

home (Wilford, who had recently been graduated from college and was studying photography in his father's studio), they had a good deal of available space. So in the fall of 1935 they fitted up as an "apartment" the downstairs front room and the little adjacent bedroom, and the next spring fitted up two apartments upstairs by building four rooms and a "bath" as additions to the two smaller bedrooms. The bathroom was an extension eastward of the hallway and was common to both apartments. Each of the two former bedrooms became a livingroom, with a little bedroom and kitchenette built out onto the roof which covered the rear rooms of the first floor. According to Mrs. Porter these additions resulted in "two very convenient apartments," which "were furnished the first of April, 1936, were rented immediately, and continued to rent fairly well for five years," i.e., until Mrs. Porter's serious illness late in 1941.

The big front upstairs bedroom was left unchanged and unrented and was employed as a bedroom for any of the sons who might be in Sterling and for storage of surplus property belonging to absent members of the family, such as Kenneth's books. The downstairs "apartment" was, I think, early retired from rental service, because of the inconvenience both to its occupants and to members of the Porter family of the renters having to use the family bathroom which, as noted above, could be entered only through the dining room and kitchen.

As a result of Mrs. Porter's nearly fatal illness, and the enlistment in the Marines (1942) of her son Wilford who, since his father's death in the summer of 1936 had been carrying on the photographic business, Mrs. Porter felt less and less capable of remaining in the North Broadway residence, particularly in winter. She began to spend more and more of the year in an apartment in San Diego, near that of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. D.L. Wiggins, and attempted to pay at least part of her rent by renting the Sterling house on a yearly basis. With such rentals in mind, in August, 1942, she had the downstairs "completely redecorated," installing built-in cabinets in the kitchen. But renting the house did not work out at all well. Responsible renters would have to move away suddenly, as better jobs called them. Her Sterling agents had either to let the house stand empty or to rent to people about whom they knew little--and that little sometimes not very favorable. One such family, to whom the house had been rented on the condition that the upstairs front room should remain unoccupied and locked, easily found a key which would fit the old-fashioned lock, stole valuable clothing and other property, and, according to neighbors, turned the room into a brothel or "place of assignation." Worse, they somehow permitted rats not only to get into the house but encouraged them to remain by leaving garbage about, and apparently freely co-existed with them; these pests, undisturbed, gnawed great holes in the drawers of the recently built-in kitchen cabinets in order to get at the food within! When my mother returned to Sterling in the summer of 1945 she not only found the cabinets seriously damaged but also discovered chicken bones, gnawed by rats, lying under sofas and other furniture, where the last occupants of the house had permitted them to remain.

In 1946 she decided definitely and permanently to remove to the Los Angeles area to stay with her younger son Keith, who had just been discharged from the army, and his wife and family. Since renting the North Broadway property from a distance had proved impracticable she decided, regretfully, to sell it and all its furniture, which she did, to Sterling College, for a rather insignificant amount. She and her oldest son Kenneth spent several weeks packing up a few prized heirlooms, arranging for the hauling away of mountains of trash, and giving away other belongings, not included in the sale, including large numbers of books to the Sterling College and Sterling public libraries.