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This is some of the High Lights of my life as I remember it. I was born July 3 1926 To Helen Mae (Bell) Bradley and Harold Aaron Bradley. I was their 4<sup>th</sup> child. The first home I remember was on Detroit St. north of Cherry Creek. My Dad worked for Prudential Ins. Co.

We had some friends named Martin. They had a home on Clayton St. It was a full block. He was a pipe fitter and welder. He made all the outside Toys for the yard. (Play house, Teeter Totters, Swing set, A swing that older people could sit in and it was covered). We loved to go over there and play. They had 3 kids.

1 boy & 2 girls, about our age.

During the summer The Gypsies would camp along Cherry Creek. Mom warned us to stay away from them or they would steal kids and sell them.

I went to Kindergarten at Bromwell school at Josephine and 2<sup>nd</sup> Ave.

We went to Sunday school at Divine Science church.

It was in the Cheesman Park area; just north of Botanical gardens as pictures on back of book.

We went Halloween Handoutings in the Denver Country Club area (north and west of University Blvd.) Some of those homes had big lobbies at the front doors and they would have tables stretched out with all kinds of candy bars, cookies etc. on them. We thought we were in 7<sup>th</sup> heaven!

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on the 4th of July we would go over to  
The Denver Country Club (Spear + University).  
We would spread a blanket and the whole  
family ~~it~~ would wait for night fall. There would  
be the largest display of fireworks. We would  
take popcorn and snacks.

Dad would buy a big bag of fireworks and  
when we got home we would set them off. All  
the kids in the neighborhood would come over  
and we would have one large party.

We moved to South Denver the summer of 1931.  
we lived at 655 So Penn, 579 So Lincoln and 471  
So Grant. Nana lived with us at some of these  
homes. I think to help us out financially. Mom  
worked at Montgomery Ward (at 555 So Broadway) over  
the holidays. My Dad worked for Walker Moving + Storage.  
He worked long hours & very hard work.

Nana worked at Montgomery Ward as long as I can  
remember. She retired from there when she was  
in her late 70's. She was head of the China  
Dept. - Dishes, small appliances, cleaning supplies etc.

She had a hand in getting as all jobs at one  
time or another. She was a great grandmother.

During the "East St" era Hat was playing baseball  
with South High School. He made the all city team  
playing 1<sup>st</sup> base. In the summer he played for  
"Dad's Cockie Co." & later on the Denver Bears.

(3) When I was about 7 yrs. old I went to 1<sup>st</sup> Ave Presbyterian church at 1<sup>st</sup> Ave & Bennett St. I learned the beatitudes (Matthew 5 Verses 3 - 12). At bible school that summer, and won a trip to Camp at Hwy 285 - Schaffers Crossing. Mom & Dad took me up there and I stayed for 5 Days. We rode horses, swam, Bible study and went on hikes. I was in 7<sup>th</sup> heaven.

When we lived on Grant St., Bob, Dotty, and myself would deliver flyers for the movie theater. The theater (Weber) was on So. Broadway about Cedar Ave. We would run up one side of the St and down the other from 1<sup>st</sup> Ave to Alameda. From Broadway to Cherokee. For pay we got a ticket to the show on Saturday. During intermission they would have a drawing for prizes. Bob won a bicycle. I won a Shirley Temple doll. I also won Tap dancing lessons for a month. I never seemed to worry about strangers.

Ivan was a extra great Grandmother. She had a car and would take us kids on trips. We went up to "Willie-The-Wisp" one summer. We stayed in a cabin and one day "Bob, Dotty + Me" got on a big hay wagon in front of the cabins. We lifted the Tongue and it started rolling down the hill. It rolled across the highway and finally

4/1 came to a stop. No one was hurt, but I don't know if it cost my poor grandma any money.

One ~~time~~ Time she took us kids up to Berthoud for a chicken dinner. I don't remember which of us kids went but it must have cost her a pretty penny.

My Mom & Dad would pile us all in the car and go to the mts. to fish. Oh how Dad loved to fish.

Dotty always rode in the front seat because she would get sick to her stomach. Going up Turkey Creek canyon was such a winding road you couldn't make very good time. Dad probably had at least 2 flat tires per trip. Everyone would get out of the car & Dad would sack it up and patch the tires. "I'll never forget those inner tubes and the air pump he would use." the rubber patches and a little glue he would use to seal them. Dad would work on the car the next week-end and we would go again. I don't remember Hal + Ruth going on these trips. Maybe they stayed at home and worked.

I can still remember the teachers at Lincoln Elementary school. It was one of the schools in Denver where students passed from one class to another and had different teachers for each subject. When the bell would ring we would line-up a pass in file to a new room and Teacher. I skipped a ~~semester~~ semester at Lincoln so I was one of the youngest kid in our class.

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In the Gymnasium we had heavy ropes hanging from the ceiling, the teachers would have us climb the ropes to show the class how to do it, we would also swing as high as we could & then drop on the mats below. It's a wonder I didn't kill myself.

My Brother John was born when we lived on Grant St. It was 1934 in July. He was named after my grandpa Bradley. Grandpa Bradley, Aunt Dolores and Aunt Esther always treated my Mother bad. They always thought my Dad should have married some girl that they all liked, we would go over to see grandpa once in a while. We kids always hated that. He would want us to sit on his lap. He was so big and heavy he didn't have a lap. I think he worked for the Union Pacific Railroad. He owned a home on Franklyn St., By Denver University.

I remember when John was a small baby my Dad took us to a restaraunt on Broadway & Elsworth. That was a treat we didn't get very often. Broadway was like downtown to us. Many times on Saturday Evening we would all go down on Broadway with John in the "buggy" and walk to 1<sup>st</sup> ave. There was a drug store called Myers Drug, and once in a while we would get a ice cream cone there, what a treat that was. They also made ice cream sodas that were the best ever.

(W) When I was about 10 or 11 we moved to 283 So Kalamath. Just off of Alameda. I remember that better than any other home. It was about 1936. I had many friends up and down Kalamath, Lila Fristoe lived north of us about 6 houses. I still keep in touch with her. She was a only child and her Dad, "Toby" worked for The Denver Tramway Co. on Santa Fe & Alameda. We always thought of them as "well to do".

Colleen Davison lived on Santa Fe in the 200 block so. She was one of 6 or 7 siblings. She was the youngest of her family. Her Mom was one of the sweetest people. I would go to there house on the way to school, and she always had "coffee milk" for us in the morning. We would walk every day to school. It was Byers Jr. High at Pearl and about Cedar. It was about 13 BIKS one way. Colleen went to West High in the 9<sup>th</sup> grade. While we were in Jr. High we went on the interurban to Golden where her sister lived. (Opal) We would clean her house and then have lunch at her house - <sup>crackers, butter & ketchup - I'll never forget that.</sup> come back home. ~~We would~~ One spring vacation we packed a lunch and several kids we knew walked up to Houston lake which was about Ohio and Alcott St. At that time it was one big wheat field from Alameda to Ohio. There was a big cement wall where we would sit and have our lunch. We thought we were miles away from anything. It seemed we could go anywhere and not worry about being picked-up. And Mom didn't seem to worry about that either. We would walk up to Washington Park and go swimming in the summer. I never learned to swim but it wasn't because I didn't try. I was afraid of Deep water. I still am.

In the winter they opened up the lake and we would ice skate. I worked at Wards and could pay for my ice skates and I did buy most of my clothes. Wards had a big lobby at their front door and in this lobby was a Candy Dept. That's where I worked and had so much fun there. I would also baby sit for neighbors on Kalamath St. Roxie and Mitt Baldwin lived about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  blks north of us, they had a son named Galen, who was about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yrs older than I was. His folks were Foster Parents to a lot of children. This is who I would baby sit. The Baldwins would stay out until 1 or 2 am - and then Mitt would walk me home.

This is where I met Mick. He ran around with Galen. They both went to West High School. Mick and I went out dancing at Lakeside and El Teks to some of the big dance bands, Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey, Kay Kyser and many of other well known bands. We also went horse back riding up at Morrison & up at Turkey Creek stables. On December 7<sup>th</sup> 1941 Japan bombed Pearl Harbor and we were suddenly in war. I fell head over heels in love with Mick and we had some really good memories before he and Galen joined the US Marines. They left for Boot Camp in January, 1943. When I was in High School, I took a class in Welding at Emily Griffin school at 414 14th St Downtown. I graduated from High school in January of 1943 and I applied for a job at

Hart & Co - Machine Shop. Art Hart Taught me  
so much at the Mach shop. We made parts for  
Boeing Aircraft. We sub-contracted for many businesses  
in Denver, San Francisco, St Louis, Colo Springs, and many  
others. Frank Hayward was a Salesman for The machine  
shop. Frank and his wife Grace became very good friends.  
They lived ~~at~~ a home at 29<sup>th</sup> and Wadsworth on the ~~South~~ East  
corner. That is now Hayward Park for the city of Lakewood.  
Art Hart sponsored a girls Softball Team. I played catcher,  
first base, outfielder - for the team - we played at many  
fields around Denver, there was City Park, 23<sup>rd</sup> & Welton,  
Overland Park, Merchant's Park on Broadway and Ohio.  
We even played the Prisoners of war at Fort Logan.  
That was always fun. The German POW's were always  
very good to us and really appreciated our helping them pass  
their time. Even though they <sup>couldn't</sup> speak English, we also played at Merchant's Park before the  
Denver Bears games! What fun we had. The Denver Bears  
were a minor league team. My brother Hal played for them  
for awhile. Our "Hart's Honey's" Team won The State <sup>Championship</sup>  
that year and we lost to Utah in The Semi-finals.  
Art Hart was the best boss a person could have. He was  
good to my family, 5 of us 7 kids worked for him at one time  
or the other. In The summer time he would have a big  
picnic up Turkey Creek Canyon. It couldn't be very  
far because we had gas rationing & we would car  
pool as much as possible. We would pool our food stamps  
so we could have hamburgers at the picnic.

My brother Hal was Married in Jan. 1942. The first  
one of my family.

We had Food Stamps for Meat, Canned goods, Fresh  
Fruit & Veg. of course for Gasoline.

We also had stamps for clothes, Nylon hose & Shoes and we didn't seem to need. All parts for fixing cars. Tires for the cars. All this limited us but we realized we were AT WAR. Monk was never given a leave before he went overseas. Our mail was censored. Of course we didn't have TU. We only had the Radio and that was censored. My brother Hal was in the Army, he invaded Europe at <sup>ITALY</sup> ~~Omaha~~ Beach - Was at the Battle of the Bulge. He sent Mom a hankie from all the Countries he was in. He also played baseball for the U.S. Army Team and got to travel to many of the Countries. Bob was in the Navy & was stationed along the West Coast and up ~~and~~ to Alaska. He was home on leave when the war was over in Europe. I'll never forget that day. Dad bought a bottle or two and people would drive down Kalmath Street and ~~stop~~ and have a drink. Bob and my Dad got very high and we had to put them both to bed. What a celebration. It was a big block Party. We danced everyone up and down Kalmath Street to Bayard. I thought I would never forget that day but I have forgotten the date. It was just a few months and the war was won. I was very happy because Mickey's next battle would have been Japan. He had to take a Train from San Diego so it took him almost 3 days before he was home. I think he took a cab from the union depot to home. He came home in Dec. and we were married on the <sup>15th</sup> of Feb. ~~that~~ 1946. We lived in a apt on the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor of 1413 Clayton St. in East Denver. It was very hard to find a place to live. We moved from Clayton St. to the basement of a Double on Elliott. Margaret & Ed (Mary's husband) was building. It

(2) was really very crude. Nothing finished. A cement floor ~~was~~  
~~was~~ Ed had installed a floor furnace that was  
really ~~too small~~ so it was very cold. On Dec 7<sup>th</sup> Mary  
& Ed's baby Danny Died of Nephritis. He was just 2½ yrs  
old. <sup>How we loved that baby!</sup> It was a real cold winter and the pipes froze in that apt  
and ice was about 1 to 2" thick on the floor. I had David  
on Jan 6 1947 and we moved in with Mom & Dad for a  
short time but that didn't work out. Micks Mom and Dad lived  
in a house at 5500 W Center. They had a small trailer on  
the 5 acres, and we moved into it. It had a ~~outhouse~~  
out-house and cold water, so I had to heat water when  
we needed it. I would go down to Mom & Dad's on Kalamath St.  
to wash clothes. Dave was a good baby and very smart.  
We lived there till about the summer of 1948. I'll never forget one  
Sunday we were outside and David was playing in the front of the  
trailer and I asked Mick where he was. We looked down the  
field and there was David down in the field across a irrigation  
ditch and had a stick in his hand and was hitting a ball  
(that Mom Amick had) on the nose. The ball was standing looking  
at David and pawing the ground. Mickey took off at a  
dead run, across the ditch and swept David up in his arms  
and ran back up to the trailer. David was soaking wet but  
wasn't the least bit scared. I was pregnant with Jim  
There was a terrace for rent on 1<sup>st</sup> and Washington street. You  
had to buy the furniture to rent it. The furniture was \$1200.  
We borrowed that money from Grandpa Amick. We paid  
him back and I think he was very surprised we did. Probably the  
1<sup>st</sup> time anyone paid him back. He owned Amick Transfer & Storage.  
It was on 11<sup>th</sup> & Santa Fe. We called his wife "Aunt Polly"  
when he died in about 1950 every thing he owned went to Aunt  
Polly & she ~~had~~ left what he had to her Sisters daughter. Many

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years later a man called Johnnie <sup>Mick</sup> and said he had a family tree that was in a picture frame he had purchased. We still have that. ~~Aster~~  
We planted grass at the house on 1<sup>st</sup> ave and Mick built a fence around the back yard. He also built steps on the back porch. It was in pretty bad shape but it was our 1<sup>st</sup> home and we were happy there. Rich & Rose Anderson lived next door. We still talk to Rich 2 or 3 times a year. I used to walk from 15<sup>th</sup> and down to Mom & Dad's on Klamath - ~~St.~~ with the kids in the baby buggy. Rich Anderson knew my Dad ~~etc~~ because they both worked at the docks north of Union Station. Rich worked for the railroad and Dad worked for Home Fast Freight.