



Erv Mild Jr.

September 12, 1931 - November 9, 2020

Erwin Henry Mild, Jr. went home to the Lord during the early morning hours of November 9th, 2020, while in peaceful residence at the Missouri Veterans Home in St. James, Missouri. A devoted husband, dad, grandpa, veteran of the Korean War, and a lifelong gentleman of the outdoors, Erv had an easygoing way about him. To those who knew and loved him, he will be greatly missed.

He came into this world at the start of the Great Depression, September 1931. The newborn was given his father's name, Erwin Henry. His mother would call him Junior all her life. Erv's mother's family had a farm in Perryville. As a boy, Erv spent summers there, working, and during his off-hours enjoyed fishing the streams. His favorite part of a day working on the farm was lunchtime when they enjoyed some of his most memorable meals.

Love of the outdoors was a habit he successfully passed onto his four children, who grew up with float trips and camping in the Tetons or sailing at Carlyle Lake and Lake Okoboji.

He was tenacious. He was optimistic. He believed whole-heartedly in the value of confidence. He was on the 1947 Wrestling team at Kirkwood Highschool, the year the team won the state championship and was recently inducted into the Kirkwood High School Hall of Fame.

Erv would always try to find a way to build confidence in you, having known the value of it firsthand. Kids and grandkids and even their friends similarly would attest, Erv always seemed to want to help people out, to make them feel just a little bit better about themselves, however he could.

He met his future wife while attending Washington University. After a blind date "so bad I never wanted to do it again," he did anyway, by attending the Sigma Alpha Epsilon mixer, where Betty Sue Brannon, confessed she'd recently suffered through the exact same fiasco herself. They tied the knot in the summer of 1955.

He was among the first generation of men to embrace computers, having chosen the major in college after deciding it was a smart move. His first job out of the gate was at IBM. He and Betty moved into their first house in Ballwin and never left. It was a neighborhood where all the men went off to work in their shiny shoes, the wives played bridge, and the kids went to the pool. Some of the neighbors later said they were dumbfounded why on earth Erv, when he got home from work every night, would put on sneakers and scamper off down the street on a jog. Once he got it into his head to sail around the world, and conspired with a friend to build his own boat in the garage on Claymont. After a maiden voyage on Creve Coeur Lake, the boat sprung a leak, and Erv stayed home.

His enthusiasm never dimmed. He was a lifelong optimist. Whatever the problem, whatever tool or doo-dad wasn't working, he'd say the same thing. Just give it a little—and give a short whistle.

The college sweethearts stayed together for over sixty years. The time together was marked by the devotion of two people who'd known each other as kids, who'd grown up with the same values, who found peace and purpose as members of Trinity Lutheran Church for many years. There he was an elder, sang in the choir, and led the occasional softball game behind the church in the huge green field.

He loved his pets, especially Gunther, Hagar and Cody, the many dogs of his life. He also loved the stray cats he'd, at first, request no one feed them for then they wouldn't stay, but always gave in after the kids secretly fed them, inspiring them to stay. He adored his family. Even in widowhood, having lost Betty Sue in 2017, the most common form of his love was his generous nature.

The week before he passed away, Erv announced he felt like a glass of champagne. Lisa raised a glass through the window that protected him in Covid isolation (it was sparkling grape juice). A week later, November 8th, during a late afternoon video call, the two of them went through photos of his wedding album. One favorite photo of them walking down the aisle, after the service, he shook his head at a picture of his young bride, age 22. "What a knockout," he said.

A few minutes past midnight, on November 9th, Erv breathed his last.

He is survived by his children, Mike, Jeff, Lisa and Bob, his grandchildren, Jacob, Caleb, Molly and Rachael, and his two brothers, Bob and Bill. Erv will be laid near his mother and

father in law, Vernon and Susie Brannon, and rest forever beside his beloved Betty Sue, at the Oak Hill Cemetery, in his hometown of Kirkwood, Missouri.

Cemetery

Oak Hill Cemetery

10301 Big Bend Rd

Kirkwood, MO, 63122

Comments



“ Hi Mild Family. So sorry for your loss. I remember Erv as a great dad to your family. Prayers for your peace and comfort. Joan Edwards(Grattan).

Joan Edwards - November 21, 2020 at 03:04 PM



“ I am sorry for your loss. Erv Mild was a good man. So many memories growing up in the neighborhood. Most memorable was going sailing on Carlyle lake and almost tipping over. Love Tom Grattan

Tom Gralton - November 18, 2020 at 10:11 AM



“ 3 files added to the album Memories Album



Mary Winner-Mild - November 16, 2020 at 05:04 PM



“ A wonderful consequence of my sister’s marriage into the Mild family was being welcomed in myself. Lang and I were treated like kin from the start and enjoyed the same warmth, love and hospitality. Every moment we spent in Erv’s good company was familial, tribal, great fun. He was the kindest, sweetest, most modest and humble gentleman, generous and devoted to his family. The last holiday we spent with Betty & Erv featured the Family Talent Show for which Erv gave cash prizes and insisted on a specially engraved traveling trophy. It was so very important to him that my brother Paul brought his guitar from NY and sang an Irish song; Megan gave a 60-second surgery tutorial, Lang dressed as Carnac and the Mild pater & mater told stories. Lisa voted for everyone. Erv loved trading military yarns with Lang. Thank you Mike, for giving him to us and to your children. We will never, ever know anyone else quite like him. Love, Anne & Lang



Anne Winner Anderson - November 16, 2020 at 03:59 PM



“ Lisa, Deborah and I send our condolences and prayers. A beautiful obit. May he Rest In Peace.
LP

Lawson Primm - November 16, 2020 at 01:54 PM



“

I have many memories of Pop:

As a youngster, after church on Sundays Dad would get a bag of Whitecastle burgers and we would head downtown to watch the Cardinals football team. He loved sports. In late summers, he would take us to Destin, Fl for vacation and we would go deep sea fishing. We would take the days catch to Payne, the hotel chef to prepare for us and he would throw in extra fish for the chef. Pop loved to fish.

When I was a teenager, Pop bought me a single shot 12-gauge gun, (probably in an attempts to bond with me). He would take me hunting but more often than not we would go home empty handed. He loved all animals.

Pop would always get up early. Very early, like 4am. All the kids knew the time because “Big E” was not quiet. Ever. In his later years in the early morning he would take the night before leftovers and walk to Fox Creek Golf Course to feed the critters by the creek. This was after Mom had passed so he wouldn’t get in trouble. He loved all animals, even bugs.

We took countless trips to “rough it” at Grandpa’s cabin. No running water, no electricity and we loved it. Dad would hang trotline and i would skip rocks and explore the quarry caves. He loved that cabin.

I was a gearhead from day one. Dad took me to my first Indy500 as a teenager. Growing up I would often beg Dad to get a convertible — he always said no— he loved his 1965 Mustang. One evening Dad pulled in the driveway and told me he forgot something in the car and asked me to get it. In the driveway was a brand new 1968 Mustang convertible. He loved a good surprise.

Like most of us, as he aged, his memory faded. About 5 years ago, he and I drove to our cabin in Calamus. He loved being in the beauty of the Sandhills but what he never forgot was the steak I made for him. In fact, I asked him a month ago if he wanted to come back to visit and have another steak and he said “boy do !! That was the best steak ever!” He loved good food.

We took many trips Winfield, a summer house timeshare. It was a huge log home with a gigantic stone fireplace. We would go there mostly in the wintertime and marvel at the beauty. It was family time and he loved his family.

Pop was a sweet and kindhearted man. I will miss him dearly. Mike

Mary Winner-Mild - November 15, 2020 at 02:59 PM



“

Beautiful memories and tribute to a beautiful soul. I imagine him together again with the love of his life and all our extended family welcoming him to eternal joy. I have to believe there are animals, and stories around the fire at night, and something to fix, and cupboards to bang around in the early morning. RIP, Erv. XOXO Anne & Lang

Anne Anderson - November 16, 2020 at 04:11 PM



“ My sympathies to your family.

I worked with Betty at Grove Labs back in the 50's. It was a time when Betty was just beginning to be very interested in Erv Mild! I was a newly engaged girl so we had lots of girl talk together. Shortly after we were both married, my new husband and I visited Betty and Erv in their new first apartment.

We eventually moved to Ballwin as well .and I believe some of you may have known our children. Brad, Stacey, and Holly Holmes. They all attended West High.

Patricia Holmes

Patricia Holmes - November 16, 2020 at 07:15 PM



“ Gracious Lavender Basket was purchased for the family of Erv Mild Jr..



November 12, 2020 at 10:40 PM



“ Lisa, thinking about the most recent memory with Erv...2019 Easter at the Casperson's! Please know the entire Mild family is in our thoughts and prayers.

Tammy Casperson - November 12, 2020 at 06:49 PM



“ AS A SALES TRAINEE AT IBM IN 1960, I WORKED WITH IRV. ONE OF MY FIRST ASSIGNMENTS WAS TO KEEP ONE OF HIS ACCOUNTS - WELSCH BABY CARRAIGE CO. -FROM DISCONTINUING THEIR IBM SYSTEM. A FEW YEARS LATER, IRV LEFT IBM TO START HIS OWN CONSULTING COMPANY, SPECIALIZING IN GROCERY CHAIN COMPUTER USE, KNOWLEDGE HE HAD GAINED WORKING QUITE SUCCESSFULLY AT IBM.

AFTER NOT SEEING HIM FOR YEARS, WE MET SEVERAL YEARS AGO IN FRONT OF MY HOUSE ON MONTICELLO DRIVE IN CLAYMONT. I WAS QUITE SURPRISED TO SEE HIM, BUT EVEN MORE SURPRISED TO FIND HE REGULARLY WALKED AROUND THE MEDIAN IN FRONT PICKING UP TRASH "BECAUSE IT WAS A LOVELY STREET AND HE HATED TO SEE IT LITTERED".WHAT A NICE GUY HE ALWAYS WAS. MY CONDOLENCES TO HIS FAMILY. DON RAKEY

DON RAKEY - November 15, 2020 at 12:02 PM



“ I went to Kirkwood High School with Erv. I think he was one of the smallest in the class, We met again a few years later and Erv had grown to over six feet and was quite handsome. We were both on our high school reunion committee so we got together often. Erv was one of the good guys and I will miss him!

Sally Haley - November 15, 2020 at 09:37 PM