

Married Life

Our married life started out with very little. I was still technically in the navy for another couple of months. Angagh was teaching at Washington High, where we both went to school. The first three weeks we lived in a brand new Motel on La Brea Blvd not too far from her parents home. We had quite a few dinners there while the family got used to me. They were so easy to like that I had no problems, then, or ever during all of our married life. Harriett was a particular "Buddy" of mine. I got the pleasure of watching her grow up, which was something I didn't get to watch with my own sister. She was eleven, going on twenty, at the time. At first, she ran everywhere. Her Father would say "Don't run Monkey", but she was always in a hurry. There was a large mirror in the entree hall and gradually Harriett would slow down to see how she looked. As the years went by, she spent more time looking in the mirror, with good reason. She was getting to be more and more a very pretty girl. Betty, her next older sister was always, as my Dad said "One of the most beautiful people I have ever seen!" I have to agree. I never met the next sister, Peggy until after Angagh and I were engaged. By this time, she and Bill had been married for some time and had a little cutey of a daughter named Peggyanne. They were living in Richmond at the time while Bill was going to the University to get his Masters in Public Health.

After three weeks of living in the Motel, we got an apartment in San Pedro at a government complex called Banning Homes. Our "Apartment" consisted of just one room about twenty feet long by twelve feet wide. Our kitchen and bath were in the back four feet. We had a two burner gas stove, an 'ice box' under the stove a small sink and a shower in the bathroom along with the toilet. Our living room was also the bedroom. We had two single beds, (we only used one) a dresser, table and two chairs. Our night stand was made up of our suitcases stacked on top of one another and covered with so material. The walls of the apartment were almost paper thin and we could hear everything the neighbors behind us were saying. I remember one night when I thought murder was being committed, but it was only LOVE

We purchased an 'automobile' one day. \$500.00 dollars for a car that was 14 years old. It was a 1934 Ford. Living where we did, we needed some transportation, if that car could be called transportation. My first real 'Points' with my bride was one day when she had to go to downtown Los Angeles for something. In her travels, the battery went dead. She took a chance to call me at Banning Homes, and I just happened to be in the laundry room at the end of the building. She asked me to come and get her. I said "O K., I'll be there in a few hours" I had to take a bus to Wilmington, transfer to the Pacific Electric Streetcar and go to Los Angeles, take a bus to where she was waiting. I brought a coat for her and she was so surprised, that I would think of it, that she has never forgotten it.

Shortly after we moved into Banning Homes, I got a job working for U. S. Rubber Co. in Torrance, The plant made synthetic rubber. My first job there was to clean out the drying ovens. Then, I got the job of packing bales of rubber. Every thirty seconds a seventy-five pound block of rubber came out of the oven. It was sprayed with talc and then slid down into a bag which I had to get ready. Then I had to tape it with paper tape and stack it on a flat. That meant that every eight hour shift, I handled 36 ton of rubber. I did that until I got a call from Eastman Kodak.

On the 11th of March in 1946, I started working for Kodak for what was to be over thirty-one years. Before that, we moved to another housing area call Avalon Village. It was while living there that I got the job with Kodak and the following January, we had our first child.

Shortly before the baby was expected, we went to Angagh's parents house to be closer to the hospital when the time came. I didn't know that there was a different phone number at the lab for night calls, so when they took Angagh to the hospital, I didn't know about it. Betty came over to the lab in a cab and got me. We got to the hospital and Angagh's mother was there. Angagh was in the delivery room and because of an outbreak of infant diarrhea, I ~~was called down to the intern~~ ~~in the waiting room for some time and then they called me down to the intern~~

I couldn't go to the delivery room. We waited for some time and then they called down that I had a son. James Harry Mackellar was a healthy boy, but because of his size, his Mother was torn quite a bit. The doctor said he would like to talk to me, but because of other patients, he never got to see me until nearly eleven that night. Angagh spent nine days in the hospital and then came home to her folks home. The first night there, I asked her mother for an alarm clock so I could wake up to give Jim his two o'clock feeding. She laughed and laughed and said that Jim was the alarm clock. He would let me know when the time came. How true!

The next few years were happy ones even though money was a very scarce commodity. We moved into Grace and Boyce Jansens house for a while, when they were on vacation in Australia and on the day they got home, we went to our new apartment in North Hollywood. Our Ford decided to break down that day also. Fortunately, a bus went right passed our front door and took me to the Train station in North Hollywood. It was while living there, that we found that we were to be parents again. One night in January I took Angagh to the hospital about eleven o'clock and began the long wait for our new baby. The doctor said that the baby was going to be breeched and would be a lot of trouble. I sat in the labor room with Angagh and held her hand by the hour. Dr. Sandie came in once in a while and at about six o'clock he told me to go across the street and get something to eat. They took Angagh down to the delivery room about seven and I waited in the waiting room praying and worrying. A little after eight, the nurse called down from the delivery room that we had a beautiful baby girl. I walked down the hall, leaned up against it and cried for half an hour. Little realizing that that would be the first of many tears I would shed for that girl.

Again Dr. Sandie wanted to see me, but it would be later that night before he saw me. Again, she had been torn in the delivery and required many stitches.

During the time Angagh was in the hospital, I moved the family. I found an apartment in Santa Monica. It had two bedrooms, Kitchen, living room and even a small service porch. Everything went well until a short time later we found that we were to have another child. It was a shock to us, at first, but even though they would be close to each other in age, we had always wanted three children, but not quite so close.

I was at work one day in December when I received a call to go home and take Angagh to the hospital. I think I flew home, threw some things into the car and started for the hospital. I spotted a policeman and asked him if he could get me some help getting there. He told me to just go as fast as was safe and that any policemen that might stop me would let me go again. I never saw another cop and I think I broke every law in the book. I parked right in front of the hospital and got Angagh checked in. Then I went out and parked the car in the parking lot. We I got back into the hospital, Angagh was in the delivery room and I went right up there to be introduced to my new daughter, Nancy when she was only about three minutes old. I have always told her she looked like a skinned rabbit, but she was all there and I loved every inch of her.

The following year, was I think, the happiest and busiest year of our lives. I managed to stay on the swing shift for the entire year, so I could help with the children. There was baths to be given, meals to be prepared and fed, formula to be made, clothes to be washed and hung on the line. In Santa Monica the clothes didn't always dry when they should, so on the way to work, I took them to a laundromat, where the kind girl, who ran it, would dry the clothes, fold them and deliver them to our apartment when she closed up at the end of the day.

All of the children were born at the Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital and delivered by Dr. Sandie. They were also Baptised at Wilshire Methodist Church with Dr. Willie Martin officiating. He also married us.

In 1951 we purchased a new house in Northridge, in the San Fernando Valley. We had three bedrooms, two baths, living room, dining area, kitchen, breakfast area in the kitchen and a fairly large service porch. We also had a double, detached garage. The landscaping was in front and a lawn in the back. We were in seventh heaven. Jim started taking accordion lessons from a Mr. Revetti and within six months he had done so well that we sold the accordion I had purchased in Shanghai and bought a small size 120 base accordion. Jim astounded us by his talent on the instrument. Both of the girls took dancing lessons even though we sometimes had a tough time paying some of our bills.

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When Nancy was thirteen months old, one morning she screamed when we wtood her on her feet. I took her to a doctor and after examining her he asked me if I knew where the General Hospital was. He told me to take her there right away. I took her to the polio ward and while other people brought their children in and took them home a short time later, I waited for several hours before a doctor came out and told me they would have to keep her. Although they couldn't find any positive results, there was deffinatly something wrong with her, so they would keep her under observation. For two weeks, I went there every day, but could not touch her I had to wear a gown and a mask and not stand closer than five feet from her crib. It was heartrending. Nancy would see me and start to cry because she wanted me to pick her up. When the daycame to take her home, we took her little red suitcase with her clothes. The nurse said that when Nancy saw that red suitcase, she jumped up and down. She knew she was going home. When we got home, Pat came running out to the car and when she saw Nancy, the expression(S) on her face were beyond discription. A month later, I had to take Nancy to the hospital for xrays and examination. We left at seven in the morning. The car had a blown headgasket and required me to get water every few miles. On the freeway, Nancy vomited all over herself. I pulled over just enough to cover her with my jacket. When we got to the hospotal, I had to park about three blocks away and carry her up the hill to the hospital. I thought our appointment was for eight

o'clock. Much to my dismay, there were at least one hundred other people there. They finally took her xrays a little after ten and told us to wait. At noon, they came by with some bread and butter and milk for the kids. By this time Nancy was running a fever and right after eating the bread and butter, she threw up all over me, my Jacket and trousers. I really got mad. I took her into one of the examinations rooms and when a nurse came in and told me that I could ^{NOT} come in there, I told her that if she didn't get a doctor in five minutes I would start tearing the room apart. In nothing flat, a lady doctor came in, placed her hand on Nancy's head and took her temperature. 105°. She checked Nancy over and found that she had a severe ear infection. She gave me a prescription and then we started for home. Just down the street from the Kodak Lab, I saw Marvin Kidder and was about to ask him if I could use his new Ford to go home in. I didn't have the heart to smell up his car, so we went home stopping at gas stations along the way. When we turned down our street, I saw a fire truck in front of our house. I nearly died. As it happened, it was because the Tylers next door had had some smoke coming out of their furnace. The following day when I saw Marvin, he said I should have taken his car, because when he was going home that night some women went through a red light and completely tore the front end/off of his brand new car.....

In 19 the folks decided to move to Santa Ana to be closer to Kathleen. As there was no way we could take care of the house from where we lived, we went over one day and after checking with a few realtors, we gave the keys to a realtor that I had known since I was small. When we went back to the house to shut off the water that we had left running on the front lawn, a young couple were there and wanted to see the inside of the house. I told them that the realtor had the keys and gave them his card. Shortly after we returned home, the realtor called and wanted to know if we would take \$10,000.00 for the house...Half Down!

A few weeks after escrow closed on the house, a house down our street was put up for sale and within an hour, we had purchased a new house.

We rented that house until it was paid for and then we sold it. We had some headaches with it, but someone else paid for it, so it was a very good investment. We quadrupled our money.

In 1958 we left the kids with Angags folks and took a trip to the east coast. (See trip log)

In 19 we found the house that we had been looking for for almost two years. It had 1875 square feet. three bedrooms, a den, living room, a huge kitchen and family room, two baths, entree hall, service porch and a very big attached garage in the front. We later added a large patio that measured 55 feet wide by 12 to 14 feet deep. We spent many pleasant times on that patio. Including two wedding receptions.

While living on Aura Ave,

After Banning Homes, we got an apartment in Avalon Village
A new housing area in Willington. The apartment consisted of a
"living room", kitchen, bathroom. the bedroom was a pull down bed
in the living room.

At this time, I got a job at U.S. Rubber Co. It was not what
you would call a career job. I cleaned rubber from the ovens of
the synthetic rubber ovens that they made tires of for U.S.
Rubber Co. ~~and failed to get ovens of Rubber~~ *26 ton per shift*

I had put an application in for Eastman Kodak Co. and when
after some time. ~~I got a call from Angagh's Mother that I was~~ *she had no phone* *drove to our*
~~apartment. I was to start work~~ *apartment. I was to start work*
~~to call for an application for work on Monday morning at eight~~
o'clock, ~~I started at what was to be thirty one years of work.~~

At U.S. Rubber, I had the job of packaging 75 lb blocks of
rubber every 30 seconds. That means that I handled 36 tons of
rubber per shift. I heard that the government wanted to get rid
of the synthetic rubber plants because they were so dangerous. So
when I got the job at Kodak, I was happy because less than three
months after I left U.S. Rubber, the plant closed.

On the 11th of March, in 1946, I started what was to be a
31 year career with Kodak. I started in black and white processing
and went to Koadachrome after a few weeks. Then, I went to test-
ing with help of El Beck. (One of the nicest people I have ever
met) One morning, while rewinding leader, I was called by the
foreman to report to the front door. My favorite sister-in-law,
Betty was at the door to tell me that Angagh was at the hospital
to have our first born. They had tried to call me, but couldn't
get me due to the fact that the night phone number was different
than the day number, By the time that I got to the hospital,
Grandma was there and Betty went to work. In a short time, they
called from the delivery room and told me that we had a son! I
told Grandma that at last, she had a grandson in the family!

When Angagh left the hospital, she went to her Mothers home for a week, before she went home. The first night she came to her Mothers, I asked for an alarm clock. Grandmā asked what for? I said that I needed one because I had to feed Jim at two o'clock. She laughed and laughed and said that Jim was our alarm clock!

When Jim was born, we lived in Avalon Village. Shrtly after that, we moved to North Hollywood. Our apartment was a two room place with a living room, bedroom and kitchen. We bought our first furniture. (We still have some of it). At this time, we had a 1934 Ford and were in a financial bind. When the car broke down, I had to buy a new transmission at a parts store in North Hollywood and carry it home in the bus. Our next door neighbors were the Charles Coutts, from Winnapeg, Canada. They have been our friends since then. When Angagh was expecting our next child, I took her to the hospital and then went looking for a new apartment. I found one in Santa Monica. It was a two bedroom, living room, kitchen apartment. Patricia was born on the 7th of January of 1951 and I spent the entire night waiting for her to arrive. I was in the delivery room for some time and I was told by Dr. Sandie to go and get something to eat. ~~_____~~ I was told that Patricia was born and that the Doctor wanted to tzlk to me.

When I called him, he said that he had to go to another patient. When he came to see me at nearly eleven o'clock that evening, he said that Angagh was torn quite a bit ~~_____~~. When Pat was born, I walked to a room in the hospital and cried for almost an hour. I think I have cried more for Pat than any one else in my life.

~~_____~~

A few months after Pat was born, we were shocked to find out that Angagh was pregnant again. Naturally, we hadn't expected to have another child so soon, but after the initial shock, we came to accept it and when Nancy was born, we couldn't have been happier. I was at work when I got the call to go home and take Angagh to the hospital. I drove like a mad man to get there, and when we left home, I tried to get a motorcycle cop to help me get to the hospital. He said to just be careful, and if I got stopped for breaking any laws, to explain to the officer. I think I broke every rule in the DMV code, and never saw anything of the law. I pulled up in front of the hospital, checked Angagh in, and went to park the car. When I got back, Nancy had been born. I saw her just about five minutes later. As I have always said "She looked like a skinned rabbit".

The following year was, I think, the busiest and happiest year of our lives. I managed to change shifts with the guys I worked with, so I was on the swing shift for the entire year. Our day usually began early, with Angagh giving one of the girls a bath, then while fed her, the other girl was bathed. Then while I fed the next girl, Angagh gave Jim his bath and we would eat. After breakfast, it was time to start washing clothes. Then formula time. We did have a washer, but no dryer, so that meant hanging all the diapers out on a "Maypole" line that we had borrowed from Peggy. The weather was never too warm down there in Santa Monica, so it usually meant that I would take the clothes to a laundromat near the apartment, when I left for work at three. The girl who ran the laundromat would not only take care of the drying, but would fold them and bring them to us when she closed the shop.

When I went to work, Angagh had the task of taking care of three children. I got home about twelve-thirty and when I got there, Angagh would go to bed and I would do any night chores. Like rocking someone to sleep, changing diapers, feeding the baby. It seemed as though we never had much time for us. Sometimes, on a weekend, we would go to visit one of our parents. It usually took at least half an hour to pack the car with the necessities. Then, when we arrived at our destination, it took half an hour to unload things. The reverse was done when we went home. It usually meant half a days work just to visit.

In 1951, we bought a house in Northridge.

Our house in Northridge was at 17623 Lanark. It was a three bedroom home. 1175 square feet. There was a good sized kitchen, large enough for a breakfast area. There was a dining room as part of the living room. One bathroom was off the master bedroom and one at the end of the hall near the back bedroom. There was also a service porch with a laundry tub. One of the first pieces of furniture we bought was a Governor Winthrop Secretary. Because the V. A. had not inspected the house when we moved in, we didn't have to pay any rent for two months. That is where we got the money for the secretary. We had borrowed the \$1,000.00 from Angagh's parents for the down payment. The house was landscaped by the developer of the tract, so we didn't have to worry about that. We purchased rugs, but we made end tables from chemical barrels that I got at work. We covered them with material and put newspapers in them to make them heavy enough so they wouldn't tip over. Some time later, we purchased a Thomas organ. It was just a one manual organ, but the girls took lessons on it and both Jim and Angagh could play it. During those years, the girls took dancing lessons and used to practice their tap dances on a piece of plywood that I placed in the hall right outside of Jim's room. It wasn't the best solution, but we made do for the time we were there. Jim started taking lessons on the accordion, from Mr. Ravetti and was doing well. In a short time, we bought him a new 120 base accordion. We had all three of the children take ballroom dancing for a while, just to get them used to it.

*P. ... had cost Nancy to ...
bif east 1957*

was up for sale. We called the realtor and went down to see it. He quoted a price and we said we would take it if they included the rugs and drapes. Half an hour later, we had a new house. We rented it for the ~~xxx~~ rest of the mortgage period. Someone else paid for the house. We had problems, but in the long run we made out well.

We had decided that we needed more room for the children, so we started looking for a new house. It took us nearly two years to find what we wanted, but when we went through the house on Aura Ave. we knew that we had found what we wanted. The house had 1875 square feet and was just what we wanted. There was no landscaping so we had to do all of it. We took a three year 2nd mortgage on the place and it would mean that we would have to live rather frugally for the three years. Just after we moved in, [REDACTED]. I lost \$20.00 a week in pay, plus I had to pay \$500.00 a month to my parents for their livelyhood. For three years, we did little or nothing in the way of entertainment.

Because the back yard was filled with trash, we took the top four inches of earth and placed it up near the house with the idea of using it as a base for the patio that we intended to put in sometime in the near future. Whenever we got any extra money, we bought brick to use in the raised planters that we eventually had all around the yard.

After we had been there about five years, we had a patio poured and a few years later, we had a top put on it. It really made the back yard great. We had many dinners and entertainment on the patio.

In 1963 Pat became ill and we didn't know what was the matter. After many examinations and doctors, we found that she had rheumatic fever. She had to stay in bed for the better part of six months. She went to school by telephone and although she couldn't write, she got good grades. Two years later she fell at school and they called me to come and get her. I took her to the hospital and after a few days they suggested that we take ~~her~~ to a physical therapist .

The therapist suggested we take her to an orthopedic surgeon because her back appeared to be twisted. When I saw the x-ray that the doctor took, I almost got sick. Her back was like a question mark. After seeing many specialists, we took her to a group of doctors in Pasadena where we arranged for a Doctor Cochran to do the operation. We took her to the Orthopedic Hospital in L.A. and they put her into a cast. The cast was just from the waist to the shoulders and was to be used after the operation while she was in bed. A short time later we went to the hospital and they operated on her. They took her to the operating room at 7:00 A.M. and it was about two-thirty when the doctor came up to the nurses desk on the floor where we were waiting. He was covered with plaster. When I asked him how it went, he sighed and said "Rough". We got to see her sometime after five. When I leaned over her to hear what she wanted to say, she said "Thank the nurses for being so kind to me." I had tears in my eyes when I left the recovery room. Pat was in a body cast for a year. The cast started at her neck and went down to her hips. She went to school all the time she had the cast on. When she went back to school without the cast, many of her school friends didn't know her.

Sometime after that, I was making some repairs on our organ, when I fell to the floor. I didn't know what had happened, so I sat down for a while. I again started working on the organ and again my legs went out from under me. This time Pat said to her mother, "something is wrong, we are going to take him to the hospital. At the hospital, they found out that I had had a heart attack. I spent five days in C.C.U. and about a week in regular care, before I came home.

in 1966 we heard of an organization called Youth for Understanding, which sent young people to Europe for the summer to live with families over there. Pat wanted very much to go and so did Nancy. After attending many meetings, Pat was accepted to go to France. She would spend the summer with a family in Brittany, by the name of Rodallac. They lived in a small village, in a 17th century manor house. Before the time for her to go, Angagh was found to have breast cancer and underwent a mastectomy. I think I cried harder when I had to tell the kids about it than I have ever cried in my life. Angagh had the operation and was back to work teaching in five weeks. Angagh told Pat that she would go to France no matter what. We would find a way to raise the money even if it meant borrowing. Shortly after school let out in June, Pat left for France. Her experiences during the summer was an education. Her french had improved tremendously.

The following year, Nancy applied for the Yfu and was accepted. She went to a family in southern Germany. The father had been a prisoner of war in the States during WWII. Nancy, too, had a great education during the summer. Just before Nancy went, we received word that we would be getting a German girl for the coming year. 'Jim was going into the service, so we had an extra bedroom. About a week before Nancy came home, we went to the airport to meet Margit Bonacker. Nancy came home a few days later and we all went to Sequoia camping for a week. I thought that it would give Margit a better chance to get to know us when we were in a different atmosphere. I think it worked, because by the time we got home we were getting along like family. The day before we were to come home, Margit stubbed her toe and cut between her big toe and the next when we found out, we took her to the ranger station to have some first aid done. I let her and Pat off while I looked for someplace to park. When I reached the ranger station, I found the ranger speaking to her in German. I told her everybody spoke German in California. The ranger told us to take her

the doctor

hospital when we got home. The next day I took her to the Northridge hospital and when I went into the examination room after checking her in, I found the doctor speaking to her in German. For some time, I think she thought everyone here spoke German.

The year she was here, we traveled all over the state. She got to see all of the amusement parks from Disneyland to Magic Kingdom. We went from San Francisco to San Diego and all points in between. She went to school with the girls and graduated at the end of the semester. At her graduation, special mention of her was made by the class sponsor and there were tears in the eyes of my three girls.

When the time came for Margit to go back home, everything went along fine until they called her plane, at the airport. Then, she cried and said she didn't want to go. My girls cried and I think I had a tear in the corner of my eye. None of us thought that we would ever meet again. As it has turned out, Margit came to visit us in Northridge and we visited her twice in Wölfenbüttel and again in Hamburg. She is still as much a part of our family as anyone.