

Marguerite Gertrude Bezy



Marguerite Gertrude Bezy; B 3 April 1913, Louisville, KY; D 8 Oct. 1995, Payson, AZ.

Aunt Marguerite always reminded me of Scarlet O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind." Although she was raised in Indiana, she had very much the personality of a southern belle with a strong romantic streak.

Her true love and first husband was Paul Sutton. When Paul was inducted into the army during the second world war, Marguerite and her friend Beth moved to various locations, including San Francisco, to be near him. Eventually Paul was shipped to France where he was in charge of feeding General Patton's army and later became friends with Ernest Hemingway. While he was in Europe, Marguerite and Beth lived in a house in Phoenix next to Grandma and Poppo.

When the war ended and Paul came home in 1945, Marguerite fixed a grand dinner and had the family over to her house. What I remember most was Paul's duffle bag full of

war souvenirs. Billy was given a real German Luger and I received a revolver. We really treasured those pistols. But the guns did not go over well with the other parents in the neighborhood and were soon confiscated by Mom and Dad.

Marguerite moved with Paul to the copper mining town of Bagdad where he got a job as a chef. After Christmas they drove Bill and me to Bagdad to spend a week. Paul was an adventuresome person and as he drove he raced a train heading west. When we arrived in Bagdad, snow was falling, the first Bill and I had ever seen.

In Bagdad they lived in an army barracks. Bill and I were turned loose to explore the mining town. There was a lake of toxic soup called tailings that we spent hours walking around. We explored culverts under the road that we thought might harbor bears or rattlesnakes. Paul arranged for us to go along on the steam shovel one day to see how the ore was mined in the open pit. He took us into the ore processing plant where the rocks were crushed with huge steel balls. One of the balls was given to us to take home. It weighed nearly a hundred pounds and neither Bill nor I could lift it. Our parents tried to keep it out of sight.

Problems developed between Marguerite and Paul. After their divorce, Marguerite suffered from extreme depression for which she was administered electroconvulsive shock treatments. For a long period she seldom spoke, but eventually she regained her lively southern belle personality.

She found work at the Valley National Bank running an "IBM machine" that processed checks. At the end of the normal work day, if the figures were off by even a cent anywhere in the bank, everybody had to stay until it was accounted for.

Marguerite would routinely take a job for a few months and then go on unemployment. When it ran out she would take another job. The most memorable was her job at a miniature golf course. Among her responsibilities was taking care of the Capuchin Monkey. She would take it home each night to Grandma and Poppo's house where she lived. When we would visit, it would entertain us by pulling up its dress to reveal its underpants.

Marguerite was also able to get Poppo a job working for the golf course. She brought home tickets and Poppo sat at the kitchen table and stamped them with his good arm. By doing this he was able to get the last quarter that he needed to qualify for Social Security.

When Mom was in the hospital in 1954 Marguerite came over and helped with meals. She was always someone to "pitch in" when help was needed in the family.

Her last marriage was to Paul Deutscher who had a daughter that was in grade school. This gave Marguerite the opportunity to experience parenthood. She had undergone a hysterectomy early in life and never was able to have genetic offspring. About this time Paul Sutton was released from prison and sought out Marguerite. I recall visiting her once during this period and she was flying high, "I've got one Paul coming in the front door and another sneaking out the backdoor."

Eventually she divorced Paul Deutscher and moved back into Grandma and Poppo's house, while Paul Sutton lived in the back studio house. This time they decided not to marry, eliminating the need for any more divorces.

She continued to be a care-giver for Grandma after Poppo died. Grandma always said to me when I visited, "I don't know what ever will happen to Marguerite after I am gone." Little did she know that Marguerite would be taken care of for the rest of her life by her first love, Paul Sutton.

Marguerite and Paul moved to Payson where they were happy together for many years. They were able to take several trips to the west coast and north to Seattle. When Kate, Kit and I visited Marguerite on her 80th birthday, she said over and over again, "Paul takes such good care of me." She was a happy, grateful woman.