



Charles E. Haselton, "Daddy"

## The Early Years

Life in Beltrami, Minnesota

**D**addy was born Charles E. Haselton in Filley, Nebraska, in the late 1800's. He managed the lumber company, which must have been a good job, because our two-story house at the edge of town was the nicest in all of Beltrami. He was "Charlie" to his friends, but "Bobbie" to my mother. You never saw my Daddy without a Camel or a Chesterfield in his mouth. Daddy died in a Los Angeles hospital of lung cancer in 1956 at the age of 66. His last real act was to sit up in bed so he could smoke. He was always a handsome man, his eyes crinkled with his rakish smile, and he knew how to dress. My serious Norwegian mother probably found him irresistible. When I look at old photographs from their courtship, those elegant-looking cigarettes of his make my stomach clench—they took my Daddy away from me.

In Beltrami, I was simultaneously a tomboy and a Daddy's girl. I had a horse, rode my bicycle with the boys, and I wrecked the car at age 13—the car I had taken, without permission, to give five of my girlfriends a ride out in the country over the "fun bump." It was a "bump," all right, I didn't know how to drive, but that didn't stop me from speeding toward that bump. It was exhilarating, until it was terrifying. I lost control of the Chevrolet and we flipped over and ended up in the ditch. There were no seatbelts, but all six of us managed to climb out of the upward-facing windows. It didn't occur to me to think about consequences yet—we had just cheated death!

After the mood died down and we were done reliving the experience from every angle, my friends and I realized we didn't know what to do or how we should get home. I was boldest; it was my car, and I was to blame, so I hiked to the nearest farmhouse, where I telephoned Daddy at work to tell him what happened. The first thing he said was, "Tell me, Stick-in-the-Mud (his nickname for me) - did anyone get hurt?" I told him we were fine, even though I had a bloody scratch on my arm.

I was relieved that he didn't seem angry when he arrived at the scene in a borrowed car.

Daddy dropped each of my friends off and took me home, where I had to face Mother. While she was a lovely, happy woman who never complained about anything, she was also the family disciplinarian. My nerves had multiplied as we got closer and closer to home, and I'm certain I was punished for the

outrageous deed, but my memory of that part of the story has now faded. All that remains is the recollection of the wonderful trip to Crookston with Daddy the next day. Maybe he felt Mother's punishment was too severe, because he not only let me help pick out our new car; he let me drive it all the way home!

Daddy also drank a bit, usually bourbon. He was a happy drunk who didn't overdo it too often. My mother always knew he'd had too much if he wasn't whistling when he came home. Daddy loved to whittle, but you can't whittle when you're drunk.

My sister Zella and I hosted a party for our friends late one winter afternoon. Mother had made some of her Norwegian specialties. The party was in full swing, and Daddy wasn't yet home from work. The party was in the living room because the dining room was closed up for the winter, to save on fuel costs. It wasn't too long before Zella and I heard Daddy's footsteps outside the kitchen door. He wasn't whistling. Mother was upstairs, and there wasn't time to ask for help before Daddy made it inside.

We hurried into the kitchen, shushed Daddy, and grabbed his hands. He could hear our friends, so maybe he understood what we were doing - he didn't resist us. We guided him to the dining room, had him lie down on the small couch in the corner, and covered him with a blanket. We returned to the party, where our friends were busy eating and talking. Zella and I looked at each other - it seemed no one even realized Daddy had come home. We were spared the embarrassment of friends seeing our dear father in that condition. Daddy's office was in town. "Town" was really too big to describe Beltrami - it was really more of a village of about two hundred people surrounded by farmland. The name is pronounced "bel-tram-ee," like "whammy" in the 1920's and '30's. Beltrami had one main street, which was a state highway. One section held the volunteer fire department and the train station. The stockyards and grain elevator were also there, right by the train tracks. On the other side of the highway there was Daddy's lumber yard and office, a café/hotel run by the Roholdt family, a department store, the Scotts' house, the post office, the hardware store, and the grocery store. Finally, there was also the imposing and beautiful bank, a butcher shop, the combination barber shop/pool hall, the bar, and the blacksmith.

Everyone knew Daddy, because he was the man they came to when they needed wood for anything. They would sit at his desk at the lumberyard, tell him about the project, and he would help them figure out the cost and necessary materials. The children knew Daddy because the lumberyard was one of their favorite spots to play: jumping up and down on the stacks of shingles



## Family, Careers and Travels

Oh, My!

**I**ndeed, my life has been rich, busy and full. I had no many dreams and plans for what I was yet to experience, enjoy and accomplish. Little did I know what was waiting in the wings.

An Excerpt from *Glamour Magazine*, September 1950

DEAR READER: The map you see decorating this page is not just a flight of fancy; it is in fact the itinerary of the actual flight on which the winner of our 1950 The Girl with These Surveys will take off any day now. In an air France plane she will wing her way to four of the most fabulous and famous glamour spots of Europe. On this journey into a dream, she will look her handmaid for she will be dressed in the Perfect Career Wardrobe which is also a present from GLAMOUR. You have already met the lucky lady - *Therese Floding* - on the cover and on the pages which follow you'll see more of her and her "treasures" (which you can also buy in any of the shops listed with it and on page 232 - for every single thing in this wonderful wardrobe is so realistically priced as to be possible for any average girl living on an average salary).

Each year the number of those participating in the contest grows...this year topping the two preceding ones with over 15,000 entrants. With so much to gain for so trouble beyond doing a short biography of themselves, plus a simple questionnaire aimed at revealing their general level of taste and intelligence, the wonder to us is not that so many, but rather that so relatively few of our more than 600,000 readers, make the effort. But perhaps we shouldn't bring that up! (Gladys Brown, the hard working jewel of letters, who meticulously weighs every single entry each year, finds the going hard enough as it is. Still...the really important thing is that it is the exception rather than the rule when an individual will buckle down to earn a reward, however much it could mean.

But that, unfortunately, is a lesson that all life teaches. Many years for gain; only a few are prepared to make even a modest effort to achieve it.

To the girl who worked well and won GLAMOUR'S top prize this year...and to the nine who tried just as hard and placed in the contest...as well as to the thousands who tried, and missed...our sincere congratulations. And...don't forget, come January, 1951, when we announce the next contest, all who have entered and not won are eligible to compete again.

Elizabeth Parsons, Editor





Bob, Yvonne, Barbara and Cindy



How the Family is Complete, with young Pamela

*The sexual life of the camel  
is stranger than most people think.  
In a fit of amorous passion,  
One tried to make love to the Sphinx.*

*Now the Sphinx's posterior regions  
Are clogged by the sands of the Nile,  
Which accounts for the hump on the camel,  
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile!*



marks, even if it wasn't our original intent. "Paul" retired after a few seasons.

I think it is true, that I have fallen in love easily. Certainly, it is one way to account for my multiple husbands and numerous boyfriends, most of whom had significant flaws. If I were not a romantic, I might have known better than to actually marry Bob Black, the man, my ex-husband. Earl had introduced me to Bob. But Bob was the father of my wonderful girls, so any irritations he caused me were well worth it over the long haul.

Bob knew Earl and we had introduced him to Helen...they didn't hit it off at all. I guess I had felt he was a catch, although I wasn't available to do the fling when Earl had first introduced us. Helen was immune to him, but many other women were not. He was warm, funny, and exuded more charm than almost any other man I ever met. He was an accountant for a prominent advertising firm, so his social skills were his bread and butter. Everything about Bob wound up being a little slippery - his relationship to alcohol, as well as his grasp on money, on me, and on other women. He was more of a dreamer than a manager, and he wanted so much for himself. He found his way to many wonderful things in life, but he had a hard time holding on to them.

My wedding to Bob was probably the happiest of all my ceremonies. I was in my early thirties, and I had a real life at this point, which meant real friends, real tastes, and more real plans for my future. Part of it was certainly Bob's personal charms. He lit up any room he entered. Bob was smart, charming, and engaged with every single person he met. Always a joke or a story to tell, always a hand to shake or a manly hug to offer. Tell the one about the Sphinx again, Bob? You know the one....

Back then, Riverside was the weekend playground for Hollywood's rich and famous, so our reception party would be held at the Mission Inn, the most sophisticated, beautiful setting you could hire. Money and social standing were very important to Bob. Our celebration wasn't large, but it was very tasteful and elegant. My pictures show urbane, well-dressed guests all smiling for our day. Bob and I didn't wear traditional wedding attire, just stylish clothes we liked. It's easy to pick us out as the bride and groom from the looks on our faces, beaming with satisfaction and happiness.

Bob was a fantastic tennis player - and the social life around that brought great friendships, magical events and of course some of the best tennis matches you could ever hope to watch. Bob on the court at the Alhambra Country Club, holding his own with not one, but two Fanchos, Gonzales and Segura. Majik!

My optimism is both a flaw and my strength. I have jumped into many situations, and I always make the best of them. There seems to be a dividing

Stories as told by Thelma Rich

Guard, rather than waiting to be drafted, and we didn't have much time before he was sent to basic training.

When Bill left, it fell to me to open the mail. Well, there was letter after letter from love interests in multiple states, as well as many long unpaid bills. Perhaps I wasn't as deeply in love as I hoped, because I remember feeling more indignant than wounded. My next step was clear to me. I was soon divorced. By the time I divorced Bill, my parents had relocated to Northern California. Zella had married, bought a house in the city neighborhood of Alhambra, and given birth to a baby girl. Tragically, her husband died of complications from a motorcycle accident soon after.

Zella made the decision to leave Los Angeles to be closer to our parents. My brilliant, college-educated sister took a graveyard shift at a plywood factory in a small town so she could be with her baby daughter in the day, while our parents stayed with the baby at night. Zella was not only kind and intelligent, but strong. Of course she grieved for her husband, but I never heard her complain; like our mother, she had a gift for appreciating the good that life brought her.

I myself had always wanted twelve sons, but I wasn't worried that none had shown up yet. I felt gladness that Zella had a baby to console her, and worry about the new level of responsibilities she would shoulder alone. I guess I never felt the need to move north with Zella - my parents were happy to help, and I loved my life and new FBI job in the city. We were really separated, by circumstances more than distance, for the first time. However, we always remained close. If Zella envied my carefree, adventurous life, she never showed it to me.

With my FBI salary, I was able to rent Zella's little house in Alhambra, benefiting both of us. Some of my fondest memories of that home were my dinner parties.

A frequent house guest was one of my sorority sisters - Helen Gurley, later Helen Gurley Brown. I had a large mirror on one of my dining room walls, and she always insisted on sitting across from it during the meal, so as to keep tabs on her appearance.

Helen was quick to admit that she was not the prettiest of girls, but she had a way of "working it" as people say these days. She had grit, and I just loved her. Ambitious as she was, even she would have been surprised back then to know how far her grit would take her. Helen had grown up very poor in the Ozarks. She would go on to become an author, publisher, wife of film producer David Brown, and an all-around personality. She was most famous for taking over a failing magazine named Cosmopolitan, giving it a daring makeover, and



Helen Gurley Brown

