

October 25

1927

I have had my Typewriter five days and this is the first time that I have had time and opportunity to use it, opportunity, I say because it had been extremely ^{busy} since it has been in the house. Everybody has been having a try at it. The youngsters here have been getting their lessons on it and poor Ernest's fingers have just ached from using it so much.

October, it is and still it rains. We have been wondering whether or not you have gotten your crop harvested and in. Since we haven't heard from you we are worried.

Dad has another crop of alfalfa cut and stacked but on account of the rain has not been able to have it bailed.

This is the first night that I have been home for five nights. Last Wednesday Night five of us teachers went up to Mrs. Walton's (who was married last May and is now living at Vera) for dinner. She has a beautiful home and just everything in the way of silver ware and linen. Afterwards we drove back to Opportunity for Parent-Teachers meeting and a reception afterwards. It was a very nice meeting and every was so nice and gracious. Friday night our Pinochle Club met for the first time this year. WE have twelve girls, making three tables. We certainly had a good time. Saturday night I went to a dance with a crowd. Afterwards I went home to stay the rest of the night with Florence. She has a wonderful new radio that Ollie bought for her for four hundred dollars, wholesale. She is a lucky girl and has just everything imaginable and of the very best. The next morning we had waffles made with her electric waffle iron. Then I came home and helped Rose get a Sunday chicken dinner for company. After dinner I went up to Lisle's to spend the afternoon. She has just returned from California where she had a lovely summer. In the evening we went down to the Davenport and had supper. Monday a friend

called and took me to the Smith Players at the American, Whispering Wires." It was such a spooky mysterious play that I was afraid to go bed when I came home. Rose came up to my room in the night and I ~~came~~ screamed and woke up the entire household. I thought sure the crooks had me. Tuesday night I went to see Mitzi, a very famous actress. It was very expensive but worth it. It was a musical comedy and very good. The singing and the orchestra was wonderful and so were the costumes.

To-night I am so glad that I can get to bed at a decent hour for a change. We are getting ready for a Junior Fair at our school to be given at Millwood for all the Valley. Irene and the rest of us will be out there all next Saturday afternoon and evening. At six O'clock we go to the Opportunity dinner, Community and Commercial Club. Afterwards we are to see a pageant. The next Saturday evening the church next to our school is having a Carnival and Bertha and I are to be the Gypsy Fortune Tellers. We are each to have a booth. I will have to get Tom's Palmistry book and study it first. Do you think I can paint up my eyelashes and eyebrows to make myself look like a gypsy?

Have you heard from Florence Tormey lately? If she comes through Spokane any time this fall you must be sure to have her call on me. I Liked her so much.

I didn't tell you what kind of a typewriter I bought. It is an Underwood portable with a leather case. So I can carry it with me wherever I go. Everybody takes them with them to college with them now. They are just the same price as the big machines and much easier to sell if one cared to dispose of them. I need to practice, though, as I am out of practice.

Do write me and tell me how Mack likes School. I haven't heard and am wondering what he thinks of it. How is my sweet prize-winning nephew? Everbody that sees his snaps says that they would certainly like to hug him.

Lovingly yours
Bertha

Poor Tom is in bed with a cold.

Saturday Morning

April 28, 1928.

Dearest Alice,

It was so nice to receive your letter. I had begun to think that you and my big brother, Nem, didn't love me any more. But when I read of the merry time you have been having with schoolma'ams I wondered how you got time to write at all. You poor thing, it seems to me that you have far too much to do without trying to make a home for such unappreciative human beings. I don't understand why they are out there. Are they doing their practice teaching in Edith's school? I should think that it is a very poor plan. They have no supervision there at all and that is certainly what those inexperienced girls need. I should think even Edith would have a hard time trying to keep them in line. I don't see how you can board them for so little. Most everywhere in Montana board is thirty-five and forty dollars, that is why salaries are higher ^{there} than they are here. Things are so much higher over there than they are here ^{yet} and even at the dormitories at Cheney, board is about thirty dollars a month and the dormitories are just run to accommodate the students and made as inexpensive as possible, at that.

I think Mack will like the puzzle. I used to have the same one for my first graders and they liked to put it together. When I bought the balloon I had intended it for Joe, but I knew he was too young to blow it up and that since he is such a he-man's baby he would make it too hot for that "Hot Pup." *So I thought I'd send both to Mack.*

I would surely like to see that sweet kiddie^{Joe,} and tumble him around. He was just about the cutest liveliest youngster that I ever saw. *Saturday Evening*

Our house is all freshly calcimined and the floors painted. We have some new rugs and the kitchen, pantry, and bathrooms have all been done over in white. Dad built a big built-in cupboard in the kitchen where the steps were and it looks so nice. We had a bath-tub put in the downstairs wash room, so there two bathrooms now. We also have new linoleum for bathroom and kitchen. The folks are going to rent the up-stairs as one apartment and the downstairs as another, both furnished. They are moving out to the place. Dad has been paying a man forty dollars a month, lately, and board, but he is a good worker and papa is going to keep him to help him out, as there will be even more to do, now that summer is coming. They will probably not move until the first June.

I do not know what I am going to do yet this summer. I would like to work if I could get decent money for^{my} time. I have been considering teaching a summer school, but in Wash. there aren't any summer schools except in the city and the regular teachers take those and they only need a few. I am wondering about those schools up in the Bearpaws over there. It would be rather nice if I could teach one of those. I suppose however that they probably begin in March and last until October. If that were true then that would be out of the question. Perhaps you can find out about them, any way and write me. If you see Miss Sherman she would be a good one to ask.

When we drove up to the mountains last summer and you and Joe stayed home, ~~we~~ saw the cutest little white school and we went inside of it. Emmet will remember it. School had been in session. There were flowers on the teacher's desk and the flag was still up. My Normal school diploma and Life diploma will enable me to teach anywhere without further trouble so that part of it will be all right. I would like to save some money. These long vacations without any pay are pretty hard on one's bank account, especially when it has as hard a time trying to grow as mine does. If I had about four or five hundred right now I would go East this summer, to New York, Chicago, and stop off in Iowa, go to Kansas City, to Colorado, and home. That's why I would like to work this summer and then I could take that trip next summer.

When I received that legacy notice with all of the relatives' addresses on it, I wrote to Aunt Irene. She wrote me a lovely letter. Just the other day I received one from Uncle Jeff. Aunt Irene had gone up to visit him and showed him my letter so he wrote me a wonderful letter, telling me all about himself, his family, and his work. He said that he was writing Emmet at the same time so you've also heard from him by now. He also inclosed a small picture. He has a very fine face and looks very good and kind. He has that nice McAnelly look. I don't suppose Nem will be driving to Colorado this summer will he?

I have been reelected at Opportunity for next year. I haven't yet signed my contract, though, but I will have to pretty soon. I have had some good offers of other positions with better money, but in the long run I don't think I would be at all ahead. I would have railroad fare to pay, laundry,

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higher board, and so on. I like it so well at school and also being in Spokane where I know everybody that I hardly think it will pay me to go away. Lisle and Grace have both gone to the coast. Grace may not even come home this summer she likes it so well there, and Lisle is head of the laboratory in the Tacoma General Hospital. Both girls laughingly said there was no marrying material in this town, and so that was why they were leaving. That surely made me laugh. They are both looking for rich, handsome, kind, and loving husbands---there "ain't no such animal, I'm sure." Strange, isn't it, the older a girl gets the harder she is to please. There is always something wrong with every one of them and I guess they, the men, are almost as particular as we are. Even Johnny, as good company as he is, I can't entirely admire. He is not at all stable and tells some big whoppers occasionally. I guess he thinks I'm not smart enough to see through his great big fibs, but he can't fool me, and I certainly think the less of him for trying too. Grace is in Olympia and she is going with the manager of a big fruit company there, The Pacific Fruit Company. He is about forty, but has money, a lovely car, and is highly entertaining. Lisle has more beaux than she can count on one hand, and always did have, but she is entirely too popular to settle down. She was bridesmaid at a big wedding here last week and was home for a few days. We had a lovely visit and she scolded me for not getting a position on the coast next year. But it is hard to know what to do. I have a dreadful time making up my mind what I should do.

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Our Rebekah Lodge, The Bonnie Brae Club, are going to put on our Drill at the Grand Lodge in Walla Walla the fourth of June. We drill every Friday night, practicing for it. It is a beautiful drill. We wear white serge skirts, white satin jackets with silver buttons and high collars, and a white satin, policeman's hat, or rather cap. It is a nifty uniform. We had our anniversary banquet and it was lovely. The girls entertained all of the Noble Grands of the Lodge for the last ten years and all of the members of the Bonnie Brae Club for the same length of time. The decorations, favors, place cards, food, flowers, and the program were very lovely. I certainly had a splendid time. There are some wonderful girls in the club,--it is the single women's division of the Rebekah Lodge.

We had to laugh at Tommy. I put something good to eat away up in the cupboard as high as I could reach so that it would be saved. Tommy came in from school and immediately went to the cupboard, opened the door, looked in and said What's this? and here it was on a level with his eyes. He is a regular moose. I can't hide anything from him any more.

Dad has been trying to write to Nem for a long time, but when he sits down as he does so seldom he has just time to read the paper and go to bed. His hours are being changed from three in the afternoon until ten as they are now, to seven ⁱⁿ the morning until three ^{in the afternoon} and we think that is much better. It will be so nice to have him with us at night. Then he can work around his place after his office work is done and won't be tired before he goes to work. Work is everything to Dad. I almost wish that he didn't have so much ambition.

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Now, Alice dear, don't work so hard. Send your boarders over to Offius's, or whatever their name is, the place that is so attractive, and where they have so few children!!!! How long will you have them? The boarders?

How are little Florence and Frank? Give them both my regards. How does Florence like it there now?

How are your mother and Pearl? I hope Pearl is not still bothered with her rheumatism. Give them my best wishes.

Tell little Joe that he can just chew the "Hot Pup" all up, if he likes. I love him the more because he is so RAMBUNCTIOUS. This is a corker of a letter, this typewriter is just the thing for my long-windedness. I can type like I talk, continuously and forever. Well Ta-Ta.

Hug Father Grogran, that is if he doesn't object, and both Mack and Joe.

Please write me soon and also tell me all you can about the summer school over there. Will you also let me know if Montana's governor needs a secretary, and I shall be there with this portable typewriter in my lily-white hand and I shall type guy(T)-guy(T)-guy(T)-GUY(T)?
With the y left out.
to beat the cars for him as Grace and I did at Cheney.

Love and more love,

Alberta.

Thursday morning. 1928

Dearest Alice and Nem,

Will you pardon my delay in answering your card. I wanted to answer it the same day but I hadn't quite decided what I was going to do. You mustn't let my not going back with you effect your not coming over. We want you to come so very much. I am going to Alaska some time between the twelfth and fifteenth of June. I think I shall leave here about the twelfth as I want to spend about a week in Vancouver with Cora then I shall sail from Vancouver on the nineteenth for Alaska. I am so thrilled about the trip. I am returning with one of the Valley teachers, Elsie Harmon, the girl that has gone around with Johnny and Frank and I. She left Monday night as she is visiting a friend in Juneau for two weeks before returning so I shall meet her there.

So you just come over and I shall have plenty of time to visit with you before I go. I do so want to see my two sweet nephews. I do love them so. I am home thru the days so I shall have time to visit with you all. The folks are living on the ranch. I am in town in my room and the rest of the house is rented. I have my dinner down town every day and get my breakfast and lunch on my electric plate. I am invited out so much that I never have a chance to get lonesome.

I have been having a glorious time lately with Johnny. The poor fellow. He proposes to me every time we go out and he says that I just laugh at him. He is certainly a clown, just keeps me laughing all the time. However, Sunday night he told me that he wanted an answer. I told him perhaps I

would but I would like a little more time so that I can feel sure. He is so full of plans. I told you that he has a cottage at Newman Lake. It is not quite finished but is going to be very beautiful. It is a lovely six-room bungalow built away out on a point so that we can see all over the lake. There is a long living-room and he is building a grey stone fireplace. We are going to have week-end parties out there this fall, and won't it be fun around the fireplace at night while the wind whips the big fir trees and cedars around outside and the lake is rough. There are going to be cement steps down to the lake and cement walks around the house. Johnny is always making and fixing things. He is lacquering some foot stools now for our house. He also paints lovely pictures. Three of us couples were out there all day last Sunday. His brother has a big motor launch that holds seventeen and the boys worked on that all day. We are going to buy a bungalow on Lincoln Heights also. I am intending to teach for a couple of years after we are married as we want to get ahead and have our house and furniture paid for. He makes \$150 a month and has good steady work and there is a chance of promotion. That is not such a lot but he has lots of ambition and can do a thousand more things than Clarence ever could. He is the sixth man that has asked me to marry him and I don't think that I shall refuse because he doesn't make more money. Because I like him other ways. We won't be married until next summer because I would rather wait awhile. Perhaps Elsie Harmon and Frank will be married then, too. The four of us are planning on touring Yellowstone for a wedding-trip.

Am I boring you to death? I thought you might be interested , because I am thrilled to death. He is not dark and handsome , but he is about six feet tall and a very clean - looking fellow. He has very fair wavy hair like Lindberg's. We have so many things in common. Then he is a good age for me. He is thirty and I am twenty-seven. He is so nice about my going to Alaska. I know he is not keen about my going but he says that I should have the trip and come back rested and with a new view-point before school starts. I'll be gone about three or four weeks.

Now do come over to see us. I hope you can arrange everything to come all right.

With just oceans and oceans of love to you all,

Alberta.

July 16, 1928.

Dearest Alice an-d Nem,

How are the Montana Quinns, including the great boys , Mack and Joe? I suppose you are quite busy now. It will not be long till harvest. How are the crops looking? I hope they are better than when you last wrote.

I had the most marvelous trip. I'll never forget it. Elsie Harmon and I stayed with friends in Douglas and Juneau a few days. We picniced at the foot of a wonderful glacier, went thru a gold mine , and the stamp mill and saw them separating the gold from the ore. We saw the old famous Treadwell Mines, which were flooded by the sea, saw Indian villages and graveyards, just filled with totem poles, for decoration. Elsie and I had such a wonderful trip home on the boat. It was just like living on a wonderful palace. The service was lovley. We stopped in Vancouver and visited Cora and Jim. They have a nice place out on Lulu Island and Jim drives back and forth to work. We visited friends in Seattle and I went out to Quinn's. Uncle Tom had just left the day before to take the President Garfield on a world tour, to be gone four months. He sailed from San Francisco , thru the canal, to Spain, Southern France, Italy, Egypt, etc. They requested him especially to take the tour.

From Seattle we went down to Tacoma and visited a young couple there who had the two cutest little girls and such a happy home. I saw Lisle in Tacoma and she took me out to dinner. We came home at twelve , midnight, and John and Frank were at the train to meet us. We went to the Oasis for a midnight supper and then the boys took us home. In spite of the three nice fellows that I met on my trip on the boat, John seemed so superior in the qualities that count. I think you will like John. He is just so ordinary, jolly, peppy, and considerate. After I had been home a few days, John and Frank came for me one night and we got Elsie Harmon and the boys took us to Coeur d' Alene. We had supper and then the boys drove over by the lake and we parked in the deep dark forest beside the lake and the moon was ~~was~~ coming up so round and golden, and they gave us our rings. I had already given him my answer and had my finger measured as he said. My ring is the loveliest thing I ever saw. Both rings were pattern rings and the boys had the jeweler weigh the stones to be sure that they weighed just the same so that we girls would not feel hurt. Mine is white spun gold, with a huge diamond setting with sapphires at each side. In spite of the size of the diamond it is a very dainty ring.

Dad thought John too extravagant and said , "That poor fellow, what won't a man do for a silly girl." He and Ernie and Tom said I had better take care of it or they would go in and pawn it. John and I took Ernie and Tom out to John's place at the lake and they just raved over his place, the house the private beach, the row-boat , motor boat, and everything. John let Tom run the motor and he thought it so much fun. They swam, fished, and I had the best picnic supper and I thought Ernie and Tom would burst . They sure^{ly} like John.

Last Sunday John and I entertained thirteen at his place. Irene and her man and Wilfred and his girl were along. This week-end we are going to drive up to Priest Lake to spend the time with John's cousin and her husband, our music supervisor , Mrs. McGregor, and Elsie and Frank.

Yesterday John worked, but he washed his car all up and filled it with gas and oil and Bertha and I took it and drove to Deer Park. I can have his car any time I like so I'll have to hump myself and learn to drive a little better. Bertha is a dandy driver, but the sad part of it is that I don't care about driving. I'll have to drive though as I am going to drive to school and back after we are married.

I have been out to the place most of the time for the last two weeks. We have a wonderful garden and lovely berries. I would like to work for about six weeks and I am going to

see if I can't find something to do and stay in town here. It is so much cooler and I miss the telephone and besides all of my friends are here. John has been coming out there every other night. We go out so much. We went to Liberty Lake and danced and took Irene and Howard with us Saturday night.

I suppose Frank and Florence are settled in the Carpenter Place by now. How are they, and are her folks visiting them? Does she like Montana?

How are Mrs. McAnelly and Pearl? Will you give them my regards? We get our mail in town so write here. Even yet, I wonder whether I should have accepted John, but he is ^{most} the persistent thing I ever saw. I just couldn't get rid of him and he talked of nothing else everytime we went out. I have been independent so long that it seems funny to be thinking of getting married. But I just missed him so much when I was away and came ^{home} sooner than I expected. The folks like John, but all of my life I've heard nothing else but don't get married, and that it is such a big step, and so on. But I think I ought to be old enough to know what I want to do by now, don't you? I don't think a girl is ever so wild about getting married as a man is, anyway. If being married to John is as thrilling as being engaged is, it will be fine. Please write me and tell me "what you fink, again".

Love, Alberta.

Saturday afternoon

July 21, 1928.

Dearest Alice,

Your very lovely letter came this afternoon and I surely enjoyed it . I do so love to hear from you both because I love you all so very much and because you do write such good letters. I am glad to hear that crops are looking better.

It made me so lonesome to hear about Mack and Joe. I would so love to see them. I would like to run over on the train and pay you a few weeks' visit but that trip to Alaska was really more than I should have spent but it was so very wonderful that I shall always be glad that I went because I never imagined any trip could be so grand.

I just don't remember the Edward's house that you spoke of and which spring the house was moved by. You don't mean the place that you lived in do you?

Dad has had his alfalfa cut and it was surely heavy. He will get two more crops off it this summer yet.

Haven't I the cleverest sister, Alice , for thinking up Fourth of July floats and winni-ng prizes.² I showed John the camp-fire scene that you painted and he liked it so much. We ~~are~~ ^{will} certainly have plenty of pictures for ^{our} house with the ones John painted in oils and pastels and the big photographs

that I bought in Alaska and which I am going to have tinted and framed.

Elsie Harmon, Frank, John, and I are always talking about our trip to Yellowstone next summer and On our way we will try to manage to stop by and see you for a day or two. I surely want to.

I just finished making myself a pretty Organdy dress, with pink and coral flowers in big clusters. I wear it over a coral satin slip and have a pink hat to wear with it. It is so cute. John just raves about it. He surely notices everything. I think the fact that he paints accounts for his observance of how everything looks, he has that kind of a mind.

Your ~~letter~~ letter has just made me think of you and Montana all day. I can see those winding roads and smell that sweet clover and the ^{see} clouds racing by and feel that high wind and feel the bigness of it.

Did I tell you that Elsie is singing regularly at the Empress Theater and is making quite a hit. There was a write-up in the paper about her and it said that she is the girl with the beautiful voice and is considered a find by the theater. We hardly see her any more. She is only home from eleven oclock at night till about nine in the morning and then she has to go down and rehearse.

Bye-bye, please write me again very soon. Pardon my long delay.

Much love to your three dear boys

your own sweet self. Alberta.

The Dude Ranch

August 7, 1928.

Tues. Evening 5:20.

Dearest Alice,

While I am waiting for John to come so that we can have supper, I'll write to my fair sister. It is so sweet of you to want us to come over to see you, and if I only had the wherewithall I would come immediately "and to once". But the sad part of it is that I haven't and I'll be glad for school to start so that I will have some more checks rolling in. We talked about coming over in the Ford but dad decided that he could only spare a week to go on a trip if he did go and it would take at least two days of hard driving each way and that would only leave him three days there and he did not feel equal to that strenuous driving in this hot weather. Then I ^{tried} persuading Rose and Dad to go on their pass and that I would stay out here and cook for the others and boss the ranch but he thought he would have to stay here and fix up this house a little bit so that it will be winter-proof. We all felt badly about not being able to come and Dad mentioned coming, off and on all summer. If I were to come it would cost me about fifty dollars, so I won't be able to come after that expensive trip to Alaska. You see we are ranchers, also, and we have no time to burn, there is irrigating to be done, cows to be miled, ^k pigs, ducks, geese, chickens, horse, and calves to be fed, [^] berries to be picked, garden to be gone over, haying to be done three times during the summer, building, two cars and a pump engine to be fixed, two cats and two dogs to be fed. There, isn't that enough? I am the cook and dish-washer, and papa says that Rose is always out "harvest-

ing her ducks and chickens"and he never can find her. Elsie is the theatrical lady and we get no help from her.

We are having nice sweet corn and it is surely good. We cannot get enough of it. John comes over for supper every other night. The boys say that John surely stands in good with the cook, and they wish that they had as good a drag. I haven't been in town much lately, except to have my hair done and a visit or two to make. Sunday John and his folks went to Idaho on Coeur d'Alene Lake to visit John's sister and four kiddies. She is such a nice little woman and has cute youngsters. You know Grace lives out here in the Valley, too, and we get to visit quite a bit.

We are so glad that your crops are looking well, we all hope that you just get along fine and have a bumper.

Ethyl and Harvey were down here visiting Ethyl's mother. Ethyl was certainly very ill and in danger for thirteen days. The baby was born dead a month ahead of time. She was even given artificial respiration while in the hospital. She was under the doctor's care the entire time and examined every two weeks and still he neglected to watch her blood pressure and she had albumen. She has been away *from home seven weeks, four weeks in the hospital.* While they were here John & I took them driving & out to John's cottage at the lake. The four of us had such a good time.

We are taking Ernie & Tom & a boy friend of theirs out to spend the day at the lake to-morrow. I am getting sad.

can swim quite well.

Ernie received Nemo's letter yesterday. Dad is so glad that Emmet got a Holt. That is a good kind. He says they are surely shipping them on the railroad thru here this summer.

I'm inclosing a snap of me & John. He has managed to brush all the nice curl out of his hair in this picture. I like to press waves in it with my fingers after we've been in swimming.

It's surely love, to see the dear boys but it's tough to be penniless. John says that when we both come over we'll both enjoy dear cute Joe and there will be two of us instead of one & Joe & Mack should like our attention all the more.

Very lovingly,

Alberta.
P.S. Regards to the MacInelly's
Giesing's & Marmell's. How is little Flo?

Sunday Afternoon
Feb. 17, 1929.

Dearest Alice and Emmett,

We were so glad to receive Emmet's letter and yours, Alice, some time ago. It is always so good to hear from you and dad always likes to hear all the news and to hear of his grandsons and he always laughs so at the antics of Joe.

Time is just flying so fast. It won't be long before your summer work begins again, will it? I certainly hope everything goes well this year with you. I am planning on paying you a little visit some time this summer. John and I are always planning. We have the plans for ^{our} house, now, John drew them after all of our looking over houses, and we are having an architect work out a good roof for it and the basement stairs. John is going to begin to build as soon as it warms up a little. I'll be saving money to buy a lot of nice things for our house this next year. Instead of going to Yellowstone, we are planning to drive to California and down into Mexico and to Arizona to see the Grand Canyon. John is saving quite a bit now and by waiting this next year our house will be completed and almost paid for, as will all of our furniture and we will also have enough for a new car and a good honeymoon. I am just so thrilled. John has been to Yellowstone and I have been over that way so many times and not to California so we decided we could go to Yellowstone some other time. I told John that while he was working on the house this summer I was going to Montana and he thought it would be a good chance to visit you before we are married. I am not absolutely sure though, sometimes we feel that another year is hard to wait. It is so wonderful to be together. But I am hoping that we can stick to our plans because we will have so much more, and after all, time goes so fast. Besides I would rather teach another year after this one, and then quit when I am married.

I gave a lovely Valentine card party last night. There were about twenty here, all couples. I am sending you the kind of tallies I used. I also had Valentine napkins. On the dining room table I had a big bunch of yellow jonquils in a blue vase. I gave prizes and for lunch I served tuna fish salad, made with tuna fish, pimento, lettuce, celery and cabbage cut fine and mayonnaise dressing. It tasted just like chicken salad. Then I had tiny almond nut bread sandwiches, small hot buttered graham rolls, and rich heart-shaped red-icinged butter cookies, and olives and coffee. On the card tables I had heart-shaped mints. John was such a dear and helped me so much. He is just so wonderful to me and so polite and such a good mixer that every one is telling me all of the time what a lucky girl I am to get such a nice clean-looking man and such a dandy fellow. Even Dad thinks that we should not wait another year and says that I am mighty lucky and that he doesn't think I could find a much better fellow in this day and age. I am surprised at Dad who has always told me that the best was not too good; and now he tells me to be good to John and hang on to him because he is all right. Last night when we were eating during the party, John remarked, "You know, when Alberta and I are married, we are going to have just a lot of kids." Everybody looked up and he said, "Yes, didn't you know we are going to buy a goat ranch and supply all of you people with milk?" Everybody laughed. He is always springing things like that.

Evening. - 7 - May 1929

I'll dash off the rest of this letter before I go to sleep. It's a "scrawly kind of affair" but considering that I'm being married tomorrow, it is lucky it is as good as it is.

Your lovely gift, that wonderful clock came and John and I surely think it great. However, the end of the package was cracked and the pendulum was lost. The glass on the picture was broken. We took it down to a jeweler to have it repaired and then put in a claim at the post office. They will refer to the Helena officer and send us the check to meet the repairing cost. The Insurance number was on the package.

so they want ^{to} by ^{they} believe you
 about it all, ¹ Papa thinks
 it is lovely and when
 it is fixed it will just
 be fine. Thank you
 a thousand times
 dear brother and sister.

Monday John and I
 had lunch down town
 and it was lovely. He
 had picked out three
 wedding rings and I
 took my choice. It
 is a lovely little ring
 with a platinum
 finish, carved with orange
 blossoms. John had
 "from J. M. to J. L. May 5, 1929"
 engraved on the inside.
 I thought a beautiful
 coral ensemble to be
 married in. The dress
 is heavy flat crepe and
 the long coat of georgette.
 The waist blouse a tiny
 bit and there are twelve
 pleats on one side. It

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is very stunning. Then I
have a small transparent
coral hat to match with
a lacey brim. With it I
will wear peach tan kid
pumps. Elsie Harmon
is wearing a coral dress
also and is my matron
of honor. John has
ordered me a bouquet
of salmon pink Sally
Brunner roses, the buds
with white freias, and
Elsie's is a corsage of
the same flowers. John
has a lovely new tailor-
made dark blue suit.
We are being married at
11 o'clock to-morrow in
the Central Christian Church.
I bought Elsie a necklace
as a gift for being my
attendant, it is of tiny
sun-kissed pearls, three
strands. John told me
that he has a wedding

present for his bride,
 I'm so anxious to see
 what it is. After we
 are married we will
 have lunch at the
 Isabella dining room
 in the Danversport Hotel.
 By the time we get our
 good byes ~~said~~ we won't
 get started till about
 four o'clock. Our
 trip will be grand.
 I'm so happy and
 I just love John so
 much.

Well darlings, this
 is the last letter
 as Alberta Quinn. I
 just had to write you
 to day in spite of
 being so rushed. You
 don't know how much
 I love you all. Hug dear
 Mack & Joe for me and
 tell them they have an
 Uncle John now. Oceans
 of love to my dear Alice & ^{new} Alberta.

Sept. 25, 1929.

Dearest Alice,

It is always just marvelous to get your letters. If you get lonesome for me, I surely do you, and think of you all so very much. Thanks for sending the pictures back. The pictures that you sent Ernie of the two boys were just lovely. So Mack is going to town school is he? He will have a much better chance there because one teacher-schools can never be so good when the teacher has several grades. The competition of a larger class also stimulates the pupil and gives him a wider experience, but of course it is a long hard trip in and out and especially in the winter.

I have been so busy canning. I have made jellies, conserves, pickles, relishes, marmalades, canned tomatoes, peaches, prunes, raspberries, strawberries, etc. It surely takes a lot of time but it has been oceans of fun. I do so love to cook and try out new recipes and my little kitchen is so handy and I think I enjoy the electric stove more than anything I own. John made me a lovely white cabinet with glass knobs. It is a slender one and fits into the space between the sink and the stove and has compartments for all my things and it is so neat. He bought me a stool, a high one, to sit ^{on} at the sink and he is painting it white. He is always doing things for me to help make work lighter. We are just so happy.

I enjoy my little apartment so much and it just seems that there are always more things to do to make it more comfortable. I am sending you a plan of the arrangement of the furniture in my living room now. There is just so much room without that big dining table and my breakfast table has two folding leaves so that it doesn't take up much room. The chairs and table are the daintiest apple green and trimmed with coral rose so you know how pretty they look. John fixed the electric fixtures in the floor

so that I have my two electric lamps connected at the base boards.

It is so cosy at night in the corner of the davenport under

the lamp and in the other corner in the wing chair with

the table lamp. I love cosy corners to curl up in and read.

Bertha was married Sept. 7 and John and I went to the wedding and it was very lovely. Her gown was gorgeous, creamy white satin that touched the floor in the back and higher in front. Her veil was lovely, too. I just love weddings. She and Ed are living in Harrington where Ed is a dentist. We have the nicest young married crowd now and we have nice parties. Elsie and Frank had a card party in their lovely home the other night, the crowd was the usual one, Edna and Bob, Rose and Paul Walton, Ruth and Frank, Francis and Arthur Brinkman, Elsie and Frank, and John and I. We are having card parties every week from now until New Year's when we will end the series with a dinner at one of the hotels. Our Bonnie Braes are having a series of card parties and dances also and so it just about keeps us busy. Rose sent me in a lovely duck so I had Elsie and Frank over for dinner last night and we had roast duck, dressing, ^w sweet potatoes, peas, corn relish, gravy with giblets, apple pie, cheese, and coffee. Elsie is a darling, we all love her she is so sweet and capable and yet so unassuming.

I have written a little article that I am sending to a magazine and I am sending you a copy of it.

I had some cards engraved and I am sending you one, shaded Old English, I rather like them don't you?

Tom returned from forest fighting and went back to school. He is just a young giant. However his nose has had two growths in it for a long time, anthrum trouble so DR. Greene is operating on it. He operated on one side last week and will do the other side this week. Rose was so worried and asked John and myself to keep a close tab on Tom as we were so near the hospital so we ^ewnt up to see him the evening after the operation, — expecting to see a sick boy. We walked into the room and here was Tom propped up by pillows with his nose all bandaged

up, reading Western Stories and considering disposing of his fifth candy bar. He had dispatched the nurse for the candy bars and had made away with four. John kidded the life out of him. The cost was three hundred dollars for the two sides.

Rose told the doctor that we just couldn't afford it so he charged one hundred and fifty since Tom was in school. It is rather a delicate operation though so near the nerves of the eyes.

I have the loveliest flowers all the time. John brings me dahlias, gorgeous one, from the station garden, and I have carnations and asters, also now.

I made myself a new dress. It has a cute cape at the back, I just love capes. I made Edna an apron for her birthday, which card party Elsie gave was in her honor, and I am making over that blue French serge I had for a school dress for one of John's nieces, and that peach colored flat crepe that I had my picture taken in for the other little niece. His sister is living in Spokane now, She lived on Coeur d'Alene Lake and her four kiddies are so well trained. The little girls, 6, and 8, Catherine and Bernice are so cute.

I missed teaching the first week that school began. But now it seems rather nice not to have to get up these rainy mornings and dash off. This morning I slept until almost ten o'clock. John got his own breakfast. He is darling to me. If any girl ever loved her husband I do.

John liked his bow tie and ² says that he isn't going to wear anything else after this ^{but how ties.} It looks just lovely on him.

Ernie stays with us, but we hardly know he is here, except for a couple of hours at suppertime. He works at night and sleeps most of the day. He is so sweet and nice to have around and so intelligent to talk too. He and John enjoy each other so much.

The folks are so busy and the place out there is improving all the time. Rose has a sink in the kitchen now and cupboards. When the carpenter is thru it will be dandy. I must get Ernie's supper now and John will be phoning me soon. He phones me twice a day.

Do write soon again. Give my regards to the folks in town, the Maxwells, and Greisingers. Heaps of love to Nem, Mack, Joe, and your own sweet self.
Alberta.