

ALPINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

VOICES OF ALPINE SERIES

BETTY NOBLE

NARRATED BY VIKKI COFFEY – OCTOBER 12, 2001

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Vikki: This is the interview with Betty Noble. Hi, Betty.

Betty: Hi, Hi.

Vikki: So, you are a long, long time Alpine resident. You were born here, right?

Betty: No, I was born in San Diego, but I've lived here since I was three years old. My mom was raised at The Willows and she came back in 1925 when she and my dad split the blanket. But I grew up, since 1925, at the Willows. So, next to the Brabazons, longevity-wise, and maybe age-wise, the longest person living in Alpine.

Vikki: Tell us about The Willows.

Betty: Well, originally it was purchased by my grandfather and my grandmother when they came out from San Diego, they lived in San Diego then, and they looked all around the area and they found these 140 acres which they fell in love with. Apparently my grandfather liked to play poker. Well, he got in a poker game one night and he won \$1,000 and he got up and walked away from the poker table and came out and bought the 140 acres for \$1,000.

Vikki: Wow. What year was that?

Betty: 1894. And my mom was born in 1897 at The Willows and that's when Dr. Sophronia Nichols was the only woman doctor here in Alpine—the first woman doctor in Alpine. Her grave is in the Alpine cemetery and I'll show you. My mother's oldest brother, he was about 9 or 10, he got on his horse and he rode over from The Willows to Dr. Nichols' home which is on Tavern Road, which now is The Alpine Historical Society, over bad roads and she, like Dr. Quinn the Medicine Woman, hooked up her buggy and they came back over the roads and Dr. Nichols delivered my mom and stayed with my grandmother for three days to make sure she was all right. Doctors don't do that these days.

Vikki: No, they don't. Dr. Nichols I assume made a lot of house calls, though, right?

Betty: Yes. She was the only woman doctor and a lot of people didn't care too much for her, they were a little reluctant, because she was a woman. But I guess she had a pretty good practice. She practiced in Japatul and around the area and other parts of the United States. There is a history on her over at the cemetery, I mean at the Historical Society.

Vikki: OK. Growing up here, in Alpine, what was that like?

Betty: Well, when I went to grammar school I went to the same school that my mom and all her brothers and sisters went to. It was up on Viejas Grade—the road up to the Indian reservation, and we used to walk about a mile each way to get to the school. I went there four years—first, second, third and fourth. It was a one-room school with eight grades. Then when they combined the Viejas School and the Alpine School it became the Alpine Union School District and so then I was in the Alpine one for fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth and I graduated from the stage of the Woman’s Club with seven in my big eighth grade graduating class. Hazel Hohanshelt was the school teacher who is idolized. She just turned 96. I check on her every day. She was the teacher and she taught fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth and Mrs. Crew who had been the teacher at the Viejas School, taught first, second, third and fourth. So that’s what I did there. When I graduated from eighth grade, they didn’t have any high school except going to Grossmont which was the only high school in the east area, not like what there is now. So I lived with my aunt in San Diego for my ninth grade and then my tenth grade, tenth, eleventh and twelfth I moved home because the school bus came up to Alpine. I took the bus back and forth to school. I graduated in....let’s see, when did I graduate? I graduated in 1940.

Vikki: OK. Just in time for the war to come. In 1940, was there a lot of talk about war?

Betty: No. No, not specifically. I think the United States didn’t know too much about it until Pearl Harbor. I was going to San Diego State College and then when war broke out I went to vocational school and got an aircraft job down at what was then Consolidated Aircraft. I wasn’t Rosie the Riveter, I was Betty the Bender and we learned how to do gas lines, oil lines and tubes for the airplanes that they manufactured and put together in San Diego. And I’d be working away and people would say, “Betty, why don’t you go in the service?” and I said, “Nah. I want to be a Marine.” I didn’t think the Marine Corps would take women. So, when I was supposed to be sworn in and there were seven of us and we were supposed to meet the recruiting officer down at the old post office at 10:00. Well, I was still running around trying to get my release from Consolidated because I was a defense worker. So I finally got my release and she caught the train at 3:00 in San Diego and at a quarter to three I finally found her and she swore me in. [Laughter]

When I went to boot camp it was in Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, and I had never been on a train before—just a little country kid—and I hardly knew anything about trains. Like when I went to junior high school, there were three girls that took me in because I didn’t know how to get on and off a street car when I had to go from school to my aunt’s.

Vikki: Wow. And your first trip was all the way across the country.

Betty: By way of San Diego, Los Angeles, El Paso, Chicago, Washington, D.C. and then down to Camp Lejeune.

Vikki: How long did that take?

Betty: Seven days on a troop train in the middle of the summer

Vikki: That doesn't sound comfortable.

Betty: No. And there was no air conditioning, except when they opened the windows. So, because I lived in Alpine and we had The Willows Dairy and I delivered milk all over Alpine when I was a teenager growing up and learning how to drive. So, because of my experience there they put me in the motor transport unit and to motor transport school at Camp Lejeune and I got my first stripe to PFC. But I came out to El Toro; I had orders for the Naval Air Station at El Toro before they moved, of course, down to Miramar. There were 93 of us in that first contingent and during World War II there were 2,000 women just at El Toro. They did everything but fly—they were mechanics, control operators, meteorologists, everything that you can imagine.

Vikki: What's a meteorologist?

Betty: That has to do with the weather. So I was there until December of '45; I got out as a staff sergeant. I had a couple of experiences, I had many experiences and I came home and jumped around from pillar to post deciding what I wanted to do and then the Marine Corps started taking women back in—all the services started taking women back in in 1948 and 1949 as regulars. So, I went back in in 1949 and on active duty at my old rank, which I was lucky to get. I didn't want to go back in as a PFC [Laughter] and then I stayed in the Marine Corps and was a, let me see, I didn't have any children of my own but I sure raised a few thousand—they called me chaplain, mother confessor, whatever. I was just there for the troops and when I retired, I retired in November of 1968 at Paris Island, South Carolina, at the Marine Recruit Depot down there. I was the third woman to be selected as a Sergeant Major and the third one to retire and the first woman Sergeant Major to ever have an entire depot parade pass in review in front of me when I was in the reviewing stands, when I retired.

Vikki: That's kind of a distinction.

Betty: And the women, the women recruit battalion, was right behind the band and they passed the band ripped out *California, Here I Come*. [Laughter] I had a good time in the Marine Corps and, when I retired, unbeknownst to me my dad and my stepmother showed up from National City and an hour later my mom and a dear friend of mine showed up from San Diego and I didn't know ANYTHING that they were coming. So I really came unglued. [Laughter]

Vikki: What were some of those funny experiences you had in the Marine Corps?

Betty: [Lots of laughter] Well, one was when I was in El Toro I drove the battalion commander's sedan occasionally and there was an officer coming from the Headquarters Marine Corps for a big inspection and he was staying down in La Jolla at the Valencia Hotel. The colonel told me to get down there as fast as I can and meet with the colonel and bring him back. Well, when I went

through Camp Pendleton, all the male troops were out there going through maneuvers on Old 101, which was the only highway down there, so they just seemed to be right in the middle of the road and everything, so I turned on a red light on the sedan and they all scattered and I went through. I got down to La Jolla and picked up the colonel and when I got back the troops had disbursed and so I got the colonel from Headquarters Marine Corps back up to my battalion commander. The next day the motor transport officer in charge came to see me and said, "The colonel wishes to see you." And I went, "Whoops. Tilt." I reported to him in his office and he said, "What's this I hear about you going through the troops at Camp Pendleton with the red light on?" He said, "Don't you know that's only to be used in emergencies?" I said, "Yes, sir, I do, but you told me to get down there and back as fast as I could." He said, [in a loud voice] "GET OUTTA HERE!" [Laughter] That was one of the many that I really remember, but an experience like that. I remember one time when I was at Quantico a girl drowned in the Potomac River and I had to take her body home to her mom in Pennsylvania and that night I had to sleep in a room with her mother because she was so distraught. I lost about ten pounds on that trip because finally I got back and then I was supposed to be on TOD (Temporary Disability) for two days and, when I got back I was so exhausted I went to a hotel in Washington, D.C. and crashed for a day and when I got back they wanted to charge me with a day for being AWOL [Absent Without Leave]. But it all was just funny little things that happened.

Vikki: What did they do about you being AWOL?

Betty: Well, I was excused when I talked to people and my CO [Commanding Officer] and when I explained.

Vikki: Were you ever stationed overseas?

Betty: Well, I was stationed in Hawaii at Camp Smith which was the old Alea Hospital, during the war and they said if you could make it in the ambulance at the top of the hill you probably had a pretty good chance of living. And I was over there for two years and I enjoyed it very much. My mom came over when I got transferred back and I took her all over the islands. My sister was in the Air Force as a nurse and she was in Japan for two years and in Europe for two years and my mom went to visit her both times and then she came to Hawaii so she, with us being in the service, she got to see country that, you know, she never would have. My sister retired as a Lieutenant Colonel with several leaves on her shoulder and I never have saluted her. [Laughter]

Those are just some of the things that I did and then, when I got out, when I retired, I came back home and I lived in San Diego because I was going to build a house on property out at The Willows that I owned, that I had purchased from my uncle, and so I lived there. When I did come home to Alpine, I worked part time as a teller at the Security Bank, when it was the old Security Bank, right next to the Chamber of Commerce Office right there. Then my friend Nita Hill, who was in real estate, talked me into going into real estate, so I went to real estate school and worked

for her as a real estate salesman because I was really tired of standing around on the concrete all day long at the bank. But I did renew a lot of acquaintances when I had was delivering milk all over Alpine. So I did go into real estate and when she decided she had to move her office then I went out of my home and I served mostly land and then I renewed my license for one period but then I didn't anymore because that was about the time when everything was getting so hairy with new rules and regulations. And I didn't want to go to jail. So, I didn't need it. I had a couple of rentals and I had my Marine Corps retirement, which came in handy and my good old ID card will buy me more than a nickel cup of coffee.

Well, that's pretty much what my life was and so now I belong to the Woman's Marine Association and our group about once a month and the east county go once every other month to the VA Hospital and we serve hot dogs and refreshments and cold drinks to the fellas while they were playing bingo. But we do it in the psychiatric ward, so we had to be escorted in and escorted out and we never had any problems. Those men were so appreciative. There were a few women on the ward also. Service women in the psychiatric department.

At the Alpine Cemetery the oldest grave marker that we have is 1899 and originally, before this [cemetery] came into existence there was, there is still, a cemetery over by Alpine Heights down by the water tower, called Mount Pisgah, and some of the old timers were buried over there. When the Alpine Cemetery was first started it was run by Percy Foss and his wife Pearl [Pearl was really Percy's sister] and at that time all the graves were hand dug and the two of them did all the hand digging for the gravesites here in the cemetery. Later on we had to have a sexton who oversees what's going on and things. The sexton is actually in charge of the maintenance and everything and is keeping the cemetery up. Now we don't do the police work on the actual graves per se unless it gets really horrible looking. We keep the other grounds raked and try to keep it neat and clean and spray the weeds to keep the weeds down. Right now we have two fellows here—one who is the sexton and the other who is his assistant. But it keeps them busy with this entire area and then also digging graves when there is going to be a funeral. Now, the old section, I had some pictures of the old section, when we walk up there, I'll show you the before and after before the trees and all the eucalyptus trees had grown up. I'll have to find those again because I want to give those to those who are here to the Historical Society. Our oldest grave is 1899 and we have monuments not to exceed two and one half feet high now, but then there are some that are high that were here before.

Vikki: Who does that oldest grave belong to?

Betty: It belongs to a man by the name of Perkins. Part of the old Perkins family. When we walk up there, I'll show you.

Vikki: I understand that Dr. Nichols is buried here.

Betty: Dr. Nichols. She is buried here. And I'm going to have ...the only thing that indicates where her grave is an old piece of cement with hand drawn letters drawn with a nail or some-

thing. I'm going to donate a monument for her and still leave the old cement one there. I've been talking with Clemens Granite Works in Santee, they are the ones that work on and really do a lot of things up here. They'll do my own. I'm going to be buried here and lie on my back and watch the moon come over my mountain—Viejias. I've already decided what I want to go on mine. Of course, I'm a military veteran and I will get a bronze plaque, but that plaque will be mounted on a piece of marble very similar to one I had done for my friend who passed away two years ago. I'm going to have on mine, everyone seems to think it's apropos, I'm going to put on the bottom: "A friend to all who knew her." I just thought that would be kind of nice.

Vikki: From what I know about you, that sounds very appropriate.

Betty: So that's pretty much it. I've told you my whole history I think.

Vikki: [Laughter] Before we leave the cemetery, how does a person arrange to buy a plot here and who would be digging the grave and how is the arrangement made?

Betty: Well, when a person passes away, sometimes the mortuary calls and says, "We're doing a service for so and so.." and they will come up to select their own gravesite. And the person, the next of kin, comes up and selects where they want their loved one buried and then we go ahead and dig it and do all of the arranging and make it nice. When the funeral is over, the casket is lowered into the ground. We require cement liners now to go around the casket whereas back in the dark ages the casket was just put into the ground and, as a result, a lot of it has deteriorated. Some people don't like this for some reason or other the wife or the husband is moved to a different area and they want the body removed so it can be transported to the area where the other wife or husband or family member will be and that has to be arranged through a mortuary and there has to be a permit and such. There has to be a permit when we bury somebody, there has to be a permit from the county giving us permission to say it's OK, whether it's a cremation or a full grave. And, our full graves, we have an ash garden which is filled up and then we started another are for ash gardens but if the family wants to buy one full size lot then we allow five cremations to go into that particular lot. If a person is already buried in a lot and the family wants to be there also when they are cremated, then we allow four with headstones put on each of the lots.

Vikki: And who do we contact for this?

Betty: You contact the sexton. Our telephone number is 445-4830 and make arrangements and an appointment with him. We have an answering service, so when he's busy with his backhoe digging he will call the people back and talk to them and make arrangements. The other day I got a call at home from a lady whose son-in-law had been killed in an accident, an industrial accident, and so I gave her all the info she needed, the price and everything like that.

Vikki: And I know you already answered, but for the tape could you tell us how long you've been a member of the board here and how long you've been president?

Betty: Well, I've been a member of the board since probably 1973, 1974 and I think I've been president since maybe 1978, 1979, continually. I always get reelected; in fact, the whole board usually just gets reelected. We are an advisory committee and everybody who owns a lot in the cemetery is an automatic member of the cemetery association and we have a meeting the last Monday in February of every year at which time new board members are elected and within their own group it is decided who is going to be president, vice president, etc., well, I've been president so long, I guess nobody else wants the job. But, I'm here and I grew up in Alpine and I know Alpine. To be a board member, you have to reside in Alpine.

Vikki: OK. Now, I want to go back a ways. I want to go backward. Let's talk first about The Willows. What kind of a business concern was it and what all did you do out there and what was it like growing up there and working there and having all that responsibility?

Betty: Well, The Willows originally was just a wide spot in the road and my grandfather had a peach orchard and an orchard across from there. It was just a wilderness because he had umpteen acres. My uncle used to drive a freight wagon from Descanso down to meet the train in Lakeside. But people would drive out, to the country in the horse and buggy days and would stop by The Willows to rest and my grandmother would say, "Well, do you want a cup of coffee or some dessert, a piece of cake or something?" And then it would go to, "Do you want to stay for dinner?" And, this is how the resort part started.

Vikki: Almost by accident, then?

Betty: Well, yes, and in those days, some people even lived in tents and in the Alpine history book there is a picture of my grandmother and the old washboard before there was even electricity. However, I remember as a kid before when we had The Willows, I think that's the first time I knew about solar power. Because we had pipes up there that would heat the water to the dining room so that we could wash the dishes. I grew up learning first of all that I could scrape the dishes, because I was old enough just to scrape them and then as I grew older I could wash the silverware and the glasses and then I got to the point where I could carry out the dishes from the dining room. And, as I got older I gradually waited on tables. I remember then we had house-keeping cabins and we had overnight cabins for about \$3 a night. I remember one lady who was ill and had to have trays delivered to her three times a day. When I was not going to school I would deliver trays to her and I was the richest kid in the area because I made a whole \$1.25 a week. There were quite a few youngsters in our area and we all went to school together and we knew each other and then when we had birthday parties we had them on a Saturday and we always had a pea shelling contest to see who could shell the most peas for a prize. That really got our work done for the Sunday dinner. [Laughter] Only one time in my lifetime did I run away from home. It was Mother's Day and we used to have lots and lots of people come up from San Diego. In fact, we were very well known throughout the United States. We were in Duncan Hines' *Adventures in Good Eating*. It was Mother's Day and I guess I just got tired of it. I guess I must have been about twelve years old or so. I ran off and I hid in old Mr. McNett's barn for

three or four hours and I finally decided, “Well, I guess I better go home.” And I got home about four o’clock in the afternoon and my Mom and my aunt looked at me and they said, “You go in there and go to bed and we’ll see you in the morning.” That’s the first time in my life I ever went to bed without my supper. That was my punishment and believe me that was the only time I ever ran away. [Laughter]

Vikki: You had a pea shelling contest, right? What other things did kids do around here for fun when you were young?

Betty: Oh, we used to get together and play hide-and-seek, duck, duck, swan and kick the can. We just all stayed together and we had a croquet court at The Willows and a little miniature golf course also for the guests. In fact, in the California Bank there in Alpine has a big picture of the oak tree and then there’s people sitting around beneath it and there is one little girl in the crotch of the tree—and that’s me. The building is the dining room that was built and then there was the old adobe building which was one of the earlier parts. My grandfather made the bricks and dug them with their bare feet and unfortunately when the freeway went through the houses were torn down. Some of the smaller ones were moved to the east side of the main entry way. And I was out playing Marine at the time or else, I really think I would have tried to make it into an historical landmark, but the freeway went right through. It could have been moved over because that was also really the dairy part; the ranch part that belonged to my uncle but that could have been moved over. When I was growing up the creek would go up and the knocker would be on one side of the creek and I’d be on the other side with a truck and we had a hoist and we’d put the milk on one side and pull it across and put it on the truck. There were all those glass bottles and when I was a youngster I would look at those cases of milk like nothing and people would say, “Watch your back.” And, I’d say, “Nah.” But...believe me, I should have listened.

Vikki: The dairy wasn’t attached to The Willows. It was two different...

Betty: No. It was The Willows Dairy. My uncle had the dairy part, but it was part of The Willows. It was The Willows Dairy. Oh, that’s pretty much what went on.

Vikki: Now, you did mention the Marine Corps again, and I have to question, pertaining to today. So many women are fighting to be in full combat. As a veteran of the Marine Corps, what do you and your—the women that are in your organization—think about that?

Betty: Well, I knew that the women do everything but carry a rifle and go into combat. Now they are behind the lines in combat; frequently the headquarters was right behind the lines. But, I know the Marine Corps, I am positive and I certainly agree, that women will never actually be in actual combat. I don’t think it should be and people will say, “Well, they are Marines.” I say it would be too hard on them and, women might not like me to say this, but I think it might jeopardize an operation. While women do everything these days, they fire a rifle and have to go through The Crucible, which is a very, very strenuous two or four day exercise You are out all day and all night long and sleep on the boonies and you have a full pack on. In fact, when The

Crucible is over you come in and it's graduation day and, even though you can hardly stand up then you are graduated from recruit training and given your emblem and your anchor and that is the most proud moment of the trainees' life to date. Now, when I was going through boot camp all we had was a physical fitness program and one later on after that. Women were always issued a rifle and they do the rifle qualifications, so if push came to shove they were able to protect themselves if they are behind enemy lines or if they were near headquarters or out in a tent but not actually doing the combat work of their male counterparts. Of course, during World War II the slogan was Free a Marine to Fight. Some of the men resented this greatly because they had to go into combat only because there were women there that could take over their jobs.

Women showed their patriotism because they wanted to join. So they joined and they still do. They still do now, which is a great thing and the Marine Corps women's recruiters far exceeds the other services, the Navy, the Army and the Air Force. So, it's the reputation once a Marine, always a Marine. People say, "You are an ex-Marine." I say, "No. I am a Marine." A retired Marine. There is no such thing as an ex-Marine, no matter how much time you served. Once you are a Marine, you are a Marine.

I think these days that more and more young people should go into the service. I don't care if it's the Marine Corps or what because they learn, they grow up, loyalty, how to get along with people, how to live closely with people. I personally think that every youngster that becomes seventeen should be required to go into the service. Now, when I went into the service I was twenty and you had to be twenty-one or else have your parents' consent. Now it's eighteen. But I know that when I was working at Consolidated I went down to the recruiting office and I found out all of the info and, as I said, I was twenty at the time and I had to have my mom and dad's consent. And I came home, because I lived with my aunt in San Diego when I worked at Consolidated and I came home on weekends. I said to my mom, "Would you stand in the way of something I want to do very badly? It's not getting married." She said, "What do you want to do join the service or something?" I had not said one word at home, but somehow mothers know things. So on that basis she signed my paper and my dad did and so I joined the Marine Corps.

Vikki: Did you have friends that did the same thing?

Betty: Well, we had a little known association which is a national organization for any women veterans who have received an honorable type discharge or retired and within California there are 91 chapters. We have a chapter here in San Diego and there is one in Oceanside and Santa Ana and on up the coast. All together now I think there are about 370 chapters, association chapters, throughout the United States. It just seems to me, and you understand this is agreed to an extent, a great extent, that the camaraderie of people who have served in the Marine Corps far exceeds the camaraderie of the other services. It's just something that's just the Marine Corps.

Vikki: Does it have anything to do, do you think, with the really strenuous training that everybody goes through together?

Betty: I think it's just what you learn and you learn how to grow up and the closeness and the loyalty. It does something to you. It teaches you a lot.

Vikki: That's probably the major experience of your life.

Betty: I think so. Oh, yes. Oh, yes. I had a dog, a Springer Spaniel, and he was at The Willows one morning, and we closed the dining room at The Willows. First we served only people who were housekeeping cabins and who lived there because my aunt, who was the cook she moved up to Long Beach and so my mom ran it and then when I went back into the Marine Corps and my sister went in the Air Force, I said, "You are not going to be doing this all by yourself." So we closed the eating part and then I had a black and white dog a Springer Spaniel who I got in '45 and my dad had Duchess who was black and white and Duke who was liver and white and Freckles came from a litter of thirteen buddies and he was the runt and he outlived everybody else. I had him in the Marine Corps with me for six or seven years and he was the mascot of all of the Marine companies I had. He died of a heart attack when I was in Hawaii and I didn't want to take him with me in Hawaii because you had to quarantine them for three months. He outlived the entire litter—he lived to be three months short of seventeen years old. But some people remember Freckles but they don't remember me. [Laughter]

Vikki: Did he ever get a commission or a ribbon?

Betty: He got some medals, yeah. I had him with me when I was first in the Marine Corps and I had orders down to Paris Island and the CO she didn't want me to take him down there. Well, she went on leave and I got there first with the dog. That night he was outside tied up, because he wasn't supposed to be in the barracks. Ha, ha, ha. [Laughter] He aroused the guards when some Marine was trying to get into the window of the women's barracks and the next day he got promoted to PFC. And he went on up and his highest rate was a staff sergeant. I have pictures of him sitting at a typewriter and darling pictures of him sitting at his typewriter like he was saying, "What was that reference?" One when he was yawning with his hat askew and I captioned that, "Square your hat, knucklehead." He used to follow my buggy down at Paris Island. We had in the quarters in which we had to live we had cubicles and he was a drill instructor. And he would follow all over and when the platoon would line up outside the mess hall or he'd sit down there next to the flag guy and my bunk mate used to have some days off and she would like to sleep in, but I had to go to work, so I'd say, "Come on, Freck." So, he'd get up on Bunky's bed and we slept on cots—not much room for a dog and my Bunky.

But I had some great experiences. Oh, there's one thing. When I went back in the Marine Corps I went back to headquarters Marine Corps. Here I was a woman, I was a staff sergeant, and I replaced a male master sergeant who was retiring. I took over the entire enlisted file section which was where there was a file jacket on every member of the Marine Corps and this was the enlisted ones. There were about 30,000 of them. There was one fellow I just had a hard time with. I

went to Mr. Edwards the warrant officer and said, "I just can't seem to get in touch with this man."

And, he said, "Well, Betty, let me tell you there's one thing you need to know. You will never be a good NCO [Non Commissioned Officer] and have everybody like you." And, that's so true. I told the troops to remember.

I remember one other time I had a friend of mine, a dear friend, and she was my chief clerk, and that was also at headquarters, and one of the other NCOs was Well, this other gal in the barracks had kind of a drinking problem, so Ruby was going to go and help her out and they both ended up having a little too much libation in the barracks and the next day Ruby didn't show up to work on time as my chief clerk. So I had a little talk with her and she told this story until the day of her death about six or seven years ago. She said, "Never have Betty Noble read you off. She never raises her voice, but you just feel smaller and smaller and smaller." That was my reputation as far as being a disciplinarian.

Vikki: A pretty good reputation to have. [Laughter]

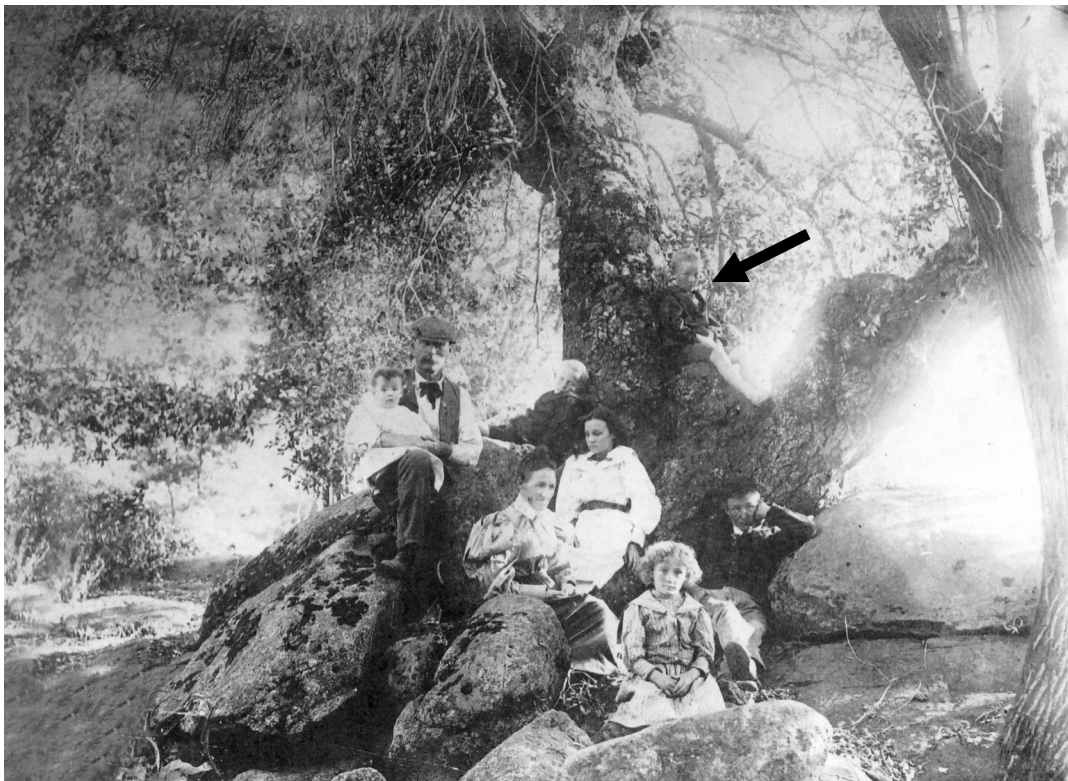
Betty: Well, I can't think of anything else.

Vikki: Well, I think you've given us a lot. You filled up this tape, so I think it's a pretty good interview. We'll go look at those graves if you feel up to it.

Betty: Sure. How about you?



Betty at age 3



Betty in crotch of tree with her grandparents and cousins



Betty Noble, Dorothy Noble Markley, Sue Noble



Betty and Sue Noble and their Father



Betty and Donkey at The Willows



**Leaving for Boot Camp
July 21, 1943**



Arriving at "El Toro" NOV 1943

Arriving at El Toro
November 1943



Betty and Freckles—1950s



Betty and Sue Noble







Driving her truck



Senior Woman Marine in Hawaii—1963





Sergeant Major Betty Noble at 1968 Ceremony; Below: Retirement Photo, 1968



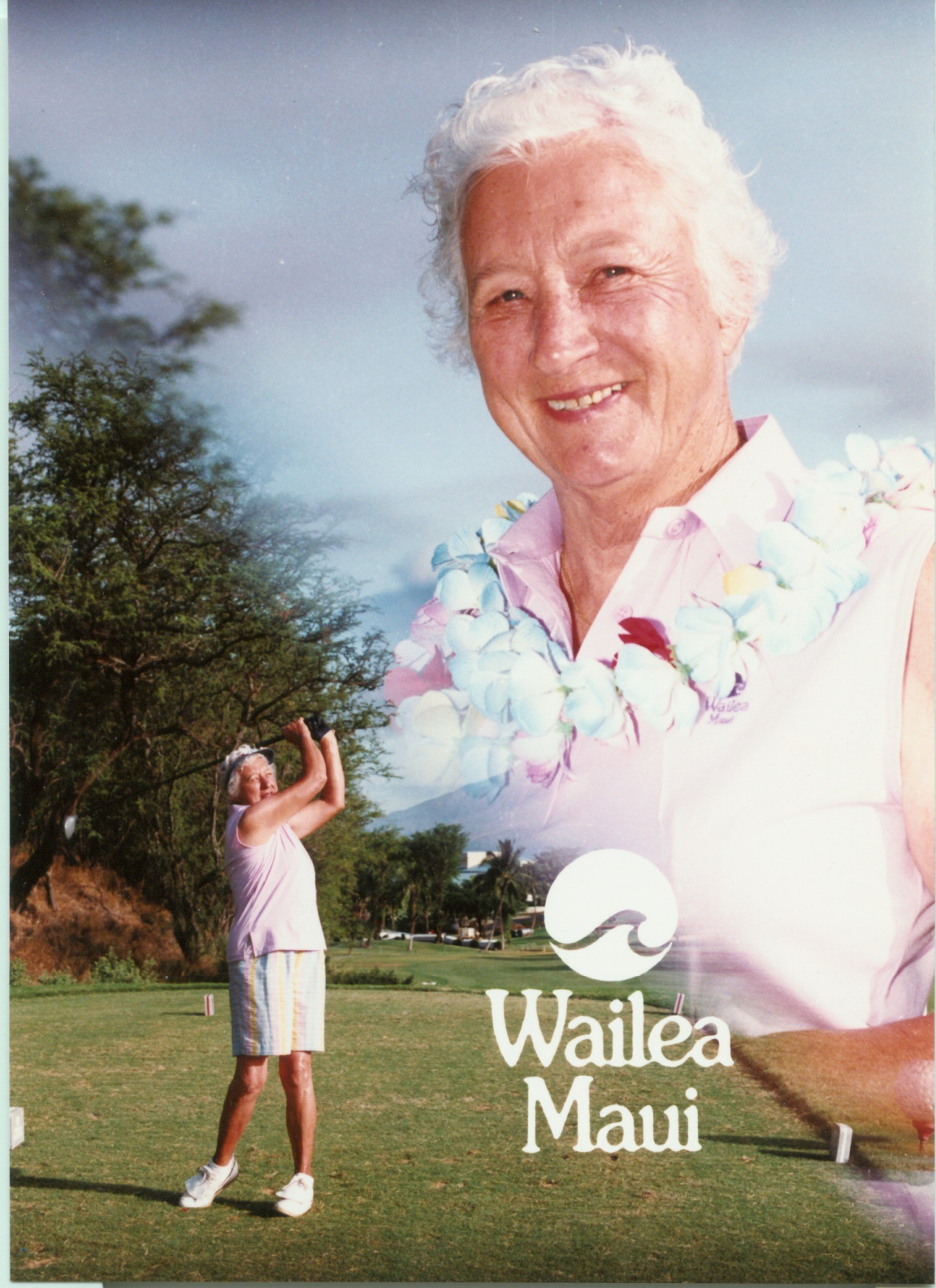


Betty, Nita Hill and Hazel Hohanshelt



Betty with a golf club—one of her loves.







Betty in uniform at the 90th anniversary of the Alpine Woman's Club