



NAOMI GREEN PARTLOW MCCREA
USN, HM3/c

I was born in Walled Lake, MI, on March 5, 1928 in my grandmother Jeanotte's house. She delivered all but one of five children of my mom's.

The depression hit in 1929 and my grandparents had to mortgage both of their homes. In 1935, after moving from one of them to the other across the street, my brother Joe was born. I was now seven and since kindergarten had played with a Jewish girl but not with the Armenians down the street because mom said that they were mean. Shortly after that both houses were lost and our family moved to Farmington, MI where I attended Catholic school until the 7th grade.

We lived there five years until my other grandmother sold her house that we lived in when she remarried. On Halloween night we all went to the free movie at the local theater. That same night my mom went to the hospital. This was October 31, 1940, and my youngest brother was born. I was twelve and he was actually born November 1st. (That same brother died in a disco night club in June of 1973. It was an arsonist who set the fire and only one survivor out of twenty-nine. This was in New Orleans, LA.)

Early the next year we moved to Walled Lake again. This time buying our own home. This was a bootlegging house during the 20's and prohibition days. That same year while attending church at 13 years old on a Sunday morning the priest made an historical announcement. It was December 7, 1941.

Like many Americans it changed our lives. I was sixteen three years later and after quitting high school my older brother was drafted. Shortly after being sent to the European Theater, the war ended. The brother was in General Patton's 3rd Army and 8th and was a liberator of the Dachau Jewish concentration camp. He lived in Hitler's S.S. Headquarters. He wrote me about Hitler's suicide. I since lost that historical letter. My mom hung a blue star in her window and fainted when he returned home unexpectedly in 1946.

Only five years later another war broke out called the Korean War. Meanwhile I graduated from high school in 1946. I spent six months as a student nurse at Mt. Carmel Hospital in Detroit, MI. I didn't finish. Previous to that I was a nurse's aide at St. Joseph's Hospital In Pontiac, MI., and then at a private hospital in Novi, MI. While working there my

dad passed away at 46 of a heart attack.. My mom and he had been separated for two years.

In 1950 I worked at a children's convalescent home until in 1952. A returning WAVE, and former employee, after returning from boot camp recruited me into joining. I joined the day before my 24th birthday. Ironic, but she got out shortly after that.

The boy I was dating at that time threatened to join the Marines and follow me 3,000 miles across the U.S. After receiving my first duty station in San Diego, CA, I received a phone call from the Marine Corp Recruiting Depot in San Diego. He was there and soon was sent overseas to Korea. I never saw him again.

I was stationed in Oakland, CA, for Hospital Corp School and on completion of that school I was sent back to Physical Therapy School in San Diego. Then to Vallejo, CA in the physical therapy department.

One day in the chow hall a corpsman came up to me and asked me to attend a Halloween party. I wore a farmer costume and he a devil. He left me at the dance and another corpsman took me back to the WAVES barracks.

That New Year's Eve we attended a dance at the enlisted men's Neptune Club. He asked me to marry him. I had too much to drink and turned my head to throw up. I said to let me give him my answer on my birthday.

Another time he called muster and I wasn't there. He told the Master Chief I was present. I walked late for work right past the Chief's office. Bob, my future husband, had some explaining to do. Romantically on March 5th, 1955, he gave me my engagement ring on top of Twin Peaks in San Francisco where you could see all of San Francisco lit up at night.

On June 4th the same year, we were married with 12 people present at the Hospitality House just off the base. All the corpsman and WAVES were at the annual corpsman's picnic. We stopped at the picnic grounds on the way to Michigan for our honeymoon and wedding reception. Sixteen years of marriage and six kids resulted.