

October 19, 1951

Dearest Montana brother and sister:

All this desolate day it has rained, but now the sun has broken thru in glory showing great patches of blue sky, fringed with puffy white clouds and all the pine needles, freshly-washed, are glistening in the sun. There is a breeze singing thru the boughs and swaying the big trunks back and forth in lovely movement visible thru all the big windows. I just made myself a cup of tea to eat with fresh apple sauce cake, frosted with fudge topping, and while I read your letter I feasted. The postman just had left it in the galvanized post box across the street, I ran and got it, and sat by my blazing log and bark fire and read it, both the enlosures, Alice's and Nem's.

I'm so glad your knee is so much better and that your foot is improving, Emmet, just keep on doing all right won't you? It's wonderful to have the children dropping in and I know how both of you enjoy the grandchildren, such cute kids! I recognized Mack, all right, in the parade. That was quite an event, the home-coming and the floats that won prizes were really good. I especially liked the cattle country one with the corral fence, bale of hay, and western-dressed occupants of the truck. Big Sandy has lots of western and school spirit, it always has had ever since I remember what with the good bands, American Legion, and other activities.

Like the hearth-fire in the Davenport Hotel our hearthfire is never allowed to go out. First because it is so cheery, second because we have so much wood and bark, and third because we need the warmth. The last reason should have been listed first, I guess. John is still working connecting the oil furnace on his days off. None of the furnace men, nor salesmen, seem to be able to help him out much, so he has to figure it all out himself and he is making progress but slowly. He has to connect it to the oil tank now. He already has all the electrical wiring down for it and the thermostat and then he will get the ducts and registers done. This is the sunniest house I ever saw in my life, right now that row of windows on the balcony with their southern exposure has the whole ceiling flooded with sunlight, right down here into the living room while the balcony is a pool of yellow light. Then the sun is streaming into kitchen, utility room, and Johnny's bedroom and thru the western window of the living room all at once which makes it a very cheerful layout, and I know it is going to be very attractive because even though unfinished it has a cozy atmosphere. The lady across the street brought me two huge bouquets, one of salmon pink and lemon colored dahlias, and the other of lavender crysanthemums. One bouquet is on my lace-table-cloth-covered dining table by the western window, and the other on an end table next to the davenport by the big front window.

However, there are things we don't like and which John would not do likewise again. One is that there is no full basement, which fact made the plumbing harder to put in, and second which if we had had one we could have had a wood and coal burning pipe furnace as we had in the other house and since we have so much wood up here we wouldn't have had to buy any fuel for at least all year. That type of furnace wouldn't have been so hard to put in. Another thing, I have never cared too much for oil furnaces. Most houses here in town that have them have a faintish oil odor, they make a residue, and outside you can smell that horrid oily smell. I always noticed it with Sivear's house next to us. They are probably different than the kind you have over there. John misses the room for work benches and so forth. And he wishes he had a nice warm garage under the house. We are spoiled because we had such a nice basement and garage in the other house. But there will be somebody who will prefer this utility room, and upstairs garage and work bench to a basement set-up and maybe some young working couple or couple who don't care to build and make things as John does who will want this place and be suited just right.

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That will be just the party to sell out to, early next fall a year from now. Once John finishes with that furnace, the rest of the work should go faster. The lighting, plumbing, and everything is handy as can be.

After we've travelled around a bit and go back to the other house, John says he will re-decorate it, install an electric dishwasher, make the basement attractive with built-ins and walling, and maybe change the fireplace by installing an heaterola such as we have here because it is really wonderful, never smokes, and starts at once, and sends out volumes of heat.

In this month's Holiday magazine John read that you can live in luxury in Chile for \$175 a month and so he thinks he'd like to spend a year there, then he read you could live in comfort for fifty a month, I think in central America, so he wants to try that, too.

Did I tell you some nasty "old polecat" shot our dear little REXIE in the hind leg with an air rifle. He limped around for three weeks and since by then he didn't get better, Johnny Boy took him to a vet and sure enough under the flouroscope could be seen a pellet embedded in his leg. So on Tuesday morning when the vet could take the dog, John took REXIE to the vet hospital and left him there. The doc put him to sleep and took out the pellet and then when we went after REXIE about four-thirty that afternoon, he was just coming to. The doctor went in to get him and REXIE came staggering out, looking sort of bewildered and actually pale. Johnny Boy insisted on having it done and paid the bill, \$4.50, because you remember what he said one time, "Mama, I think more of Rex than I do of you, almost."

Well, then, we heard that some naughty boys have been shooting air rifles in the woods to the rear, so Rex must either have been a target or got in the way. --Jimmy just knocked at the door and is sitting beside me devouring a piece of my fresh applesauce cake and watching me type, he is four years old and is as sharp as they make youngsters, and good-looking, too. Rex is so jealous that he lies on the other side of me by the fire and pouts.

Sivears just wrote and they are going ahead full blast on their new twenty-two thousand dollar house. It is made of brick, redwood, and the front facing the ocean is practically all glass. It is built crescent-shaped facing the sea and must be lovely. They sent us pictures of it under construction. It will be ready by Dec. or Jan. and they have so many gadgets and appointments in it that I wasn't bright enough to figure them all out, things I never even heard the names of before. She said her stocks had made her enough money to build the house and she and Fred are so busy tending to things, they scarcely have time to eat or sleep, yet the work is all hired done thru a contractor. The inside of the living room and den is lined with Philippine-mahogany panelling, and there are open, beamed ceilings in those two rooms. Private baths for both bedrooms. Mrs. Sivear's sister died two weeks ago, and Fred's brother died which made her think "it is later than we think," so she'd better get her new house done so she can live in it, and take the trip to Mexico and thru the deep south on which she has been planning before it is too late.

It would have been nice all right if you could have driven over as you were sort of wishfully-thinking you might. The fall doesn't seem right without your two smiling, loving faces showing up, but it makes me tremble when I think of you attempting to drive so far with that convalescing foot and leg, Emmet.

I'm glad you have such a comfortable home and everything so handy and that you don't have to go out and "buck" wood and do the chores, carry water, and feed the chickens, any more, both of my dear two people, you.

Big old grinning Johnny Boy will soon be home
from supper, so I must stop. He loves being around
town. Love to all.

Wednesday Morning, March 5, 1952.

Well, my dear Montana people:

How nice it was to hear from you, yesterday! Though of course, I was sorry to hear you'd been ill, Alice.

It was nice of you, Emmet, to offer to send your Arizona Hwys. on to us, but we think you should keep them as they are so beautiful that they are nice to have in a collection. Furthermore, we have so many periodicals that I cannot get around to reading them all as it is. Tomorrow, I will mail the December Holiday to Stammlers as it has so much about New York in it and lovely colored pictures, then when they look it over they can pass it on to you.

It was certainly sad about Otto Hearst's son. Sometimes life can be so intensely tragic that it makes one feel like living with one's fingers crossed.

We, too, have been through quite a tragic time the last several days. Read the clipping which I inclose and you will understand the rest of what I am going to say. When Maude heard that Bill was hurt the neighbors took her out to the Vet's hospital where she had ordered Bill sent. (You remember you went with us a little over a year ago when we went to see him after he had had that other terrible accident in a fall similar to this one. That time he was in the hospital about ten weeks and this time it will be about the same.) The neighbors then brought Maude home and asked her to stay all night with them so that she wouldn't be alone, but she told them that she liked her own bed and pillow and so went into her house, alone. When next day the neighbors hadn't seen her and noticing the doors still locked and a light burning in Maude's house called the sheriff. By that time it was seven o'clock in the evening. The sheriff slid down the coal chute, got in, and he and the neighbors found Maude in her bed, peacefully appearing with a magazine beside her and her bed light out, though a light in another room was burning. Then Billy arrived for the weekend from Ephrata to find the sheriff there, the neighbors, and his mother dead and his father seriously ill in the hospital. Friends of Maude had been calling her house all day because they had seen word of her husband's injury in the morning paper and receiving no answer assumed she was at the hospital with Bill. When Bill came out of the ether and Maude wasn't there, sick as he was he called her with his bedside telephone and couldn't understand why she didn't answer. Then at nine p.m. the sheriff answered, saying, "Sheriff speaking." Bill, then said, "I know something terrible has happened to Maude or you wouldn't be there." So then the sheriff had to tell him that she was dead. The sheriff then called the daughter, Gerry, in Seattle because son Billy was so broken up he couldn't do it.

Monday morning, the last day our Johnny was here we went over to the funeral home on our way down town as we couldn't go to the Rosary Monday night as we were taking Johnny to the train. Johnny didn't go in with us to see Maude in the slumber room but waited in the car. He said it was just too sad to have to see his friend Billy's dead mother the day he had to leave his own mother to go into the service.

Well, we'd been having a pretty hectic several days what with this happening and Johnny's getting ready to go way and friends stopping in to see him. Then on Sunday I had the Frank Millers, including Joann, and the Lees, and Merlin Smith's folks over. (Merlin is in

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Japan.) I had a big dinner and we had lots of music and every one seemed to like our house and feel so relaxed and cosy.

Johnny had finished up at Eastern Friday and though he had only completed eight weeks' work out of twelve, he did such good work there and got in the assignments so well that he was given full credit in all his subjects instead of just a percentage of them as they had planned to do. The instructors, and the registrar all shook his hand and said, "Good luck to you, Boy." He will also receive credit for a quarter's work for his boot camp work and if he goes to technical school in the Navy, he will get another quarter's credit toward graduation. After Dick and Ed left, Johnny ran around with boys he had known in high school, now attending Eastern and also teaching in Spokane. They were all so well pleased with their set-up that Johnny made up his mind he'd like to teach Science and Math and physical education and coaching. He liked Eastern better than any college of the three he's gone too, and the prospect for education as a life job got under his skin. He says he'd keep right on with his education until he has a Master's or Doctor's degree. In the meantime, he has to put in two years at least in the Navy and by that time he should know for certain if his present decision is the right one.

When Johnny looked up from saying good-bye to Rex Monday night, his eyes were full of tears and they streamed down his face though he was grinning. Rex gave him a big sloppy lick on the nose. But all the rest of the time Johnny's spirits were wonderful and at the depot he was such a good sport and so gay. We picked up another boy who is going with Johnny, and the boy's mother and took them to the depot. John had taken the day off so we could all be together that last day.

Dick and Ed will be home from Boot in a few days. Dick passed high for storekeeper and after his furlough will go to Jacksonville, Fla. to train for commissary in the Naval Air Depot for which he applied. Ed applied for submarine duty much to the horror of all of us and he passed all the tests and so will be on submarine sea duty after his furlough at home. Johnny arrives in San Diego at four o'clock this afternoon and will be in quarantine for a time so probably won't see Dick and Ed at all down there.

They take all sorts of tests in Boot Camp along with all the training, then one day Johnny will be called to an officer's desk where the results of Johnny's tests are laid out before him and the officer will give him an interview. So whether Johnny goes to technical school or not will depend on how he does in his tests, what Johnny is interested in, and the availability of a place in what he wants to take. He says right now he thinks he would like a place in the engineering department of the Navy air.

Mack did have a wonderful opportunity to see practically the world and he took advantage of his fine opportunities. He also saw some rugged duty, too. However, officers always can see more than the poor tars. We know some boys who were in the Navy two and three years and scarcely set foot on shore when they went to foreign port. They weren't allowed to go ashore. You know the song the sailor boys sing,

"We joined the navy to see the world,
And what did we see?

We saw the sea."

And Joe was very brilliant and got to study radar which was fine, too. So it remains to be seen, what Johnny will do. Anyway, he was all for getting in and getting it done, so he wouldn't have it hanging over him any longer. He'd had enough of waiting.

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All that we can do is to hope and pray that the world won't be rocked by another and all-out war. If that happens the jig will be up, but I don't think it will happen.

Yesterday, Tuesday, was a pretty sad day. John and I got up and went to Maude's funeral at a Catholic church out in the Valley and all of my old Friendship Club members were there. Half of the church was filled with protestants and there were five Masonic pallbearers and only one Catholic. Maude, you see, had been a Methodist most of her life but became a Catholic several years ago because of Bill and her children. The priest realizing so many Protestants were there, or "Non-Catholics", as they call them, gave a nice little sermon after all of the Latin ritual, and he couldn't keep from crying, he broke down several times. He said that we must all try to help Bill because he was the one who was going to need it. It was one of the saddest funerals I ever went to. The masses lasted such a long time and then we all went to the cemetery, the Holy Cross, north of town and it seemed terrible to me to have to leave Maude there in her casket all alone under that canopy on the hillside in all the cold and snowy sleet of a raw March day. And Bill flat on his back. Another priest was at the hospital with Bill and going through all of the prayers and burial service with him just as Father Reilly was doing at the funeral for Maude. Then Bill was given a strong sedative and put to sleep for all day so that he couldn't lie there and grieve.

We knew them so well and though we hadn't run around so much with them lately, all through the years we were back and forth at our lake cottages, to shows, to the Elks' dances, to each other's homes, and on short trips. My, I just can't believe it. We will have to go to the hospital to see Bill quite often, now.

John and I stopped down town on our way home for just a few minutes and bought some bamboo window shades and three big ones for the balcony and my! they do all look lovely so airy and light and they make such a lacy curtain to separate the balcony from the living room. I inclose the chartreuse draw drape material I am using for my new draw drapes. --And do you know it was after twelve, noon, when we reached home the funeral and trip to the cemetery had taken so long. Then I kept finding things around the house that reminded me of Johnny, and so I couldn't keep the tears out of my eyes. Taken all in all it was a tearful day. But John was here, good old pillar that he is and bright and cheerful thru it all. I came upon a pile of my spools of thread leaning like the tower of Pisa and with a hat pin stuck up on top of them and that spoke very eloquently of Johnny who is always absent-mindedly piling things up like that.

Irene had a lovely dinner party and cards a week ago to-night for her square dancing group and she included me and John and the Saad's. She had a catress prepare and serve the meal and used a yellow satin damask cloth, her new crystal, sterling and china. It was a turkey dinner with everything, including fresh, hot bread rolls, and a big birthday cake for Howard. Then we all played pinochl. Her house looked so lovely it took one's breath away.

John and I also went to the "Follies of 1952" put on by L.C.H.S. and there were certainly a lot of cracks about Mr. Truman. They had a boat on wheels that kept going across the stage all the time, rowed by sailors, and the boat was named. H.S.T. It was announced from the stage that if Mr. Truman was re-elected, the Missouri Waltz would be the National Anthem. The Valley folks are fine. Love, Alberta.

The other 1/2 of the church was filled with Catholic friends.

at 8:45

Alta

May 30th, 1952 at 9:30 in the morning.

My dear ones in Montana:

Well, at long last, as the king of England said after his abdication when he had a chance to speak to the people over the radio, I will be able to write you a letter.

First I must say when John came down to get me after Scribes' Club's Achievement tea yesterday there on the wide dashboard of the car lay your letter which he had taken out of the mailbox and brought to me. We were so glad to hear, Emmet, that you were able to do so much, and my, climbing around the roof as you did! That sounds as though you must be quite a little better. And, how good it was to get the ninety dollars for the damage down by smoke!

Nice that Pearl went to Helena to the Republican Convention. Politics are fascinating. I read everything that I get my hands on and so know the picture pretty well, I feel. I think it unfortunate that so far the Republican party is divided between Taft and Eisenhower, which is weakening. However, they will have to decide on one candidate. My personal belief is that Eisenhower will be the next president because he is so widely known and admired and despite people not liking a military president, still if we have to live with war the rest of our lives we should have a strong man admired and respected internationally and one that can cope with the distressing situation in which we have been floundering. Only God in heaven can get us out of it, I'd say.

There is a fine article about "Ike" in the Saturday Evening Post of May third, also an editorial by the editor of the Post endorsing "Ike." It is hard to know what to believe, though, so much propaganda is fed to us and so much of it is contradictory. As Papa said one time, "Upon my soul I don't know whom to vote for this election. It isn't a question of who is the most honest man. It is a question of which one is the least crooked!" So he said, in his dry way and I still think there is a lot of truth in that statement concerning all politics, though in this case both Taft and Eisenhower, as men, seem to have integrity.

Since you asked about Johnny's visit home, I'll begin at the beginning and tell you. In that last letter I wrote you I said, "I think, John would be soon home and we were going down town," well, we didn't go, because he wasn't feeling too well. However, he worked all day here as we were trying to get as much done as possible to make the house nice when Johnny came. About supper time, I noticed John was as white as a sheet, so had him go to bed. He was terribly ill and feverish. I called Dr. Finney next morning and went down to see him and get medicine for John, one of the neighbors driving me down so as I could get back as quickly as possible. The sulfa was powerful but John was very ill indeed, all that day, night, and next day.

Wednesday night, then, Luenows took me to the airport to meet the ten p.m. plane on which Johnny was supposed to come, although Johnny had written not to plan on him at any time because he didn't want us disappointed. Well, we went to the airport and it was glamorous out there. I recalled, Alice, how you'd written about going to Gt. Falls Airport in the last war and thinking how wonderful it would be to see Mack come out of the big plane when it landed. I felt the same way. We all crowded out when we saw the plane's lights coming across the sky. All day I had been thrilled when I washed sheets and had them billowing in the wind under the blue skies and the pine tree, and every time I looked skyward and thought of our darling Johnny coming winging through the air to us all the long way from San Diego. But the plane landed and no Johnny. Everybody got off, then

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the pilot, stewardess, and crew, and I couldn't believe it. At 11:40 P. M., ^{then,} a plane came in from Seattle bearing a beautiful young Hawaiian lady and her husband with ~~whom~~ we visited. She was laden with cellophane bags of leis and she gave me one and Mrs. Luenow one. She was flying on to Gt. Falls in a few moments to visit her sister, married to a young doctor who was presently to go East to be on Mayo's staff. This lady was a newspaper woman in Hawaii. My, she was cultured, charming, feminine and pretty. So the plane was re-fueled and they left. Then the 11:55 plane's lights crossed the sky and we all crowded out and the plane landed, discharged its passengers, and still no Johnny. So Luenow's brought me home and as I came in John said, "I'm so glad you're here, I was afraid you'd be waiting out there all night. Johnny long-distanced us from Oakland just after you left and I've been trying to page you at the airport but no one would answer the phone out there." Poor John's temperature was away up.

The next morning Runkles took me down town for more medicine. We had to take John off sulfa the doctor said because it was making him so sick and get penicillin. Well, then, back I came about noon and as we drove up, the front door opened and out came big bronzed Johnny, looking wonderfully-fit, hard as could be and brown as a berry. His eyes looked tired as he hadn't slept for about three nights. I need not tell you folks how radiant we were to have that Johnny home. He'd got in on the morning plane and had to pay \$1.80 for limousine fare to bring him into town and then came home ^{from town} on the bus. When he opened the door old Rex stumbled out of his bed in the Utility room and came waddling in to meet Johnny, so Johnny told me, and the dog stared at him as if he just couldn't believe Johnny was home. Then when he did realize it, the dog went completely wild. Daddy called from the balcony bedroom which is all inclosed by big wide bamboo partitions and poor John was so groggy he could hardly talk sense to Johnny. Johnny took a shower, got into his civvies and then came out the door, as I said, just as I drove back from town with more medicine and broth for Daddy.

That afternoon we drew all the shades and drawcurtains. A wind came up and sang through the branches of the pine trees. Johnny slept soundly in the downstairs bedroom, Daddy was comfortable and at peace for the first time, and sleeping restfully on the balcony, Rex snoring in his box and I lay in the semi-darkness on the davenport and rejoiced that my specially-loved ones were altogether again under the same roof. It was one of the happiest moments of my whole life. Johnny stayed home with us that evening and told us so many things, how Boot Camp life was like an Abbott and Costello "rookie" comedy because everything was confusion and he only laughed as he said every time a Petty Officer or Chief gave them an order he'd yell, "Get along there, you goddamed knotheads! Can't you do anything right?" Johnny said it was something¹ of a shock to be so addressed, continually, but he got used to it and took it with humor. Then he said he was so surprised when the ticket agent at the airport called to him in all politeness that his plane was ready and addressed him as "Mr. Miller" that he couldn't believe it was himself being spoken to after such servile treatment as he'd been having in "Boot."

He said there was a barracks full of "Okies" there and they broke all the windows out of their own barracks and the joke was on them because the cold winds and rains struck and the poor "Okies" almost froze to death taking their showers. Johnny and Jack were detailed to replace the windows. Johnny said he found a dagger sticking in the wall. It had been thrown through the transom and broke that window, so he gave the dagger to the man "on watch." The "Okies" said to Johnny "We're sure glad you're going to get them there windows fixed it's sure been cold taking baths." But the joke of it was that it turned out everything was at sixes and sevens as usual. The chief told Johnny and Jack to take the shower door down, to the barracks. It was a new door with a glass in it. But when the boys got it down there,

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there were no hinges as the chief said there'd be. So the boys went back to get hinges from the chief who said, "You gd. knotheads go back and get the door, then, till we get some hinges." So the boys brought back the door. Then the chief said, "You gd. knotheads, go get the transom now." They did. Then he said, "You gd. knotheads, take it down to the carpenter shop and get some glass put in it." So Jack and Johnny took the transom to the carpenter shop and the chief in charge there said, "You gd. knotheads, what are you bringing that thing here for? Don't you know we don't cut glass in a carpenter shop?" So back they went to the first chief who said, "You gd. knotheads, go back and tell that gd. carpenter chief that they can, too, cut glass for the transom. You gd. knotheads speak up to him and tell him to get that there glass into the transom in a hurry, but don't tell him I told you to call him a gd. knothead." I guess Johnny's and Jack's eyes twinkled at each other all day at such bungling. They didn't get one door or transom fixed the whole day long, just carried things back and forth and the "Okies" were still shivering when the chiefs gave up trying to have Johnny and Jack accomplish anything because everywhere the boys went the whole day long, they ran into difficulties. However, the teaching (school part) of Boot was more efficient and Johnny got a lot out of that.

When Johnny was in Portland between planes during the early morning hours, in the lavatory he found a man's wallet on the floor and so turned it in at the ticket desk. Johnny was sitting on a bench and presently a poor, shabby old man came up to the desk and asked if a wallet had been turned in. So the ticket agent had him identify it and the old man asked who'd found it and the agent nodded toward Johnny. The old man came to Johnny and just trembled and shook when he thanked Johnny, he just couldn't believe that a sailor would do such a nice thing!! My, I was glad Johnny had turned it in.

Well, the next day the phone rang and rang and Johnny's friends were all phoning him. He spent his days with us. John got better and after a bit we all went squirrel-hunting and on little picnics around the country here, though John sat in the car mostly. The weather was sunny and just wonderful. I hunted up books on salads and made Johnny all kinds of fruit, vegetable and sea food salads. John's sister brought a hen and I cooked it for broth for Daddy-John who could have no fruit juices, just milk and broth. Johnny was so glad to be home, and was so happy, and having lost twenty-two pounds in Boot Camp was as trim as could be. I never saw him have so much purpose and a new kind of confidence.

The lilac parade and festival was on when he was home and John was getting better and everything was wonderful. Then the time came to go and the evening of the nineteenth we took Johnny to the train. Elsie and Frank were there with a big box of nuts and candy bars for him, Ella Hough had made a special trip in from Wallace and was staying at a hotel so that she could see Johnny. She'd been up one day and spent it with us and visiting with Johnny. She wanted to give Johnny the St. Christopher scapular to wear around his neck to keep him safe. But Ella told me later Johnny told her like he just hated to hurt her feelings, but perhaps he'd better not. After all, his neck chain with his tag on it said he was protestant and it would be confusing to wear the Catholic emblem too, if anything should happen to Johnny. Johnny's dog tag says, "P." for protestant, and "O" for his blood type

Johnny went back all alone but he had wonderful morale and that helped us all. Then John went back to work and on "Armed Forces Day" the F. Dept put on a display and the fire flashed and scorched lightly John's cheek, singed the hair on his temple, and took off an eyebrow. With all the excitement and strain, John then had a relapse. It was doctor again, this time penicillin shots and back to bed for another week. So John was sick about three weeks. However, this is his second day back now and he looks more rested and fresher than he has for quite a while. The Navy Depot sent him 2 lovely plants

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I had a card from San Diego saying Johnny had a good trip but didn't know when he'd be sent to Norman, that he was quartered in "Out-Going-Unit." Then I didn't hear from him for a week, then came an airmail letter from Okla., and he said he'd been shipped out right after writing me that card. The Norman letter was wonderful. He told us of his trip back by train. He ^{San D.} sat for a few hours with a priest who had gone to the Mt. St. Michaels' Scholasticate in Spokane for seven years. Johnny having had one quarter at Gonzaga had something in common to discuss with him. Then at Portland an old lady straight from Ireland took possession of Johnny, and with her I suppose he had a discussion about Irish ancestors. She was his companion all the way to Martinez. I can just see Johnny, he's so darned sweet to everybody, I know he must have been polite and considerate to her. He said she embarrassed him though in spite of himself with all her silly questions, blarney of what a foine broth of a boy he was, and she kept feeding him candy! He finally got away and in the diner met a man from Red Deer and the fact that Red Deer was his mother's starting place in this world made conversation there. Then Johnny teamed up with a sailor from Japan and there was a lot to listen to there about the Orient.

Johnny flew from San Diego to Phoenix, Ariz., Albuquerque, New Mex., and Amarillo, Texas and on to Norman, 180 miles from Oklahoma City. In the City at the bus depot there he met Bill Henderson, son of Dr. Henderson here. Johnny knew Bill in H.S. here. So Johnny said, "Wherever I go I meet old L. and C. buddies." Johnny's quarters are by the golf course. It's very pretty and green where he is. The U. of Okla. is at Norman. The base is very nice. The boys wear their whites all the time because it is hot there, but pleasant so far. The people are just wonderful and so friendly and the boys are now treated with respect in air school which is gratifying after the belittling address-ing of "gd. knothed" in Boot Camp. People in San Diego were horrid to the sailors and tried to "skin" them out of every penny they had in all sorts of "skin games." Johnny is now an "Airman Apprentice" in the Navy Air Force and he thinks he will study aerography which is reading weather conditions. He will fly some, of course, go up to get weather readings, but of course one doesn't always end up with what one choses. He may find something he likes better. It was suggested by his examing officer because of his good ratings in Math., Physics, Chemistry, and his ability to type. So John and I feel quite good about Johnny's progress and Johnny's own satisfied, happy state of mind.

We paid his fare back on the train, and the sixty-eight dollars for the the half of the round trip ticket "return trip" which Johnny didn't use from here to San Diego is supposed to be returned to us from St. Paul, though we were told it would take about three weeks. If you are late getting back to Camp you get thrown in the brig for two weeks, no excuses accepted unless you happen to come in touch with a sensible officer, and so I insisted he shouldn't run the risk of having a plane "ground" again or be out of gas on account of that strike.

Yesterday we had a big achievement tea in that big upstairs room of the Press Club which I showed you. Along the sides we had tables with all of our published material on display. There was a lovely tea table and then the room was filled to overflowing with University women members, Artists and Composers of America, Poetry Scribes, Fiction Scribes, the city librarian, newspaper people and some of the principals and English teachers of the city. Poor little me had to make a great big speech, introduce all of the Scribe members to the audience and tell what they'd written. My speech was the "Work scope of Spokane Fiction Scribes." I saw a former English teacher of mine in the audience and also the principal of the Hawthorne School and so before I concluded my speech I said, "I cannot close this little talk without presenting to you, my principal, Sara Weisman of the old Hawthorne School, and also Miss Hunt an English teacher of mine from Lewis and Clark, and whatever I know of English some of it is due to their guidance."

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They stood and bowed to the audience, and afterwards when they shook my hand I was deeply moved to see how touched they were. They are old ladies now and they had tears in their eyes, so I hugged them and they hugged me. Oh, it was truly a feminine party! Even though I've had several dramatic and public speaking courses, this was really quite an undertaking before all those highly-educated and intelligent women, nevertheless I "girded up my loins" and employed all the tricks of talking to the public I'd learned in spite of my qualms before hand. And I must have done all right because people came to shake my hand and compliment me and the Chronicle photographer photographed me and two other ladies at the tea table. If I didn't break the camera and the picture isn't too horrible (newspaper pictures sometimes are) I'll send you one.

I had a new navy blue faille dress with a graceful swinging skirt for the occasion and on one of the white lace lapels I wore the tiny gold anchor navy pin which your Mack so kindly sent to his Aunt Alberta when he was going to Naval School in New York. I wore it as a talisman for him and Joe and for Johnny, three lovely and wonderful navy lads. And I felt quite happy and confident with it pinned over my heart. I had white gloves, and a cute little white pique hat and wore black high-heeled strap slippers.

John came and got me afterwards. We stopped at Schalkau's and June's lovely wedding gifts. We go to her wedding the night of June 10th in the Frances Lester Hotel. She is marrying a navy Lt. graduating from Moscow this month.

Then since it was our anniversary (the 23rd) ^{one} (is it possible?) we went to Elsie and Frank's for dinner in acceptance of their invitation. Elsie had a lovely fried chicken dinner, new parselied potatoes with butter, asparagus, salad, Strawberry shortcake, and coffee, and all superbly cooked, (olives, too, we had.) After dinner the four of us went for a ride in our car with the radio tuned in to love songs and rode around north by all those quiet little streams thru the woods where John and I used to drive in courting days. So, altogether, I had a most wonderful day, with your big fat letter, too, sandwiched in between the big tea-speech-making-party and our anniversary dinner.

I called Rose to tell her I'd heard from you, just a bit ago, and I asked her if she thought Papa was up to making a train trip over to see you and that you Montana folks would like her and Papa to come but she thought most of the time he was pretty frail. The last few days he has been a little better, but he just can't remember anything and asks things over and over. When you answer again and again, poor Daddy doesn't even say any more as he did just a little while back, "Oh, yes, that's right. You just told me." He can't even remember now that you just got thru telling him. He is so thin, that I don't believe his brain gets enough blood to let him remember. John's Mother got that way, too, and that's what the doctor said was the matter ^{with her}.

The Red Cross called me to give a pint of blood the morning of June 10th, saying they needed it very urgently for Korea. They send big shipments over every Tuesday and Thursday and so I will give it, come home and lie down in the afternoon and go to the wedding at night. They gave blood at the Naval Depot a few days ago, but John was exempted this time because he'd been so ill. What are they doing to our poor boys in Korea that they have need of so much blood? I just nearly go wild when I think of Korea. And when one of our leading generals declares what a mistake it was to go there at all, I can just hardly continue to be a lady about the situation.

John's vacation is from the nineteenth of June to the third of July. We are going to take a quiet, leisurely trip which he needs, up to Nelson and stay overnight at the Hume Hotel where I always wanted to stay. I went to school with Freda Hume, a daughter of the original owner as I think I wrote you before. Then we will go down the lake, see Cummings, cross B.C. to Vancouver.

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Irene's widowed, lovely Aunt Annie with the deep dimples lives there now with her brother and he has a big house out on Grey's Point overlooking the Harbor and Grouse Mountain. Irene brought her to call on us when Aunt Annie was down here visiting just recently and she, hearing that John and I would be in Vancouver, asked us to stay with her and her brother. She says there are three big extra bedrooms they don't even use, reminds me of your extra rooms and how John and I had the luxury of a room apiece while staying at your house. So we probably shall accept her invitation for a few days. I've had her to parties and dinners many times in our other house and she says she is happy she can return some favors.

Then we shall go around the Olympic Peninsula down to Olympia, see Frank on his new oyster farm on the Sound, go to Mt. Rainier Nat'l Park over there, to Seattle and home.

Don't you think you might come over this summer? You spoke, Emmet, of driving your pick-up with a little house on it. You could park it under our pine trees in the back yard and sleep in our house or in "your little house" on the pick-up, or both, whichever you wanted to do. Then we could take a few jaunts here and there around this vicinity with our car now and then.

Dear me, what a letter! You'll probably need two or three sessions in which to read it and a cup of tea or two and a sandwich before you finish it.

John is on duty this Memorial Day. So I had the time to write. I must do some ironing now, then make some yeast dough cinnamon rolls to take out to Irene and Howard's cabin cruiser to-morrow. They've asked us for the weekend but John must work again Sunday, so we'll just go for Saturday.

My, the flowers and especially the lilacs were exquisite here this spring. When Johnny was home the air was just heavy with the fragrance all over. When the wind was in the pines at nights with the moon sailing overhead, Johnny would come in and close the door behind him, saying, "My, it's wonderful to be up north again among the pines and have the wind rushing thru them. California can have its artificiality and its palms!"

One of the reasons that I think he feels at home in Oklahoma and likes it so well is that the plains of Montana which he always loved have conditioned him to that type of country.

Now the locust trees are filling the air with the fragrance of their blooms. Springtime is most heavenly here in Spokane.

Yes, Johnny went to the car races, John wanted to go with him, but had to lie in bed. Johnny also went down to Cheney and saw Jewel and Glorea, called at the folks in the Valley twice, and was out almost every evening with girl and boy friends here. He had a most glorious home-coming with everybody so wonderful to him that he could hardly believe it after Boot Camp Life, the rough talk and roaring, that is. He didn't mind the drilling or any of the other things, said he didn't even get tired. So his football, lineman work, and Blister-rust work paid off for him.

Well, you asked for the details, Alice, and here they are. I hadn't written for so long I had a lot to say. Love to your dear boys, their sweet wives, the precious grandchildren, The Maxwells, Pearl, Fred and your very dear selves. It's time for a cup and sandwich now for me, too.

Lovingly,

(of tea)

Alberta

June
Friday the thirteenth, dear me!! 1952

Dear Montana folks:

Yesterday was your anniversary. Many happy returns, though I am late in saying it and also good wishes for Pearl for her birthday.

I just went across the road in the bright sunshine and found your letter and one from Frank with a map he'd drawn within it telling us how to reach his oyster and nut farm(hazelnuts)near Olympia. And as always your letter brought me so close to you that I have to sit right down and visit.

I was glad to hear all the news and I'm sure your house will look very nice all done over. How nice your little picnic sounded and it was strange you came out by Archie McMillan's old place. I'll never forget how blue they were about selling their place and how they were hoping the deal wouldn't go thru. They are the people you mean aren't they, the ones who bought part of the Marlowehouse and built by Pearl in B. Sandy. Or was their name McKenzie? There were two families up there and I got them mixed.

Well, I'll go back to this morning. I went out in the car with John on his way to the base and had him drop me off at the folks with a big Betty Crocker orange chiffon cake I'd made for Papa for Father's Day. I visited with Elsie, Ernie, too, as they were waiting to be picked up to go to work. Daddy took me out and showed me the little new red calf without a spot of white on it and he was so proud of it. Papa's eyes are so pretty and clear and his skin looks so nice, although he is quite thin. However, to-day he was so alert and just remembered everything. Rose says that is the way he is when he is feeling rested.

Ernie is talking about having a sprinkling system put on the acres so Papa won't have to wear himself out making irrigation rills.

Papa asked if you folks were coming over this summer. I told him you hadn't said but that I rather thought you might a little later on and he said that he hoped so. He said it was too bad that poor Nem got hurt and he'd like to see you to see how well you got over it. Once a parent always a parent. And Nemie is Papa's first born baby and still,as always,very precious to him.

Well, then I came in town when Rose did and I bought some odds and ends to take on our trip, came home on the bus, had my lunch and thought how quiet the house is without those two big masculine menfolk of mine both of whom I do love so much.

Johnny writes that it's quite nice after Boot Camp and he still can't get over how nice instructors and officers are after the cursing ones in Boot training at San Diego(everybody says San Diego is one of the hardest boot centers.)He says the Northwest is still his favorite spot and that it is really pretty hot in Norman, so much so that ice cream melts before you get it to your mouth. They have a nice swimming pool on the base and he goes swimming in his leisure time.

As I had planned, I gave my pint of blood Tuesday morning. We lie still for ten minutes after the drawing and when I got up and caught sight of my face in a mirror I was startled at how white it was, but then I looked around and the others who were there looked pretty pale, too. Twenty-four had given that morning up to eleven thirty when I got thru. John came in to meet me and took me home and then I got lunch and

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was busy most of the afternoon. Then we had to pick up some folks to take to June's wedding and go early so I really didn't have any time to rest, but I didn't feel bad. Next day I was a little tired, but then I'd been to the wedding the night before and was up late and had wedding refreshments and coffee which is not conducive to sound sleep.

The wedding was one of the loveliest I ever attended. June looked very beautiful and she is such a lovely and efficient girl. Her groom was in his Naval Lt. white dress ^{uniform} and carried his cap under his arm to the altar. They were so in love and so happy as they'd waited all thru college. He graduated from the Naval Reserve Officer Training at Moscow on Monday and was married on Tues. night. His mother and sister drove out from Detroit for graduation and wedding. My, they were lovely and brother, mother, sister all are dark with lovely big soft brown eyes. The sister had to fly back to be at her husband's graduation from Medical college, the mother took the train to California and June and Don drove back in the mother's car to Detroit where they will leave the mother's car at her home and take delivery of a new car for themselves and then go on to Quantico, Va., where he is to be stationed. Alice, if you still happen to have the clipping I sent you of June would you inclose it to me as her mother asked me for the one from our paper.

My newspaper picture wasn't too good. Flashlight pictures always make me blink my eyes. It was nice of the tea table and my dress, and the other two ladies, but there I am with my eyes shut. I was sorry I let them take the picture. But after all I made the big speech of the day and the other two women and I have sold the most material this year and so they insisted I be in the picture, even though I protested how ghastly press camera newspaper pictures are. Next time I'll just give them one of my pictures to put in and be sure that it will look better before they get it.

I can't get started packing. Most everything is clean and folded, but it's always quite a task, especially when I'll need all types of things and it takes quite a few changes for seventeen days. We will be in Vancouver, Victoria, on the boats, in the cities on the Washington Coast, so we will be doing a lot of going. We know a lot of people on the coast and will have to try to see most of them.

Just yet we are not sure whether we'll go by boat from Victoria to the Olympic Peninsula, down to see Frank, to Mt. Rainier and then up to Seattle, or whether we'll drive down from Vancouver to Seattle and then to the other places. It depends on the weather and how much boat travel has gone up. Last time it cost twenty dollars to ferry our boat in the steamship's insides from Victoria to Port Angeles.

We'll be visiting in Canada, though ^{first} about a week altogether, so if you should care to send me letters at Tom's and Frank's I'm sure we'll get them. I'd like to know all is well with you folks along our way.

John is a lot better. Last night some of the out-of-town guests of Schalkaus came up with them to see our studio house and we had cinnamon rolls I'd made, and coffee and Berenice S. brought a three layer choc. cake. John showed them that rattle snake and calf-branding picture and the nice cattle and green Montana land taken when you were living at Gt. Falls. They thought it very interesting and liked, too, the nice one of Glacier which we took at the same time. --We leave Monday for Creston and Nelson, so bye-bye and good luck to all of you

Wed. July 9th, 1952

My dears:

Tell Joe what a fine white head that is that he has mounted and how much we enjoyed the snaps of Connie. Doesn't she look adorable, though, with that head scarf on, out in the field? Her features are very dainty and pretty. How you must love and enjoy all of your grandchildren! And now a new little one!

It's hot to-day. I washed, tidied the house, drew all the curtains and dare the temperature of 94 degrees outside to make me uncomfortable. The high raftered ceiling and the well-insulated walls makes even this frame house very cool.

I have so many things to do now to catch up on, must make some jam, do some writing, a lot of sewing, as I have quite a few material to make up and must also catch up on correspondence.

I send you a few snaps. Keep the one of Johnny if you like, the one in his uniform taken inside the last nite he was home. In the one with me he is imitating the lumber jacks in Pierce, Idaho, clowning. John says don't get excited about the picture he took, it was only a wooden Indian by whom he is standing. The one of me is on the new Anscomb Ferry and shows the channel at my back leading up to Kaslo.

When at Pauline's in Seattle I looked at her National Geographics and thought you must be enjoying them. What a wonderful country is New Zealand!

You asked to hear about our trip, well, here goes!!!

With our car all neatly loaded, Rex reposing joyously and comfortably in his box on the back seat, and with a neat package of sandwiches, cookies and thermos of coffee thrown in for good measure and to appease our hunger at noon, off we started on June 16th, though the sky was cloudy and over cast and a hint of dampness in the air told us rain might attend us on our journey.

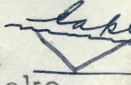
First stop, Albertson's on North Division for two big ice cream cones at about nine o'clock in the morning. All thru Newport, Sandpoint, the Bonner country, rain fell and we ate our lunch in the car. Nevertheless, the country was fresh and green. The Kootenay Valley looked wonderful. There is no sign of Copeland now on the new main highway except a sign pointing, "One Mile to Copeland." But the mountains looked familiar and the Valley as flat and green and lush and the river as winding as ever.

The rain increased. At Creston B.C. we got gas and were told the rain had been falling for a week. Along by Sanco we saw two girls at the roadside and thinking they might be in need we slowed down. They were hitch-hiking from Toronto to Vancouver and wanting desperately to be picked up to catch the Ferry from Crawford Bay (where it now leaves for Balfour). There they stood like two drowned rats, boxes, suitcases, packages, and a giant size box of rinso (to do their washing enroute, no doubt.)

"Oh, dear," said I, "we might squeeze you in if it weren't for all your luggage." Said they, "We can hold it on our laps," their eyes travelling over our loaded car. "Well, maybe you have room in the trunk," they hopefully suggested. But alas, no room there. Also, we were stopping to visit Cummings and wouldn't be going to the Ferry anyway, so they smiled and said, "Thank you very much for stopping, very kind, very kind." So on we went feeling sorry for two pretty young girls still waiting in the rain with a mountain of luggage. How they had got that far is a marvel to me.

Down the hill, thru the dampness and lushness we went into the Cummings' dooryard. The Cummings welcomed us with open arms--six years since our last visit. They took us on a tour in the drizzling rain of Ray's cabins and though they are adequate for fisherman's cabins, John couldn't help lamenting afterwards that it was too bad with all the logs and poles and rock Ray could not have made the little shanties picturesque and romantic-looking. There was the matchless view of Goat Creek and those wild dashing waterfalls, visible only thru a little toilet room window in one of the cabins, whereas he could have put that cabin at an angle with windows across the thus-slanted front taking in view of lake, creek and water fall. Laughingly, though, when I lamented the loss of such a view, Mrs. Cummings said, "Well, everyone has to come to this little toilet and shower room, so the view isn't lost after all!"

We left them all in their big farm kitchen by their warm wood fire bestirring themselves to make evening tea. We had brought them all several bags of candy which each cached away in his own little niche and they asked us to come again when we could stay. It was almost six p.m. and we wanted to see Ruth and Ray at Crawford Bay before we took the morning ferry. The new road goes right past their place now and the Ferry leaves above Crawford Bay at Kootenay Bay. So at dusk we pulled into their place and the Mc Gregors seemed so glad we had come to stay all night. Ruth gave us a nice roast venison supper, re-heated things as they'd eaten earlier. (We had stopped at our old place to view the big and rustic peeled and oiled log house built in a wide V-shape facing the lake and built right close to that high bank, you remember, right next to the lake. Beautiful, huge stone chimneys, enormous view windows, big doors, with



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long metal hinges and inlaid work of carved and polished wood. Pipes had been laid from the old spring in the cedars and there were more than one bathroom. There were matting rugs on the floors, great metal trays of hammered copper and other ornaments hanging on the wall, an old European battle axe--oh it is truly a wonderful place and all that the romantic notions of John and myself could ask for. I couldn't help but contrast the place with our early pioneering efforts there. The huge clearing is just lush long green grass, just open space where our garden, orchard, strawberry bed and house used to be. The Sociology professor, Mr. Bach, wife and friends were due to arrive the next week. They come roaring up from the States in Cadillacs, have a gala time for awhile, then back go the guests and the professor writes his learned texts and books the rest of the summer, and it is doubtless from their sale that he has made his money.)

Well, then, after our venison supper we sat in Ruth's front room which was literally lined with silver loving cups of all manner and size won by eighteen-year-old Rosemarie and seventeen-year-old Percy, the badminton champions of B.C. And lovely, attractive, rosy-cheeked young folks they are and so gracious and polite! There were deer heads all around the room, a fire in the heater, beside which Rex stretched out, and the sound of rain pelting the window panes and roof. And I thought, "Out of these back woods and primitive log cabin come young people who go to Vancouver, Victoria, Cranbrook, who even beat the players who came up to B. C. from Spokane and Seattle. However, that is the one main sport on Kootenay Lake and Crawford Bay has quite a badminton club house and settlers of all ages play badminton. There is a well-to-do colony of English people there and a lot of nice new homes have gone up. There are now about ninety grade pupils at Crawford Bay and seventy-five or so high school pupils, pretty good for that one little school settlement. We slept upstairs under the eaves with the windows open to the cool night and scent of cedar.

Of course we had oatmeal porridge for breakfast next morning then Ruth went with us to view again that "little cathedral in the pines."—A girl from Spokane was married there recently, went up for the wedding, especially. Her father is a Sear-Roebuck executive here and they have a summer home at Crawford Bay now.—Then off we went, and right before our eyes on the way to the new Ferry Landing was Kookanee Glacier, brilliant in the morning sunlight (the rain had stopped). I think the landing was put where it is to show the glorious white glacier in the mountains across the lake between Balfour and Kaslo. There is a beautiful lodge beside the dock with windows taking in the lovely view. It reminded us of our house here with its beamed ceiling and knotty pine, though the balcony is huge, of course, with bedroom doors opening off its whole length. Balcony is reached by a wide knotty pine stair going up from one side of the huge lodge and dining room. Oh, Kootenay Lake is developing, too, and no longer, the forest fastness that it was when we lived there.

We drove our car on the brand new Ferry boat, the Anscomb, went upstairs and out on deck, leaving the usual crowd inside at the tea and coffee bar (we were too full of porridge, as yet, to partake.)

The morning was sparkling, fresh, and so beautiful one could hardly stand it crossing the channel and looking up toward Kaslo and down the lake toward Sanco and the three white peaks. I had to tie a scarf around my head and put on John's sport jacket, the air was so keen. How I do like that beautiful Kootenay Lake! It makes me think of all the times when I used to go up to Nelson to school in the old days on the lovely old steamers that are no more.

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We landed at Balfour and instead of taking the road to Nelson we followed the lakeside down to Kaslo about a distance of twenty miles. Dashing streams swept down the mountains all along the roadside, and the road was narrow, winding and steep. Kaslo has a superb setting but it is practically a ghost town now, though one can see quaint old houses and hotels aplenty and know that it must have been quite a place once. We ate lunch there and coming back to Balfour we saw a white paddle-wheeler reduced to the low mission of pushing a barge and we were told it was the steamer Kaslo, the only remaining one on the lake. Then on to Nelson, on a nice paved road passing all types of lovely new summer homes, one of them a gorgeous copper-roofed mansion. Across another ferry into Nelson, gave a lift to Scotch ladies, two of them, up to the main part of town. To the Hume Hotel which has been enlarged and done over, very nice, but we were told, alas, at the desk the convention in town had engaged all the rooms, but that there was a lovely new brick motel on the Hall Mines Road up the side of Old Silver King Mountain. The clerk phoned there to reserve an apartment for us. We stopped for some groceries, then, to prepare our own supper since we couldn't stay at the Hume and have dinner there.

The apartment we had was truly lovely and in a quiet beautiful setting, and so we bathed, had supper, dressed up and did the town. The evening was lovely. We went down to Fairview Park and it is like an English Park. A sign hung over the entrance that no one must stay in there after eleven. From there we went to the docks and there was the sad sight of the dear old Nasookin steamer which I had seen built and launched back in 1913, (the school children all marched to the shipyards that day for the launching.) A few years ago she was taken off the Ferry run and used for a Navy cadet practice ship. She caught fire. The fire was put out and the ship still used though badly scorched. Then she got away from her moorings and broke up on the rocky shore. So now there were parts of her piled all around and only her big hull tied to the dock with the name, "Nasookin," (Chief of all) printed across her bow. I thought of her proud goings and comings in rain and shine and how she used to slip into the dock winter nights all alight and gleaming with half the town down at the docks to see her come in; winter and summer, she drew an audience.

We drove around town and saw the places where I used to stay and John declared he never saw such steep streets in his life. Most of the townspeople still do not have cars and no wonder. The curfew boomed out at nine o'clock and we went in as did the rest of the town. Canada is still very well-behaved, discreet, and so mannerly that I could hardly believe that it has been possible for her to retain those qualities in this fast and callow age.

Next morning we drove out past Bonnington Falls, white foaming cascades, viewed the communal Doukaboos dwellings, big square houses, farm buildings, gardens, crossed the Ferry at Castlegar where two girls again asked for a ride. On to Trail, then to Rossland where we sent Johnny a post card and called on Mary Cummings Wood who lives there. Her two daughters had just come home from school for lunch. One is an artist, and what lovely oils and water colors she did have around the house! She is in high school. They will go to Cummings to spend the summer. My, what a rugged mountain highway we then crossed to get to the Okanogan Valley! And do you know all along that lonely, rough, high and narrow road were hitchhikers, some wanting to go all the way to Vancouver! Bus connections and travel is not as good, nor as frequent up there, nor do people have cars as they do in the States, so that is perhaps the reason.

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It was quite warm that day so we were happy to pull into Sandy Beach Cabins on Osoyoos Lake right in the fruit country reminding us of the hot dry hills of Wenatchee and the orchard-filled Valley. The breeze off the lake was lovely for sleeping that night, fresh and cool. Next morning we bought cherries to eat along the way, thirty cents a pound! Things have certainly gone up in Canada, much higher than here and wages are lower. Furthermore, the American dollar is discounted which is a hard pill to swallow considering that the reason our money is not as good as theirs now is because we have been giving so much of it away and to England, too. It used to be the other way around that the Canadian dollar was discounted here, but not now.

The forests, mountains, rushing streams, peaks, canyons are simply magnificent all across B. C. We saw deer, galore, wild flowers--beauty, beauty, nothing but grandeur. Then the wide Fraser River Valley, good roads the last third of the province, New Westminster, then into the huge city of Vancouver. Along the King's Highway, where I went into a china shop to phone Irene's Aunt Annie as was the plan and she told me how to come to get out to Point Grey where she and her brother lived. Since I spent a month in Vancouver one summer and have been there several times we had not trouble finding the place. Mr. Gillis, the bachelor uncle, has a nice big, brown, conservative house in a nice section of town. Thru the windows we saw the lovely white liners come and go into the inlet which makes Vancouver's beautiful and ideal harbor. Lovely homes are all around on the steep hillsides where he lives and the flowers--My! one cannot believe how wonderful the flowers are on the coast until seen. Roses, such roses, over everything--the air is heavy with their fragrance, and flowers of every kind, lush and high and thick. Aunt Annie came running out to meet us, her dimples coming and going. We were taken in to the lovely wood-panelled house, shown up to a big front room along stairway and halls papered with big fat roses. We bathed and dressed. Mr. Gillis came home from the Vancouver Sun where he works, head of the advertising, classified ads. What a fine gentleman he is, very British, a captain in two wars, clear blue eyes, with the Gillis good looks like Irene has, black hair, and such lovely ways and so polite and entertaining. I loved eating in the panelled dining room. There was quite an elegance to it, lovely food, on English china, and crystal, with decanters and brandy set and such things on the buffet. As we ate we looked thru wide windows at the ships and ocean. We certainly had a lovely two days and three nights there. One day he drove us everywhere in his Cadillac and took us to a lovely English tea and meals house, a former British home on the seacoast, gardens all around it, and my that was a lovely place to eat. Then he took us thru the huge, walled-in estate of McCrae, fabulously rich people who gave the home to the vets for a hospital now.

There was a huge swimming pool, (a building^{all} by itself,) greenhouses, kitchen gardens, formal flower gardens, lawns, groves, great pillared entrance, domed entrance hall, oil paintings of General and Mrs. McCrae in the hall, so many parlors, dining rooms, a ball room and a big bar room in the basement lined with mirrors, an enormous mahogany bar, and a long brass foot rail, and a wine cellar, perfectly enormous with cement walls that looked like cribbage boards, each hole a place to stick a bottle. We saw the enormous bedroom where King Edward VIII was a guest when he was Prince of Wales. The bathroom was huge, white-tiled and what a shower! You stepped into a cylinder made of a series of nickle cylinders. Water came at you from every direction, on top, all around and shot up from the bottom. John said it was guaranteed to either drown the good Prince of Wales or beat him to death.

We talked to veterans and some of them were lovely and seeing them having been so long in hospital was very heart-rending to me.

6.

One day John and I set aside for going to see my dear Mrs. Stevenson with whom I used to stay in Nelson. First we took Aunt Annie marketing then brought her home again. I found Mrs. S.'s name in the directory, though I had been apprehensive whether or not she was still living, so imagine my joy when I saw her name there. I phoned and told her who I was and she laughed and said, "Well! I never did!" So she told us how to get there that afternoon. We went to the main part of the city then, mailed cards at the post office, saw the church where Philip read the lesson and which he and Elizabeth attended when in Vancouver, went to chinatown where we bought some tea cups and saucers, and gazed and gazed at all the lovely oriental objects of art which we saw there. When we came back to our car and I just finished unlocking my side I happened to turn to face the street and was I surprised! I said, "Why? James Connon." He was surprised, too. I knew Cora was going all over the island this summer in her Jehovah's-Witness-Teacher-capacity ~~this summer~~ and she had said Jim was going where the boys and their wives were, so I hadn't expected to see him and especially find him just like that in that enormous city. He had just gotten out of the hospital right then where he had been for a second operation for cancer and he was pretty tottery. But he was sweet and friendly. He surely is a nice fellow. I couldn't help but think Cora should have been there with him instead of pursuing the spreading of that subversive religion. She has dropped everything for it and I think it's a pity. They've given up their home and he said he was leaving town as soon as he went to the store to get a few extra pieces of clothing. He didn't know where Cora was and he didn't say where he was going. I hope they get together when the summer is over.

Well, then we drove thru Stanley Park on the big peninsula, across the Lion's Suspension Bridge and over to North Vancouver. We found Mrs. Stevenson's place and she and her son came to the door. She must be seventy-three now, but she is more handsome than ever, tall, beautiful white hair, beautifully-dressed, a black taffeta gown, and her son Alan was simply lovely. I last saw him forty years ago when he was four. They had us in to their tasteful, flower-filled living room, overlooking a beautiful flower garden and grove. And what snappy, lively conversation we did have. She was always very bright and still is, just knows everything and her son is a good match *in* wits and education for her. He is an English professor, but not at all absent-minded; he's quick and has a grand sense of humor. Presently he began talking about badminton. John mentioned our having stayed at the home of the B. C. champions a few nights previously, Rosemarie and Percy McGregor. He was surprised and thought that quite a coincidence. He said that he himself was a badminton player. His mother then said, "Alan's room is full of silver cups which he has won." Then Alan said, "I presented the Vancouver cups to Percy and Rose, I am the manager of the Vancouver badminton club." So there was the second coincidence we'd run into that day, meeting Jim unexpectedly and now this.

After we left there we remembered we hadn't had any lunch though it was three o'clock in the afternoon. We'd been there since one and the she served us iced refreshments and cookies we decided to eat when we saw a nice North Vancouver cafe with the sign, "Fish and Chips," so in we went and had some. Then we went to Capilano Canyon, took pictures of ourselves by the Indian statues, walked across the high swinging bridge, marvelled at flowers, greenery and totem poles. It began to rain again so we drove our car on to the Ferry and crossed the Ocean inlet back into Vancouver proper. We stopped at the Vancouver Sun to pick up Mr. Gillis but he wasn't ready. We went home, bathed, dressed, and I set the table for Aunt Annie while John napped. Then Mr. Gillis came home and we ate and he talked of London and the first and second world war and said so many interesting things in such a fine, genteel way. We liked him and Aunt Annie.

7.
He has a heart condition and so must go to bed every night at nine. They have daylight saving time there, so it was really only eight when he went to bed so John and I went down the hill the few blocks to the beach. Beautiful homes are all down the slope but at the sandy beach people were fishing, and in bathing suits, and everywhere where beach fires and the place smelled of crabs, clams and fish but it was most interesting with an atmosphere peculiar to the coast. The coast is really a wonderful section of the country. We had Rex with us and he nosed around at all the new smells. Men stood about talking about the new Social credit party up there and the coming election in the United States. The Canadians are certainly interested and informed about American politics.

After a leisurely breakfast in the nice diningroom Sunday morning we left, thought they begged us to stay but we had a lot to do and ground to cover in the rest of our vacation and could not stay any place too long. What a quiet day Sunday is in Canada! We drove and drove thru practically a huge and silent city and all along the seacoast road down to the States and everything was quiet and decorous. But when we got to the border and crossed it, everything picked up, more advertising, great rush of traffic, picnics in all the parks and on the beaches, a different world. But I still like the quiet and order and dignity of Canada.

We reached Pauline's place on the edge of Seattle about four in the afternoon. (We had a perfectly wonderful luncheon at the Oyster Bar on Chuckanut Drive just before we got to Bellingham. Ate wonderful food looking thru a glass side wall at the ocean and all the wonderful San Juan Islands. The menu had said, "These oysters slept in the bay below last night.")

Dinner and the night with Pauline and her husband, (after dinner we had driven to Tom's and got Johnny's letter and watched T. V.). The next morning we drove thru downtown Seattle and to the Ferry and crossed to Bremerton. At Bremerton we bought some groceries as we intended camping two nights at least. Then north to LoFall Ferry where we boated across to the main Peninsula road. Along the seacoast past Port Angeles, clear to Neah Bay where we made camp, put up our tent and sleeping bags as there are no cabins or hotel there, though some are being built.

After supper we went to the dock and big warehouse and watched salmon, ling cod, red snapper, tons of fish, being brought in, unloaded, salted, iced and loaded into trucks. Mostly Indians do the labor. There were some very nice fishing boats, regular little homes. Then we saw the Indian show house and John said, "Let's go in," and so we did. The place reeked of fish and Indians and was showing a wild west show where they killed off a lot of Indians in wild west covered wagon days. John said, "I wonder what the Indians think of this," but the Indians were applauding and enjoying it so that was his answer. When we came out it was dark and cold and Indians swarmed all around us, and the fog dampened our clothes. My, how good to snuggle down into warm sleeping bags!

We left Neah Bay next morning, taking movies all along the rockbound coast. The road was lovely on seacoast and thru deep rain forests as they are called, moss hanging from trees, and so thick you cannot see the light. Flowering vines climb up the trees. Then to La Push on the west ocean where we watched fishing some more. The coast guard rescued a fishing boat gone on the rocks while we were there. The L.S.T.'S were going thru mancovers, very interesting. We bought a five-pound salmon and ate half for supper and half for breakfast and never did I taste such delicious firm red fish in my life. Fried it in bacon fat with no flour and it was pink and firm and wonderful just with bread and butter and coffee. John cleaned it and cut it in nice thick slices. He paid a dollar and a half for it right when it was being unloaded.

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While I was getting supper John went on one of the Indian boats and was talking to the owner. He said there was a tiny rusty stove in the little galley and so John asked the Indian, "I suppose when you are out at sea fishing you cut off a hunk of salmon and cook it and have a meal?" The Indian said, "Naw, pork chops."

We had our tent in the cedar grove right near the chalet with the fire place where we stayed in 1938 when Johnny was with us and I thought of how we almost got caught in the tide walking the beach after supper right back of the chalet and Daddy got so nervous we weren't going to make it back safely.

Well, then on around the deep dark peninsula roads, ^{by} ~~but~~ all the pretty lakes and little towns, to Aberdeen and Hoquiam thru rain and sunshine. We didn't go into Copalis Beach this time. We reached Olympia, drove thru town and out the East Bay Drive to Frank's little farm about ten miles out of town. Frank came out saying, Well, I didn't expect you for a couple of days and so I was just doing my washing." So in we went and he took the lid off his washing machine and said, "Oh, I guess I must have left a sack of bull durham in my pocket" and sure enough he had. The water was all brown and so were his dish towels and T-shirts. Shades of bacheloring!

John and I had a lot of food with us and so I brought it in and got supper while Frank rinsed and hung up his brown-stained wash. Then it was Television. My, I don't know whether I like it or not. One gets to be just like a sponge, soaking up TV every night until midnight, not getting enough sleep and forgetting how to do a single thing to entertain oneself.

I sent you post cards telling of our trips to the capitol and the lovely daily organ concerts there. Once I requested "Ramona" our courting days song and the organist played it more beautifully than I've ever heard it with the music soaring up into the great capitol dome and all thru the marble halls and the lovely mission bell effect rippling forth from the organ.

After we left Frank's we went to Tacoma, drove out to Point Defiance Park, went thru the aquarium, then drove to the new \$18,000,000 bridge, the old one broke up, you know. Back to town where we lunched high on a bluff overlooking the ocean, by glassed windows-frontage, Crawford's Seafood House, went thru the State Historical Society Museum, on toward Seattle passing the perfectly enormous bases, of Camp, or rather Fort Lewis, Camp Murray, and McChord Fields, by Boeing's, into Seattle, out to Paulines for supper and the night. ~~We did Seattle the ne~~

Next morning, Sunday, Pauline, her husband and ourselves went to the North side of Mt. Rainier, by Mud River Dam, and White River and how it did rain, but we went up to the Yakima side Lookout anyway, bought souvenirs, and had fun *anyway in spite of downpour.*

Monday, we did Seattle, John and I getting lost several times, too big and too busy over there. We looked at our land and now that the water is on it, how the slope is building up with beautiful homes. The property is increasing in value and there is talk of a company buying it up for a nice residential section as has happened in all other desirable sections recently.

Monday night to Tom's for dinner and the night. There was the letter from Alice telling of Joe's new daughter. Good news. Tom's family lively and cute.

Tuesday night to John's cousin Gordon's home for dinner. Found ourselves roaring back into city center twice before we reached Gordon's out across the floating bridge at Bellevue, went fifty miles out of our way. One gets

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on a thorough-fare like Roosevelt Way, Aurora Blvd. or University Way and one can't get off it, no left turns, traffic to the right of you, traffic to the left of you, volleying and thundering!

We had a good baked ham dinner and a Louisiana dish of jambalaya in Gordon's patio and his garden and patio furniture was as modern and distinctive as that in his house. The desert was that new parfait pie made with ice cream, gelatin and fresh raspberries. He has a nice family, boy, girl, sweet wife. Thru his front window he has a view of the big pink Mt. Rainier when the visibility is good, looms up as big as half the earth.

Though we left Gordon's about nine-thirty we didn't get back to Pauline's until almost midnight having got lost twice, ending up down by the depots once and in "nigger town" the other time. Spokane is a country town besides that hurry-mad, crowded Seattle.

As it turned out Pauline could not drive back with us as planned as she had to work at her Cleaners until the evening of the Fourth. We came back thru scenic Stevens Pass, Wed., driving over rugged, snow-capped mountains, past foaming white waterfalls, along rivers, and John was thrilled to view at quite close range a big grizzly bear feeding on berries in and out of the bushes in a canyon. I always think of Gene when I view the forested mountain sides there at Skykomish.

At Wenatchee we bought cherries and apricots to munch on. The development of the Coulee district astonished us. Now with water on the land houses and farm buildings are rising, gardens, orchards, golden wheat and green alfalfa fields meet the eye. But after the moist and flowering coast with its dense vegetation Big Bend country seemed stifling and hot.

We came thru Soap Lake, Wilbur and reached our grocery store on Perry at two minutes of six and bought groceries and meat.

It was good to get home, turn on lights, and in half an hour the water was hot enough for baths.

The next day I washed, cleaned up the house and made a cake and hot dish to take out to the Thompsons' cruiser for the next day, the Fourth. Pauline took the night bus from Seattle and John got off at five a.m. to meet it when it came in and so brought her home for a waffle breakfast. Then the three of us went out to Pend Oreille and what a nice day we did have on that lovely boat. Pauline and the boys got 38 silver trout. That was Friday. On Saturday I took Pauline to lunch at the new Ridpath Hotel's King Cole room and then we shopped.

Pauline is Mrs. Sivear's brother's ^{daughter} ~~wife~~ and very French like her mother, the little French girl Mrs. Sivear's brother married. She's about my age and vivacious and dressy as can be and you should see her house, satin bows on everything and feathers sticking out of bouquets, and ornaments everywhere.

Sunday John came from work and the three of us went to Worley to John's sister's place to spend the day on the Coeur d'Alene beach with most of the relatives there. Pauline caught some perch from a rowboat. Monday a sister-in-law of hers who lives here in town took us to lunch at the Crescent and we shopped. Pauline pointed out fussy, frilly, embroidered things to me that I'd never before even noticed, being more conservative in dress, myself. Everybody on the street turns to look as she goes by which sort of embarrassed John the times he was along. But my how we did enjoy her! She is a lot of fun, but rather exhausting as all Latin peoples are with their demonstrativeness.

Tuesday we took her to Manito where she took a roll of colored snaps, we showed her the sights, and took her to the bus in the afternoon. She was to reach Seattle about midnight where her husband would meet her, he having stayed at home to take care of their bantams, guinea hens, pheasants, geese, and ducks which she wishes he'd sell, but which he loves so much that he'd rather stay home and take care of than to go traveling with her. Pauline had a very handsome son, tall, dark, who was a flyer. He was killed a year ago March and at times she feels pretty bad. Music or something will cause her to burst out crying and we all stop and comfort her as she is French and really cries. John was all worn out when she left, said he was glad I was not as temperamental as Pauline, though sometimes I think I'm pretty emotional myself.

So you see we've been on a merry-go-round. Thanks so much for your two big letters, one of which I received when we were leaving Frank's and the other when I got back to Tom's. Your card was here when we arrived.

Thursday Morning. After breakfast. John has gone down to the other house to fix the front door lock and to go to the store to get Crisco so that I can make a cherry pie from the fresh cherries we picked at Bertha's.

He came into the house twinkling this morning. He said that yesterday he was inspecting hose when a mouse jumped out and crawled up his sleeve. He gave it a slap and knocked "it for a loop." Then out of the hose rolled three pink mice. He said, "Then I did feel bad, so I went and found the mama mouse and tried to give her artificial respiration but she was dead. Then I put the baby mice in a box together with the dead mama mouse and sent the dead one and the living baby ones over to the Navy doctor." The doctor was much amused, laughed and gave the babies some chloroform and sent all the dead mice back to John for burial.

Did I tell you that on the Sunday before we left Dennis and two boys drove in from Seattle on their way to Blister Rust Camp. Dennis is in the army reserves, commissary dept., but got excused from drill this summer to work in the B.R. He is of course taking R.O.T.C. while he is in college and will graduate before his active service. He and his childhood and only sweetheart, Connie, will be married in September.

We called on his sister Patty when we were in Seattle. Mr. or Dr. Meyer is on the staff at Drake U. in Des Moines and his mother works in a doctor's lab. there, I may have told you.

Well bye-bye now. The folks are all fine. I've talked over the phone to them several times, though I haven't been out there yet, but will have John take me out one of these evenings. Be good to yourselves. I keep feeling that you'll be over sometime this summer, later, as you always used to do. Go easy on the foot and leg, Emmet.

All of my love,

Bertha

P.S. Our "hello's" to Joe, Doris, and Mack & Gordy. Just had a letter from Stammers telling of their "garden apartment."

Sunday Afternoon, July 27, 1952

Dear Montana Ones:

How are you all? I was glad to get the big letter and all the little tid-bits of picnics, news of the children, berry-picking and so forth and how all of us do hope your knee continues to improve and please, please be careful with it, Emmet. I trust the new baby is still doing well. Both baby sisters' names are lovely and so is Debbie's name, sweet.

I must fly thru this letter because I am even in a bigger hurry than usual.

First of all I'll tell you that Johnny graduated from his first school and qualified for another school in Jacksonville, Florida. That is where his very good friend Dick Allen is and so he and we all are hoping he will see Dick there and I am told he will. They say the higher up in schools you get there are not so many restrictions and everything is not "out of bounds" to you which is the case so often otherwise. Johnny flew to Florida last week and though I had two cards enroute I won't have his new address for a little while. The plane had just come down at Memphis where he had lunch. Then they were looking for a little lay-off at New Orleans which he hoped to see, the old French quarter, some southern homes and so forth.

Johnny said that much as he appreciated people's kind intentions that he would rather they would not send him candy or cookies, first because the food is wonderful and he has more than he can eat, and second because there is no place to keep anything which is sent to him, so I will pass the little word on to you to save you the trouble should you be considering any such thing, Alice, my dear. Thanks just the same. Also put a bug in Dordy's and Doris's ear.

Elsie dropped in from playing at Manito for the Missouri Picnic and is now napping on the couch as she played last night at the downtown Canasta Club which she does every Friday and Saturday nights.

John and I are leaving in the morning to take a 3-day trip to Lake Chelan, equi-distant from Seattle, 180 miles. We will take the boat trip on the long finger of the lake which points deep into the Cascades. The trip by water takes all day, round trip, up to the end and back. Then the third day we will go up thru Okanogan Country to Republic and down across the Columbia, ferrying below Keller.

Maybe we can take a little short trip or two some Sunday should you come over this late summer or fall.

We were thinking we'd have a neighbor feed and water Rex and let him stay here the three days as we can't take him on the boat since we don't take the car on Lake Chelan, just a water trip. I wasn't happy about leaving him, and neither were Rose and Elsie when they heard it. Both had a fit. Consequently, Elsie came by now and will take REX home with her to the ranch until we get back. They are surely wonderful to animals out there.

He was pretty good on the other trip, though we did have to walk him early every morning and he does get the car hairy. However, he doesn't leap in and out of it any more as he is getting stiff. John lifted him in and out, fed him, bedded him down, petted him--all for Johnny who gave us strict orders to be good to that Pooch. I had to laugh when you spoke of how he used "to sit and slobber" in anticipation as he rode. Well, he drooled into his own box as we had him sit in it in the back seat and in this new car the breech is too far between back seat and front for him to

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span the distance and lean on John's chair back. --I just put his bed and canned food in Elsie's car and off they drove, Rex looking back at me until I disappeared in the house, wanting me to come, too.

I have to give the utility room floor another coat of tile-red paint tonight. John has the room painted a clean grey-blue now. Saturday he started working on the patio in front.

My, we've been busy since coming home. Pauline was here several days. Then when she'd gone I re-upholstered my cogswell chair in beige tapestry with rose and gold flowers, quite a light piece of goods and it does like quite professional, if I do say so, myself. I bought a round upholstering needle and it certainly helped at the curves.

I cut out a white faille jacket, but haven't had time to sew it. I canned an apple box of apricots, jam and sauce. We went to the Valley and picked and bought a crate of raspberries which I canned and jammed. We gathered in our big crop of apples at the other house for the Major's wife, Marcy, and ourselves. I canned twenty-two pints of apple sauce. She did some and the rest is in the basement there for future use for pies and such. John drove stakes into the ground and tied up the heavy-blooming long-stalked flowers there. He fixed the front door lock. One day I washed Marcy's bathroom, ceiling, walls, woodwork, washed and waxed the floor, then another day John washed the kitchen and the walls and woodwork. She keeps the yard up so beautifully, working out in it in her brief, cute white shorts that we thought we'd help her out so everything will be nice when the Major returns from Maryland.

Last Sunday we drove to Springdale and spent it with Hooper's, the sheep people. We had a lovely dinner and such a good time with them. We went to a very fine rodeo one night at the new Memorial Stadium, one that the Shriners put on, the best I ever saw, talent from all over, and a lot from Bozeman. I thought of Doris having been rodeo Queen once.

We saw the movie, "The Elephant Hunters", said to be as good as "King Solomon's Mines", though we didn't think so, although it was good. So you can see, the grass doesn't grow under our feet. Howard Anderson who is a close fireman friend of John's, died and we went to his funeral. I wrote of going to his daughter's shower and wedding earlier this year.

Here's a snap of Rex and Johnny taken the night Johnny left his beloved dog. What a tender expression Johnny wears for the dog! I love this picture of Rex, his bright eyes, cute black nose and mouth and little tongue showing.

Now I must write to Johnny and when he sends me his address which will most likely be here in a letter waiting for me when we return Wednesday night I will have a letter ready to go and take it down to the P.O. and mail it air mail, as I haven't been able to write him for almost two weeks now since he has been getting ready to go, leaving and arriving in the new place.

The folks are all fine. Rose is still having the Spifford house done and Papa and Ernie work on the place.

I inclose Aunt Minnie's letter. I just answered it. You need not return it. Aren't those Kissane children the smartest ones, though, John being first in a graduating Medical Class and from such a wonderful college as George Washington of St. Louis! And Jimmy being the A number one student at that scholastically-fine college at Grinnell! Our dearest love to you all and be good to yourselves. Lovingly,

Alberta