripped right off the cart. Luckily, Dad walked away from the crash. After that we didn't try to rebuild a steering mechanism and he didn't do any more "safety checks".

In a somewhat related incident, Dad came home one day and left the Ford station wagon running in the driveway while he ran into the house to get Jeannette and Rosalie so he could take them to the pool in Burien. When they got back to the driveway, the car was gone. It had slipped out of park and rolled backwards out of the driveway across the street and over the bank on the other side. A tow truck eventually pulled it out with half the neighborhood watching. This turned out to be a design flaw in Ford automobiles.¹³

Hot Air Balloons

I was not present for this event but it figures prominently in the recollections of Marc and Rosalie. They used some of those big lightweight plastic bags that cover suits etc. coming back from the laundry to make hot air balloons by fixing up a jig to hold a small candle underneath the bag. Hot air from the candle would inflate the bag and the whole little hot air balloon would lift off and drift out over the Sound looking every bit like an unidentified flying object (UFO). I assume the ground was wet during these operations, which would not be unusual in Seattle.

Medical Emergencies

Parents are responsible for keeping their kids in good health. We always ate well and got plenty of exercise, but accidents and other medical conditions are not as easy to control. Early on, Joe Barreca Sr. enrolled the whole family in Group Health Insurance. This was not your ordinary health insurance company. Formed in 1947, it was a unique product of Seattle reinforcing the quip "There are 49 States and the Soviet of Washington." Here is an excerpt from their website:

Radical. Controversial. Socialist. Those were a few of the terms used to denounce a new health care organization formed more than 65 years ago. The organization? Group Health.

¹³ <http://www.thetruthaboutcars.com/2012/03/automotive-lawsuit-history-unearted-junkyard-style-the-ford-park-to-reverse-warning-label/>

And the radical ideas? That health care should help keep people healthy, not just treat illnesses and injuries. That doctors and specialists should work together in the patients' best interest, not as single practitioners each billing to their own end. And that doctors and patients should collaborate in determining the best approach to care.

Most revolutionary of all was the idea that one organization could provide an integrated health system, providing care — and coverage for that care — at an affordable price.

Not only did Group Health usher in the births of most of the Barreca children, it covered medical exams, vaccinations and the occasional accident such as Marc's broken arm while inner tubing, and Joe's injured tail bone when he slipped off a rope swing. Marc's appendix ruptured while he was in high school and he had to stay in the hospital a long time. So Group Health probably did well by us overall. Rosalie's encounter with a parked car while sledding may have started a lifelong series of neck problems. In fact most of us now have some kind of medical issues. Nevertheless, we owe it to Dad and Group Health for making it through school safely and being basically healthy today.

This is not to say that we didn't come into the world without some inherent problems. As mentioned earlier, Joe Jr. had bad eyesight, a hernia and needed braces as a baby. We all had regular dental work. All of the girls had orthodontic work done. I remember accompanying Anita and Jeannette to the orthodontist on the bus after school. I also accompanied Marc on the bus to a speech therapist in the University District on the North side of Seattle. One summer I had all of my wisdom teeth pulled to make room for the rest. I'm probably not the only one. These are the kinds of optional treatments that insurance does not cover. We didn't notice as kids, but it was not exactly cheap getting us through to adulthood.

Higher (Priced) Education

While on the topic of raising a family expenses, the cost of school has to be right up there. All of our grade schools and high schools were Catholic Parochial Schools. Tuition for 7 kids through 12 years of school would have been more than most families could or would afford. We were blessed to have teachers who were interested in us and dedicated to their professions.

Moving on to college, we were not saddled with huge college loans, like many are today. Every child in our family got a college education and went on to build successful careers based on that education. The chapter will wrap up with resumes for each of us.

Name: Joseph Barreca Jr.

Birth Date: 9/26/1947

Grade School: Holy Family, St Francis

Years: 1954-1959, 1959-1960

High School: St. Francis Seminary, Troutdale, OR

Years: 1960-1965

College (s): San Luis Rey College, Oceanside CA

Degrees: Bachelor of Arts

Majors: Philosophy, Mathematics

Career: Trucker, Accountant, Database Programmer, Assessor, Cartographer, Vintner

Name: John Barreca

Birth Date: 7/25/1949

Grade School: Holy Family, St Francis

Years: 1956-1959, 1959-1962

High School: O'Dea

Years: 1962-1967

College(s): Seattle University, University of Washington

Degrees: Bachelor of Arts (1971), Master of Nuclear Engineering (1974)
Majors: Physics
Career: Nuclear Engineer

Name: Jeff Barreca
Birth Date: 10/9/1951
Grade School: Holy Family, St Francis
Years: 1958-1959, 1959-1965
High School: O'Dea
Years: 1965-1969
College(s): Seattle University, Highline Community College, University of Washington
Degrees: BA in Business Administration 1973, 5th year Accounting Concentration 1976
Majors: Business, Accounting, Minor Personnel, Psychology and Life
Career: Various, Administrative, Auditing, Real Estate - Accounting, Sales and Development, Financial - Investment Adviser, Day Trader, Residential and Commercial Remodeling, Property Management, Neon Restoration, Antique Restoration,

Name: Anita Barreca
Birth Date: 5/13/1953
Grade School: St Francis
Years: 1959-1967
High School: John Fitzgerald Kennedy
Years: 1967-1971
College(s): WSU, UW
Degrees: B.A.
Majors: English Lit and Women's Studies
Career: Paralegal, bus driver, First Line Supervisor, Senior Schedule Planner, Supervisor of Scheduling

Name: Marc Barreca
Birth Date: 1/24/1955
Grade School: St Francis
Years: 1961-1969
High School: John Fitzgerald Kennedy
Years: 1969-1973
College(s): Highline Community College, UW
Degrees: AA degree from Highline Community College, 1975, BA in Psych. UW 1977. Juris Doctor, UW, 1983
Majors: Psych, Doctor of Law
Career: Prelaw school I did various things, sold synthesizers and gave lessons at a music store/studio, worked as an outdoor recreation planner for the Dept. of the Interior, wrote civil service tests for the State of Washington, sold jeans at a clothing store. During law school I worked for dad my first summer, worked for a small firm with a big name (Ziontz, Pirtle, Ernstoff, Morrisette and Chestnut) my second summer and a bit during the year and clerked for the Washington State AG's office during my third year. After graduation, I worked for the AG's Corrections division representing the Dept of Corrections and Parole Board until early 1985, worked for dad until early 1987 and worked for Preston, Thorgrimson, Ellis and Holman (several mergers later known as K&L Gates) until 2010. In 2010 I was appointed as a US Bankruptcy Judge for the Western District of Washington.

Name: Jeannette Barreca
Birth Date: 4/8/1957
Grade School: St Francis
Years: 1963-1971
High School: John Fitzgerald Kennedy
Years: 1971-1974
College(s): Highline Community College 1974-1975; WSU 1975-1979; WWU 1979-1982
Degrees: GED from Highline Community College 1975, BS, MS
Majors: Biology, Applied Biology
Career: Fisheries Biologist at Dept. of Fisheries, Environmental Planner at WA State Dept of Ecology

Name: Rosalie Barreca
Birth Date: 8/31/1958
Grade School: St Francis
Years: 1964-1972
High School: John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Highline High School
Years: 1972-1974, 1974-1976
College(s): University of Washington, 1976-1977, Washington State University 1977-1979
Degrees: BA, WSU 1979
Majors: Fine Art, English
Career: Artist, Landscape Design and Maintenance

Spiritual Maturity

In this chapter of Joseph Barreca Senior's life we are concentrating on a temporal period of 1975 to 1994. But the evolution of his spiritual life had begun many years earlier and continues. Although the telling of it will include many of the most important events in his inner life, the documentation is thin. We do have some sporadic journal entries from the years 1971 through 2012, the bulk of the journal is in 2012, after his wife, Evelyn, passed away and will be treated later. Most years' entries involve a few days around New Years and a recap of some significant events in the previous year.

These 20 years are the whole lifetime to that point of his youngest granddaughter, April Barreca, born April 3rd 1976. But they are only a tenth of the life of our nation, born July 4th 1776. Yet these two arenas of activity, the situation of the family and the situation of the country give us a look at the kinds of things that were on his mind in those years. Additionally we need to consider the huge changes that were taking place within the Catholic Church itself. That an institution whose work includes providing emotional and ethical stability to the lives of its members began to reassess its priorities in an already tumultuous world, was profoundly disturbing to many of its members.



If we look around at the lives of the Barreca children in the late 70's we find almost all of them paired up with a significant other and yet only one of those couples remains together now, 40 years later. To Joseph and Evelyn Barreca, these were stressful times. Their unbridled optimism that things would turn out alright was founded on faith; faith in the Catholic Church, faith in their country, faith they shared their Christian friends and faith in the word of God as found in the Bible. If you judge by the results, their faith was rewarded. All of their children are living healthy, productive lives with significant others who share their happiness. But none of their children share the same beliefs that guided their parents. The same beliefs that promise eternal happiness to Joseph and Evelyn Barreca, predict no salvation for most of their children. So some stress will always be there.



John F. Kennedy

What we see in this period are cycles of renewal and an ever-changing array of business, family and world events that challenge faith. The exact day-to-day events are lost in time, but the overall arc of progress that fits into the changing times is well-documented. So this chapter will mix known specific events with general patterns for periods of time.

Let's begin with some notes about the 1960s. I'm tempted to quote Dickens Tale of Two Cities, "It was the best of times. It was the worst of times." There were a lot of things going on in the United States. In 1960 John Kennedy was elected president. He was the first Catholic ever to serve as President and a source of pride for Catholics. A new Catholic high school near our house was named "John F. Kennedy Catholic High School". Anita, Marc, Jeannette and Rosalie

all attended school there. 3 years later Kennedy was assassinated.

Kennedy started the United States on a race to the moon against the Soviet Union. During the decade the Mercury, Gemini, Mariner, Apollo and Voyager space programs came out of that venture. The United States landed men on the moon 4 times. It was another source of great pride. Cape Canaveral became home to the Kennedy Space Center.

Kennedy was also the first president to get the United States involved in the war in Vietnam, which became a huge fiasco that divided the country more vehemently than any event since the Civil War. It continued to escalate throughout the decade and was not concluded until 1972. It was also a source of division within the Barreca family. As veterans, both Joseph Senior and Evelyn Barreca felt that any war the United States engaged in was just and winnable. Upon leaving office, President Dwight Eisenhower warned of the "Military Industrial Complex". The Barreca children became appalled by the horrific toll the war took in human life, the environment and the US budget. Both Joe and John were given draft numbers and barely escaped being sent into the carnage.

In the midst of that external struggle, the plight of Black Americans, especially in the South, became another cause that divided the nation. Martin Luther King Jr. delivered his "I Have a Dream" on August 28, 1963 to over a quarter of a million people in Washington D.C. Every year more people were killed in non-violent protests just for being Black or being White sympathizers. Malcom X, Martin Luther King himself and many other leaders of the Civil Rights movement were killed, beaten or illegally jailed throughout the decade. In 1965 a Catholic worker burned himself to death in protest over the war, just as many Buddhist monks had burned themselves in protest of the war in Vietnam. By 1967 Martin Luther King himself was protesting the war as well as fighting for civil rights.



1 Martin Luther King Jr

As a white man raised in St Louis Missouri, Joseph Barreca Sr. would have also struggled with how Black people should be treated. He was not alone. The Catholic Church was looking for more contemporary teachings on the role of the faithful. In 1959 Pope John the XXIII had announced that a new Vatican Council was needed, something that had not happened in 100 years. It took another 3 years before the first of four sessions were held. "Over three years, from 1962 to 1965, some 2,800 bishops from 116 countries produced 16 documents that set the Roman Catholic Church's course for the future. Its proceedings were closely followed in the media, bringing the church into the homes of hundreds of millions of ordinary Catholics on nearly a daily basis." ¹

¹ Opening the Church to the World, By JOHN W. O'MALLEY, SJ, OCT. 10, 2012



Pope John the XXIII

Before the council, Catholics were not only forbidden to pray with those of other faiths but also indoctrinated into a disdain or even contempt for them. (This was, of course, a two-way street.) Now, for the first time, Catholics were encouraged to foster friendly relations with Orthodox and Protestant Christians, as well as Jews and Muslims, and even to pray with them. The council condemned all forms of anti-Semitism and insisted on respect for Judaism and Islam as Abrahamic faiths, like Christianity.²

The Vatican Council had impetus from a renewal movement that had started in Majorca, Spain in the early 1940s.³ The Cursillo movements spirit of "ultreya" (onward) is rooted in the traditional pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James at Compostela. The pilgrimage itself arose from a dissatisfaction with spiritual lukewarmness. *Church renewal, spiritual renewal, pastoral renewal, the pilgrim style, a pastoral plan, teamwork among leaders - the Cursillo Movement grew out of all this. At first the Cursillos were just "little courses" (little course is the literal meaning of the Spanish word - Cursillo) which were given by the young men's branch of Catholic Action. They were given to members of Catholic Action groups as a means of formation to develop effective apostles.⁴* The movement spread to Texas in 1960 and for the first time was taught in English in 1961. By 1965 it had spread throughout the United States. That is when Joseph Barreca first attended a Cursillo weekend and became involved in the movement.

The 1960s were an era of shifting perceptions and values. The assertion that not all wars were justified and that the United States was not perfect was a discussion within the family between parents and children. The revelations about injustice done to minorities were more obvious and accepted by the whole family. Permutations of the civil rights movement involving the Muslim Minister, Malcolm X and the Black Panthers were not so easily approved. But when both John and Joe Jr. drifted away from the Catholic Church, Joe Sr. and Evelyn no doubt thought that not only were their lives in danger from being drafted into the war, but that their souls were in danger too.

The Cursillo Movement provided an antidote to uncertainty about the truths of the Church vs. other denominations, about Christians vs. Muslims, about the government vs. human rights. It strove to create leaders who would "leaven their environments with the Gospel."⁵ It had other elements that fit Joseph Senior's personality well; the fellowship of other men, the teamwork, singing *De Colores*, a traditional folk song and proclaiming the Gospel.⁶ This becomes a consistent theme in the journey toward spiritual maturity for him. In the face of conflicting directions, he tried to find the best thing to do and the best people to do it with. With this knowledge and support at his back he had confident optimism that everything would turn out for the best.

In the 1970s many things did turn out well for the Barreca family. Joe Jr. had just graduated from college, followed in 1971 by John who went on to get a masters degree in nuclear engineering from the University of Washington two years later. The war in Vietnam was winding down and neither boy was drafted. The rest of the children were in Catholic schools and doing well. As Joe Senior noted in his diary Judge Sid Volin was promoting Chapter XIII. The office employed Jeff Barreca, Eleanor Campbell,

² Ibid

³ The Cursillo Movement-What is it?, National Secretariat, Dallas, TX

⁴ Ibid

⁵ Ibid

⁶ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/De_Colores

Harriet Dean and Bob Holley. The incorporation papers for the National Association of Chapter Thirteen Trustees had been filed.⁷ The first issue of the NACTT Quarterly was just back from the printers. It included cartoons by Joe Jr's friend, Ted Richards. The Chapter XIII Trustee's Christmas party was held at the Windjammer restaurant. Mary Beth Cambron came to Seattle with her new husband, Jerry Feldman, and was staying with the Barreca's for the holidays.

But there was also a lot to worry about. Joe Jr. was in San Francisco, the heart of the Hippy nation. John did not make it to Christmas Mass. John went skiing with the Hiyu Coolee Hiking Club. and presumably his future wife Marilyn Kays rather than go to Christmas Mass. 1972 brought more trouble. Joseph Barreca, Evelyn and Rosalie were in the family car when it was hit head on in an auto accident that left Evelyn and Rosalie with permanent injuries to their necks. The Chapter XIII trusteeship that was the pride of the Barreca law office was taken away because of over-zealous accusations of nepotism by Tony Johnson, a CPA . In 1976, Joseph Barreca's father died in Saint Louis.

The United States had its own set of problems. It was losing the war in Vietnam. (1972) The



Richard Nixon

Watergate scandal (1971) would eventually drive Richard Nixon from office. School busing was an issue in the South (1971) and the Native American uprising at Wounded Knee was an issue in the North (1972). The Roe vs Wade decision (1973) pitted the legal rights of women against the religious beliefs of many Americans, including those in the Catholic Church. The first energy crisis (1973-1980) gave rise to groups such as Citizens for a Solar Washington, of which Joe Jr. was a member, but industry was slow to respond and no significant solutions were adopted.

These things did not weigh Joe Senior down for long. The law office continued to thrive even without the trusteeship.

One of the recommendations of the Vatican Council was to pray with people of other faiths and this opened up a whole new life of the spirit for Joseph and Evelyn Barreca. With this advice, Joseph and Evelyn Barreca attended some Charismatic and Pentecostal Churches near them. *Comprising over 700 denominations and a large number of independent churches, there is no central authority governing Pentecostalism;*⁸ With so many denominations, Pentecostal churches fit well into the Vatican II prescription to honor all Abrahamic faiths. It also fit well into a felt need for a more dynamic experience from worship services. A hallmark of Pentecostal churches is speaking in tongues.

*"Pentecostal churches stress the importance of conversions that amount to a Baptism in the Spirit. This fills the believer with the Holy Spirit, which gives the believer the strength to live a truly Christian life. The direct experience of God is revealed by gifts of the Spirit such as speaking in tongues, prophecy and healing."*⁹

Evelyn received the gift of speaking in tongues at one such service and it proved to be a pivotal experience in her life and that of her husband. To be clear, Pentecostals do not believe that people speaking in tongues have suddenly learned another human language. *"This type of tongue speaking forms*

⁷ Joseph Barreca Journal, Page 1, December 26, 1971

⁸ http://www.bbc.co.uk/religion/religions/christianity/subdivisions/pentecostal_1.shtml

⁹ Ibid

an important part of many Pentecostals' personal daily devotions. When used in this way, it is referred to as a "prayer language" as the believer is speaking unknown languages not for the purpose of communicating with others but for "communication between the soul and God".¹⁰

Being Baptized in the Spirit came with some primary beliefs that were not central to Catholicism. *"Pentecostals believe that faith must be powerfully experiential, and not something found merely through ritual or thinking. Pentecostalism is energetic and dynamic. Its members believe they are driven by the power of God moving within them."¹¹ "Pentecostalism is not a church in itself, but a movement that includes many different churches. It is also a movement of renewal or revival within other denominations".¹² "Although Pentecostalism is often said to be rooted in experience rather than theology, Pentecostals base their theology on the text of the Bible which they believe to be the word of God and totally without error."¹³*



The Apostolic Faith Mission on Azusa Street, L.A. now considered to be the birthplace of Pentecostalism.

These added beliefs did not conflict directly with Catholicism. *"For the first 60 years of the 20th century, Pentecostalism was largely confined to specifically Pentecostal denominations, but in the 1960s Pentecostal ideas became a source of renewal in other Protestant churches, and this extended to some Roman Catholic churches shortly afterwards."¹⁴*

Fundamental Pentecostal beliefs are primarily that salvation can be attained and felt directly through not only Baptism of Water but more importantly Baptism of the Spirit especially when expressed by speaking in tongues and that the Bible is without error. But they go beyond that to innumerate the "Gifts of the Spirit" to include love, prophecy, healing, wise speech, faith, miraculous powers and ecstatic speech. There are other "Ordinances", which like sacraments are outward signs of inward reality. Those include foot washing, prayer cloths and mutual aid between members of a congregation. A major contrast with Catholicism is that there is little to no hierarchy in Pentecostal Churches.¹⁵

The 1970s saw the United States and particularly the Seattle area emerge as a leading source of technology and science. Both Microsoft and Apple Computer were formed in 1976. The Viking Lander arrived on Mars and the first personal computer, a Commodore PET, came to market. Claiming that there are no errors in the Bible flies in the face of scientific fact. The seven day creation story leads some

¹⁰Robeck, Jr., Cecil M. (Fall 2003), "An Emerging Magisterium? The Case of the Assemblies of God", *Pneuma: The Journal of the Society for Pentecostal Studies*, 25 (2): 164–215.

¹¹ http://www.bbc.co.uk/religion/religions/christianity/subdivisions/pentecostal_1.shtml

¹² Ibid

¹³ Ibid

¹⁴ http://www.bbc.co.uk/religion/religions/christianity/subdivisions/pentecostal_1.shtml

¹⁵ Ibid

to deny evolution, the principles of geology and astrophysics. While Joseph and Evelyn Barreca never professed to take that part of the Bible literally, they did begin to attend Bible study sessions with groups of their friends. That practice continued for years to come and was a major part of their social life.

Another part of charismatic church belief is in faith healing. While some churches took that to the extreme of refusing traditional medicine, the Barreacas did not. But they did find faith healing to be a good first choice for health issues. Joseph was cured of bronchial problems in 1978 through prayer and laying on of hands by Silvano Garcia and Mike Gill. And in fact the health benefits of religious faith can be scientifically demonstrated.

service attendance has a significant and sizable protective effect on mortality, such that mortality is reduced by 30-35 percent, and that healthy behaviors (particularly moderate physical activity) seem to mediate approximately 30 percent of that protective effect and social integration and support marginally mediating the protective effect (Musik et al., 2004)¹⁶.

It is not unreasonable to agree with him when Joseph Barreca thanks God for his longevity.

On May 18th, 1980 Mt Saint Helens erupted in the deadliest and most economically destructive volcanic event in the history of the United States.¹⁷ Joe and Evelyn Barreca were caught in the ash cloud on their way home from a visit to Joe Jr. in Ferry County, Washington. Joseph Barreca Senior wrote the following account of the event in 2004.



Mt Saint Helens

It was a bright Sunday morning and we were visiting our oldest son in Republic, Washington, near Lake Curlew. We went to early Mass at 9 am and heard two loud booms. We, Evelyn and I, thought it was a contractor using dynamite to blast out a hard spot.

After leisurely having donuts and coffee, we started going south - planning to visit Evelyn's brother's family in Moses Lake. I saw a small black cloud way off to the southwest in the sky. I thought it might be a storm that would blow away. As we kept traveling south on Highway 21 toward Wilbur the cloud kept getting bigger and darker. We tried to get something on the radio but couldn't. We pulled into a gas station at Wilbur but the attendant was too busy with a high powered water hose trying to chase a swarm of bees out of the station house -I, myself, must have been disoriented because I found myself going away from the approaching cloud and darkness toward Davenport when we intended to hit I-90 and go on to Moses Lake to visit Clifford, Evelyn's brother, and family. We were a long way toward Spokane when I realized we were going in the wrong direction. We turned around and the blackness was on us. It felt eerie -dust like fine snow was coming down and some cars were pulling off the road. On the outskirts of Wilbur we saw a motel and pulled in. No one knew what was coming so we booked the last room. They had radio contact with Spokane and finally a Spokane radio station announced that a volcano had erupted at Mount St. Helens and the black dust was going east. We called Clifford in Moses Lake and he told us not to go there because they were socked in and no one was to move out of their house. All traffic was stopped and it was black outside and the ash was harmful to breathe.

¹⁶ Musik, M.A., House, J.S. &Williams, D.R. (2004). Attendance at religious services and mortality in a national sample. *Journal of Health and Social Behavior*, 45,198-213.

¹⁷ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mount_St._Helens

I had to be back in Seattle for court hearings on Monday morning so I tried to call the highway department but was unsuccessful. The motel manager contacted the local constable and I learned that I could leave right away and go north to Omak. We started off with volcano ash flying beside us and behind us and I knew that it could ruin my engine if it got into the oil. I could barely see the road with my headlights on and I didn't have enough gas to go over the North Cascades. I had called my daughter, Anita, to see how Seattle was affected but she was not even aware of the black cloud. Omak and Okanogan had all gone to bed. Nothing was lit. No gas stations expected traffic going over the North Cascades on a late Sunday night. When we got to Twisp, I saw a light in a building behind a darkened gas station and I stopped and knocked on the door of a garage. Someone working on a car opened and I asked for just five gallons of gasoline. Evelyn and I were praying all the way from Wilbur. Gas was being rationed at this time but the mechanic had pity on us and agreed to open up and pump in five gallons of gas. We drove over the North Cascades and got into Seattle at 4 am on Monday morning. I made it to the court hearings but my deluxe Datsun 610 was ruined even though I changed the oil the next day.

The Big Black Cloud not only affected eastern Washington but blasted high into the stratosphere and around the world. I still remember this fine ash -the eerie calm like a snow storm and the still, quiet darkness that changed a sunshiny Sunday afternoon into a mysterious darkness. Only later did we remember the booms we heard in Republic at 9 am, Sunday, 5/18/80.

A year later, Joe Jr. married Marie Dickinson in Rose Valley, an event attended by the whole family. Later that same year, Joe Jr. bought a Kaypro II, a portable personal computer that came equipped with software for word processing, a spreadsheet and a database, dBase II with financial assistance from Joe Sr. As a way to repay the debt and learn the software, Joe Sr. hired Joe Jr. to program a billing system for his legal office. That project went on for the winter of 1981 to the spring of 1982. In the end, Joe Sr. found the data entry required to maintain a digital billing system was too tedious and did not adopt the system. Joe Jr. went back to Rose Valley, Ferry County, Washington and moved to Stevens County in 1984. But his experience using and teaching computer skills landed him a job in the Stevens County Assessor's Office, a position he held for the next 10 years in which he transformed the office from a manual records system to a completely digital one, a system that the office used gladly until 2003. So Joe Seniors assistance led to a career that sustains his son to this day.

In 1980 under president Carter the US supported the mujahedeen in its fight against Russian invaders of Afghanistan and resumed the military draft to supply troops.¹⁸ Later in 1980 the United States voted in Ronald Reagan as president. In 1981 it suffered a severe recession and what would later be called the Iran-Contra scandal was initiated. In 1982 Democrats regained a majority in the House of Representatives. In 1984 the White House and the Vatican under Pope John Paul II re-established relations after a lapse of 26 Years. It was also the year that the AIDs virus was first identified and the Soviet union boycotted the Olympics. Reagan was elected to second term. Two years later, in November 1986, the Lebanese magazine Ash-Shiraa reported that the United States has been selling weapons to Iran in secret, in order to secure the release of 7 American hostages held by pro-Iranian groups in Lebanon.¹⁹ Thus began the Iran-Contra affair and signaled the end of the Reagan era. In 1988 George Herbert Walker bush was elected president. It was another tumultuous decade for America Politics.



Ronald Reagan

¹⁸ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Soviet%E2%80%93Afghan_War

¹⁹ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/1986_in_the_United_States

By 1988 the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America become largest Lutheran denomination.²⁰ The spread of the Evangelical spirit also affected Joe and Evelyn Barreca. Joe was introduced to a non-denominational organization of businessmen who met outside of churches and brought their religions into the streets. Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International (FGBMFI) was founded in 1951 in Los Angeles by Demos Shakarian, a California rancher.²¹ Following a difficult start (for a year nothing happened to the original group that met weekly), then a donation of \$1000 was given to start a small publication titled Full Gospel Business Men's VOICE, it grew steadily, the second chapter was in Phoenix, Arizona, and after a few years chapters were set up throughout the world.²² In 1972, the membership is 300,000.²³ In 1988, there were 3,000 chapters in 90 countries.



Demos Shakarian

Shakarian's driving vision started with a view of millions of men who were dead to the world. Then it changed *"This time heads were raised. Eyes shone with joy. Hands were lifted towards heaven. These men who had been so isolated, each in his prison of self, were linked in a community of love and adoration. Asia. Africa. America – everywhere death had turned to life. And then the vision was over."* God gave the Fellowship – through Demos Shakarian – the mission to call men back to God!²⁴

Through the Full Gospel Businessmen Barreca met many men who were and continue to be huge influences on him. One whether directly or indirectly was Don Ostrom. As a young man Ostrom left the United States for Manila in the Philippines. Although neither he nor his wife spoke Spanish on arrival, they stayed 3 years and started a church in Mindanao. 500 churches grew out of that one little church. His father's death and a need to manage the family business forced Ostrom to return to Seattle. In Seattle he became the president of the Full Gospel chapter. His enthusiasm for taking his message to foreign lands never left.

A favorite quote from Ostrom is “How many of you men own a suitcase? (Everyone raises their hand.) How many of you men have a passport? (Just a few hands go up) OK. You men that don’t have a passport, get one because we are going to the nations.” This was the FGBMFI "airlift" movement. Ostrom went to 50 nations with his men and message about the Bible.

In 1982 Joseph Barreca went on an airlift to the Philippines with Ben Torres, another Full Gospel Businessman who became a lifelong friend. It was another life-changing experience. His Full Gospel friends became a regular part of his life. During the winter of 1982-1983 Joe Sr.'s son Joe Jr. and his new wife Marie and their boy Eli stayed with him at the house in Seahurst. Joe Jr. was learning computer skills with one of the first personal computers by programming a billing system for the law office. Once a week he and Joe Sr. would go to the Washington Athletic Club after attending Catholic Mass at St James Cathedral early in the morning for a breakfast meeting with members of the FGBMFI.

²⁰ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Evangelical_Lutheran_Church_in_America

²¹ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Full_Gospel_Business_Men%27s_Fellowship_International#cite_note-Heino1997-1

²² https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Full_Gospel_Business_Men%27s_Fellowship_International#cite_note-2

²³ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Full_Gospel_Business_Men%27s_Fellowship_International#cite_note-3

²⁴ http://fgbmfi.org/about-q10002-Our_Mission.aspx

Another businessman, Bob Bignold, was inspired by Don Ostrom and the airlift movement. In 1986 Barreca went to Japan with Bignold and a crew of businessmen. His favorite accomplishment from that trip was meeting a Catholic priest and pastor of a parish there and discovering that the priest had never met the pastor of a local protestant parish. He took it upon himself to get the two together and have them combine efforts in promoting Christianity.



Bob Bignold

"1986 was a great year. Evelyn and I went with Bob Bignold to Japan on a Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship International Airlift. Tokyo, bullet train to Osaka, Daishi Hotel, subway to Otsu, Kyoto, Kobe January 24 to Feb 8. Brought Pastor Eiichie Haumosaki, Otsu Baptist Church and Father Peter together and met spirit-filled retired Catholic Bishop Kofyashi and Fr. Jean Pencrech at Suma Parish in Kobe. Stayed there overnight as his guest."²⁵

And exciting upcoming event for 1889 was a trip to Mexico. *"I've been asked to head up the Kairos 1990 Spring Session (a Cursillo program of ministry to prisons) and Monroe by Earl Payne - but I deferred until after this year because of prior commitment to Fr. Wallace to head up the St. Francis contingent to help on a work project in Oaxaca or Mexico city with the Northwest Medical Team as did Deacon Glen Clifton and wife and 3 other couples from St Rose Parish, Longview Washington."²⁶*

The team ended up being Joe Barreca Sr. and Jr., druggist Joe and Diana Jovanovich, Tom and Gail Enright and some others. We were originally scheduled to help build a Health Clinic and Joe Jr.'s experience building with a chain saw was deemed an asset. But the job ended up being completing a water line from abandoned gold mines in the mountains to the village of San José Contreras de las Peñoles, at 6500 feet in the mountains west of Oaxaca. Its population is today listed as over 300 people. There were probably fewer in 1989.

It was an Indian village and the gold mines developed by the Spanish were the source of water we were supplying to the village. These Mixtec Indians were very gracious to the group that Hector Martinez from Manos de Ayuda (Helping Hands) led to the village. In the village, Augustine Perez Pacheco led the combination of native and American workers to the work site each day. He also kept us safe from a scorpion in the sleeping hall and poisonous snakes on the pipeline. The NW Medical team would make breakfasts on camp stoves with pancake mixes that the whole village would line up for. The Indians would make tamales for the team cooked in pottery over an open fire. Their open-air kuchinas (kitchens) were very smoky and some recent improvement programs have focused on building stoves with pipes to save the women's lungs.

Joe Jr. was 42 at the time and Joe Sr. was 67. The villagers called him "El Anchino", the ancient one, and called Joe Jr. Señor. I suppose Joe Jovanovich would have been an "Anchino" too. It was good that Joe Jr. spoke some Spanish. Actually the Indians spoke Spanish as a second language, so they were on about the same footing there. Hector Martinez spoke English, Mixtec and Spanish, so he was

²⁵ Joseph Barreca Journal scan 15, 1/4/1987

²⁶ Joseph Barreca Journal scan 18, 1/2/1989

indispensible. Besides breakfasts, Joe Jovanovich was very popular handing out some pills for various ailments that the villagers would line up to tell him about each morning.



NW Medial Team in Oaxaca

Together the 3 men named "José" had fun claiming that each was " José numero uno". Joe Sr. had conceived of the trip as being like a Full Gospel airlift and asked Joe Jr. to prepare a testimony of what inspired the trip. The trip ended up being more like a tourist vacation. We visited Monte Alban, a nearby Zapoteca temple. Joe Jr. bought some gifts but was out of pesos when he met a local farmer at a building on the outskirts of the site. The farmer had a small clay face of a household god that he found plowing up his field and wanted to sell. Since Joe Jr. was out of money, the farmer was willing to trade it for the blue work shirt that Joe was wearing. Dickering for goods was standard practice in Mexico. When you don't have a lot of money, it does not seem like extortion to spread what you do have over many deals.

The small village the team worked at had an air field where the Catholic Bishop flew in once a year. But the people were mostly protestant and they would not drink alcohol or even play music. The NW Medical team however was under no such restrictions and Joseph Barreca Sr. sang songs like "I went to the Animal Fair" while Joe Jr. played along on his harmonica or a washtub bass he constructed on site.

In Oaxaca, as with almost every Mexican town, the cathedral or local church was the centerpiece of architecture and civic pride. Adorned with stained glass windows outside and paintings inside, there were always fresh flowers, mainly Lilies of the Valley. So the smell of votive candles and flowers added to the ambience. Some urban cafes where the team at offered a veranda overlooking the town square and had live music.

Joe Sr. was outgoing with local people and seemed to get by with a mixture of Italian and some Spanish.

One night an artist entertained people in the town square by spray painting pictures of planets and other scenes on pieces of wood that he would then sell. The Joe Barreca's met him again the next morning in a local cafe and expressed their appreciation of his work although they had not really bought any of it. The trip created life-long memories for both father and son. If you multiply that experience by the many airlifts and other travels to Europe and the Holy Land that Joseph Sr. went on with Evelyn, it adds up to a rich and memorable time.

A look at the regular events that Joe Sr. and sometimes Evelyn shared as recounted in the journal entries made in 1987 and 1989 gives us a window into what must have been going on all year.

Evelyn and I spent New Year's Eve celebrating with snacks and songs and prayers at Mary and Jim Crowley's with Archie and Clare (Quinette), Andy and Mary Goffats, Angie Martinello, and the Garcias -Sylviano and Lorry.

Evelyn and I went to the FGBMFI Banquet at Lynnwood last night and heard Dario Roybak - born in Tried, Italy and now in San Pablo, California - my guests were Wayne and Joan Reismauer, John Quigely and Evelyn Beher and guest Andy Metz. I made the call for the offering Pu 308 - Mal 3 v 10 and Luke 6 v 38 after opening with prayer, I prayed for oman's eyes ...

We went to the 11 (o'clock mass) and Father Jim Lee put on skit of one of the wise men reminiscing after 30 years of what he saw - the star and now wondering as the spirit leads - he played like an old man in a rocking chair and blanket.

We all - Evelyn, Fern St. Pierre, Dave Compian, Elizabeth Desimon, Angie Martinello and Elizabeth Tugiolli - had donuts and coffee at Unity Place.²⁷

John Quigley came over early, before mass to give me his testamony - He will speak on Jan 19, 1987 at 6:30 PM Men's meeting - at the Pavillian 180th and South Center Way.²⁸

... I've been first Vice President of the Greater Seattle Chapter of the Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship International (FGBMFI) for three years, went to Japan on an airlift in 1986 - met Fr Jean Penchech in Sumo Parish Kobe Japan and then he came to our house and went to France (Brittany Area) as interpreter on our FGBMFI airlift in 1987 after Easter. 18 of us, Paul and Jeanne Quелlette, Jim and Jeanne Schletzer Fred and Joyce Docylain, Fred and Carol Schrader, Sid Jones, Bruce Allen, Rich Hanson, Br. Irwin, Fr. Vince, Fr. Panchech, Glen Lyden and Roberto Xavier.

I've been coordinator for the Southend's Men's Meeting at the Sandstone Inn upper Rooms - third Monday of Month - Core Group Meeting - Shaley's 2nd Monday. We've had the airlift teams to Russia and to Japan give testimonies. Les Fatchko, Tom Olmstead and on Jan 19th, 1989 - Stan Altaras.

Richard and Sara Michalski will be out speakers at the Family Banquet January 6th (Hyatt House and January 7th Landmark, Russia Aflame with Revival. Then Ike Coroama, a dynamic speaker who is of Jewish descent and escaped out of Romania on February 3 & 4...

Evelyn and I are following up with Bible discussions on alternate Tuesdays at the home of Len and Marilyn Grove - with Keith and Kathy Sterling, Anita and Paul Higgins, and Perry and Gert Townsend - after 1988 Renew Sessions.²⁹

to talk - ec 9 - Jan 1989
I've been 1st V. President of the Greater Seattle Chapter of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International (FGBMFI) for three years - went to Japan as a lift in 1986 - met Fr Jean Penchech in Sumo Parish Kobe Japan & then he came to our house & went to

As the 1980's ended conflicts continued in the United States. In 1989 300,000 protestors rallied to support abortion rights. but later that year the Supreme Court gave States the right to restrict abortions. Colin Powell became the first Black Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The Berlin wall came down. The War on Drugs expanded. Jim Bakker was convicted of fraud and the Exxon Valdez spilled 10.8 million gallons of crude oil in Prince William Sound.

As the 1990's began, President Bush met with 17 nations to discuss Global Warming. A recession hit the United State and the Gulf War began in Kuwait. The beating of Rodney King sparked race riots in los Angeles. Pat Buchanan claimed that there is a religious war in America. The World

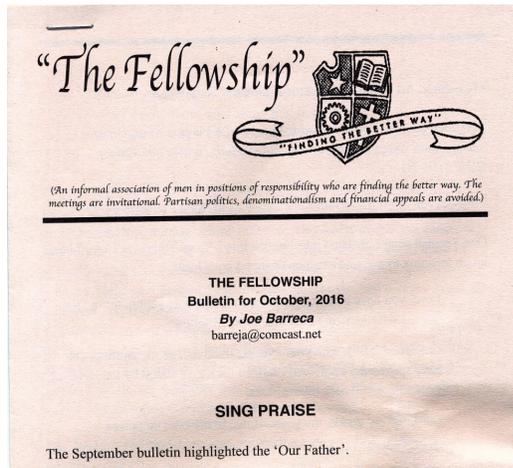
²⁷ Joseph Barreca's Journal, 017.JPG, 1/4/1987

²⁸ Joseph Barreca's Journal, 018.JPG, 1/4/1987

²⁹ Joseph Barreca's Journal, 022.JPG, 1/2/1989

Trade Center was bombed. The Branch Davidian Standoff ended in a fire that killed 76 people. and the Unabomber targeted a Jewish computer scientist.

In a more positive light more than 150 religious and spiritual leaders from around the world attended the 1993 Parliament of the World's Religions in Chicago and the "Information Super Highway" became widely available to the public.



Article "Sing Praise" by Joseph Barreca

On the family scene, Marc Barreca began to work for Preston, Thorgrimson, Ellis and Holman which later became Preston, Gates and Ellis (including Bill Gates' father, William H. Gates), a very prestigious law firm in Seattle's Columbia Center Building. Joe Jr. and Cheryl attended a Barreca Christmas in Seahurst. There was a huge Barreca Family reunion at Lake Tahoe for Rose Michelle Rumball-Peter's wedding to Ted Stout. In 1991, Joe and Evelyn celebrated their 45th wedding anniversary and attended Evelyn's 55 High School reunion in Eagle Valley, Oregon. Emily Barreca was born (1992). Jeff and Kathy Kroening got together (1993) and he joined a brokerage firm in Seattle (1994). Add to these events several trips and the 1990's were good times for the family.

In January 1990, Joseph Barreca Senior wrote: "*This was my last year as an officer of the Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship International. Mom asked me to back off and I did...*"³⁰ It was by no means the end of his relationship with Bob Bignold or the FGBMFI. But that organization was itself undergoing a profound change.

In 1993 FGBMFI suffered a split when Richard Shakarian took over the organization after his father's passing. One of those early groups that split encouraged other Chapters to leave and formed "IFCB". After Demos' death, several FGBMFI leaders who objected to Richard's leadership seceded and formed Business Mens Fellowship (BMF), which received its first financial contribution (\$1,000) from Rose Shakarian, Demos Shakarian's widow. FGBMFI lost its tax exempt status due to failure to disclose its financial transactions.

Bob Bignold went on to become president of National President of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship in America and Joe Senior continued and continues to meet with that group even though Bob Bignold passed away in 2016.

Over this period of 20 years, Joseph Barreca along with his wife Evelyn broadened and deepened their religious depth and commitment. No longer just Catholics or Evangelicals, they embraced a truly ecumenical understanding of the world. That union in Faith and Love strengthened them for the good times and hard times that would follow. He continues to write for religious publications, sing praise and testify his faith to this day.

³⁰ Joseph Barreca's Journal, 026.JPG, 1/1/1990