

## Stella Agnes Andrew-Warner

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**Question:** Chit-Chat, We discuss all sort of things

**Answer:** ok, right. Well, you just ask the questions and I can give the answers.

**Question:** Well, the first one's real easy. Just so I can get it on tape, your name and the correct spelling of it.

**Answer:** My name is Stella Agnes Andrew Warner, and it's S-t-e-l-l-a Agnes, A-g-n-e-s Andrew, A-n-d-r-e-w, that was the name of my first husband, and my last name W-a-r-n-e-r.

**Question:** And you born in...

**Answer:** England.

**Question:** Which part?

**Answer:** um, actually on the border of Canton, Middlesex, at a place called Plumstead, and in 1921. So that makes me 81 years old now doesn't it? I've given that away right away. Um, yes, I lived there, my grandmother lived there, had a home there, and um, that was a few years after World War I that I was born, and that was before my father had fully decided what he was going to do. He was, my father was the paymaster at the Woolage arsenal which was well known in England, Woolage it was a military base. He was in the Army, but he got injured and his one wrist couldn't hold a rifle, so he was made a civilian, but worked for the Department of Army, and so they lived with my grandmother, so the first year or two, that's where I lived with my older sister and my mother and father. Ok. Then my father decided that his hobby was photography. He was very interested in the Zeiss Ikon, which was German, you know. Cameras. He was very interested in the technical side of photography. He was an amazing photographer. I have at home now a photograph that he took in 19, I think was 1936, when the Queen Mary returned from her maiden voyage to the United States. He took this amazing picture of her coming into Southampton with a little sailboat and a tugboat, clowns, and beautiful picture. Well, anyway, I inherited that. I got that, didn't get much else, but I got that, and but anyway, he decided that's what he wanted to do, so he left us there, my mother, my sister and myself while he went down to the coast. Well, directly south from London and when I'm talk about Plumstead Kent, where I was born, it was actually also southeast London, and my, my father thought wisely that probably a resort town would be a good place to develop the photographic business. He did, and he did all kinds of things. He photographed for the Templin Breweries, you know the beautiful horses that they had here, Budweiser has here. Well, that's how, literally how they were pulling the Templin carts. The beer carts, 'cause they didn't have cars and those kind of things. So anyway, he took photographs that he did some special request portraits, but that was not what he liked to do, and he had one of the first movie home movie projectors, silent movies, of course, but when I was a kid, a birthday party at our house was really something, and all my little friends loved to come, because he would get films from the film library about Felix and, you know, and all of those, Snub Pollard and Bebe Daniels and some real old-timers, but and show these movies, and so it was really great, and then he took a lot of home movies, too, of the family, and then he developed the business. He had quite a sizeable business. Had a factory on one side and then his equipment, which was his first love, cameras, equipment and lenses and all the different kind of, um, material, photographic material, but he designed his own drying cupboard for films and

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printing equipment and what he did, he had a team of young boys and that was before they had vans for business, you know. They had a team of boys, one I always remember, he called Lightening because he's so slow, but he would send them out, and in England and in a resort town, the, it was the chemists shops, like the drug stores, that took in the exposed film from customers, and they took them in and, of course, registered them, and you know, everything, and then these boys would go on their bicycles with their canvas bags and pick up the film and deliver the ones that had been printed and so on, you know, been developed and printed. Ok. And then they would deliver them, so the exchange. He had tremendous routes doing that, and in the summertime it was a very, very busy place. Every relative I could think of, even a couple of years, all of us, there were 6 of us children. The 4 older ones, I guess, we all went down and helped out, you know, to do this. You had to stamp stuff with a number as it came in and so on, and then it had to be ready to go at a certain time and this boy went on this route and this boy went on that route, and so on. But I have to share something with you that was one of the most dramatic and humorous things that ever happened one of those summers. My mother, as a treat, we didn't often buy pastries at the baker's because my grandmother and my mother baked. I mean, I'm told about this is after we moved to the south, after the moved to Brighton, and my father had drums that were this wide, and he had one that was in use constantly, but it was like this wide. It was just polished. Big, heated drum, and then it was like a towel, a lintless towel that went through like this and came around over the top of the drum. This is how the prints were dried. So after the prints came out of the developer, they were in a tray, and it was somebody's job to sit there and slap these down on the towel and it would go 'round and then it would come down and it would dry, and they they'd all be sorted by number on the back, and so on. Well, my younger brother was sitting and my mother had delivered the basket of goodies and he put this, he didn't think about, he was sitting there at this roller and heat, set a beautiful big jam cream puff on the thing and it went around and I've got a nose like a hawk. I smelled something that was almost like burning sugar, and I said to one of my Dad's assistants, I said, Do you smell something burning? He said, No, I don't think so, and then, here it came over the top of the drums, and you know it was fortunately my Dad did have one to fall back on, but it wasn't as efficient as this, but we thought my father would kill him, you know, because actually he was pretty good about it. But we all just about died inside when that happened, because that was the worst thing that could have happened. But my Dad, he paid us all generously. I mean, he just paid us wages. We thought we were in glory, you know. And, but it was a lot of fun, but I actually worked there less than my older sister because I was studying piano and had been for many years, and so I had to put in some practice time, you know, at home and everything, but anyway. That's just a little anecdote. So that's where I grew up, right on the south coast. Spent most of my summers on the beach, in and out of the saltwater, which of course the English Channel, and life was just pretty boring to me.

I mean, I was ready for adventure. I was the rebel of the family. The only time I ever got, but my father was a staunch conservative person. The only time I ever voted, I voted Liberal just to be rebel, you know, just to be a rebel, so I did that. But anyway, in '36 and things were pretty boring and anyway, but then in spring of '39, very early in the Spring, it must have been January, because my grandmother was still alive and still with us, and she died in March. They came around with the gas mask, respirators, and my grandmother a very dignified lady, sat up tall and said, I will NEVER put on one of those ugly, ugly things on my head. I will NEVER do it. They will never make me do it. I'll die first, you know. And so, she never did, because she didn't have to. But everybody was given a respirator, gas mask, in a

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case, and then after that, no matter where you went, you were supposed to take that. And, of course, in the service, we knew a lot of the girls took the gas masks out and used those for pocketbooks, you know. Ok, so anyway, um, that was the beginning of '39. In July of '39, I took my final music exams which, anyway that was July, and then in Sept, well, it was about end of August, my girlfriend and I decided that we would, I mean, there were rumbles of war, 'cause all this political stuff with all of the Prime Minister and everything was all going on, but nobody was really taking it too seriously, but we decided that if we were going to have to serve in one of the service organizations, let's get the one where we like the uniform. We liked the Air Force blue better than the Army khaki, so that's what we did. We joined, and we used to go once a month to the drill hall for drills and for lectures and this sort of thing. Until war was declared, and I really except for music, I really wasn't trained for anything. My father never even gave thought, and I don't know why, that we would ever have to go out and earn our living, earn a living, you know. He never, he didn't want any, in fact, my youngest sister during the war, before she joined the land army, she worked, she went to work in a very nice class chemist called Boot, very well known in England, and my father was very much against that. Did not shop girl then, (inaudible) a shop girl. You know, the two disparaging descriptions is shop girl or factory lass, you know, you didn't do that. So anyway, I, you know, I was going to be a musician or teach music. That was fine, you know. So anyway, my younger sister joined the land army. I was in the Air Force. My older sister was a nurse in the Air Force. My brother was in the army. He was, in fact, he just died couple of years ago. He was sergeant major in the artillery, and he was taken prisoner by a Japanese at Singapore, and he was a prisoner-of-war in Japan for almost 3 years in Osaka and Nagasaki, and of course, that was a great, great worry to my mother. I don't know if I'm sort of jumping the gun here, but anyway, but I was going back to going in the service, and when you go in, you go in like you do in a big company. You go in at the lowest level, and I didn't know a darned thing about cooking or anything like that. They made me a corporal and I was corporal in the cookhouse. Then I got.. the women's cookhouse. Then I was promoted to sergeant, then I was sergeant in charge of the cookhouse. I still didn't know how to cook. I mean, it was just, you know, the cooking it was pretty bad institutional type, you know, and fortunately, I had the sergeant of the men's cookhouse to help me. Well then I was promoted to flight sergeant. Now it was while I was flight sergeant, the first place that I was sent, my first posting, was Tangmere on the south coast.

**Question:** I need to interrupt just for a second. I need to check one thing, 'cause I think either my monitor has gone bad, or, yeah. It's just my monitor.

**Answer:** ok. Was a place called Tangmere. I've been back there several times. Haven't been able to find it. It's been closed and there's no sign of it, but it's just a few miles east of Chichester, and it was just about 21 miles along the coast from my home, and my parents, when we were very badly bombed in Tangmere, my parents could see the activity from where they were. I mean, they could see a lot of smoke and black smoke and stuff, 'cause it was right straight along the coast. And we had, it was fairly peaceful there, um. Now this is in 1940, and um, in the beginning of 1940, we just did not have too much. We had reconnoitering planes coming over, and we had this what they called a Tanoy system on the base that broadcast from headquarters so that if there were planes approaching, they would just say, Enemy planes at 30,000, 25,000 feet, approaching from the southeast, you know, take cover, just calmly like that. Well, in August of '40, I was down at headquarters to ask the squadron leader of the base for permission to sell pig swill, which was stuff from the cook house, to a local pig farmer, and to use the money for a party and a

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dance for the troops, you know, for the girls. And I was down there to see him. I remember him to this day. And so anyway, he said that was fine, and if I wanted, they called me Johnny because my last name was Yorkjohnson, and they called me Johnny, so that was fine Johnny, if you want to do that, good luck, go for it, you know, so I just stepped out of there.. and there was this urgent message coming over the Tanoy system, not like it had been before, take cover. It said, Enemy planes approaching. Take cover, take cover, take cover, wherever you are take cover! You know, so they knew they were bombers, so I was in a comparatively unknown part of the airdrome to me because I was down at headquarters. I operated up on the hill at the women's mess and our barracks were back in there. But anyway, I started running and saw this opening and just as I was about to go in there, there was a terrible, I can't explain it, terrible explosion behind me, which I found out later was a hangar. A direct hit on a hangar. When we came out afterwards there were cars that were parked around there were upside down on their tops, the hangar was just upside down. I mean, it was just a terrible mess. But anyway, personally, I was lifted up physically and thrown into this air raid shelter, and there were others in there and I remember my.. this caused me to be claustrophobic for years and I didn't realize it until I had it analyzed. But it was pitch black in there, and I'd come out of bright sunlight. This was August, the middle of the day, so you know it was bright outside. Thrown into this dark place and I thought I was blind, 'cause I couldn't see anything, I couldn't see anybody and it didn't occur to me, you know, that it was because it was in like a cave-like setting, and this sergeant said, You alright? Are you alright? Are you ok, sarge? And I said, Where am I? I don't know. He said, Well, you're ok. You're in an air raid shelter. Lean forward, put your hands up over your head like this on your neck like this and he said, You got your respirator. I said, Yes. He said, I think we might have to use them. Well, what had happened was there had been a direct hit on an oil barrel by the parade ground and the smoke and the vapors were coming that way, and they were getting inside and they thought it was, they dropped gas bombs. But it turned out not to be. But anyway, I always thought that I never truly recovered from that because it was behind me. It was at the back of me, and my children always knew never to come up behind me. Don't ever come up behind me and touch me because I might lose it, you know, because it was such a terrific shock, like blast shock. But anyway, I mean, it didn't damage me as far as walking or anything like that until later on in life, I guess. But it was shortly thereafter, well, ok, better go back to the terrible damage that was done on our airdrome. First of all, the hangars were bombed. Planes were bombed, the spitfires and well, ok the other fighter planes they had, were bombed right on the ground, and the parade ground was like a pebble beach. It had been severely bombed, and you know, it was turned up like, churned up. I mean, that's exactly what it looked like. The terrible thing was that I was sort of by that time, I was more an administrative NCO, and there was supposed to be some girls coming back on base and they sent me, told me to go down to the entrance of the base and make my way down there to make sure the girls were alright that were coming on board, and when I got down there I had to wait, and one of the corporals that I knew really well from the cook house was there, too, and he said, Oh, you heard what happened to Taffy, and I said, No, I haven't heard anything yet. Well, Taffy Lewis was a little guy who worked in the cook house, a little Welsh guy, and what happened was their shelter was under their mess, under the men's dining room, their mess, and all of the boiling water for the kitchen and everything that was needed there, all these big pipes, they were down there and the pipes burst and got scalded and killed almost instantly. But anyway, they told me that's what happened to Taffy, but the horrible thing was, this is one of the bad memories. While I was down there, there were Red Cross ambulance orderlies going around

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with sacks, and the bodies of people that were being killed, I mean, in the bombing, they couldn't tell who was who, so what they were doing was finding two arms, two legs, and a tag, putting those remains in the sack with a tag. That represented that person, and so I'm sure it was horrible. And the other thing I remember, one of the German pilots who had bailed out with parachute had been caught, and they'd given him the job there with a shovel to clean the debris, and I will never forget, maybe it was just because the emotional sensitivity I had for that time, but he seemed so arrogant, you know, 'cause in 1940 he could afford to be, 'cause they thought they were gonna win the war, you know. But I mean he was just picking up one little stone at a time and tossing it over and had this sneer and grin on his face. See what we can do kind of thing, you know, it was really bad. But anyway, our barracks was smashed and so we had to be moved so we made do for a couple of nights and then the next thing we knew we were being moved to a beautiful, beautiful house out of the highway east of the airdrome and we moved in their 'cause all of the beautiful furnishings and pictures and everything had all been removed, you know, and the beautiful ballroom that had been the ballroom had beds in it like dormitories you know, for us. I remember it had 13 bathrooms in that place, and I went back looking for it. Never found it and I think it's because, you know, in like 40 or 50 years, things grow up around, you know hedges and trees and things, and things change so much.

But a few miles from our airdrome actually, they had a dummy-drome, which was interesting. They had wooden aircraft, I mean they couldn't go off the ground if you put them on a catapult, you know. They were wooden, and they were just, it was made to look like an operating base, you know, 'course it really wasn't. It was to divert them from Tangmere you see, and then what other experience did I have there. The experience I had there was that I attended the funeral of the first American that was shot down. Marched in the guard of honor for his funeral, and you know I regret this, but it was in the paper just, I don't know when but sometime in the early '60s, late '50s, early '60s, I saw this written up in the paper that they had brought his body back to the United States, and I felt like saying, I was there! You know, but of course, I didn't. And somehow the paper got taken out to recycle and whatever, and I never kept it. I did, also while I was there, there was a young officer on the base that I knew quite well. Doug Dale, his name was, and he got shot up and came in at an angle and his plane, it had been raining, only like it rains in England, I mean, the whole runway was just like a marsh, but anyway, his plane came in like this angle, and went right in and, of course, he was killed. It was such a shame, and the evening before that happened, I had been in a pub with his friend and a friend of mine. I'd been playing the piano for them, and they'd been telling me, you know, teaching me songs that I didn't even know, but I could pick them up real fast, you know, and we had a sing along, and it was real fun, but that was a bad shock. So anyway, that was really bad experience there at that part. Then I got what we called posted, and that's when you get transferred, you know. I got posted to, now that was fighter command I was in there. That was the 11<sup>th</sup> group, fighter command. I got sent..

**Question:** And what was your job there?

**Answer:** My job there, actually I was sergeant cook, but then I was flight sergeant administration. See, they promoted me and I switch over to admin 'cause I wanted to get out of the cookhouse. And, so then they transferred me, soon after I got my crown, the flight sergeant, sergeant was 3 chevrons, and flight sergeant you had a gold crown. That was the highest rank for a non-commissioned officer for the women. Shortly, not too long after that, they did make warrant officers, and one of

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my best friends who was a fellow sergeant, she became a warrant officer. She became a warrant officer. She thought it was terrible that I was commissioned, but anyway, I was sent to Kirton in Lindsey. Kirton in Lindsey right up on the east coast close to Luxborough. It was funny thing, 'cause you know in those days and during the war, everything was so hush-hush, I really wasn't too clear where I was. I knew I was east, and I didn't know if I was in Yorkshire or where I was. But anyway, there I had under me I had 500 air women and 14 NCOs, and I was top dog. I was the flight sergeant, and every morning, had to march them out on the parade ground, you know, for drill and flag salute, and presentation to the officers and all this kind of stuff, you know. And then I did that, and then I also kept tab of all of their work schedules, you know, the girls that worked in the cookhouse, the girls that were the secretaries and the office workers and so on. And I really enjoyed that, and I liked the atmosphere very much of bomber command. Some of the flying tigers were there while I was there. One day, I remember this one plane with the tiger painted on the front, but anyway. I don't know there's a whole different attitude in bomber command and fighter. See, it's like having a football team. You're fighter command was sort of defensive. They were there to watch the planes coming across the Channel to defend, and they would go up and challenge the Messerschmitts and so on. But in bomber command, they were what they called the flyboys, and the flyboys, they were the aggressive ones that went out and did the damage. So anyway, that was '41, beginning of '41. Well, I had only been up there about 6 months and here orders came through and I was really surprised, I didn't know. But I had been called to London for interview for a commission. So, ok, off I went. I remember one of the women, young officers there, was really happy about it. But anyway, I went up there. Had to go before a board and answer questions and you know, all this stuff. And anyway, then I got a letter, which is in my pile of things to say that I had been approved and I was on probation for so long and so on. Then I had to go to officer's training. So I went, um, it was at Luxborough, which was south of Kurten on Lindsey College. A lot of other young women there, you know, who were going to be officers and, um, we had to arrange to get our own uniforms. They gave us an allowance for uniforms, so we had a officer's uniform, you know. It was different, a little different from just the general issue, as we called it, that you got when you weren't commissioned, but anyway. But then the greatest disappointment of my life, when I got my posting papers of where I would go after I passed the officer's course, was North Wales. Well, for somebody that had been in activity, fighter command, bomber command, everything going on, to send me to a place like North Wales, where there was nothing. The Germans didn't care about North Wales. They had a training station there close by where they trained men to fly and become pilots. And those young officers used to come over to see us in (Pont-Tyweli?), North Wales. Anyway, it was one of those young officers that I met that I married. That was Bob's Dad. And we were married in, well, let me tell you about that. (Pont-Tyweli?), was training command, the dullest. The dullest occupation actually. They had a group of driver sergeant instructors who instructed girls to drive lorries, trucks, lorry trucks, and they would take them out at night, and it was a beautiful site at night in Wales to see. I used to go ahead with the senior training officer and we'd sit down in a pub down in the valley and we would watch the convoys come over the hill with the lights on. It was a beautiful sight, really. It was great, but it was so dull for me. I never learned to drive. I didn't learn to drive 'till I was 58. I was there in a training command, but we took it in turns to drive with the sergeant and with the girls, and of course, as administrative officer, we were on hand in case any of the girls needed anything, and you know, we took pretty good care of them, and made sure the sergeants were behaving themselves, and but that, you know, that was really, but you know, now I at that time, was only,

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I became 21 while I was there. And it was a lot of responsibility. The officers, the girls who were like my age, were about 4 of us. We each took charge of one contingent. 500 came in every 6 weeks. 500 came in and 500 went out. And each one of those was our responsibility, and so as they came in, we had to, they would all line up in the hall, we'd have to sit at the desk, check their papers as they came in, sign them off, and send them for what they called their FFI. That was free from infection, to make sure they weren't bringing any bugs in, but let me tell you there were some brought in. And all the time I had to have my leather gloves on. Well, I picked up a nice dose of impetigo from one of those gals and had to be treated for that. But, anyway, one of the gals. This ought go down in, what is that book, Ripley's Believe It or Not? This one, one of the gals was found to have scabies, and impetigo and horrible thing, and as they left like me and the block, as they left the block, they had to go to sick quarters, if they were, you know, for the doctor to sign off on no infection. Poor doc, you know, every time there was a bunch came in, she really had a job. But they had this gal who was raised in the slums of the east end of London whose mother used to sew her underwear on her every fall, like about this time, and wouldn't let her take it off until spring. So you can imagine the condition of that, and they had a struggle. It took 3 or 4 women to get those clothes off her, to cut them off her and get her in the tub and scrub her, because scabies has to be scrubbed off, you know, and anyway, um, I just couldn't believe it, and doc told me, she said, Johnny, you just, you just, you wouldn't believe this, she said. I didn't know we had anything like this in England, but she said, This mother must have been crazy in the head, because she sewed these clothes on her and would not allow her to take them off until spring. So anyway, um, then Bob and I were married. He had been an army officer and he wanted to transfer into the Air Force because he had two brothers who were Air Force officers. There were 3 brothers. Three Andrew brothers, there was the oldest one who was Doug, who was on heavy bombers, and flew from England, the east coast, into Germany, Berlin, Frankfurt, I mean, all the big German cities, bombing. Then there was Phil, who was in Africa in the African Campaign that came up through Africa into Italy. He was the one that told me about those troops bailing out into the Mediterranean and didn't get to shore. It was very bad, I mean it's hard to imagine anything like that happening now, but they didn't have the instruments we have today to detect and see through fog and things like that. But anyway, Phil, yeah, Phil survived the war. Both of Bob's brothers were both decorated by the King for, with his distinguished flying cross for their service. I mean, it was a great honor and somewhere, I don't know if I have them now or who has them. Somebody has pictures of them at the palace. But anyway, Bob was the middle one. He was the second to the eldest. He was the middle one. And he, so he transferred to the Air Force from the army, took his training, according to his buddy, who was his best man at our wedding, he just did brilliantly, and the reason was that he had done a lot of, he was going to be an architect, you see, and he's already done some of this pre-work in design and printing. It was just beautiful job on everything, so naturally he did very well. But, anyway, the sad thing is at this point, is that everybody, everybody with the exception, as far as I know, I haven't kept in touch with her, but everybody in our wedding party got killed in the war except me and my sort of maid of honor. Our best man, Joey Barker, he went the same time, Bob, my husband, was flying Bostons out of the east coast. I don't know the station, because on his letters he wasn't allowed to put the station. It was the air force post office box, you know, you didn't know. But anyway, he was flying Bostons, and I think Joey was flying Bostons, and then my maid of honor's fiancé who was Polish Air Force, also was killed, and so I was the only one that survived, but Bob, my husband's death was not a nice, what you might say, a nice clean cut affair. They got it so fouled up, War Ministry, we got letters and letters and letters

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and after he was shot down, that the mistaken identity, buried in the wrong grave, false reports from Dutch observers. He's buried in Middlekerke Cemetery in Belgium, and it's just so, well, I don't do it anymore. It was so distressing to me at the time to read, like, in the mail, here comes another one, you know another letter. I became pregnant with Bob, and we were married in March of '42. It was sometime that summer, Bob was born in '43, just a little less than a year after we were married, and so Bob never saw his father. His father never saw him, and the last time I saw his father, you know, he said, If anything happens to me I want you to just go on and live a happy life and don't dwell on the past and you know, so I have done my best to do that. Putting so much of this stuff behind me and buried it very deeply in my mind, that you know, until I start working through a continuation of events, that's when, you know, it's able. So anyway, my parents had a lovely home, and um, when I got discharged from the service, if you were pregnant or whatever, they called it Services No Longer Required. Well, you can just imagine being pregnant, marching, anyway, I went home and I, so I lived with, stayed with my mother. But it was there in September, he was supposed to be coming home for this birthday, and I was upstairs getting my parents. We had this one room, my mother always kept this room, she called it the marriage boudoir. My mother had a wonderful sense of humor, but you know, as their daughters came home with their husbands, you know, that was their room, so I was up there in the marriage boudoir for us. And here telegraph boy on the bicycle came up in the driveway, came to the door. My mother was rooted to the spot, I never forget this. I turned around and looked at her, she was just white as a sheet, and it suddenly occurred to me what she was thinking. My brother, is he in prisoner of war camp? And so, it was so strange, here I was pregnant, and I don't know, it's just this icy calmness. I went to the door, took the telegram. I opened it. It said, Regret to inform you that your husband, you know, has been lost, believed, missing, believed dead. And so I turned around, I thought my mother was going to faint, and I said, Mamma, it's ok, it's Bob, it isn't Dennis, it's Bob. See, 'cause she, and so then she came toward me and we hugged, and then she disappeared and I knew what she had done. She had gone over to the neighbors house to call my father because she didn't want me to hear the telephone conversation with him, so she called my father and told him, you know, that this had happened.

**Question:** Now there's irony here in the fact that, if my notes are right, it was September 27.

**Answer:** mm, hmmm. That's right.

**Question:** Which is today.

**Answer:** That's right. Isn't it strange. Really is, and it's just sort of an uncanny sort of thing almost, but you know, with Bob, you know, I'm really glad now that I brought him to the States. I brought him to the States when he was 4, almost 5. I stayed on excellent relations with my husband's family, particularly his mother, who I called Mother "A", 'cause Mother Andrew, you know, she was a lovely, lovely lady, and Bob's death really contributed to the death of his father. His father had a heart attack. Bob was kind of the shining, I don't know, he was tall and handsome. The other two boys were a little more, a little shorter, you know, but Bob was just like Bob. That build. But I was always glad I did, but you know, it's really a strange thing that you should bring that up, because I have always felt that Bob, he's ok. He's being taken care of. He's being watched over. His Dad is not going to let anything happen. You know what I mean. Everything, and you know it's weird, it's

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weird, because, you haven't got any wood around here, but he's been very, very fortunate in everything he's done, and he's a good person, and just like his father, he's a very moral person, he's very family-oriented, and everything that he has turned his hand to he has succeeded, and he deserves to, and he and Susan have been married 37 years now, and they deserve it. They were excellent parents and their boys are just both wonderful boys and have good marriages and, you know.

**Question:** How long did you know Bob's, your husband, before getting married?

**Answer:** 4 or 5 months, I suppose.

**Question:** Love at first sight?

**Answer:** I think it was with him. I'm not quite sure, because he kept coming back, but he was not a demonstrative person. In fact, I don't ever remember him actually proposing to me. I think I said to him! Well, if I had my way now, we'd be married, and I think I was sitting on his lap in the back of a car 'cause all crammed in going someplace. And I think that was it. And then, I kind of spoiled it for him because he was going to take me and he did take me to uh.. He found there was a little Welch bus that went down into the valley to this little sort of park-like place, and on the bus in his uniform, somehow I felt this lump, you know. Of course, it was the ring. I couldn't wait. I said, Now I want to see it right now. Gotta see it. Gotta see it right now. Well, there were no really good jewelers in North Wales. (Flendinow?) was the closest and they didn't have much, so he bought me a beautiful amethyst and white gold ring that was my birthstone, so that was, and I've still got it, of course. That was my, that was I never did have a diamond. But, you know, there are several sort of ironic things. You mentioning this about the 27<sup>th</sup>, when, soon after I got home, I went to visit his mother and his family, and while I was there I was doing something and I went to put something in the drawer of her sort of living room, and the hook of the drawer somehow caught my ring, my wedding ring and ripped it off my finger and sent it flying. Oh, she was so upset, and we couldn't find it for awhile. And she didn't have too much to say. She said, I don't like that very much at all, but sometime later, of course, after Bob was killed and I told my mother what happened, she said, Well, you know, there was a superstition about that. If the wedding ring got taken off the finger, you know. I mean, it used to be you got a wedding ring put on that was forever. You know, you didn't take it off, but if it got ripped off it was an indication something was going to happen. And of course, they were, all of the Andrew family were very good to Bob, naturally, and but, the other two boys, his Dad's brothers, only had daughters, so the continuity of the name rested with him, and I said, Bob, you've gotta have boys and he did, he had two boys, so that was great. So they're still Andrew. He always has to say No S. Andrew, no S. But, anyway, it all worked out very well for him and, um.

**Question:** You know, one question that a lot of students ask about World War II and being in the situation that you were in, is why get married? I mean, did you discuss, he was flying missions, there were young men not coming back and a lot of kids today don't understand what or why. They don't know what they would do in that situation.

**Answer:** Well, um, yes, I think that when things were serious as they were then, I think you felt you wanted to live as much as you could in the present and hope for the future, but not place too much hope on it, but to have what you wanted

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and do what you wanted and what you could. To me, loving him and marrying him gave him something worthwhile, and I regret it very much now, but when my mother came to visit me in 1957, she brought a whole bundle of letters like this for me that he had written me, and I told her I didn't want to read them, because it would just bring all this back, all this and, but anyway, he had wonderful sense of humor, and he and his brothers had a wonderful relationship. And I remember one outstanding thing in his letter that he said that I've often laughed about and I thought, I wonder how many women would see the funny side of it, but he wrote to his younger brother before he met me and said, She isn't an oil painting, but you're going to love her like I do. You know, and first of all, it sort of hurt my feelings, I thought, You know, when you're young like that, beauty is in the eye of the beholder. He's supposed to think that, but anyway. He knew I was pregnant, and that's why he wanted me to, you know, just go ahead and be happy, and it's made a great difference in my life. I feel that coming to the States was one of the best things I did, because I wouldn't be here if I'd been in England. I would not have lived this long, and like I was in the lawyer's office yesterday and she said, Good night, she said, Stella, how old are you. I said, I'm 81. She said, My, but you're well preserved, but I wouldn't have been had I been in England, because I have had a lot of surgeries, and just come through them, and except for feeling tired, I have pretty much a routine now, where all my bright stuff, writing letters and everything like that, is done in the morning. In the afternoon, I nap, and then around 4:00, then I'm revived, then it's tea time, and then I revive, and then I'm good until 11:00 if my husband would let me stay up. But anyway, 'course it was a sad thing for me that I was raised not exactly with a silver spoon in my mouth, but, what's that little verse about Sitting on a satin cushion eating strawberries and cream. I mean, in my life it never occurred to me I would ever have to go to work out. You know, in at our level, we were, you know, there were so many class, we were like gentry. We weren't aristocracy, we weren't, you know, my father was a well-to-do merchant, ok, but he owned land, so that made him sort of like gentry, and you know, usually gentry, their hobbies where their lives occupation. They either wrote or they rode horses and raised horses, or they were musicians, or you know, did, I mean, my parents would never have allowed me to go on the stage to be, which I had the opportunity, and that's what made me remember this. I had the chance, when I was little, one of the women used to come and help my mother, had hear that to do the Christmas pantomime, they wanted children, you know, and she thought I would do very well at it, 'cause I was musical and I had a sense of rhythm, time and everything. Oh, my mother would not hear of it!!! No daughter of mine is going on the stage! I think that they were thinking too much back into the Edwardian times, you know, when some of the stage ladies were also mistresses of royalty, you know. But anyway,

**Question:** And England was like America. The woman's place in England, the work environment was not the woman's place?

**Answer:** That's right.

**Question:** So World War II had some of the same effect in England as it had here, it opened a lot of doors.

**Answer:** Oh, yes, it did. It did, and you know I hate to say this now. I didn't realize what a snobbish thing it was, but when I was in school, one of my friends' mothers was a widow, and she had to go out to work, she Had! to go out to work. I mean, that was just horrible. The idea of going out to work, you know. Strange

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thing is, that her younger sister wound up marrying my brother, so, you know, I mean, it's a strange world, but that certain is very true, but I have to confide that I have strange feelings sometimes of not being like now in my right class. I mean, I don't know how to describe it, but it's sort of difficult for me. I did go to work, I sent back to school, I went to school here, I took accounting, and secretarial skills like typing, never could do shorthand, but did other secretarial skills. And I always had good jobs, and after working 21 years for one company in town, I decided there was no future in it because there was no retirement, no pension or anything so I decided to work for the state. Well, first of all, I got sort of temporary jobs. Then I finally got a letter in the mail to go interview for Business Manager of the Washington State Law Library, and that's where I wound up. And that's where I retired from.

**Question:** I have to switch tapes here. One moment please.