

May 5, 1931  
Wednesday

Dearest Alice,

We arrived home safely and I'm going to write you a long letter and tell you all about our return trip as soon as I can. I'm just mailing this card now in hopes that you will get it Friday.

Pase was operated on yesterday morning at eight o'clock. Papa was in the operating room and it was all pretty

Love to Mum and the dear little boys.

hard on him. There were four doctors  
and five nurses in attendance  
and the womb, a tube, tumor, and  
appendix were removed, so it  
was a very serious operation. Papa  
stayed at the hospital all day till  
she came out of the ether. I could  
only stay a minute or two late in  
the afternoon. Papa and I saw her  
for a few minutes this afternoon  
again. They give her hypodermic  
yet but she looked a little better  
to-day and the doctor and nurse  
say she's getting along all right. I feel  
so sorry for her. It's so terrible  
to be sick & suffering. You were all  
so lovely to us, John and I. I miss you.  
Love,  
Alberta

Saturday evening  
June or rather July 11, 1931

My dearest sister Alice,

I was just delighted when I came in from the raspberr. bushes in the back yard and found your letter in the post box about noon. I washed the dust and raspberry stains off my hands and sat down in my big wing chair and read. You've been having some rain I should say. It must have been almost a cloudburst. The week before the Fourth we had quite a rain here, also. We were out to the cottage and it rained all day Saturday, cleared up and was nice for Sunday, and then rained all night and it was just pouring at six when the alarm went off. John said you'd better all come in to town with me this morning so there was a merry scramble around there and we left in a big hurry without breakfast, only a cup of coffee apiece and cocoa for the children. By the time John deposited Hazel, her daughter Elaine, Clara, Virginia, and Eunice at the Hagen's and me here, he was a half hour late to work. We went out to the cottage later and got our suitcases and groceries about the middle of the week, and then it cleared up and was just beautiful. We rented the cottage for the Fourth and fifth. We get three dollars a day for it, which includes the boat, wood for the fireplace, and oil for the kerosene stove.

I was very busy over the Fourth with a houseful of company. Ruth and Frank were here from Grandview and they brought another couple with them, George Young and Florence McCall who are engaged. She is a little Canadian girl and I just loved her. She and her sister were born in Alberta and her little sister's name is Alberta. I had plenty of room with the sleeping porch which John has papered so beautifully with pink blossoms and great big storks (imagine that, just like him to select that sort of paper) standing on one leg in ponds of water, and my newly furnished side room, and my own room. We were all at breakfast Saturday morning when a nice new Chevrolet coupe drove up in front and here were Grace and Jay having driven over from Seattle, on the road all night. They joined us at breakfast and visited awhile and of course it was just marvelous having them here and then they went out to the Valley to Hagen's. So the other guests, John and I had a nice big dinner here and then Elsie and Frank came over, we drove out to Liberty Lake, walked around, the boys played ball, we rode on the merry-go-round, had supper at the restaurant there, and then drove to Newman Lake to Honeymoon Bay where we spent the evening dancing. Then we all drove in here and had a midnight lunch. I was so tired I was almost ill. The next day John worked and all of the rest of the Miller's had a get-together picnic at Natatorium Park and the four at my house went, but since I hadn't had a chance to visit with Grace, Frank and Ruth drove me out to Hagen's where I spent the day, and ~~then~~ they went to the Park. Grace and I just understand each other so perfectly and we did have a lovely visit. Grace is just awfully homesick. She told Jay, "Oh, Jay, I don't believe I'll pack the rest of my wedding presents and take them back with me this time I think I'll leave them here at home. We might move over here some time." And he looked very surprised and said quite firmly, "No, Grace, you must remember Seattle is your home now." and it made Grace cry. I know just how she felt. There are quite a few things you have to get used to and one of them is that your husband comes before your family. However, John and I had a pretty easy time of adjustment, but then I didn't have to leave all my family and friends and go away as Grace did.

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Wednesday afternoon, July 15.

How time flies. John's mother has moved over with Frank's mother in Hillyard in her big house and they are so happy together. I had them over for dinner the other evening, also Elsie and Frank, Elsie's aunt, and her grandmother. Frank told John that he had brought a car full of widows over for dinner and Elsie gave him a playful slap. But it was strange, everyone of the five women had lost a husband by death, including Elsie, although of course she, as the exception, is not a widow now. We had an awfully nice evening. I had steak cooked with noodles, tomatoes, onion, and carrots, salad, escalloped potatoes, fresh home-made white and brown bread with nuts and raisins, tea, and coffee, and graham cracker pie. Did you ever eat any? It's just lovely. I took fourteen graham crackers for each pie, ground them with the rolling pin, melted a half cup of butter, mixed that, lined a pie tin with the mixture, by just putting it in the pie tin in a mass and then spreading it carefully over the bottom and sides with a spoon. I baked this for seven minutes at 400 degrees, or moderately hot oven. The crust is not firm like a regular pie crust but the filling holds the pie together afterwards. Then I poured a pineapple cream filling into the shell, covered it with meringue, over which I sprinkled the crumbs of an extra, crushed cracker. The combination of graham crackers and butter tastes like butterscotch and it's lovely with the above filling. The crust can also be filled with whipped cream and fruit, or a soft cooked custard, covered with meringue. Elsie's aunt and grandmother are just wonderful. One doesn't wonder how Elsie has such lovely manners and is so winning and ladylike when one sees who raised her, and besides that she has a sparkling Irish wit that's most laughter-provoking.

I've been making red currant jelly, raspberry and strawberry jelly, and gooseberry jam. How I wish you could have some of the lovely fruit. We have so many raspberries in the back yard and it's just agony to pick them. I wear long stockings on my arms and still I get scratched on the thorns which penetrate anything. Apricots are selling for sixty-five cents a crate or a dollar and a half an apple box. I'm getting some from Frank in a few days and canning them. We will certainly be delighted to have Nem come over, but he mustn't plan to come too late, the fruit is nearly all coming in now. Of course peaches, pears, plums, and apples, last thru August and September. They are selling Valley-raised peaches now. You haven't mentioned about your mother or Pearl driving over or have they given that up? If they do come how I wish you could come, too, they seemed to think it could be arranged. Rose says you just must come, even if you have to come with Nem in the truck. Perhaps you could get some one to take care of things for a bit, although I know it isn't so easy always to just leave.

John talks about Mack and Joe so much. He thinks that Joe is quite a strong character, very dynamic. If you get a good picture of the boys I can have it tinted and enlarged for you, or if you have any negative already that you'd like treated so, just send it. Glen Hagen has taken up aviation and in connection with his government work he develops, prints, and enlarges pictures, using government materials, as they are allowed them for practice. Then Zena Hagen tints beautifully, that is her line of work. She tinted a couple of enlargements I had made of us on our honeymoon and I have them framed and think so much of them.

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Since John's mother has rented her home John and I brought his paintings here. I have the enormous forest fire painting in its heavy gilt frame above my long walnut buffet and it almost fills the space clear to the picture molding, then I have a sunset at sea, his first painting, and in the side bedroom a big painting of the plains with a buffalo goring an Indian's horse with the Indian falling to the ground, it looks very much like Russel's works. We took his big picture of an Elk in the mountains to the cottage, and it completely fills the space <sup>over the</sup> to the ceiling and is almost as wide as the big fireplace. It surely looks wonderful out there and it is just so appropriate. Then John has a pair of snowshoes that we are going to cross on the walls. We are making some striped shades for the porch. John painted a sign for the cottage and he did a marvelous job of it, the letters are so big and true and perfect. After considering "LookOverAll", "The Outlook", "LookOut", "Rockave Lodge, and "CaveRock Lodge", we decided on "Bass Point Lodge", since it is on the point. Everybody knows where Bass Point is out there so it will be easier to locate when the name is mentioned to anyone. We are going out to the cottage to-morrow and are expecting a couple out for supper in the evening.

Grace and Jay have an adorable apartment from the description, green and ivory kitchen with electric stove, frigidaire, and a bathroom in the same colors, and two pairs of French doors in the living room, one set of them leading into the dinette. Hazel and her little girl are over there visiting her now. John and I are planning on going over on a three-day trip over Labor Day, taking advantage of excursion rates by train.

Ernest has just heard from Chicago that he passed the test for the completion of his course. He worked on it from twelve one Saturday noon until after six in the evening and he said it was the world's hardest test! But he made it, and as I wrote you, what was the remarkable thing after completing a year's work in about two and a half months. They are mailing him a diploma now. He is going to take the coaching for the government C.P.A. in the fall, the one costing twenty-five dollars to take, that is the test. The place of the folks looks great. They have a lovely big lawn and keep it watered and cut. If all continues well Papa will have the final payments made on his place out there this fall.

I haven't had a minute to do any writing since I returned from Montana but I do hope to get caught up so I can start soon. In my spare moments I have been reading the Russian novel, Anna Karrinen, by Tolstoy, it's quite deep reading, in two enormous volumes, and very fine print. I've been at it for two weeks when I could spare it, waiting for the car, or John, or whatever, and at night when I should have been sleeping. I do love to read but one can't read the Classics as swiftly as modern fiction. The methods of writing and description are so very different from what is known in literature of the present. Life was not so tense and hectic when they were written.

I've just re-read your letter. How I do enjoy them and I see and live everything with you as I read. Since John has been over there he loves hearing about all the things you do and about hearing of the differnt places where we were.

Sunday Elsie, Frank, John and I drove to Sand-point to a big ranch there, relatives of Ruth, John's brother's wife and we had the nicest day.

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They have a wonderful big comfortable farm house, and we had such marvelous food. We didn't leave there until nine in the evening and it started to rain hard when we were coming home so we could not make as good time as usual, but of course the roads were smooth and all paved, or graveled, though in places slippery so we made the ninety miles by midnight.

We have had so much company and have gone so much lately that I'm tired out. We, all the Miller ladies are going to Elsie's aunt's place at VeraDale to spend the day Friday, and Saturday I think I'll go to the place to make Elsie a new dress. Rose is getting the material this afternoon. She was in and she looked so well, she is getting fatter and stronger all of the time.

I do hope your mother's back is better. I imagine it's hard on her to go out to the ranch and of course there is always so much to do. I keep house for two here, and it seems that I slave to beat the band and John helps me, too, and then there's lots to do. The yard, lawn and flowers take a lot of time.

Well bye-bye. Oh, I forgot to tell you I got some new beach pajamas, white background with coral, green, blue and yellow flowers, and white organdy ruffles around the neck. They are really very pretty. I asked John if he didn't think I looked nice in them and he said that I looked too nice and that all the tramps who came to the door would be wanting to step me out and I said couldn't he name any one more thrilling than tramps! Very much love to all of you. Alberta.

E. 29 Sixth Avenue  
Spokane, Wash.  
Sept. 23, 1931

Dearest Alice,

How are you all and what are you all doing these cool sunshiny days? Time flies so fast, when we were visiting you Mack's school was about to close and now it has begun again. I enjoyed your account of Joe's making his letters. He's certainly very bright and very lovable.

We had a very nice time in Seattle. It was fun getting on the train at night and going to bed. When we woke we were drawing into Seattle and it was raining but everything was fresh and green. Jay came to meet us and took us to their apartment in a taxi as his car had been in a smash-up a few days previous. They live in the La Charme Apartments and they are just gorgeous, two miles from the town center, which is close for Seattle, right on The Sound near Kinnear Park. Grace had seen us from her windows when we drove up so she was in the lobby when we entered and she almost ate us up.

She's been awfully homesick and lonely. She had a good breakfast of waffles and ham and we ate in the ivory and green breakfast nook with its French door opening on the cozy big living room. Afterwards the four of us walked thru Finnear Park above the Sound which was all white caps with boats coming in and going out. The sky was blue and stormy in spots and the wind was high and it seemed so romantic to be on the Coast walking under the big old trees in that old park with its winding paths, stars and dense shrubs and foliage. After dinner that evening we all went to the Fifth Avenue Theater, which I have told you about that is filled with Oriental hangings, furniture, screens and decorations that Uncle Tom brought from the Orient on his boat. Monday we took the bus out to look at John's land. It's on the Kirkland Road near the lake, 25 minutes ride by bus from the bus depot in Seattle. It was very beautiful out there and looked very encouraging to John. That evening Grace had



a dinner party for us and some other Spokane friends who were visiting in Seattle also. She had a wonderful dinner. With her frigidaire she makes the loveliest salads, frozen desserts etc. I telephoned Uncle Tom and had a nice visit by phone. He was just leaving to take out a boat that night and was scheduled to bring two more in the next day and had just then got home from bringing in another when he was called again. So he's a pretty busy man and making lots of money. Tuesday John had business so Grace and I shopped then John met us and took us to lunch at the top of the Shopping Tower which has a wonderful view of all Seattle and the Sound with tables at all its wide windows. It's called the Pine Tree Tea Room because it's so high.

In the afternoon we walked all around the docks went home had dinner and then Grace and Jay took us to the station for

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the nine thirty train. It was lovely to see Grace again but hard to say Good-bye. I suppose you received the three cards I sent from Seattle. I was dreadfully tired when I reached home. The trip was very hard on me and I was both train and car sick. After sleeping pretty well on the train I came home in the early morning, John went to work and I went to bed, slept all day, had a light supper went to bed at seven and slept till seven the next morning.



Afternoon

If you had written your letter of "social warning" that you spoke of it would have been of no avail anyway. It would have been about a month too late. This happened about the time I wrote you saying that John said we had to be obedient children and mind our parents. John is just delighted and so good to me, helping me all the time. I was sitting in my big chair and he was on his knees by me the other day and he said: "I've been needing something to play with. Mr. Whittlesy

next door has a little dog to play with but I haven't even a dog so I think it's about time we had a baby and I'm tickled to death." However I haven't been feeling any too well for the last six weeks. I've been to a very fine maternity specialist and he says everything is all right except that I have appendicitis. My side has bothered me more or less all summer. He is going to watch me very carefully so that I won't have to have the appendicitis operation during this ordeal if he can help it.

I've lost quite a bit in weight and the doctor says I must eat a light meal every two hours all day and that's awfully hard to do as I don't care much about eating for once in my life.

I'm so glad I have all my fruit up 15' 5'  $\frac{1}{2}$  quarts and 65 glasses of jam and jelly.

John's relatives do not know yet. There's so many of them that I don't want them all talking about it and fussing

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over me tell they have to. I told  
Elsie Miller and she thinks its  
wonderful as she and Frank want  
a baby so badly. John's cousin  
Edna Mc Gregor is going to have a  
baby in Dec. or Jan. and Elsie  
and I are giving her a baby  
shower Friday afternoon at Elsie's  
house. John is such an artist that  
he was wonderful at helping  
Elsie and myself make things. The  
three of us made thirty little  
pink baby shoes from crepe  
paper with white cardboard soles  
and tied with blue silk ribbon.  
In them we have nut cups to  
be filled with pink mints and  
nuts. Then John wove a hood  
for Elsie's clothes basket out  
of reeds and we covered it with  
pink and blue crepe paper  
all ruffles and bows so we  
have a bassinet to carry  
in the gifts. We have a  
big stock for the table center  
piece. We are serving sandwiches  
fruit salad, cake, coffee, nuts and  
mints. We wrapped our presents  
with the seals like the one I  
pasted on my letter. I think  
its a good joke the relatives  
are all so thrilled over Edna

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that they won't think about me. They say to Elsie, "You'll be the next one," and she just laughs. Now you know all the details, you said you'd like to hear them, so there they are! When the doctor spoke to me about my baby being born next spring I was terribly thrilled and I do hope nothing happens to prevent it.

John's brother Frank lost his position in Grandview. The editor was \$700 behind. People just couldn't pay for their papers. So he and Ruth came to Spokane and at the linetypist school here was a wire from Winnett, Montana for a man. The head of the school wired about Frank and word came to send him right over. So he and Ruth went merrily on their way on that long trip and when they arrived they were told that they didn't want a married man. Did you ever hear of such a thing? So they had all that long trip back and there they had driven day & night to get

over there on time. However, the paper in Winnett paid them for their gas. Now they are at Ruth's aunt's ranch at Sand Point.

You speak of Aunt Hattie. That must be Uncle Bert's wife. I didn't know she had come out from Iowa. Is Hudson still in Big Sandy? I thought he was an awfully nice fellow and I liked his personality very much.

Rose is picking up again now. The girl she has helping her is a dandy, worth seven Elsie when it comes to housework. Elsie is staying home now and going to business college from there. The people she stayed with in town moved to Missoula. She sings over 7 fiv<sup>0</sup> Sundays at 12:30 and is being paid for it. She started last Sunday. Tom is picking apples at present. There is just nothing else doing at all.

So the little piggies are big ones now I thought them so cute.

Well, now, please write and tell me if you're glad or sorry. How I wish I could see you all. How is Ade? Tell her "hello" for John and me. Much love to you all  
Alberta.

Friday morning, June 10 1932  
ten o'clock

Dearest Alice,

Well, I feel pretty smart this morning with the baby fed and bathed and sleeping sweetly in the spare bedroom which is his room now and my house all spick and span. It looks so nice all freshly painted and done over and curtains and windows all clean. I'm getting stronger every day now and things are a little easier to get done. SnickleFritz's papa has gone down town to a meeting on how to pan gold. The mining association is having two classes a day on gold panning and are encouraging the unemployed to go out into the hills to the streams and pan gold and John always interested in everything went down to see what there is to it. How the Unemployed are to get their grub-stake I'm sure I don't know!

No danger of you people being bored with the solitary life is there? As Papa says in Montana H---'s a-popping all the time! Chasing calves miles and miles---John says tell them that the next time Emmet chases a calf to send us a telegram and we'll have dinner ready and be standing in the front yard with outspread arms to receive the calf when it runs in followed by Emmet.

How I wish you could see little Johnny now. He is starting on his seventh week and is so good and sweet and just smiles all the time and looks around with those bright alert big eyes and blinks his eyelids so fast just like John does. John says of course he's getting over that little baby stuff and doesn't cry any more.---Echoes of the proud father! He certainly has beautiful black fluffy silky hair which makes him look a lot older than he is. I have certainly kidded by everybody. They say, "Alberta, what have you got to say for yourself? When a blond girl with a decidedly blond husband goes to work and has a blackheaded baby it looks questionable, to say the least." It shows no signs of getting lighter or coming out as yet, either, even his curling eyelashes are dark. But how I would love to sleep eight or twelve hours at a stretch. He is supposed to be fed at ten at night and then at two and at six, which is supposed to give me four hours in between times. But this is the way it works out, at nine at night he starts howling for his meal and unless I weaken and give it to him he cries until ten. Then at one a.m. he begins his song which unless I weaken again lasts until two, then he does the same from five until six a. m. ---hungriest child I ever saw--- empties both breasts at a setting and drinks three or four ounces of milk and dextri-maltose from his bottle besides, but he is a big baby and has to be filled out. The doctor says he's doing fine and he takes care of him for a year and I can call him any time I like to ask about the baby. That is included in the price I paid him. However, if the baby gets sick then he tells you to have a baby specialist. But it's worth a lot to have the doctor's supervision and I'm to take him in every month and he watches his diet, etc.

You asked if we weren't pleased and proud about our baby.--- When I was in the hospital with all my nice flowers and lots of company and the nurses were taking care of me and my baby, and John was beaming and handing out cigars to all his friends, it was quite nice but when we brought John Michael home neither one of us, surprisingly, was overwhelmed with pleasure. I was so weak and felt so miserable that I could cry just any minute and couldn't even lift the baby to change him or nurse him and since we didn't know how to take care of him he cried a good deal, we ---shocking thing to say, for which I'm heartily ashamed now, felt like giving him to the neighbors. John looked at me across the baby's basket and asked, "Alberta, do you think he is worth the one hundred and fifty dollars we paid for him?"

John and I have always been such wonderful companions and I've always been ready to go anywhere, any time with him and now I surely do feel it a hardship not to and have been hoping that it won't spoil our companionship. A few weeks ago a couple we know, Seekins, called up and wanted us to go fishing with them, of course I couldn't but I insisted on John's going and when I watched them pile into the front seat of this couple's roadster with a nice big supper all packed and fishing poles, and Anna Seekins with knickers on I felt so left out of it and thought of how I'd always gone along, too, I couldn't keep from crying. They caught a lot of fish and John said it was so lovely on the lake all afternoon and evening and then they had supper in front of the fireplace with a roaring fire as the evening was chilly. But I blinked back the tears and cuddled my baby and thought what a "heck" of a mother the poor little dependent creature had. You and Emmet will think I'm a great one with nothing at all to feel blue about. John said that he guessed we'd just have to make up our minds to stay home a couple of years and give the little fellow a chance to develop. But, when I think of Joe at six months and how we carted him over the fields and rough roads, to the mountains, etc. I should think after a little I could take the baby out. If John doesn't have his vacation until late July or August I don't see why I can't take him to the lake, the baby I mean, to our nice cottage, for a week. People bring up babies in tepees, tents, log cabins and such, *(or two)* away from all schedules, formulas, and refrigerators.

But, then I'll see things differently I guess, when I'm entirely well and can sleep again. The baby is becoming more precious every day and I'm surely grateful that he's so healthy and happy. When I give him his bath he just stretches and smiles and kicks his dear little legs and arms and throws out that husky chest of his. His hair looks so pretty all soaped up and lies in flat curls all over his head when its wet. John just stands around and admires him and laughs at his antics. We can see a change every day in the little fellow and I just know like all parents do we'll get so our pride in him makes up for all the sacrifices.

Now, Alice, it's lovely of you and Joe to want to send the baby something else, but don't do it. The little laundry bag is nice and just plenty. Ruth and Frank gave the baby a record book when he was in the hospital. It is of pink silk moire and has blue flowers painted on it. There is one page for father's notes and



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John opened one of the cigar rings and is going to paste it on his page. Since I've been home there has been some one coming in all of the time and they always bring something. Irene Andrews gave him a lovely "Snapshots of the Baby" book, pink trimmed with blue and it has grey paper. Yesterday the lady whose husband is Aunt Irene's nephew and her daughter called and brought a lovely little blue imported and embroidered romper and a silk cap. Grace has some shoes for him, the lady on the corner gave him some lovely white kid shoes with laces and little tassels on the laces. Ethyl sent some blue silk shoes, and I had the pink ones, so that's four pair of shoes and five pairs of booties. John said, "Tell your friends that Papa needs shoes now for a while." Grace is over here for a couple of weeks. She is making her sisters some clothes while she is here. Johnny has certainly been a lucky little baby. He has more things than he ever can use. People <sup>where I taught</sup> that I'd almost forgotten saw the announcement in the Spokesman and sent him things, then there were so many cards addressed to Master John Michael Miller which I'm going to paste in his book. It was so nice of Kade to send a card. I would like to have sent her an announcement card but I ran out. Elsie addressed them and John mailed them one Sunday afternoon. John says that we can save the things that we don't use for this baby for our next five, but I say NIX! But to tell the truth it was all pretty hard on John. After the baby was born and John came home Juanita invited him over for coffee and cake and he was so nervous that he couldn't drink his coffee without spilling it into the saucer and he couldn't light a cigarette to save his life. He couldn't relax enough to sleep the rest of the night.

You just bet I remember how cute and husky little Joe was and how very much I enjoyed taking care of him and those baths! ---Never have I enjoyed and loved a baby as I did Joe. I know Mack was wonderful too, but I wasn't with him when he was a baby. After lunch.

John brought home a friend from Sand Point for lunch. He is resting on the davenport now. John is washing and the baby's asleep again. We had a good play with him on the bed after we all ate. He kicked around and smiled and looked so bright. Oh, I know he's going to be a lot of fun. John still hangs out a daily wash for him, but I'll be able to do it soon.

Since I've been home I went down town and had my hair marceled and another day bought myself a lovely new heavy crepe silk jacket dress, a hat, and a scarf, all in one store, the first and only things I tried on, they just happened to be very becoming and to fit and were exceptionally good bargains so I was tickled to death as I didn't feel equal to running around shopping and they just seemed to be made for me. It was so nice to be able to get something nifty and slim again. Juanita loves the baby so much. She says, "Don't be so stingy with your baby bring him over so that I can enjoy him for a while," so I let her.

Saturday Evening  
Sept. 3, 1932

Dearest Alice & Fern,

I was so very glad to hear from you as it seemed so long since I myself had written or received a letter from you. As Dad says, "This world and then the next one." Your crop was good and then there had to be a hail storm; however you were more fortunate than some weren't you? You've evidently had a cooler, wetter summer than usual, too, haven't you? It hasn't been hot at all this summer, but we've had the loveliest mild sunshiny days.

That Joe is a cracker jack, what with climbing on his mount by the way of its neck in imitation of a circus rider and playing barber! He's a great boy. Papa surely chuckled as he read your account.

John and his mother left for Seattle yesterday morning. She stayed with me a few days before she left and how she adores the baby; it reminds her so vividly of John's baby-hood. She cried at leaving him. She is going over to live with Frank and Ruth who are now living on their five acres near Lake Washington, at Seattle. They have chickens and a goat and both Ruth and Frank are thinking

of working, so I imagine she'll take care of the place and keep house for them. John would like to sell five of his ten acres to help us build our house so he will see some agents while he is there and also enjoy a little vacation. I felt that it would be no fun to take the baby, so I preferred staying home. John says that this is the first year that he could have his choice of vacations and along came Snickie to put an end to our vacationing together for the present at any rate. I'm glad John went - he's worked so hard this summer. He has done a great deal of work up on our lot. Papa came up and got me to-day to bring me out home for a few days.

Sunday, Sept. 4.

It's so beautiful out here in the Valley to-day. The folks have such a wonderful garden; tomatoes are splendid, they're selling them, and there are still strawberries. The boys have sold alfalfa off their tract. Tom is at Newman Lake just now. Dad bought a strip of timber out there and Tom and the boys who work here are cutting the winter's wood and will haul it in, or rather to the place here.

John and I and the baby Florence Sheridan and her two youngsters went out to the cottage for three days about the middle of August, my first and only outing all summer. It was so beautiful and the moonlight nights were grand. However, I was glad to get home with the baby, where there was a bath tub, hot water, refrigerator, etc. He was awfully good at the lake and had his naps in his basket on the big front porch. John has made him the most beautiful crib, 54" x 30" painted ivory like the chest of drawers. It's just a work of art. I didn't see any half so handsome in any of the stores. He has little figures in oil transfers on the head and foot, boy and girl with a dog & cat and clusters of flowers. The chest of drawers has an animal on every drawer, duck, dog, squirrel, and flowers. I have the east bedroom fitted up for him and it looks so cute. The little monkey is just so active. Every time during the day when I go in he's riding the rails of the crib, he always lies crosswise, with his legs dangling out. He rolls all over the bed and part of the time

his feet are at the head and his head is under the covers. At night I pin him in securely so there's no "monkeyshining," but just the same he's on my mind and I get up to look at him three or four times a night. He sleeps right thru now. I haven't fed him at night for a month. He goes to bed in the early evening and he doesn't nurse again until five or six in the morning. He is surely a beautiful baby. He has wonderful white skin with deep wild rose in his cheeks, his eyes are almost as beautiful a blue as Mack's and Emmet's, although I think they're a trifle darker. —

They are extremely large, bright and snappy, and full of mischief. I sent you a lock of his hair, it's so dark & silky. John and I have so much fun playing with him. He just laughs and gurgles all the time. In the snap I'm sending you he's in his basket over in the park on the corner of 6th & Division. We had all the relatives there for a picnic one Sunday. John's mother is giving him a nibble out of his bottle. You can see what a nice profile he is. The other is a time exposure of him on my bed while he napped one afternoon.

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While we were having dinner to day  
Dad said, "If Alice could only have some  
of the piles of tomatoes going to waste  
she'd make good use of them." They can't  
use, sell, or can all they have. When  
John comes back I'll can my tomatoes.  
I have about 100 qts. of peaches, rasp-  
berries, cherries, strawberries, apricots  
and dill pickles up so far. I'm  
going to can tomatoes, blackberries, pears,  
and make some grape jelly. I have about  
sixty glasses of jam & jelly up already.  
I surely was busy, although John's  
mother helped with the peaches.

Labour Day. Sept. 5, 9:30. A.M.

Well Baby Boy is all bathed  
and fed and taking his morning  
nap. Rose and the girl who works  
here are canning blackberries.  
Elsie, the lady of leisure, is lying  
on the overstuffed davenport,  
reading a detective magazine, Ernie  
is working outside, he's always  
busy, even gets up at midnight  
to irrigate, Tom and Papa are  
getting a long trailer ready and  
are going to Newnan Lake to  
get a load of wood. I'm going  
to do some ironing for Rose when  
the iron gets hot.

Elsie Miller had a third shower  
given for her last week. Frank is

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surely worried, but he needn't be. It's  
a perfectly natural business this  
having babies, and she hasn't  
had an ache or pain. It won't be long  
now and of course it's a tremendous relief  
to have it over. This picture looks like

Don't you think, Florence? John  
and I do. Give it to her and ask her  
if she recognizes herself. The other  
clipping is the new Fox Theater.

It is in the new Futuristic Architect-  
ure. The inside is just gorgeous.  
I wish you'd come over and I'd  
take you. It is something entirely  
new inside.

I've thought of you all so often  
this summer. A few weeks ago  
it was quite windy, the sky was  
so blue and the white clouds were  
racing across it. When John came  
home for lunch I said, "John, this  
day reminds me so much of Montana  
days; I've been thinking of it  
all morning," and he said, "Well,  
wouldn't you like to take the baby  
and run over for a couple of weeks.  
You could take ~~the~~ advantage of  
the summer rates." I could see he  
was trying to be kind and would  
be willing to "batch it" if I wanted

to go. But when "Smekie" is a couple of years old or more we'll drive over.

Then maybe he can climb Rocky Butte with Mack & Joe and the rest of us. I've really had an awfully poky old summer, but it's been as much as I felt doing to stay home and take care of John Michael where it was cool and convenient. I've had plenty of company, tho, goodness knows.

Rose came in just now and said she'd write you some time when her rush of harveeting, canning, etc. is over.

I'm glad your mother is able to sit up a little. Illness is such a bad thing. Well bye-bye for now.

Love from

Bertha & all the family who are mighty hard workers. I think I have plenty to do until I come out here and see all the outside work & then I change my mind.

P.S. Mack must be quite a good shot. Granddaddy Quinn couldn't realize it. He said, "Is that boy big enough to shoot already?" They don't have a Spokane fair any more, it didn't pay during this depression, so there's no Baby Show any more. A.



September 22, 1932

Dearest Alice,

How are you all? I suppose you are having beautiful Indian summer days there as we are here. Mack is in school, but I don't suppose Joe will be starting until next fall, although he is mature enough and bright enough to be in school now.

I am up on our lot on Seventeenth this afternoon sitting on a pile of cut pine trees; there are more trees at my back with the warm sun filtering down thru them. John is excavating and will soon have the complete full basement dug. He has an enormous pile of cord wood at one side up here which he cut from the biggest trees this summer. I can see Mt. Spokane and the entire north city from here - oh, it's a grand view. John came home for dinner, and afterwards we brought little Snickie up here; he's sleeping sweetly here at my feet in the sunlight in his basket.

Elsie and Frank have a little daughter, Joann Dolores, weight, six pounds. I made out and mailed her announcement cards for her as she did mine last spring. She went to the hospital at twelve Sunday night and the baby arrived at 6:25 Tuesday morning. Frank phoned me twice and said that he feels as if he's "floating on air."

He said, "Just ask me anything you want to know about babies, Alberta, I'm a daddy now and can tell you just that you want to know!" Like John and I he'll find out a lot of things about babies, before he's thru.

Oct. 1.

All this time gone like the wind! How I've missed the frequency of your letters this summer but I know it's been a most difficult and busy summer for you. I'm anxious to know how everyone, and especially your mother is.

We've had quite an eventful time of it lately. The week Elsie's baby was born I had a wisdom tooth extracted and that put me on the bum for a couple days. Then the baby's left eye had been watering off & on all summer so I asked Dr. Pursey if it wasn't something more than a cold and he said that the tear duct was closed so then I had to take him to an eye specialist who wrapped him in a sheet. The nurse held his head, I his knees, and the doctor went after the little fellow with his sharp wires and instruments it hurt the baby too, he just screamed and screamed, and I had to cry, too. He would have given him ether but he would have had to go to the hospital and first he would have had to have his thymus

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gland I-rayed as that is the law  
now. But after it was over it  
was fine and his eye is all  
right now. I had my other teeth  
fixed and my glasses changed.  
I'm tired to death of doctors, dentists,  
nurses, & specialists, although  
they seem to be a necessary evil.

Then on Wednesday a very dear  
friend Pearl Jenks, one of our  
card club members for six years  
died. She was one of the loveliest  
and sweetest girls I ever knew.  
There were so many people at  
her funeral and just loads of  
flowers. I tried so hard to  
forget about it afterwards,  
but everything reminded me of her.  
Even the vase, or rather pink glass  
flower bowl, on my table reminded  
me of her as she had given it to  
me.

Oct. 2.

Sunday evening. Well, to-day we  
went over to see Elsie & Frank. Elsie  
has been home two days and she looked  
pretty weak & tottery. She had her baby  
in its lovely little new crib. It looked  
mighty little beside big tough old Snicker,  
who rolls all over the floor now and  
sits up alone until he gets to kick-  
ing too hard and putting his toes  
into his mouth and then over he  
goes. Then we went out to visit

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Edna + Bob and their little daughter, Gloria who is almost nine months old now and is just as advanced over Snickie as he is over Elsie's baby, although he's almost as big as Gloria. We had supper there and now we've come home to hear a good Sunday evening program by radio.

Last Sunday that John was off, two weeks ago, we drove up to Worley, Idaho to visit John's sister and had a lovely chicken dinner, vegetables, and pumpkin pie with whipped cream. The baby slept all the way up, 45 miles, and coming home in the early evening he sat up and watched the scenery in great glee.

I've been so busy canning, four apple boxes of tomatoes alone. The folks had so many and although they sold quite a few they didn't make enough to pay them for their plants and trouble. They are selling them now for twenty cents an apple box in the field, "pick yourself." So I have almost fifty quarts of them besides some Chile Sauce. It seemed that after each tomato I peeled, I had to run in and pull Snickie out from under radio table, or something. Fruit & everything in the way of farm produce is extremely low.

If any of you take the Pictorial Review notice in the October number, "Not by Bread Alone", and in the November issue, "Americana", both by Mary Brinker Post who is in our Scriber's Club. She received \$200 for the first story.

I think the stories in "The Household Magazine", which I have also

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taken since Christmas are the most depressing things. And most of them are not stories at all but mere sketches. I'm going to write the editor a letter one of these days, and ask him Why of all times, especially these, does he have to select and accept such doleful hopeless tales. It seems that he has a complex for that sort of thing.

John and I went to the Fox Theater Fri. night and first show since the arrival of "His Nibs". Juanita kept him and we were most hilarious over our outing. "Life Begins" a story laid in a maternity ward of a large hospital and it was true to life and had many laughs & tears and brought back very vividly our experience last Spring.

John still hasn't smoked and he has gained about fifteen pounds and looks so nice. We get down on all fours and plays with John Michael and the two of them just laugh & laugh.

Rose had another tumor, a small fatty one removed. She doesn't even care to talk about <sup>it</sup> and certainly didn't lose much time over it. The girl out there says it kept

6.  
her busy hustling to keep up with Rose, even tho, she had stitches still in her back. She has the most quit. The tumor was at her waistline in the back. The Dr. said tumors, once started, come sometimes in numbers. So she says, "Well, Dad, we'll do lots of things if the tumors don't get me" and she laughed as if they were Boogey men. - John just came in with some Benewah Ice Cream which he went after, so Bye-Bye.

Oct. 6. Fri. 2:10 o'clock.

I'll get this epistle mailed sometime, but what I should have done I guess would have been to write "To be continued" after each instalment and mailed it. Your letter came this morning and how glad I was to hear from you again. John came home for lunch and we both enjoyed all the news so much, the boys hunting trap and your nice trip to St. Falls & Haas.

We bought the baby a lovely golden brown Wicker Sulkie. We carried, or rather John did, all around to the stores looking for one we liked and he just looked everywhere at once and how he liked going up and down in the elevators. Everybody noticed him and said how beautiful & bright he is and John just beamed.

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He just gurgles and laughs all the time, too, laughs & coos at everyone and will just go to anybody. It seems that he just loves the whole world and everyone in it. When I work around here and hear that soft little voice jabbering it is to me the very sweetest music in all the world and I almost burst with happiness.

John's cousin Edna's husband Bob Mc Gregor is buyer for all the Burgan Stores, that is of the fruits & vegetables. He told John that when he goes on his apple-buying tour of the Valley he'll take John along and then John is going to buy our winter supply of apples. He can get them cheaper than Bob's, 40¢ a box Grade A's fancy pack. John's going to send you about four boxes within the next month some time. I'll let you know when he sends them.

I must take the baby out for his afternoon walk now. He sleeps all morning in his buggy on the porch and then with his afternoon ride he gets much fresh air. The fall sunshine is just lovely

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and ~~and~~ the leaves are all red  
and gold & brown and its  
just gorgeous to walk and  
wheel the baby thru the park  
& by all the pretty homes.

Oh, just so much love to  
Nem, Mack, Joe, and Alice.

Pheta, John & John.

P.S. Write just whenever you can.  
We do so love to hear from  
you and you don't know  
how much I'd like to see  
you all.

Your birthday is the 13th isn't  
it? Much love & best wishes,  
Alice.



Sunday evening, Oct. 23, 1932

Dearest Alice,

We so enjoyed your lovely letter and are glad that all is well with you. Joe's little note was cute. And so Mack goes hunting alone and certainly doesn't come home empty-handed. John thought it was pretty good to get three ducks with his 22. Bless his dear little boy-heart. I can just see him coming in all flushed pink and excited over his success. If my little boy is as sweet and as unspoiled as your two I'll be happy. It was sweet of Mack to remember and plan for your birthday. How I do enjoy hearing what you and Nem and the boys are doing. I love you all so dearly. And even tho we all can't be together or see each other often I like to think of you over there and imagine the things you are doing, each of you going about your busy routine.

Daddy has still been running his free-for-all jitney. He says that every night when he goes home his car is filled with chattering women all ready and waiting for him to avoid paying bus fare. The men look out the window and say, "Well, Mike, there's your harem." And Papa has to go out and take them all home, dropping each at her respective stop and denying himself a smoke on his way home to make it comfortable for the ladies, and never a cent is he offered to buy a gallon of gas, and Trent Road is up-hill all the way home. Ernest tells, with a twinkle in his eye and a twist to his mouth, all the things he'd do were he in Papa's shoes. He says, "Pop, you haven't the system at all. You make it too nice for the ladies. I'd either close up the car tight and smoke them all out, or else I'd take out all the windows, including windshield, put on a big sheepskin myself and just let the wind whistle thru and blow them all to pieces, or after work I'd just mooch off up to a show without being seen and leave all the star passengers sitting there." So after much persuasion we have persuaded him not to drive his car during the cooler weather but to stay up here with me. After his hard work he is really too tired to drive out home anyway and then he works when he gets home, thinking he has to milk and all the while Tommy is perfectly willing to do it if he'd let him. So I think the first of Nov. he'll begin staying here. He can lie on my davenport every evening and listen to the radio, play with John Michael, and then I'll make him a cup of hot chocolate every night to try and fatten him up. He made the last payment on his valley place last month and figures that he can quit work next summer and get by all right, making his living on the place, and I'll just be so glad because he's too old to work the way he has been doing this last year.

I'm sending you some more snaps of our dear little boy. We took them the last Sunday John was home. When he came home for breakfast I had a nice pot roast cooked, and vegetables simmering all around it. We just put the kettle in the car and Johnny's basket and set out with him and ourselves for the cottage. It was the most glorious Sunday with the lake like glass, and the trees, and bushes, red, gold, and bronze, with the lovely haze of Indian summer over all. We warmed up the dinner on the range out there, set a little table on the porch and ate while Johnny sat in his basket (he sits up so straight and strong now) and played and then slept in the sun on the beach while I read and John fished along the shore. We drove home early by way of the FootHill road thru the glorious deep woods, across country north of Millwood. We

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stopped at the place for a little while and then came in town to have Sunday night supper with Florence Sheridan and her family as she had phoned that morning and invited us. We brought Elsie in also and she and Ollie played violin and piano. Florence's little girl played the violin also and Jack the piano. We came home by seven-thirty as I like to have my child in his crib at as nearly the same time every evening as I can. I put him to bed at six or seven of an evening and he cuddles right down and goes to sleep. I bought him a pink brushed wool suit and he looks good enough to eat in it like a strawberry sundae. His cheeks are the color of Jonothan apples now. My how he does laugh, just throws back his head and chuckles and chuckles. He adores music and bright colors and shaded lamps etc. and they always get a joyous laugh out of him. He just loves and will go to everybody. He seems to have such a sweet lovable little personality. John's mother wrote from the coast that she dare not even think of him as she gets so homesick for him, so I wrote and told her we would send her the money for a Christmas present to come over and see him and visit us. I take him out in his buggy every day and all the children on their way home from school stop to admire and smile at him and everybody looks at me and thinks I have a tremendous family, all of us, baby included, filling up the sidewalk coming along the street, all sizes, shapes and colors, and some not any too neat and clean.

Yes, I know that Johnny and Joan are the same relation as you and Nem and I; and I had also thought of a possible romance some day, but I can't bare to think of him marrying and leaving me. Isn't that the mother of it?---but that's certainly "crossing bridges before I get to them".

We sent you three boxes of apples by freight yesterday, Gn. RR. Delicious, Jonothans, and Wagners. The Wagners are the kind we always have put in at Christmas and will be just right about that time if you can save them until ~~that time~~ <sup>then</sup>, as they are not quite ready for eating. The Delicious should be just about right when you receive them and the Jonothans next. The day John went out with Bob Mc Gregor to buy apples the man was not at home, so John and I drove out and got these elsewhere. The Wagners we bought from south of town on the Palouse Highway and they are dryland apples and supposed to have a better flavor than when irrigated. They were lovely when we sent them, so I hope they won't be bruised or anything like that when you receive them. I guess they notify you do they not when they arrive up town?

Talking about the price of beef.---We get the loveliest sirloin and T-bone steaks for 17¢ a pound, about 1½ inches thick, and so tender and juicy and how John does love them, and then I sometimes make him French fried potatoes with them! The other day we left the baby with Juanita and went shopping. We bought one of those lovely all wool blankets (if you get the Montgomery catalogue, like the sample inside the cover). It is blue on one side and blue and white check on the other. He needed a new one for the station. Then we bought a lovely "hot point" waffle iron, which cost only half what they used to cost. With it came a recipe book, "52 Ways to make Waffles," Waffles with grated cheese in the batter, waffles with strips of bacon cooked in them, waffles with cocoanut, waffles

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with nuts, or cherries, huckleberries, or pineapple, etc. so I told John I'd make them all for him in due order. So for two nights now when he's been home we've had waffles for supper. Since John quit smoking he eats twice as much and he just looks so well and has gained so much. His complexion is pink and white like the baby's. It's rather fun fattening up my two Johns and keeping them neat and clean and healthy.

I have some books on children's dances with music, but they are big size books, and most of them are for group dancing. However, sometime when I'm down town I might see what Graham's have on solo dancing. No, indeed, I don't think it foolish to teach Joe music and little dances. A child should certainly be taught what he has an aptitude for and the more things the better. It would be nice if you could teach him piano after while. Jackie Sheridan plays the piano so nicely, he is eleven or twelve, and Dorothy has had her father teach her for a year on the violin (she is eight and has a  $\frac{3}{4}$  size) and since her father is such a splendid violinist they have taken advantage of his ability. So I think if Joe has the inclination, and you play so well it would be nice if you would teach him. Child psychologists say that nine or ten is the best time to start piano, or even a year or two older, unless, of course, the child is a genius. Jackie started when he was six, but they just had to force him to practice and I think he wasted a lot of valuable time and energy by starting so young, he hasn't much aptitude for it either, but does it because he was taught, while Dorothy is right in her glory in music and has also taken fancy dancing, and dances so beautifully, and is just so graceful.

Did you feel, Alice, that when Mack was born that it had just changed your whole life and that you had to make yourself over? That's the way I've felt all along ever since the baby joined us. It just seems that I can't be good enough and kind enough and helpful enough to show my appreciation that such a wonderful little human soul has been intrusted to my care. It is the most wonderful miracle to think of a child's wonderful intelligence and perfect little body, and this rapid and beautiful development from day to day. A child is really "a miracle of a gift" and it seems that you have to have one yourself before you realize the import of those shopworn words that you've heard all your life and thought that you understood before, but really didn't. John says he feels more responsible, too, and just spellbound. He sits in the rocker and holds the baby so tenderly when he begins to get sleepy about supper time, and then he plays with him so gleefully and little Johnny is just so rough and active, scratches, and pulls your hair and seems to be all-flying legs and arms, like Joe used to. I think the picture in his buggy shows a resemblance to Joe, don't you? that is when he was a baby. You'll be so tired hearing me rave about this child. But I try not to brag him up to others, and I know you'd be the first to agree with me about his good points and that you'd love him, too. You understand how it is, because you have two splendid specimens yourself, you and Nem.

Well, bye,bye.

Just so much love to you and good old Nem,  
and Joe and Mack.

*Alberta*

Twilight, Sat. Feb. 18. 1933

Dearest Alice and Nem and the two dandy sons,

The card came to-day and we're glad all is well with you. Have we been having cold weather here? Several mornings it has been from ten to twenty below here; the coldest in 34 years. But that seems to have passed now and it was nice to-day with the sun shining so warm and bright. John nailed an apple box on the boys' old Flexible Flyer sled that was out in the garage here and has been taking his little son for sleigh rides, hauling him along the middle of the roads. And it looked so sweet to see big John pulling little rosy-cheeked John all done up in pink and blue blankets up and down the streets.

We had the baby's pictures taken soon after Christmas. The photographer took twelve views of him as she said he was such a wonderfully expressive little subject and she wanted some for baby sample pictures. They were all so beautiful that I had a dreadful time trying to select four for a panel as I felt that I couldn't afford any more than that in a strip. Besides my panel I had only two or three singles finished and I may be able to send you one later when it is returned to me from the Baby Contest. This one I am sending you is only a trail print and the photographer didn't like it because there is a slight move in it, but the little grin is so characteristic of him and the twinkle in his eyes so natural that I like it. She was going to destroy it and I asked her if I couldn't have it, so she said, "Well, I suppose I'll have to give it to you since you've asked for it." You can imagine how sweet he looks with his deep great big blue eyes which are partly closed here because he smiles, and his dark brown silky hair and beautiful complexion. Note the dimples, too at the corners of his mouth. He was eight and a half months when he sat for this and now he's nearly ten. He's been walking around the play pen John made for him for some time now, clinging to the palings. We surely have a circus with him.

I've been so busy sewing and still have a lot to do as I was so far behind, not having been able to sew before John's mother came to relieve me of some of the housework. I made seven aprons, two for John's mother, one for Rose, one for John's sister, and the rest for myself. Then two dresses for myself one print for summer and the other is a gayly colored woolen jumper with a cream satin blouse with small puffed sleeves and Peter Pan collar. Every one thinks it very pretty. Then I've made two pretty embroidered rompers and I have another one to make, also a slip for myself and a short silk petticoat, just the skirt that is, to the waist line.

Papa stayed in last week-end as the weather was bad and he was afraid he might not be able to get back to work again on time on Monday morning, and he seemed to enjoy it. Sunday afternoon I made good black tea and we had tea and a Spanish Mocha cake that I had made in the morning and Papa and John's mother got quite a kick out of our cups of afternoon tea. John was

working and so we had to have a cosy time by ourselves.

Tom and Ernie came in to get Papa this afternoon and brought lovely jersey milk, cream, butter, and some eggs. Now we will have some good whipped cream on puddings, fruit etc. it keeps so long this cold weather, that is if we let it, it's so good that that is hard to do.

Elsie got her fingers nipped one morning on going to the bus. But they are all right now. She had on kid gloves and by the time she got to the bus Jack Frost had done its work. She didn't have time to rub them in snow as the bus came, So they were rather tender for several days and hampered her playing on the violin.

I don't know any news. We are all anxious for spring to come. Papa is working awfully hard, and hasn't a bit of help. These cold days he has to lift heavy heaters into the cars and the cars are all slippery and *icy* so it will be a relief to him to have the winter over. How I wish he could be spending his winters at Long Beach, playing horse-shoes and having a good time as John's Uncle, an old retired farmer does. But Papa said, "Oh, don't even mention it, that wasn't in my scheme of life that's all." And I don't know whether I think that way or not. Every day that John is home we take a long walk over the south hill in the cold, my how I missed my long walks with John, but now that John's mother is here to take care of the baby we can go again and also now I feel equal to it and I didn't until the last few months.

Well, it's time to feed Snickie and have a little supper ourselves. The lamps are all on, there is a cosy fire in the heatrola and thru the windows we can see the white outside and all the trees and shrubs just laden with snow and the lights twinkling out from all the other homes up and down the street. Snickies' Grandma is putting on his sleepers. We undress him before supper, as he doesn't last long after he eats. He sleeps now until about six in the morning, so I get more sleep, lately.

Well, bye-bye, and much love to you all, I'll be waiting for the letter you said you were writing. Does the mail-man stop at your place again now?

Alberta.

Monday, July 5, 1937.

My dearest Alice and Nem,

How are you all? I enjoyed your lovely long letter, Alice my dear, and was so glad to hear of the wonderful opportunity that Mack is having, he deserves every bit of it and it will all do him so much good. He is just the kind who will derive the greatest benefits from such good contacts. Of course Joey-woey misses him, but cheer up, sonny, your turn will come, too.

I wish I could wave a magic wand and make grand crops for you, lots of cooling rain when you need it and sunshine when you need it and fine gardens again like you used to have when I visited you, with all that lovely corn, peas, and beans, and new potatoes. But you all seem to get by nicely any way, and you have your faith, hope and courage developed to a high degree. Have you still Flo's little girl, and how is Flo? I do hope she will take care of herself. The fried chicken and ice cream sounded very nice. I especially like your ice cream. I was glad you took the trip to Fort Benton and I am sure John and I would very much have enjoyed that trip with you.

Well, we made our trip to Boswell. Elsie couldn't get away. She had a call for twenty girls to play at Coulee Dam and a half dozen for Moscow and had to hump herself to find them and get them sent down over the week-end. Frank came back from Seattle, said he couldn't stand it over on his place and remain sane, all he could think of was his little daughter, so he went up with us, or rather we went in his car, thru Sand Point, Bonner's and Creston. I never saw the country look so beautiful and such wonderful gardens and crops. The Kootenay Valley was glorious, especially the Canadian part where it joined Kootenay Lake, such lovely houses and barns and green fields. It was rather warm driving but as soon as we skirted the lake in the mountains it was so cool and fresh, and five minutes after we arrived and were welcomed by the Cummings we were all in swimming, including Mr. Cummings who went in bathing with his big hat on so that he wouldn't get sunburned.

My, the people at Boswell are still the same leisurely crowd they always were, they certainly know how to live, take everything so easy and have such good times. They all have beautiful flower gardens and lawns and terraces now, with badminton courts, which they all play. I never saw flowers grow more beautifully and luxuriantly, and they have little creeks, tumbling water falls, and pools in their gardens, rustic seats and bridges. Frank and John fished and fished and caught perfectly grand steelheads and big dolly varden trout which were just like red Alaska salmon. Frank was mad about the place and wants to buy enough land to build him a shack on the lake in which to vacation. I don't believe there is a more beautiful place in the world than that old lakeside. I saw Mrs. Mitchell and she hardly looks any older and I met more sons and daughters of the Cummings this time and they are surely grand young people and wonderful sports.

Mr. Hepher has a very nice place and such a lovely wife whose hobby is flower gardening. She had such a beautiful rock garden and gave John some slips. He also got slips from Captain Ellis's

place and Mrs. Cummings. Mr. Hepher has done beautiful cabinet work in his house and all kinds of wood carving. His stairway is stained imitation oak and is all carved like the stairways in England. He has casement windows with diamond shaped panes as nearly every one has. The houses are all so quaint-looking. Mr. Hepher asked to be remembered to you and inquired very interestedly about you.

Coming home just the other side of Bonner's there was a man standing in the road flagging us down with a big white handkerchief. We stopped and he said he had forgotten things in Bonner's and tho he had just come home had to go right back. He talked and looked like a Dutchman. He said the crops there were better than they'd ever been and told how he was an old pioneer and so on. When we reached town I told him our name and asked him his. He said "Bayer". I asked him if he knew you folks and he said very well, asked about you Alice and your father. Then he said, "Did you know a young man by the name of Quinn?" and of course I said he was my brother. He wanted to know all about you both and how many children you had, how big they were and how far along in school. He said his son Adoph had worked at your place.

When I go by on the road above your old place, Alice, I remember the two visits I had there so pleasantly. They are very bright spots in my memory. The hills and green valley looked so lovely down below the Mission Creek service station and I remembered the nice picnic you two, and I had up there one Sunday, before there was a road or a service station there.

I walked down the street in Bonner's to buy some ice cream and macaroons, and as I passed the cafes I thought of the time, Emmet, Elsie, and I had dinner in one and Elsie ordered a piece of pie of every kind they had. We took our quart of ice cream and stopped by a nice stream, and a shady place in nice sweet clover and ate. As I came thru the town I wondered just where the Ed Maxwell place was.

The folks have cleared twenty-five hundred dollars on their strawberries this summer and will just about finish up this week. Next week they will cut hay and then Rose and Dad are planning on a month's trip to the North, thru Boswell, and up to Fitch's, and Edmonton. But I won't believe it until I see them leave. Ernie will run the place, Elsie is too busy and Tom is weighmaster now. Mother Miller came the day after we got back from Canada, (couldn't stand it at Bertha's; said it was too hot, and H. is too loud for her, is staying with us), but says she'd like to go out home and be cook while mother is away which will be very nice, I'll be out occasionally and will bring the washing in here to do as it's handier. Frank is practicing up his machine work and may get on a newspaper here, quite certainly. If he does he and his mother will move into her house again and it will be a very nice arrangement for them both.

I have fourteen quarts of strawberry sauce canned, and about twenty glasses of whole jam made with certa. Canning time again. How time flies. We spent the Fourth at the cottage with our renters there who entertained us. We are going out to -morrow with a fireman's family for a little picnic. God bless you all. Write soon.

*With Love, Alberta*

*P.S. These two women are Scriber's Club members. Wasn't that a wonderful gift? Mounted to about \$200 each. They were so thrilled.*

Thursday afternoon  
1/13/38

My dear Alice,

I can't tell you how very sorry I am to have heard such sad news about Florence's and Frank's little Frankie. He was their second child wasn't he? Isn't Tommy the older of the two boys? They are having real trouble aren't they? It's just too bad. I could hardly keep the tears back. You'll let me know won't you at what you hear further and I do hope things will be better with them?

Just yesterday afternoon toward twilight when John was here with Johnny I took a walk and passed by Florence's Uncle's home, as John and I do so often, as it lies on the route of our favorite walk and I was wondering how she was and if she had ever visited her uncle at that particular house.

Speaking of uncles, we had a letter from John's cousin in Seattle and he said he had seen Uncle Tom's name in the paper in a write-up as one of those who had liberally given money to the poor at Christmas time over there.

Inclosed you will find a snap which Leedice sent me and which I thought you might like to see and then will you return it as soon as you can and also her letter as I haven't even shown it to Dad yet, as it <sup>the picture</sup> came since I last saw him.



2.

I, too, think Aunt Lib, who lives in Kansas City looks remarkable for her 84 years. And isn't Uncle Jefferson a fine-looking man? I can surely see the family resemblance in myself and Emmet to Aunt Irene in the picture.

My little John was in bed for nine whole days and when I put his clothes on him for the first time day before yesterday he could hardly lift his feet, said his shoes were too heavy. He went down from 57 lbs. to 45 and you can even feel the loss of weight when you lift him. He very nearly had pneumonia. I surely took good care of him, just did things for him all day, and some nights, long to make him well. Toward the end of the week I was all in myself and caught some of his cold. I am feeling better now, tho I'm still tired out. But his appetite is good again and he has lots of pep. I wish you could see the looks of this house. But I'm so glad to have Johnny well again that I let him play to his heart's content. There are electric trains, windup trains, guns, books, track over every inch of carpet and floor. He has switches, water tank, and a whole village that John fixed up for him, a service station with pumps, and real lights and it is all down under your feet, but I'm fast learning the goose step and can step high wide and handsome.

3.

I can just see you Alice, looking around, and saying with a twinkle in your eye, in that quietly humorous way of yours that I love so much, "Now, Alberta there aint no sense to having a mess under foot like this, is that any way for white folks to live?" Well, whether it is or not, seems I'll have to put up with it until the child is well enough to go out again.

I washed this morning and hung all my clothes in the basement as it's raining hard outside. It has seemed like spring all winter long, so balmy, and sometimes windy which makes me think of old Montana. I like the wind, especially as it sings so soothingly thru these pine trees around the house. That's the most soothing sound in the world to me to hear the wind in the trees.

Little Joann Miller has had chicken <sup>like Joe did</sup> ~~px~~, but wasn't at all sick. I'm having them <sup>Clair, Frank, Joann</sup> over for dinner Sunday. Her two weeks of the <sup>o</sup>px will be up by then, but anyway Johnny has had it.

Mother M. keeps up pretty good. She was so worried over her beloved little Johnny Boy that she didn't sleep for about three nights last week and had to go to the doctor for more medicine. The Harry Rosenhaupt <sup>died</sup> I wrote you of <sup>1</sup> last week. I think that was upsetting to her, also. One by one all the old friends and relatives are leaving her. How is my dear old brother Nem<sup>z</sup>? Love to him and you, Alice, and the two fine boys. How I hope

(over)

we can keep our beloved boys, both the big ones and little ones. One just can't stand the thought of losing one of them, as poor Florence has had to do. God bless her. The longer you have them the dearer they become and one can't imagine life going on without them.

Write me soon again, won't you?

Love from the bottom of my  
heart

Alberta

P.S. Johnny's temperature was high for about six days, ranged from 94 in the morning to about 104, more and less in the evening.

Now it is 97° for the last three days but that's because he's still weak. Will be glad when he's 98 $\frac{1}{2}$ ° again and hope he stays that way.

Sunday Afternoon, June 25, 1938

Dearest Alice and Emmet,

You'd think we were away out in the country, it's so deserted and quiet around here this afternoon with everyone gone to the country and the lakes for Sunday. I haven't seen a soul all day. I guess Johnny Boy and I are holding the neighborhood down alone. John's on duty.

I have so much to tell you that I hardly know where to begin. First I'll tell you how much I enjoyed your letter, Alice, and your references to an old letter of mine which you'd just read telling of our son's arrival. Also I thought the town folks "old meanies" to call tired farm folk out of bed at eleven o'clock at night to order chickens.

About a week and a half ago I had a letter from Uncle Jeff and Aunt Minnie saying they were coming to Spokane to see me and Boy! was I all atwitter! So last Tuesday afternoon about four-thirty I had a telephone call and it was Uncle Jeff saying, "Hello, is this Alberta? Well, this is your Uncle Jeff." They had just arrived in town and were at Mission and Division and so John and I drove over there and met them. It was just so natural meeting them, just as if I'd known them always. Jeff is six feet tall, weighs 190, and Aunt Minnie is rather small, brown-eyed, and <sup>with</sup> dark hair turning grey, very pretty. So I got in their car with them and John led the way home. Between the time of news they were coming and their arrival Johnny Boy got sick and we had the doctor just before they came, so Johnny was in bed all the time they were here, so that was too bad, but otherwise everything else was ideal. Mrs. Walker stayed with him while we met the folks and also when we took them around town and out to the folks. He's getting better now, it was earache and grippe and the most painful part of it was over before they came, so that he was content to lie in bed and color, and look at his books while they were here.

I had just got the back bedroom all fixed up this summer, made lavender chintz drapes with gold and green flowers in them for the windows and I died my curtains yellow, and did a lot of other things, putting Johnny's crib in the attic. So they had the back room, and then I had an extra bed in the sunroom, we having bought a beautiful mulberry-colored studio couch a few weeks ago which makes either into a double or twin beds.

We have so many lovely flowers in bloom all around the house and Aunt Minnie enjoyed those as she is the gardner at home. She says Jeff's chief interest is school, she runs the house, drives the car most of the time at home, pays all the bills and looks after things. He's so boy-ish and sort of sweet, reminded me of a little boy. He tells the best stories so slow and easy and has a hearty laugh something like yours, Nem.

They looked up Big Sandy and wanted to come thru there, but thought it too far out of the way for them. They came from Aberdeen, South Dakota where they now live, passed thru Miles City just after that Milwaukee accident, or was it Glendive, where it was? I can't think right now. Then thru Billings, Butte, and Missoula.

- 2 -  
He has to be back at the teachers' college by July fifteenth and they have a lot of territory to cover. They went to Granger from here to see Minnie's sister who has been out here a year from South Dakota, that's by Pasco, then they were going to Pocatello to see Leedice their daughter, then to Colorado to see Charlie and maybe Althia, so that will keep them hustling.

They wanted to know all about you folks and I showed them all the Copeland pictures, and the Montana pictures. They raved about Mack in his boy scout uniform with his flag and the picture with Emmet, and thought his wavy hair so beautiful. I told them what blue eyes Emmet and Mack had and Uncle Jeff said, "They must be like Lou's." She had the bluest eyes I ever saw in my life." How I wish you could have met Uncle Jeff, Emmet, he's just a prince. I was just crazy about him. He had such a nice, easy, gentle, warm friendly way about him, that I know every one must like him. He said he had had a very nice letter from you one time and was so pleased to get it.

John even showed them the picture of Joe in his underwear with the dead Prairie dog and he got such a kick out of it. Uncle Jeff was born near the end of 1876 and so that makes him sixty-one. He said Grand-mother's name was Mary McAnelly before she married grandfather and she was his first cousin as we know and that her mother's name, our greatgrandmother, was Mary Roller. There were ten children and this is the order of their age. I wrote it down, you may know it, but in case you don't I'm giving it, Elizabeth, now in her eighties, in Kansas City, Althia at Ft. Morgan, Douglas who was frozen to death in a blizzard years ago, Irene, almost seventyfive in Des Moines who makes a good living for herself running a rooming house near a large city hospital and rooming many of the nurses, Effie who died before mother, Lucinda, our mother, John who died of rheumatism which enlarged his heart, Zona who died when she was twenty, Jeff, and then Charlie, the baby, Charlie's in Colorado, too, I believe they said at Cedar Edge or some such name.

He said it was just thirty-eight years ago this spring that he said good-bye to our mother. That she came back to Iowa with you, Emmet, Gene, and Cly to say good-bye to her people before going to Alberta. I told him that when he saw her then he couldn't know he'd never see her again and that the next connection would be with her daughter thirty-eight years later. He was just a little younger than our Tommy, then, about twenty-three, and now all these years have gone by.

He wanted to know about your father, Alice, and how many children he had. Said your father was one of fifteen children. My, I didn't know that before. I showed him the pictures, post card size of your mother and father taken on the porch at the Copeland House and he thought your mother such a genial-looking woman, and I told him how she used to entertain the table in her home with her good stories, and about the hot mush being thrown on one of the cousin's toes that she used to tell about and he laughed and recalled that he'd heard that story told in the family, too. Then John told them the story your mother used to tell about Mr. Donitch going to confession and your mother thought he said fishing, you remember the rest of it, don't you?

3.

Oh, we had a grand time yarning and sat and sat at the table and talked. I had done a lot of baking and so forth before they came and we bought ice cream for dessert nearly every meal and when we didn't have that we had strawberries from home, which they surely liked as they don't grow them where they live. John was home the day they came, then he got off the next afternoon and evening and we showed them the town, and then the third day he was home too. When they left John stayed home with Johnny Boy and I rode as far as Cheney with them, took them all thru the Normal, introduced them to some of the professors there, and then I came back to Spokane by bus while they went on to Granger. I couldn't keep the tears back when they left, I liked them so well, and I told them it was like going back into the past and finding my mother.

I told them what a grand brother you'd always been to me, Emmet, and they said they were sure of it. And what a devoted wife and fine children you had, and Jeff was pleased.

Uncle Jeff told me he was so glad to see John and me so happily situated and Aunt Minnie told me how fortunate I was to have found a man like John, and Uncle Jeff, said, "He's one of the most charming men I ever met." Wasn't that nice of them? Everything they said was said in such a sincere manner, that one felt they were most honest about their convictions. John gave Uncle Jeff a little nip of his whiskey before each meal and after the long drives, and an eye-opener in the morning out of the little whiskey glasses you gave us for Christmas and he said, "Thanks, that pep's me up considerably." He had the flu and was a week late in starting because of it and still felt a trifle below par. But he said his rest here did him good.

We took some pictures of them while they were here and when they're finished I'll send you some.

They were telling about their son, Gene, who lives in Bloomington, Illinois. Aunt Minnie was always after him as mothers are to keep clean, and Uncle Jeff said <sup>(he)</sup> ~~he~~ quite frequently said, "You know I thought neck and ears was just one word until I was twelve years old. All I heard was 'wash you neckandears, wash your neckandears.'"

We are leaving July third to go to Nelson and Kootenay Lake for five days. The Jones family are going with us, and perhaps Elsie Q. and John's brother, ten of us. Mrs. Cummings will put us up and the Jones will stay in the tourist Camp at Hopher's by night and fish and play around at Cummings in the daytime. If you were nearer how nice it would be for us to drive and see you as often as we go to Kootenay Lake. This is our fourth trip up there just recently.

Yes, we saw Ethyl and had several good meals at her house, inclosed is a snap of her taken at the nice cabin where we stayed. She'd grown quite heavy.

Also the snowy hills were in the Stevens Pass near Skykomish, it was on these mountains Gene was killed. Where Johnny Boy sits on the post is just a mile or two from Skykomish.

We showed Uncle Jeff the chicken house you built Emm, and he thought it neat. Well, bye,bye. Love to you all. Alberta.

P. S. Howard showed Uncle Jeff the soldier picture of you, Mum. He said he'd seen it before as Mrs. Mack had given a post card size of it to Gene. And she'd showed it to him. He said I'm glad you had said, "Mrs. Mack talks as if she thought the sun rises & sets in Emmet." — Folks surely are funny, aren't they, sold 3 or 4 crates in one day.

Saturday evening, October 8. 7:30 1938

My dear Montana Folks,

Received your good letter to-day, Alice, and was so glad to hear from you as it seemed such a long time since we had any word. You didn't mention Emmet or Joey-woey this time, but of course they are fine.

Even though I'm quite tired I shall have a little visit with you before I go to bed. Your letter brought you all so vividly to my mind that I'm lonesome to see you all. John is on duty and John Michael in sleepers and bathrobe after his bath rolls on the floor with his little black pup, cocker spaniel and collie, which he named Dopey. I can see a big round October moon thru the window by the kitchen table while I write.

I did a big washing to-day and most of the ironing working until seven-thirty this evening, but I canned two apple boxes of Concord grapes into juice, jam and jelly, this week, and did several other important things and so did not get at my washing till to-day, but now I won't have to wash next week so perhaps I'm a day or two ahead after all, but it was surely a whopper to-day. I'm so glad to have all my canning done at last, it is such a big chore and tires me out more than anything I do. But my fruit room looks lovely with its shining rows of jams and jellies, and clean paper on the shelves. I think John built the room for me after you left with lovely shelves, and a screened ventilation from outside.

You spoke of Emmet's asking for word of Jennie so I am sending you part of Cora's letter which tells about her, beginning on page seven. I think I told you she finally left Joe who has been a terrible drunkard all these years and whom her father never should have let her marry in the first place. She is working in a canning factory at Rocky Mt. House. Her thirteen-year-old daughter lives with the father which I think is a crime, but for some reason or other he won't let Jennie take her and perhaps it costs too much for Jennie to take the case to court, anyway I don't know just what's the matter. I was always very fond of Jennie. Her son Glen is married, has a very sweet wife and child, and they don't live far from Joe so May goes there quite often.

I'm sending you some pictures of Tom and his wife on their honeymoon. We are all in love with Ella and the more we know her the better we like her. She can just do everything and we think Tom very fortunate to get so fine a girl. She tries so hard to please him in every way, does the nicest cooking, works two days a week for the railroad at five or six dollars a day, makes butter, canned everything possible in the garden and fruit line on the place, and is just so sweet to every one, including Ernie, whom she has always been especially kind to, just as you have Alice.

John Michael likes school better all the time. His teacher told me it was a pleasure to have so nice a boy in her class. She said "He hasn't a bad habit to his name, and I wish all my students were as mannerly and had so fine an attitude toward their work as he has." So I guess the little man will do! I know I love him so much it hurts.

2.

Cooking school at the Fox starts again next week, which reminds me of when you and I went together. Also John and I are taking a trip down into the Palouse country to-morrow which will also remind us of the time you three and ourselves went to Moscow. (The puppy's at my feet chewing up John Michael's balloon. What will Johnny say in the morning? He's in bed now.)

Clyde the Hill Billy hasn't been on for a long time. Did he follow you back to Montana and if so do you ever hear him? The cowboy and range songs that I hear over the radio always make me think of your country over there.

I said to John this summer when he was so Hell-bent on going to Kootenay Lake that I'd rather be going to see you folks for a change, but he felt it too long a trip for the short time we'd have over there. Perhaps you folks could drive the five or six hundred miles in ten hours as you say, but we never could. We never travel more than much over three hundred or so and feel that is too much for any enjoyment. We drove to Seattle in one day last spring, three hundred thirty miles, left here at seven-thirty and reached Seattle at seven which was eleven and a half hours on the road. Rose and Dad would gladly have stopped long before then, and John and I were tired too, to say nothing of Johnny who had gotten so restless he was ready to fly the coop. One always has to stop and though we drove fifty and fifty-five miles on paved highways between towns, we went as fast as it is possible to travel comfortably without rushing thru at breakneck speed with no time out for rest which is no fun in traveling. John said Rose and I stopped at every Service station rest room between here and Seattle, and how could he make any time, with two such women along? So I know we could never make it from here to your place in ten hours. John wanted a little rest anyway and he thought 170 miles plenty far to go to take it. He took the time off, hiring a man to take his place, because he wanted some good fishing so bad. So I was awfully glad he was able to get so many. Did I tell you that Johnny said, "All they have to eat in Canada is fish and porridge?" Because every morning he heard, "Eat your porridge!" And then there was so many fish caught that we just lived on them and enjoyed them.

I never saw any one fall for a place like John and his brother have Kootenay Lake. John wanted to go up for a week's hunting this month, but I told him I didn't want to leave Johnny, and he has to go to school, Frank couldn't get off, and then John thought the big game foreign hunting license was a little stiff, twenty-five dollars.

I'm hoping to run over on the train some time (how I used to love those train trip over there and meals on the diner, etc.) And seeing you all waiting for me on the platform.



Saturday afternoon, Dec. 3, 1938

My dear Alice and Emmet and boys,

Greetings from all of us to the folks over there, and how are you all, fine we do hope, alive and kicking. "

I received a cute little card from Kade announcing her baby's arrival and I'm afraid the child will be a young lady before I acknowledge her arrival with a return card or gift, which I surely must do. I've been to so many stork showers this fall that John says if they keep up I shall have to buy gifts wholesale. One I went to wasn't so bad though as I won two gifts playing games there. They served ice cream storks standing on plates carrying the baby in a napkin in the stork's mouth. I was told that they have girls at the ice cream plants who paint the green reeds and orange legs and the baby's pink blanket with edible coloring with a paint brush by hand. Just think of all that art spent on fixing up for a few bites, and lo where is the masterpiece? But they are pretty while they last.

Rose, Elsie and the Canadian niece went to a baby shower in the Valley this summer, where sixty were invited and the shower took place on the lawn under the trees as there was no room in the house for that many. But just think, sixty gifts for one tiny infant!

Did I write that I had intended giving a bridal shower for Tom's wife and she wouldn't let me, said showers were impositions and nothing but begging. I think they are all right for intimate friends and relatives, but do think it's run into the ground!

It was nice of you to write a birthday letter and thank you for all your good wishes. I was sorry to hear of Pearl's heart trouble, and do hope she is recovering. How is little Florence now? Give both my regards.

Where did you have Thanksgiving and did you have a nice day? We had a nice tender 15 $\frac{1}{2}$  pound turkey, and the folks <sup>ate</sup> here, except Tom and Ella who went to her home, but who is having all of us and her family, too, at her little new home for Christmas Day. I was reminded of the one day all of you had Thanksgiving dinner with us here, which I wished could have happened this time. I do miss you all so. After all Emmet is my own brother, the ownest brother or sister that I have. And I'm going to bust a ruffle to get over to see him and all of you next summer, if I have to come on the Choo-choo train. The trouble is if I go, John wants to come to, and says he'd take the car if he had long enough time off, but he doesn't have, and so neither come, but we or I will, somehow. Why don't you write me a line along with Alice some-time, Nem?

I was proud to hear of the F.F. A. banquet for fathers and sons, and I'm sure there was a proud father there and also a proud son. It's nice to know Mack is a good leader and fine example. And I'm glad to hear of Joe's playing a horn. He is quite musically inclined, isn't he?

John is the new scout leader for this district, now Mack. And the boys all seem to like him so well and rally around him. He has twenty-six in his troop. The scout mothers have a nice organization in this community too, they invited me as Johnny Boy is a future scout and I

Did I send the snaps before? Taken in Sept. The cane has  
See our nice improved yard, at the back. The cane has  
water in it, 3 feet & a frog in summer.

had a nice time at the afternoon party. They put on a banquet every spring for the scouts.

Since Johnny is in school I belong to the P.T.A. and the P.T.A. mothers' club which gave a nice tea the other day in a beautiful big home for the mothers and teachers and lady principal. I do love people, the more the merrier and think it's so nice to meet new ones and make new friends all the time. The trouble is there are really too many things to belong to, one has to draw the line, if you are going to do what you do well, and not neglect one's family.

Our luncheon club has the annual Christmas party for our husbands, the eve. of Dec. 17, big dinner down town at a hotel and the party, tree, and Santa afterwards in one of the homes. Remember the trouble I had and went to giving that big dinner here that time? I was worried about Johnny's not being well that winter you were here, we really had rather a bad time with him that year, he wasn't very well, and nervous and fidgety from November until after you went away. But you'd never know him now. He's changed so and is so strong and well and rosy and more calm, tho still lively enough, Goodness Knows. He burst into the house this fall after school and yelled, "Mama, I know how to spell rain, S-U-N." However, he knows better now, and spells words like rabbit and so on. He reads his books like a house afire.

You see by the clipping the youngest Henyan boy died. He left a beautiful little wife and two perfectly lovely little curly-haired girls. Mrs. Henyan died three or four years ago, Neva, also, of T.B. Clint had his hand mutilated and lost all the fingers on it I think. Blanch and her husband were divorced after having been married I don't know how many years with their two children raised and married. And Clint's son, a young man, ran into a lady crossing the street and killed her. Did you ever hear of so much trouble in such a short time in one family?

John bought skates and boots for himself and Johnny, lovely ones, and they go skating up on the bluff here where we went but found the snow too deep when you were here. Right now it isn't freezing and has thawed, but we've had some clear cold weather with no snow which was good for the ice. Johnny is doing pretty well. Tho he had one dirty tumble on the back of his head which made him turn pale.

John and I were shopping the day before my birthday and he called my attention to a lady's coat in a store window as we passed, said he liked it and for us to go in and see. When he saw it on me, he said, "I like it, if you do we'll take it." So that's how I got my new coat for a birthday gift and did less fussing and fuming than I ever did over any garment without trying on dozens, and I think I like it better than any winter coat I ever had. It's black Persian Lamb (imitation) of course, but one can't tell the difference, looks like an expensive fur coat, is very heavy and warm and has beautiful lining, a stand-up collar and big silk frogs to fasten it with. I'm going to get a Royal blue velvet dress to wear to our Christmas party this year.

Everyone at home is fine. Elsie looks quite well, and is a little fatter, her face is almost round. Dr. Welty saw her recently and said, her recovery was nothing short of a miracle. You did a good nursing job, too, on her. Alice. Well, love to you all, you dear ones.

*John. Elsie. Regards from*

*M*

Sunday June 11, 1939

Dear Alice and Emmet and Boys,

Well, folks, how are you all? You've had all kinds of excitement this spring, haven't you, what with two boys going to see the King and Queen, band-playing, uniform-wearing by Joe, and Mack's graduation with all of its different activities, raising and selling chickens and so forth.

I'm still in rather a daze from all the traveling we did, all the people we visited and all the things we saw and did. I'm sending you a few of the fourteen rolls of pictures we took. The thirteen hundred feet of movies we sent to Hollywood to have developed and we can hardly wait until they get back, we are so anxious to see them. For after all the movies are the real thrill of picture-taking. And the colored movies we took of the colored natural beauties of the Southwest should be very good. We traveled for thirty-two days, fifty-seven hundred miles, approximately. Had very good luck and fine weather nearly all the time, had to buy an oil pipe line in Lewiston for a couple dollars, the one we had cracked and was loosing oil, then a shackle bolt broke and for another dollar and a half or two we had that replaced in Phoenix. Then a puncture on Red Mt. Pass in Colorado and a puncture in Portland where we bought an new tire for an emergency measure. So in all that long distance that wasn't bad and our Plymouth sailed along at fifty miles an hour as a regular speed, except when we went to very out-of-the-way places as we did a few times, and the byroad wasn't much more than a cowtrail. A few things John had read of and wanted to see had such trails leading to them, but as a rule the roads were wonderful.

Uncle Charlie had a very nice, gentle manner about him. we liked him very much. His wife is from West Virginia and had a decided drawl, and so does the daughter who is the dead image of Mack, looks enough like him to be his sister, hair exactly the same color and waving and blue eyes, even her smile is like his. In fact the boys and girl both looked so much like Mack when they talked, too, that it made me quite homesick for him. Uncle Charlie said he was quite well fixed until the drought came on the east side of the Colorado Mts., he had a house in town, a farm outside, fifty head of cattle and fourteen head of horses, then it was so dry for several years that little by little they lost and then finally sold out with enough to spare to buy this place at Cedaredge where he has pigs, alfalfa, berries, garden and so forth, tho the market is not good, they have enough to eat and are gradually fixing up the place he bought. They have only been there three years.

I enjoyed Uncle Charlie very much. He told me lots of things about the family, had many old pictures, some I'd seen and some I hadn't. He certainly did enjoy going to Alberta that time, and said that if mama hadn't died he would have brought the grandparents up there and settled on the land he'd taken in Alberta. He said they were willing to go. He took them to Colorado for a year for a change and then intended going to Alberta with them. Then came Papa's letter and it was a terrible shock and Grandmother took it very hard.

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I showed Uncle Charlie the picture of Mack, Joe, Emmet, your father, Alice, and Uncle Bert, you recall the one, don't you? And he said, "There Mack looks exactly as I remember Emmet looking when I last saw him in Alberta." Then he told how I fell in the spring, seems I was always falling in springs and wells when I was young, and what smart boys Emmet and Gene were to fish me out and bring me to the house looking like a drowned rat. He said any other less smart children might have left me there and ran to the house for help, but not they. At the house the rest of the folks heard more noise and racket and scrambling and then we all came in. So lucky for me or I wouldn't be writing this epistle to-day.

The daughter is married a year now, as soon as she graduated from high school last spring, married a boy named Ronald Haptonstall who works around for different farmers. Everybody calls him Si. And he and Charlie built them a little cabin at the back of their home from quaking aspen trees and it is quite cosy and nice. But she's just twenty now, and although she's happy, apparently, I think it too bad she didn't look around a little more, and her mother does, too, but told me she didn't want to stand in her daughter's way as that might be a mistake, too. The boy, <sup>Ray</sup> is trying to save enough money to go to Agricultural School. His mother says school work is very easy for him and she hopes he can. Uncle Charley and my two Johns did quite a bit of shooting with the twenty-two and Uncle Charley just about hit the bull's eye every time. Still a good shot tho he says his eye sight has failed some. We stayed there two nights and a day, then crossed Red Mt. Pass to Mesa Verde Nat'l Park.

That is where the Cliff dwellings were and John was so fascinated that he wants to spend a whole summer there some time, to see if he can't unearth some cliff dwellings and dig up Indian mummies.

These dwellings were located up big canyons under big sandstone cliffs and my! the ladders we had to climb to get up to the dwellings, steep and high, then we'd walk a little way on the cliff and climb another tier of ladders! You just looked up and hung on that's all, to look back would almost terrify you. The rangers took parties of us thru them all and to them in the park. Everybody marveled at little Johnny being able to make it, but I guess he's not a fireman's son for nothing. The ranger usually went behind Johnny in case he slipped. We had to crawl thru the narrowest openings and there was a fat man in the party. Everybody would crawl thru and then line up to see "How the fat man would make it?" And he'd surprise us all by wiggling thru. And he laughed and was so good-natured. Said he really was fat when he started on the trip, but now he was fast becoming a shadow.

John and I both lost weight, too, after we'd been to Grand Canyon, especially. I never took such a strenuous trip, we hiked and climbed and walked miles, and was up at five nearly

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every morning in the Southwest. They call the Cliff dwellings the city of the dead. They were built and occupied in 700 A.D., seven hundred years before Columbus discovered America, and it is thought they were all vacated on account of drought on the high mesas that they farmed around. They dwelt in the cliffs for protection against the Apaches and Navajos, nomads very fierce who roamed the plains. It is thought they merged with the Pueblo and Hopi Indians very high class tribes who now are descendants of the Cliff Dwellers.

The Painted Desert and Monument Valley were unbelievably beautiful, and for almost two weeks we were away from all civilization. We saw no one but the picturesque Navajos, the women with full gathered skirts, and both sexes with bright bands around their hair to keep it from blowing on the plains. They were pretty dirty, but looked quaint herding their inbred herds of goats and sheep all mixed and they rode cute burros, and sometimes little ponies. They won't talk to you at all, the gov. tried to make them go to school, but they won't do anything they don't want to do. They are very much like gypsies, and the sheep they originally got they stole from the Spaniards in the early days whom they killed. However, one old Navajo woman shook my hand and ginned a toothless grin at me in a trading post. But John said, "Oh, she just thought you were another Indian, you got so sunburned." MY, those trading posts were interesting places with men in wide southwestern hats, they always wore them inside, Indians lolling around staring at the candy in the counters, and Navajo rugs and pottery and jewelry everywhere. We bought a Navajo rug saddle blanket, some pottery, a turquoise and silver ring and a lavalier, the latter anniversary presents for me. We didn't see a newspaper, nor hear a radio, nor a train for a fortnight. John kept saying, "I wonder if Hitler started a good war yet!"

Grand Canyon was so marvelous that it hypnotizes one. There were people there from New Zealand, Australia, nobility from England with whom I talked and who told me about the coronation as they were there, from India, etc. It seemed weird to hear a train puffing into the big station on the Canyon's rim. John hiked down to the bottom of the Canyon to the river, a distance of twenty miles by steep winding trail. Two and a half down the trail and two and a half back was as far as Johnny and I could make it. It was the hardest hiking we ever did as the alt. is 10,000 ft. on one side and 9000 ft. on the other and it's hard to breathe. Many people had nose bleed. John was the marvel of the Canyon, the news spread and they came to him and said, "I want to see the man who hiked down and back." Everyone travels down by horse or mule and most sleep at the Phantom Ranch down at the bottom over night. It costs six dollars to go by mule or horse. They told us occasionally an Alp Mt. climber will start bravely forth, but on the return trip will phone up and say, "Please send me down a burro, I'm done in." John had holes worn thru his soles, he was actually white and gaunt, and was gone from six in the morning until six at night, walking hard most of the time. We were at the Canyon three days, heard wonderful lectures by the rangers on its formation and history. They said you could stand the highest bldg. in the world on top of each other there five times and it would scarcely reach the rim.

Friday morning, after breakfast.

August 18, 1939.

Dear Alice and Emmet,

We were glad to have a letter from Emmet, and we shall be looking forward to next April or May, it really isn't so long, only about eight months. When John and I planned the trip we took this spring and looked back to when we had first planned it ten years ago it seemed like no time looking back, but we remembered that it seemed an eternity looking ahead, and then the time actually came and we went as we planned. It is always a great satisfaction to have a dream that you've planned on come true and to have it even better than you imagined it would be, and that is the way it was.

I inclose a letter from Aunt Minnie and a picture of Uncle Jeff I thought you might like to see. It is just as natural of him as can be. You might send it back to me when you write, but the letter you can destroy. Also you see the clipping of Florence's cousin whose folks live so close to me. She is quite a bit heavier than she used to be when I saw her at high school. She was always quite tall, so she must be quite a big woman now. It seems to me she took the part of Miss Columbia at a pageant we once had and she made a very statuesque one, she was so big and stately. Funny the difference in size between her and little Florence.

Well, Spokane had its big Golden Jubilee celebration and Cavalcade, but the week's merry-making ended in tragedy and what was to have been a gay fiesta ended in great sadness for the whole city. You probably read about the five ballet dancers catching on fire, two of them being so badly burned that they died, pretty young girls in their early teens. We sat right in front of the big outdoor stage at the fair-grounds and then some way the sparklers came in contact with the filmy white tarltan skirts and a girl burst into flames and ran like a flaming torch across the stage, tripped, and fell, and ran again before any one could catch her, then another girl burst into flames, and another until there were five. There were firemen, doctors, first aid people and all there, but in the excitement it is pretty hard to get to the victims quick enough to put out the fire at once, especially with five burning girls. The audience stood and screamed, even John was on his feet beside me yelling "My God, can't they do something?" I was so paralyzed with horror that I could say nothing and I shook inside for two days afterwards. But, of course, everybody was doing all they could, rolling the girls, throwing coats over them, smothering the flames, but fire is so swift and the dresses were so flimsy. And everybody had said that sparklers never ignite anything, but they feel the girls must have lowered the sparklers so that the red hot cores of them touched their dresses and after two were on fire the other three girls caught from them.

They had a big trial about it and the parents are suing the big New York company that sent representatives out here to put the show on. There were twelve hundred local people here in the casts and there being all crowded around the wings and

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back stage made it harder to get help to the girls. It's terrible for the parents.

We have had big forest fires near here the last few weeks, and the atmosphere has been smoky. Elsie and a girl friend were at a Liberty Lake cottage and they got up one morning and had to run thru flames to cross the road to their car to flee the fire. The forest fire came down the Mica Peak Mt. to Liberty Lake and burned a number of summer cottages. Elsie was surely upset and excited. The wind changed and was terrific and that's why she almost got trapped.

Then on the hill behind us there were big grass fires. John called home from the station and said to keep Johnny at home as he might go up there and get trapped with spot fires. So I did. But several of the neighborhood children went up. After awhile they came home all grimy and smoky and talked to Johnny about their experiences. Johnny came in almost weeping. He said, "Mama, you should have let me go to the fire, because the firemen were short a couple of men and they needed me bad."

Then the next day the fire wasn't so big, so I let him go up on the hill for awhile. He came home very much disgusted soon and said, "The chief told all us boys to go home, I guess he isn't the boss of that old fire. We have just as much right to <sup>be</sup> there as he has!"

John drives the ladder truck and so he wasn't at either of those fires. It's just the hose wagon that they needed for the grass fires.

John was on duty for three days at the station. He had our car with him and in it Johnny had left a big grasshopper in a jar that he got at Sprague Lake last Sunday. So yesterday morning as soon as Johnny woke up he said, "Goody, goody, two things I love come home to-day, my pet grasshopper and daddy!!"

The American Legion is having a convention here this week. They are surely having a big time. This afternoon is their big parade, reminding me of the time you were here and we all saw it together. Wish we could to-day. But I must content myself with just going down with little Johnny, since you aren't here.

Last night Elsie played her accordian as one of the entertainers for their big banquet at the Marie Antoinetter Room of the Davenport Hotel. The Governor of the State was there too. It's too bad Elsie hasn't the business drive to go with her ability to play. She has the best chances to play before people but ~~half~~ the time she won't even accept. It's just indifference, because she isn't a bit bashful about playing, and she always gets several dollars for just a little while, too bad she won't do the one thing she can do so well. Did I tell you last spring she was sent to represent her grange out there playing over the radio on her accordian and singing? She sang and played three different Sundays and was voted on and won every time so that her grange got the cash prize over all the other granges. I thought it was sweet of her to dedicate her

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playing and singing to me. She announced she was dedicating it to her sister and she gave my name and address and the song she sang for me was, "Because they all Love you." Sometimes I feel like spanking her, and then she does something so nice that I forgive her everything. But she's temperamental and I guess she can't help it.

We were all so very glad that your wheat turned out so well. If you get a good price for it you really should make quite a good deal of money shouldn't you? Twenty-five to the acre is pretty fine. I don't suppose you feel that you could drive over before school starts do you? I could put you all up at my house. We even have the two fine new double beds we bought for our trip. They fold all up when not in use, but are as comfortable and roomy as regular beds when made up. I spoke to John about my going over on the train to see you before school starts, but he said that it would be better to save the money for the trip next spring and then we could kill two birds with one stone, that he'd take me over then and it would all be so much handier.

I didn't have the heart to insist when I thought about what a good scout John had been the several years when we didn't take a vacation to speak of while he was building and working so hard on this house and paying for my two expensive operations. We've spent eight hundred dollars for doctor bills since we've been married, nearly all mine, as John gets all his medical attention and medicine free, and he hasn't needed it and I have, and so we had to pay for mine. The trips we took to Kootenay Lake expenses were shared with first Rose and Dad, second with Elsie when she worked at Armour's and the other two times with John's brother Frank who was crazy to go along for the good fishing there.

I am having some dental work done now, a bridge I had came loose. A dentist can hurt worse physically and financially than any one I know.

How is Fred getting along.<sup>2</sup> I know how happy he must have been to see Walter and his family and I'm sure it gave him moral support. Well, bye-bye to you all. Congratulations to Mack for becoming an Eagle Scout. Papa was glad to receive Emmet's letter. It won't be long until Mack goes to college. Has he decided definitely whether Bozeman or Havre?

Love to all of you,

*from all of us,*

*Cheta*

*P.S. John's interested in the Montana fossils,  
& raring to go digging for them next spring.*



Nov. 29, 1939

Dear Montana Folks,

I don't believe I've heard from you folks for two months and I do hope it's just being busy that has kept you from writing and not ill health and so on and so forth.

I think Ernie had a letter from Mack recently. I asked what he had to say and how he was getting along but there was some interruption and I didn't get to hear. Will he be home for Christmas and did he get home for Thanksgiving or not?

How about Pearl and Mr. Mack are they still vacationing? Or did you all spend Thanksgiving together? How is Joey-woey? I'M sending him some pictures of a big three-alarm fire we had here some time ago. We were all asleep when the phone rang furiously at five in the morning. I jumped up and answered the phone and on my way back to bed to tell John I bumped into little John, saying, "What,—where's the fire!" His eyes like saucers. I told John we were better firemen than he was, both of us awake and up at the first tinkle of the bell, while John still slept. But that's because the alarm came in here while he was off duty,—at the station they have formed the habit of sleeping with one ear cocked and at home he depends on me to answer the calls as he knows how instantly I awake. So down to the fire he had to go and afterwards he said a half dozen of the boys including ~~himself~~ got lost on the big roof wandering around in the smoke and ~~couldn't~~ tell what moment they'd topple into flames or the roof would go thru. The smoke was so dense they wore gas masks and they finally groped their way back to the building's edge and ladders just as the roof collapsed. I think their guardian angels are with them most of the time. Sometimes they get in pretty dangerous spots.

Jessie De Both conducted her cooking school here for four days and attracted the usual crowds. I only went one morning as I had a meeting somewhere else every day that week.

I was selected as a delegate to attend a two-day course of lectures on Mental Hygiene for our P.T.A. and it was very fascinating. The speaker was Dr. Helen Gibson Hogue head of the clinic in Seattle. She is a very gifted and charming woman. At noon there was a very nice luncheon in the Crescent Tea Room in a private section that accommodated all those attending and there were more speakers at that and a very fine program. So then at our last P. T.A. Meeting I gave a full report on the lectures and enjoyed it very much. The audience was so nice and receptive and so very many came up and told me how much they enjoyed the report and how much good they got from it.

On my birthday the Friendship Club to which I belong gave a lovely luncheon for me down town and had a beautiful floral centerpiece of Chrysanthemums and roses which they gave to me after the luncheon. Then there were lovely cards and handkerchiefs. I put the roses in my refrigerator and kept them fresh for several days and the 'mums in the cold fruit room. We had a Mother's reception at the school auditorium and I was delegated to prepare the table so I wanted to keep the flowers for that.

I bought two huge paper tablecloths white and gold with gold and bronze and yellow mums all over them. Took yellow candles

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and my orange candle sticks and bowl and set up my beautiful bouquet in the center. We had silver urns at each end and crystal dishes of candies and nuts, and silver creamers and sugar dishes. We asked a couple of the older ladies to pour the coffee, and all of us on the committee brought two pumpkin pies apiece, the P. T.A. furnished the whip cream, coffee, sugar, and cream, and we served about eighty-five or a hundred mothers that afternoon. It's such fun to work at school as we just have everything to do with here and the people are very lovely and friendly people, all so willing and co-operative.

On Thanksgiving Day (John had made me a table beforehand almost as long as the one I had that time for the Christmas party, do you remember?) and I used the paper table cloths again, they are heavy crepe and look like linen and when I had all the favors, nut cups, and small turkeys, flowers and candles and so forth on it all looked very festive. It wasn't so hard either, because Rose insisted on supplying the piece de resistance and brought in five beautifully roasted chickens and Tom's wife brought an enormous pan of hot rolls.

We had the chickens and Rose's good dressing, and I supplied the mashed potatoes, candied sweet potatoes, fruit salad, olives, pickles, jellies, cranberries, celery stuffed with creamed pimento cheese, and then Rose also brought a big jar of canned green string beans, and a big dish of slaw, Ella's rolls, and I baked four pumpkin pies and served them with whipped cream and then we had the mints and salted nuts. There were fourteen here for dinner. I had invited seventeen, but Frank and his girl didn't come as Frank had to get the paper out in Davenport that day. And John's Uncle Justus spent the day in Dudley, Idaho with his daughter. Then there were all the Quinn's and Ella's brother, Archie, Elsie's friend Ethel Thornton, Frank Hollingsworth, the old gentleman who drove Uncle Justus up from California and Mrs. Nelson, a trained nurse who is a very good neighbor to Mother Miller and whose children were all away out of town for the day and so I asked her to come up here. I'm very fond of her and she is grand to Mother Miller. Then after the dinner and visiting the party broke up and separated, most everybody going to shows. John, Elsie, Johnny, and I went

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to see "Drums Along the Mohawk" all in technicolor and I think it was the loveliest and most beautiful show we've seen in ten years. It wasn't too sad and the humor in it was most delightful.

The reason Uncle Justus is up in this country at this time of year is because his daughter Margaret's husband died suddenly following a gall bladder operation and leaving Margaret a widow, she's just my age, and has boy and girl twins about five years old and a daughter about eleven. As soon as John heard he drove to Dudley to see if he could be of assistance and our little Johnny wanted to know if he was going up to be their daddy for awhile. He said I could loan Daddy to them because they haven't any now, for maybe just a little while. After the Uncle arrived from Long Beach the funeral was held and we drove to Coeur d'Alene where he, Ray Greeves, was buried. Ray's folks, mother, father, and sister and her second husband had driven over from Lewistown, Montana, had driven thru steadily and said there was so much snow in the mountains. The old folks took it very hard. They had recently lost their other son, and the daughter had lost her first husband by death a few years ago. The father and mother were pretty old and frail. It must have been hard for them to have to bury two big strapping sons while they still lived on. Margaret wants to continue on the farm. They run a dairy and have a fine market for their milk in the mining town of Kellogg. She has three good men working for her. Uncle Justus tried to persuade her to have somebody take the place over on shares and run it for her but she wants to run it herself. Uncle Justus gave the farm to her and it is a very fine one. Her husband was a nice fellow, but no farmer or manager on one and things got rather badly run down. He used to be a Y.W.C.A. man, taking care of the athletic part of it and so didn't like to farm, but they've been up on the place there eleven years. I certainly had to admire Margaret, one could see she felt terrible, but she went ahead with everything in her calm, easy manner, and was so sensible and dependable. I told John she is certainly a thoroughbred.

I am having all the Millers over here Sunday for a little gathering to meet Uncle Justus before he goes back, there will be about eighteen or twenty and we shall have a Sunday night supper, I'll have it buffet style with things on the table and they can help themselves. I'll bake a ham, Saturday, and we'll slice that, have chesse, bread, pickles, celery, salad, cakes, fruit jello and whip cream and coffee.

I saw a piece in the paper about Foster Brunton and his wife being here for a visit with the Spokane Bruntons. They had toured the entire world and were now returning to Guam, where he has a very fine position, head of some radio, gov. station there, with some kind of title, attached to his name. He has done well, hasn't he?

Son Johnny had a little poem published in the school paper so he is holding up his literary end of the family, here it is,

"The leaves do fall,

We see them all,

When Autumn winds are blowing.

And when they're dry,

How they do fly,

All red and brown a-going!"

Do write. Love to  
Alice, Nem, Joe, and Mack,

Alberta.