

Chapter 16 Life in California



In my sterile lab outfit

I found my way back to California and lived at 1982 W. Bayshore Road in Palo Alto, California. I got a temporary job with the Syntex Pharmaceutical Laboratories through Man Power, a temporary placement agency. Syntex is located on Hillview Avenue in Palo Alto and is scattered all over a hillside and has beautiful grounds, ponds, and buildings. They employ people from all over the world.

I was given the opportunity to work upstairs in a department that was totally sterile. Only people that worked there were allowed to enter. We wore white laboratory coats, white head covering and white booties over our shoes. It was very interesting. I was expecting tiny capsules. I could hardly see them, I had to get some dimestore reading glasses until I could get an eye exam and get some real glasses.

I was working with three other girls who were much younger than me. Our supervisor was Vernon, a crazy fun black guy. We got along well and actually had fun. Those little snips tried to get me to smoke marijuana. I didn't even dare to eat the cookies or muffins they would bring because I knew they were laced with pot.

I worked through Man Power for some time before I was finally hired on permanently on September 16, 1974. I started back in packaging. The company made all kinds of prescription drugs, mostly birth control pills, ointments, baby formula, even cattle enrichment's. The pay was more than I had ever made at any other job, but it seemed like every time I would get a raise, I would also get a raise in my rent. I wondered if my landlord and bosses were in cahoots with each other.

I made a lot of friends there. I am still in touch with Vivian Hatt. There was also Easter, Marge, Marian, Sachiko, Norma, and so many more. I think a lot of them are

dead now. Some of the girls trusted me and you can't imagine the secrets that I carried with me all those years. Some would almost burn my ears. Not that it matters now, but I still haven't told on them. I didn't date any of the men from Syntex.

A beautiful new granddaughter arrived at the Dudley home on March 6 1974. They named her Raydon, after both of her grandfathers, Ray Dudley and Don Eglan.

Cindee married Russel Jamison on April 26, 1974 in Elko, Nevada. I flew to Elko from the San Jose airport in a small plane. It was a rough flight and I got air sick. Have you ever had to barf in a paper bag? Not Cool! The little wedding was preformed in the County Courthouse there. Afterward we went to a Basque restaurant for a great meal. A teenage bride, she lacked two months from being seventeen.



Cindee and Russell on their wedding day

My cute, red 1963 Buick La Sabre was hit by a hit and run driver while parked for the night. I had to drive it anyway. I arranged to buy Gordy's brown 1965 Buick La Sabre for two hundred dollars. We made the exchange in Elko and I drove it back to California.



My second floor apartment at 1800 California Ave #10 Mountain View, California

About this time I moved to a my own apartment located at 1800 California Street in Mountain View.

In August Gordy enrolled at Rick's College in Rexburg, Idaho. He finished there in April of 1974. He got his Mission call to the Colorado Denver Mission on October 8th and entered the Mission Home in Salt Lake on December 14, 1974. I knew that there was no way that I could get home for his farewell service. Gordon called and asked how bad I wanted to come. Of course, I wanted to go in the worst way. Gordon sent me the airfare and

Gordy picked me up at the Twin Falls Airport on Saturday the 7th. His service was on Sunday the 8th at the Pella Ward. After Sacrament Meeting, my mother hosted an open house for him at her home. I am not sure when and how I got back to the airport, but I did make it back to California.



Gordon at my mother's after his farewell



Macrame plant hanger

Every year in August the plant would close down for two weeks, and everyone took their vacation at that time. I would head for Burley. One year I sold two hundred aluminum cans that were discarded. One of the fellows at work would save them for me. They held probably three or four gallons of dry chemicals for processing. They were really a nice size and heavy, not pop cans. I sold them for \$10.00 each. Anyway that paid for my vacation. Another year I made beautiful macrame plant hangers that I sold, mostly to my co-workers.

Every vacation I managed to get home somehow. Most of the time I drove, stopping overnight some times in Reno, just depending on how far I could make it. I



Melody, Adelma, Emily, and Emil - 1976

have stayed in Battle Mountain and Lovelock, mostly avoiding Reno. I hated that dreaded drive through Nevada. There were a few times I managed to fly home. At that time there was a direct flight from San Jose into Twin Falls. In 1975 my car wasn't running right, so Maynard, an older man that was my neighbor, let me drive his car to Burley. I was gone from August 17th to the 30th.



Deelyn and Tim with Melynda, Raydon, and Michael-1976

At this time in my life there were so many things going on at home in Burley, that I missed out on. On January 20, 1976 Tim and Deelyn gave me my third grandchild, another beautiful little girl named Melynda with dimples and a sweet smile.

I had become very unhappy with my life. Something was lacking. It took me along time to figure out that it was the Gospel that I had known all my life. I decided that it was time I did something about it. I looked in the phonebook and found the Los Altos Ward building not far from my apartment. It took me a few more weeks before I could get up the courage to go check it out.

I had become very unhappy with my life. Something was

Finally, one Sunday evening I got ready and went to Sacrament Meeting. I waited until the very last minute and found a seat in the very back row next to the door. As soon as the Amen was said, I was out of there. I did that for several weeks and cried on the way home because no one spoke to me. It was my fault, I didn't give anyone a chance.

Then one Sunday a young lady came in later than I and set next to me. She was friendly and asked me about myself. She happened to be the Ward Single Adult Leader and invited me to their Home Evening the next night. So I went! It was a very nice group of people and they took me right in. I really enjoyed going to the meetings and even held some in my apartment. I did date a couple of the fellows from the group once or twice.



Mother at 75

As I became involved in the church to some extent, one night I woke up abruptly with the most horrible ugly dark feeling that someone or something very evil was present. I rationalized it to be a bad nightmare and soon went back to sleep. A short time later the very same thing recurred. I was so frightened I stayed awake the remainder of the night with all the lights on. The next night as the images were beginning to return, I woke up screaming "In the name of Jesus Christ!" My body shook with pain and I was very cold. The ugly feeling left immediately and I was so shaken and frightened that I didn't close my eyes for the remainder of that night. My feelings on this terrible experience is that Satan knew I was drifting towards the Church and he was trying to take possession of my body and soul. After he once has you in his chains, he doesn't care what happens to you. You just exist in his filth. With a new found spiritual feeling, I never had a recurrence of that terror.

With Gordon serving a mission, the encouraging letters I received from him helped. But one very special person that attended these meetings was a sweet little Japanese lady named Yoshiko Tester and her young daughter Angela. Yoshiko spoke very poor English for being in the US as long as she had been. She married an American, I don't know if he was a military man or a missionary. Whichever, he converted and baptized her and they had only the one child. They were later divorced. Little Angie would interpret for her mother. We became very



Yoshiko

good friends. To this day I have a very difficult time understanding her. By now I should be able to understand her but I think it is worse as she gets older.

Our singles group met for along time but one by one, marriages happened, others moved away or dropped out until we more or less broke up. I guess I got lazy

sometimes and didn't feel like getting ready, so I would miss church. I didn't know anyone anymore who I could relate to so I just quit going. I didn't go back for a long time after that. You miss one Sunday and it just easy to miss again and again until it becomes a habit. And that is what happened in my case.



Me in my Syntex uniform

Syntex was a great Company to work for. We got good benefits and sick leave. With time, I was able to put funds in the Credit Union. They matched our saving funds 100%. Our uniforms, dresses at that time, and later pant sets, were furnished and laundered by the company, plus two pair of Sass shoes every year. They threw summer picnics at places like Great America and other neat places. It only cost \$3.00 a ticket with all the food that we could eat. We always had great Christmas parties at nice places, that the company

paid for. We didn't get a Christmas vacation so I never got to go home for Christmas.

I had a friend that was older than I, Marian Oaks, who lived in Burlingame up by San Francisco. She had no family there either, so we would meet half way on Sundays and have lunch and shop or whatever. We also spent some Christmas's together. Christmases were my most dreaded days, most of them I spent alone and crying. No matter, I always had the Christmas Spirit and put up a pretty Christmas tree.

At work, I got tired of hearing the girls bad mouthing their husbands every day at our lunch breaks. So I started eating my lunch out in my car listening to music and half of the time I fell asleep, waking up just in time to get back in to work. The problem with that was way too many times I run off leaving the radio on or even locking my keys in the car. That led to running down the battery or not being able to get in the car. I would bum a ride home and get someone to bail me out.



Mother and Me, 1977

One day when I returned to my machine after my break (by this time I had advanced to Machine Operator), the mechanic had removed the railing on the platform. I stepped off landing on the floor, probably only five feet, but nevertheless it gave me a very bad jolt, hurting my neck and back. They put me on the packaging line, but that didn't help my pain. I was sent up to see the nurse. She sent me to a doctor. I can't remember how long was off work. I ended up suing the company. I got a little bit of money. Everyone thought it was funny that I sued the company while still working there. It was this doctor, Dr. Paul, who discovered that I had Scoliosis

of the spine. He said I was probably born with it and working so hard as a child on the farm didn't help it.

Gordon came home from his mission on the 11th of December 1976. In January of 1977. He came and stayed with me for a week. I picked him up at the San Jose Airport. He would drive me to work every morning, leaving him with my car (his old one) to go sight seeing and do a little shopping, plus a lot of goofing off. After work he would be there right on time to take me home. On Sunday we went to Church in the Los Altos Ward, someone in the Bishopric found out that he was a recent returned Missionary and asked him to speak in our Sacrament Meeting. After a weeks stay, I took him back to the San Jose Airport. All teary



Gordon and me after his mission



Connie at age 15 - 1977

eyed, we said our goodbyes. He left me broke. I had to bum a ride to work until I got paid again. But hey! I was so glad that he came and we had a good time!!!

Gordon and Birdena brought Connie down to stay with me for the summer of 1977. (They also brought my TV.) I was able to get her a job at Syntex. She wasn't of age to work but one of my supervisors had an underage daughter working there. So I made a fuss and they hired Connie. She had a lot of fun and made some friends plus earned some money for school. She and I did a lot of fun things while she was there. I took her home in August in time for the family reunion when we had our vacation.

Russell had joined the Army and was sent to El Paso, Texas for boot camp. Cindee came to stay with me in Mountain View while he was away. He was then sent to Germany in 1976. Later Cindee joined him there. After their return to the States sometime in 1977, he was stationed at Alameda, California, not too far from Mountain View. They moved in with me until they could find a place to live in Alameda. So we were able to see a lot of each other. Cindee enrolled in night classes at an adult high school and graduated with good grades. I attended her graduation but Russell did not.



Cindee and Russell