

Galveston, Texas
January 14, 1933

Dear Folks:

I'm sitting, packed and ready, in the back seat of the car waiting for the boys to start the car.

We reached Galveston, Tues. nite, the 12th, after driving two days and a half thru Big Texas. Galveston is a resort town on an island, 50 miles out of Houston, the largest Texan city. As we drove down the esplanade in Galveston to the Beach Blvd. I was entranced with the huge old mansions and gardens. The houses bespeak a grandeur of a by-gone day and what a day it must have been! I think some of the oldest houses have stood for 250 years.

Back of the esplanade are other big houses, fine in their time, but now filled with negro families and one sees brightly-colored washings waving from fancy wrought-iron-trimmed balconies. So many negroes! The downtown section and the oldest residence sections are over run with blacks. The rest rooms here in the South designate, "White Women."

2. "White Man"

We had a two-story brick motel fairly new, facing a big green lawn, and across the Blvd. was the open gulf. We had the end apt. upstairs opening to the balcony. Lonely windows all around the apt. A beautiful pink-tiled bathroom, birch doors, venetian blinds, all quite nice. We are right at the entrance of Ft. Crockett on the Blvd.

Did I tell you that we came from Las Vegas to needles not stopping at Boulder's Dam as we had been there before? We had been up to Prescott on our way to Phoenix before and besides we thought it might be colder at this time of year than the needles route. We didn't think the roads and highways too precipitous where we went thru in 1939.

We were so glad to find your letter at Phoenix, which we read as soon as I got out to the car. I had already written you a post card which I mailed before reading your letter. You didn't say anything, Alice, about how your eyes are. I hope better.

3. (Left the motel and are now sitting 2.
in car waiting for the Port
Arthur Ferry on way to New Orleans,
just out of Galveston now.) It
is coming back toward us. The
seagulls are wheeling all around,
the Gulf is rough, the sky overcast
and raining. But the air is soft
and balmy. The rain seems good
to us after the very dry Southwest.)

From Phoenix we drove to Tucson.
Along the way we saw negroes
picking cotton in the dusty
cotton fields. Such toil! And
their poor little shacks along
the way with outdoor latrines
were pitiful. Poor human beings!

At Tucson we had a beautiful
southwestern type motel, beamed
ceilings, casement windows,
navajo rug on the floor,
huge, woven Mexican hats
decorating the walls. I
love the beautiful tiled
kitchens and baths.
All along the way are signs
"Rocks, gems, etc." In Tomb-
stone, the Johns went down
into the famous Schieffelin
Silver mine and brought up some
rock with green coloring in it,

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silver-bearing, John said. We
will give you some. I keep moving
"rocks" from floor of car and
trunk to cans and boxes. We
have picked up quite a few.
They have made quite a thing
of rock and gem shops all
thru the Southwest, John
says, Emmet, that you and
he will have to make a
trip to Death Valley and other
"rocky" places in the South-
west some time and pick
up rocks to your hearts'
content.

Tombstone was a
fascinating ghost town and
what a past it had! Even
more colorful than I had
before heard. We got pamphlets
there and read all about it.
Lovely, sunny, high plateau
with nice fresh, but dry air.
And the epitaphs on the tombstones
were really something, "Johnson
shot by mistake" "Margarita
stabbed by dance hall girl, Silver
Dollar". (This ball pen isn't
much to my liking.)

Then we drove to Lordsburg,
New Mexico, where we stayed at
a very nice Biltmore motel, up.

early then, Sunday morn. and had hot cakes and off we went in the cool windy morning with me thinking it was like Montana and getting quite a thrill out of the similarity. (John has been looking around and now gets in the car. He was watching porpoise jumping in Galveston Bay. Ferry is here. It is the "Sterling". Now we are all lined up on it and presently will be crossing. It is a 15-minute run across to Bolivar on East Bay. Waw! What a blast of the whistle! Johnny says, "Clang the bell now and let's get going, Skipper!" Here we go! Bon Voyage! We pass tiny islands full of palm trees. Along the Boulevard at Galveston were several old gun mounts of previous wars protecting this Gulf coast.)

Well now to go back in my story, we got to El Paso about noon after leaving Lordsburg. There we visited young Capt. Fred Lampert, the Col's son. He and his wife have just come back from 3 years' tour of duty in Germany. They brought beautiful pictures, clocks and figurines with them. Lovely workmanship.

We had coffee and fruit cake, admired the new baby girl, visited with their 6-year-old Billy, and went on to Van Horn that night right out on the Texas plains. We love the wide open spaces after the perfectly dense traffic and smog of Los Angeles. Johnny Boy especially loves the uncrowded plains after the navy yard barracks life. Here in Galveston he bought himself a big brown-gold ten-gal. hat to wear with his levis. In the interior of Texas it is like a by-gone day, farm houses with kerosene lamps, "out-door plumbing" and so forth but big and flat with sheep and cattle and occasional oak groves.

We stayed at Austin, the capitol, saw the university and capitol building and came on to Houston and then Galveston. (We are almost across the ferry, "bye" for now.) We drove on road "290" clear across Texas, now on 87 to Orange.

Later - Here we are at Lake Charles at a "Dairy Town" with John buying us ice cream.

We have been going thru flat country swamp land with groves of bright green sugar pines along the way. Southern towns are very untidy and everywhere one sees beautiful old mansions fallen into decay. However, there are sections of big homes.

Jan. 15. In New Orleans.

Lovely, silky, warm air this morn. Awakened by singing birds. Fascinating place. I am so eager to see everything. Much of the old here. You can touch hands across the narrow streets. Am writing between bells. Hectic driving. Will write on typewriter later. May stay here a week. Will take bus tours and a ride on a President boat on the Mississippi R. before we leave. Write us General Delg. St. Augustine Florida. Mark
"Hold 'em days!"

Love to all,
Alberta.

at Posatello, Oct. 30, 1953

Dear Alice & Emmet:

Well, here we are on our way. But how busy we were before getting started, so many interruptions and getting the two houses in shape for our long absence was such a chore we couldn't prepare for our own trip properly. So finally mon. afternoon of the 26th we just "picked up the brick house and shook it into the car and trailer" and started at 4 p.m.

The people were not moving in until Tues.

We got to Clarkston about 7:30 p.m. where Edith had a lovely dinner waiting for us in her lovely new home. We started about 11 the next morning and have had the loveliest sunny, really warm weather all the way down here. We thought it was a shame you couldn't have had weather like this when you went "trailing". The scenery was beautiful. Reached here Thurs.

We thought of you as we went
along the same route.

Love to all
Alberta
"hello" say
you were here &
Thank
They

We had a tragedy the week be-
fore we started - our Rex was
gone a ^{min.} ~~few~~ ^{of} ~~minutes~~ ^{minutes} ~~day~~ & ~~night~~,
and finally a lady saw him drag-
ging himself home by his shoulders
on Wednesday.
He had been in the cold rain all
that time. His lady dried him,
with a bath towel and notified
us. John brought him home. We
took him to a vet as Rex couldn't
stand up. He was there in the
hospital 24 hours and the vet
said he could treat him but still
he couldn't give us any hope so
we had to decide to have him
put to sleep - so has ended
another era, 12 years of sweet
devotion from our dear little
cocker Rex. Tears ran into my
packing for 3 days. We don't know
what happened to him but are so
glad he was found before we left.
Aunt Minnie & Uncle Jeff are fine,

P.S. After lunch on Fri. Aunt
Minnie is feeding us so well.
and we are enjoying it here at
their comfortable home. However,
I think we shall be on our way
to Salt Lake to-morrow morning
so as to get farther south
before the weather changes. yet
we travel slowly and John loves
parking the trailer on the prairie
and hearing the coyotes howl.

Alice you did such a good job
describing it here that it seemed
very natural and homelike even to
the little green rug with the "Welcome"
sign on it.

Aunt Minnie said that you
both are such lovely visitors to
have they'd like to have you come
at any time. They are very sweet
people.

Well, bye-bye now. I left

The folks at home very well.

Love to both of you and the
children & wee ones. Write us
at 165 La Vista Grande Drive,
Santa Barbara, Calif. c/o
Fred Sinear. We may not
be there for 2 weeks.

Love,

A.

not here now → **MILAR'S MOTEL**

HOTEL · MOTEL · HOUSEKEEPING

but here }
now }
but here }

*Nestled between the Deep Blue Sea
and Monterey Pines*

1073 LIGHTHOUSE AVENUE
PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA

Ocean Beach Drive,
Eleven miles from the
Point Mugu gate.

November 21, 1953

Ormond, Calif.

Dear Alice and Emmet:

Thanks so very much for the letter, Alice, and the very nice birthday card, Emmet which was waiting for me when we got back to Sivear's from our trip to San Francisco. I could not let you know, Alice, when we would be at Pocatello because so many things happened to delay us just before we left. It certainly was a hectic time what with getting the brick house ready, getting Kingslands settled for the winter without us there to help them, and grieving over dear Rex. My packing was certainly salted down with tears for him. We shall never have another dog. There will never be one like Rex for me and besides it is too hard to part with a faithful little friend like Rex was to me and their lives are short at best.

John worked until midnight on cleaning up our basement every night for a week and a half. Then the oil tank in the new house sprung a leak, Kingslands called us. John dashed up there and sure enough about thirty gallons of oil had poured out over the basement. John phoned the oil man and had the other two hundred gallons pumped out, and next day we had to go down and order



"Home of the Monarchs"

2.

a new tank to the tune of sixty dollars. The store felt it should not replace the tank because the oil dealers had been putting in some substance to remove sludge and it caused an electrolysis which beat holes in tanks. They, ^{the} ~~tanks~~ had been going out all over town. However, they said they might make some allowance, so far it is not settled, but John bought a new tank and put it in and all of that trouble consumed three days. He had been working against time putting in that lovely double cabinet sink in our brick house and so then he had to work until midnight for about three nights to get the sink in. So, as I wrote you, on the 26th we just picked up the house and shook it into the trailer and started about four in the afternoon. We were so busy getting things fixed for our tenants that we couldn't spend any time getting ready ourselves and I was so all in I tried to write a note or two before leaving and I could not push the pen, lucky I could resort to the typewriter. And with little REXIE having to be taken it was about too much for me.

But after we were on our way we began to get organized and rested. Edith and her husband had a wonderful place in Clarkston and were grand to us, likewise the Kissanes and Jeff and Minnie. We slept in a room in Leedices' house and ate delicious meals at Minnie's. And it should warm your hearts, you two dear people, to hear how much they think of you. Leedice said she had wanted to write me last spring when you visited them how much they all liked and enjoyed you. Aunt Minnie said you were wonderful visitors to have, so pleasant and easy. Uncle Jeff said he had not been around his relatives much and it sure was wonderful finding Emmet again and knowing him. So you see, they really do love to have you come and do not see you often enough.

John was certainly sold on Death Valley as a winter vacation spot. It was so lovely and balmy there and a rock picker's paradise. We are going back there with Johnny the first week in January.

MILAR'S MOTEL

HOTEL - MOTEL - HOUSEKEEPING

*Nestled between the Deep Blue Sea
and Monterey Pines*

1073 LIGHTHOUSE AVENUE
PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA

We arrived at Sivear's Friday eve of the second week we had left. Ora fried lamb chops and whipped up a good supper, tho they had just eaten theirs. Then on Sat. afternoon, we drove the fifty miles to Mugu and left our telephone number with the gate guard for Johnny to call when he returned to the base from Oxnard where he was at that time. So we drove along the lovely seashore back to Santa Barbara which is by far the prettiest of any of the towns and some of them are very nice here. No sooner had we gotten in the house and started dinner than there was a knock at the door and here stood Johnny grinning and tall, handsome, Chief Art Greycloud, very dignified behind him. So we pulled them in, all had a good dinner in great merriment, and Ora had both boys spend the week end.

Then on Monday with the boys gone back to the base, we left our trailer at Sivear's and drove up to war S.F. A little over halfway we stopped at Monterey and Carmel-BY-the-Sea and how we loved it there! We were there in 1939, too, you know. It is a haven for artists, writers and wealthy people with lovely homes. We went thru an art museum and John was not impressed; because there was so much of the freakish modern art on display at that period. Next to our cabin was the famous artist, Paul Lauritz, who has shown his pictures all over the world. His wife is Irish and he is Norwegian, and as we talked we learned he used to live in Nelson, his brother had a meat market there, another brother lived in Fernie and he had often been in Spokane, the artist, that is.



"Home of the Monarchs"

4. Well, they showed us pictures and he invited us to see his display of pictures at Carmel in a few days, but we were leaving. Then he asked us to visit him in his studio in Hollywood when we get down there. The King of Norway bought a picture of his, Eisenhower has some of his work, and Lauritz has won seventy-five famous awards. So that was rather interesting. We saw many arty people, men, wearing those French berets on the sides of their heads, blue and other colors. John is a little leery of that type of man, but Lauritz was natural and wholesome and he paints things naturally as they are, so John took him to his heart.

So we took the two days to go the 362 miles to S. F. The first night up there we couldn't get our Marina Motel which we liked so much and stayed at the S.F. Motel up the street, but *so we* the next morning early we dashed over there *to* and then there was an apartment vacant so we moved right in. We phoned our friends, Bill and Rosita. You know Bill's father owns the yellow cab company with a fleet of six hundred Plymouth yellow cabs and Bill drives a cream Plymouth, so they must think they are good upstanding cars. Well, they sent a cab for us, showed us all thru their plant and took us to dinner at Veneto's, an Italian restaurant, heavy with atmosphere, candles in wine bottles, red and blue checked table cloths, fire place glowing, colored glass windows with Italian scenes, and perfectly marvelous food. We ate from seven until nine-thirty and were so replete with food we didn't feel hungry for 24 hours later.

Our friends arranged a tour with the grey-line bus company which costs seven and a half, but they do favors for the bus line and so got passes for us. That trip all over S. F. was wonderful in a huge glass-topped bus. What an entertaining bus driver we did have! He was so comical and so informative. That really was a delightful trip. Well, after several days we came back to Sivears and by that time an infection I had picked up somewhere and (Please look on back of pink sheet.)

5.

which settled on the back of my neck in the hairline had become very painful so back to Sivears we came and they being druggists tried to doctor me but didn't have much luck.

Well, then, we were also hunting some place to live and were we ever disappointed! John had said we could stand a hundred a month if we had to and we perhaps could have had a better chance if we tried to get something in Santa Barbara but that was too far for Johnny to come and go. Because there is so much military around here places were high and few and poor. There were a couple of places about equal to our house in Spokane but they wanted three hundred a month for them, and houses like ours sell for 25, 000 dollars here, they are not constructed as well and they do not have basements. Dirty little apartments and shacks rent for eighty to a hundred a month. Well, finally I saw these apartments advertised on Ocean Drive. I asked a real estate man about them and he said they were about the best available. So we drove here and here was a nice U-shaped apartment of yellow stucco, the apartments all facing a cement patio which is the inside of the U. Then the open part of the U faces the lovely white sandy beach and the ocean right across the paved Ocean Beach Drive. We could have had a smaller apartment for sixty a month or this larger one, which we took for a month for seventy-five. It was so much better than anything we saw that we moved right in. Military people and an engineer from Mugu live in the other apartments.

There is one large room, it must be 26 by 26 feet; it is living room, dining room, and a bar-shaped affair with big green leather stools separates the kitchen part. Off this big room is a bedroom with twin maple beds, a table and lamp between, a chest of drawers and a big dresser. A closet and bathroom are joined to this. There is a daveno in the living room for Johnny. The floors are those tile blocks and there is a rug in the living room space on top of the waxed tile.

We went to the store, bought steak and vegetables, I got supper and John went to the Mugu gate at a quarter of five as we told Johnny we would have Daddy do if we found a place. We decided, John and I, not to tell him where it was but just bring him here, but the rascal said when John came this way, "You must have got an apartment at the beach!" So, I was standing in the lighted door with an apron on as I have so often seen you do, Alice, to welcome the weary coming for the evening meal and it was just wonderful having the two come smiling, and being all together again. Johnny said, "Not bad, not bad."

At bedtime we drove Johnny back to the base as he had asked his C. O. for Tuesday off, and had to report out at eight in the morning. Then we got him about eight-thirty the next morning and drove up to Sivears and got our trailer and the rest of our things. Ora and Fred were going to a funeral but she had some meat balls and said for us to just warm them up so we did and had a little lunch, and drove back here. Most nights Johnny goes back to the base but we get him and he has dinner with us and then this week end he is with us. To-day we packed our lunch and went to the hills where we saw beautiful Spanish homes, lemon and orange orchards, then we walked the beach when we came home. Right now the men are sitting out in the car listening to the radio while I write. Chief Greycloud is here, too, this evening and he said he would bring his radio for us to use inside while we are here. We brought about everything but a house radio. Johnny asks for things and when I produce it, he says, "Mother, did you leave anything at all at home?" It seems to me that we brought far too much of everything

Wednesday Morning, Sept. 3.

Dear Brother and Sister:

Thanks for the good letter. Evidently you stayed at Mack's for the two days on which he and Dorcy went to Calgary. And I suppose they went to the Stampede, did they? (No, you say they went to sell the combine.) Rip and Olive Anderson were here last night until almost midnight. They had just got back from Banff and Jasper, Edmonton, Calgary, Crow's Nest Pass and had such a wonderful trip that I wished I could have been starting out this morning to cover the same delightful, scenic ground. Rip is the brother of Howard Anderson who died about a month ago.

My, how busy we have been. Last Thursday I had a luncheon for Agnes E., Berenice S., Mildred Walker, Marcy, the Major's cute, vivacious young wife, Jeanne L. and myself. They were all friendly and jolly and seemed to enjoy the lunch and our unusual house. Little Sandra, a neighbor girl, keeps us in flowers for our mantel and table this summer. One neighbor brought me a dishpan full of almost every vegetable one can think of from her garden. Mrs. Logan sent over an apple pie the other day and the blindman brought me up a coal scuttle of crabapples. So the neighbors are very nice and generous.

Saturday I went down town and had a pair of sheets, largest size, sent to Dennis and Connie for their wedding and went to Dodson's Jewelry Store (for Jy.) and had some china sent to Connie. Her pattern is Wheat in the Lennox. A dinner plate and a cup and saucer came to \$11.85, pretty steep, which makes the set come to three or four hundred dollars. But Johnny said to send something nice for him as Dennis is his longest-time friend and he thinks Connie is such an outstandingly nice girl. Connie has all of her sterling silver. To-night, they will be married.

By arrangement, I met Mary Pease when I was down town and she came home with me for the rest of the day and night. Then Sunday I got a big dinner and Margaret Greeves, her son, daughter and two children came in for dinner. I bought little shoes for the two new babies which her two daughters had a month apart, and gave them as gifts at dinner. After dinner, the eight of us, including Mary went driving all over the south hill and to Manito to see the exquisite begonias in the green house and the other outdoor flowers. Then when John's cousins went back to Dudley we took Mary to CDA., called at the nursing home where Mrs. Pease stays and then to the mayor's house for Sunday night supper as had been previously-arranged for us to do. Grace is still the same very pleasant girl.

Her husband is just a peach of a fellow and he has done so well, though he keeps himself so busy he is seldom home. He has a Yakima store, a CDA. store and a Wallace store. Every summer he has a picnic on CDA. Lake for his employees and their families. Grace said this year there will be 150 present. Larry furnishes all the food. He scouts around to find the best chickens available, has them cooked at a restaurant, fried, has salad made, rolls, coffee, and ice cream and cake. Grace says she doesn't mind how much people eat and enjoy but there is always so much wasted. She said the children grab a chicken leg, take one bite out of it and toss the rest away and take another. I think I'd stop feeding the crowd if I were Larry Gardiner and the pains he goes to were no more appreciated than that. But my, he is so pleasant, jolly and well-met. He and Grace are starting out for Yellowstone when the picnic is over, and are looking forward to a little rest. They rent the Boy Scout Camp up the lake for the picnic as the scout camp is closed for the season. Larry's stores sell automotive parts.

2.

Labor day John worked and I wrote letters and got some manuscripts ready for mailing. I called on Dick Allen's mother and on the woman, Mrs. Mumme, who gave me the vegetables. She and her husband had just returned from a trip to Wallowa Lake near Enterprise, Ore., coming home by the Snake R. and the peach orchards, and she gave me a bag of nice tree-ripened peaches they had picked. We have had two apple boxes for eating. Peaches are plentiful and cheap this year.

Margaret Greeves brought in a big cocanut cake, and a big roaster of blackberries from her farm patch and so yesterday I made blackberry jam with MCP pectin and a blackberry pie. I also made two big peach pies for John to take to his firemen to-day.

Ella Hough is in town staying at the Crest Hotel having her sore knee treated. I'm expecting her to call and perhaps come up to spend the night to-day. I had written her and her sister to drive in from Wallace for my luncheon but they weren't able to come that day.

Ella and Tom were over for a couple of days and brought some peaches to the folks from Wenatchee and Ella canned them all up for Rose while she was here. Rose is still busy getting that Spofford house re-conditioned. I just talked to her and all is well at home. Ernie went to Seattle for a few days last week.

Did I read that little story for teen-agers to you, called "Gift Box," about the cuckoo clock? I sent it away the eleventh of August to the Mehtodist Publishing House and this week back came a nice check for it. I liked that story and it will be fun to see it in print. I am anxious to see how it is illustrated.

I wrote an article about the Lake Chelan trip, a humorous one, maybe I told you. It is out in the mails now, along with half a dozen other things and my precious book is still in New York. The last letter I got about it said that the staff thought it interesting and very well done--I still wait the pleasure of the publishers while they decide if it is the kind that will be a money-maker for them or not--the question is not how good a book is, the question is always will it be the kind to sell lots of copies and make money for the publisher? But that's natural, publishers are in the business to make money like all other business enterprises.

We were sorry to hear about Fred. My!My! And back to work he went in spite of doctor's orders. Perhaps he feels if he can't work he might as well be dead.

John, I thought was working entirely too hard excavating for our garage and driveway and so I put a stop to it. I just put my foot down and told him life was too short to work like that and I called up some contractors. The upshot is that a steamshovel man is coming Mon., the 8th to do the work to the tune of a hundred dollars. He won't move his equipment for less, but that's better than John working himself into a stroke. So John will be mighty busy next week. Jim Runkel, to whom we gave our ivory and green stove and to whom we loaned our trailer for the summer will come and help John lay the cement garage floor and side and front terraces.

Spokane Fair started up again, but John and I were too busy to go, not too interested either, as it is just a jip-affair to take your money, even charge for parking and is on the flats east of Spokane. The good fair grounds were sold 20 years ago for a song, unfortunately. Both of you take

Regards to Lane To Davis, Joe, Mack, & Dorothy

3900 Ocean Drive
Route 1, Box 590
Oxnard, California

Nov 1953

Dear Alice and Emmet:

We went up to Santa Barbara last Tuesday and sure enough there was a welcome letter from you in which both of you precious people had written. And so now you are wood carving, Emmet, well more power to you. You are becoming quite a craftsman. Since we have this apartment until at least Dec. 16th you may write us at the above address provided you send off your letter by the tenth or eleventh and then unless I tell you to continue writing us here you may send your mail to Santa Barbara after that, but we may stay here until the last of Dec.

The two Johns love it here by the ocean as there is always beach-walking to do and wandering among the sand dunes back of the beach housing strip here. And it is a wonderful place for Johnny to bring his friends as we have such a big living area and they love sitting on the leather stools which are in front of the bar that separates our kitchen space from our living room space. There I stand back of the bar like a lunch counter woman handing out the eats.

Greycloud loaned us his radio and record player and about a hundred records all indexed in a nice case. I never knew Indians laughed so much, John makes Greycloud laugh out loud. Now that John is rested and on vacation he looks ten years younger and is so funny he has all the boys "in stitches" most of the time. Other boys come here, too, and after bedding Johnny on the daveno, Art in our tepee on wheels, which is our trailer, and another boy on sleeping cot in sleeping bag, John asked me how I like living in a navy barracks.

Then on Thanksgiving Day we were Johnny's guests, John and I, at Point Mugu. The boys were allowed to bring two guests by paying *(for each guest)* \$1.20 each and what a dinner we did have! The blue jacket boys all looked so trim, so sweet, so young, and I thought as I gazed at them what wouldn't their mothers and fathers give to be able to look in upon them as we were privileged to do that day? John kept reciting as we drove to the base, "Over the river and thru the woods to Uncle Sam's house we go!" So we had our thanksgiving dinner at Uncle Sam's house. We thought the base very nice, lots of lawns, beautiful flowers, nice barracks and wonderful "Ship's Service" building where the boys can just buy everything, have their pictures taken, bowl, and have snacks. And I could see what Johnny meant when he said that in the Navy everywhere you look "you see sailors." I think John and I were the only parents in the great mess hall. There were sweethearts and wives and children and friends. Such lovely food and in what quantities! We could eat no more than soup the next day.

After the dinner, Johnny, John and I and Art took a drive back into the hills and canyons. What beautiful ranches we passed! Miles upon miles of white fences inclosing black Angus cattle, herefords, race horses, and endless citrus groves. Some of the ranch mansions were beautiful stucco and tile, Spanish type, and others the low-lying, long, modern ranch houses. Down here there are such beautiful bright doors, all lovely colors--and the flowers, well, one has to see them to believe.

2.

Did I tell you in my last letter that Bing Crosby has stables, race horses and nice fields up in this region, he and another man named Ling and so they call the place Bingleing?

We came home from our lovely drive in what is called "Thousand Oaks" and "The Hidden Hills," also a drive around Lake Sherwood and then we went into Oxnard to see that hilarious musical comedy with Doris Day starring as Calamity Jane. Howard Keel sings a wonderful song about "Take me Back to the Black Hills." I think you would enjoy the picture, it's beautiful in color and photographed up here in Thousand Oaks country and the interior scenes were made in Hollywood. Johnny saw those scenes made one day when he was a guest at the studios and he thought Doris Day very cute and magnetic. He told us interesting little bits about the picture being made which we enjoyed hearing, too.

Sunday morning, the last of November--To-day, Johnny, John, and I and Leo Parres, a boy from Spokane are going to take a picnic and go to Oji again, a quaint, Spanish town with arched streets back in the hills. It is pronounced O-Hi. It is a perfectly glorious day like in July. I just packed a lunch and the three men had a morning tour of the white sandy beach.

Did I forget to tell you that I heard from Cora in Haney, B.C. She said that she lost her Jim last spring. He died of cancer. You remember my telling you that we saw him in Vancouver when he was dismissed from the hospital. Bye-Bye now and take care of your dear selves. We all send our love to all of you. Alberta. *Alberta*

Well, a day or two ago, after we got moved here my two Johns lugged me off to a doctor in Oxnard, a very nice, young, efficient smart young doctor whom I thought must be like John Kissane. Right away he named the horrible-sounding organism causing the trouble on my neck and perscribed for me and so now I am getting better. I really was pretty miserable for a few days. It is bad enough to have to pay six and seven dollars a night in motels without having to pick up germs there, too. It makes us feel that our trailer is far safer. So when I moved in here, I bought Purex, sterilized basin, shower floor and sink, bought Lysol and used it, too, so as not to get any other kind of infection.

Aunt Minnie said Don was out of school teaching at Arco for a whole week on account of the athlete's foot he contracted on his trip east this summer. Leedice also got it and both had to be doctored.

Well, about the second day we were here our lovely calm, nicely rolling sea became an angry lashing monster that bellowed into a driving wind which sent sand a-flying and made a film of sand in our patio and little dunes on Ocean drive. It was snug in here tho with the gas wall heater turned on and the wind a-whistling around the outdoor corners. I said to John, "It makes me homesick for Montana." Johnny said, "I think the reason you got this good place and were lucky to find an apartment vacant is because some people aren't tough enough to live by the ocean."

The next morning the owner was sweeping out the patio and he said, "That storm was really a stinker, but we seldom have them." Well, to-day and most other days the ocean has been a lamb and John adores walking the beach and staring at the breakers and watching the seagulls fly right along the crest of the waves looking for fish. Back of this line of big homes that face the drive are sand dunes with desert growth on them. John walks among the dunes and I follow dumbly like an Indian squaw and we watch Jack rabbits, birds and look at desert flowers. Then all around us back of the sea towns are beautiful mountains, so it really is quite beautiful here with lots of sea and sky and sun and sand.

On my birthday Ora had some couples in after supper and we played Canasta and she served ice cream, cake and coffee, and she broke out a bottle of wine at the dinner table before the guests came and she got so gay she said, "Let's not was the dishes." But with company coming, John and Fred and I washed them and by that time she had got over her extreme gayety. She is quite a woman, but really lots of fun. She certainly is hospitable and good-hearted.

To-morrow we are going into the mountains and canyons again and taking a lunch as it is Sunday. Johnny knows all the drives around here. We went close to Bing's stables to-day, six miles from here he and a friend of his have their race horses and stables.

I forgot to say when we were at Monterey at the toll gate of the 17-mile Monterey Ocean Drive with its famous wind-driven cypress trees I said to the tollgate keeper that we like Bing Crosby, were from Spokane and where was his place on the beach? (Over.)

7. She said she had not been in the habit of telling but, however, she told us and so on the drive we came to Pebble Beach past the golf lodge and down by the sea back of closely fenced redwood palings we saw his 600,000 dollar estate which he occupies only about two weeks out of the year.

Well, I must stop now. It certainly doesn't seem like Thanksgiving or holiday time what with flowers, sunshine, and such warmth, people going bathing and all the children barefoot. But it is a fine time we are having and so wonderful to be here with Johnny that we consider ourselves very lucky. It was good to get away from the regular routine and John is happy as a lark. I thought he would kill himself laughing at an ape in the S. F. zoo.

We shall still get our mail at Sivears as we will only be here three weeks more then go to San Diego, Long Beach, and Los Angeles for a week, then when we come back for that last week I don't know yet whether we shall be at Santa Barbara or here, yet.

I'll send you a few good snaps when I get some more printed. Lots of love from all of us and take care of yourselves.

Alberta. I think the reason you got this good place and were lucky to find an apartment vacant is because some people aren't tough enough to live by the ocean."

Love to the children. We would

have enjoyed seeing you
Joe & Davis & Jerry

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(Over.)

Dec. 11, 1953

Dear Montana Ones:

It's right after lunch. John is putting up some hooks in the trailer to hang our clothes above the foot of the bed when we retire for the night in the days to come when we go traveling again. This is one of the windy days, tho the wind is warm it is blowing sand around. I walked on the shoreline before lunch and the waves came up so far and high one of them caught me once and engulfed my foot and leg. But oh, that lovely green wall of glistening water that comes rushing toward you! It's sharp crest breaks and it spreads into a lacey fringe, recedes and back it comes roaring again. There's freshness and beauty, but also power and danger: the drama of the sea. We have had a good month of rest here by the fresh ocean and good air and sunshine.

On Wed^{of this week} we started for Santa Barbara. Passed a beautiful white stucco store, Sear's, in Ventura, went in and browsed around and the merchandise and Christmas decorations were lovely. John was looking for an overload spring in case he might need it for the back of the car in pulling the trailer. I bought fresh chocolate maple buds, those cream-filled sugar candies, satin candies and cashew nuts and they were so good that I resolved I would get some more when we go up this week end to send to Papa for Christmas. Then John bought a huge bag of freshly-roasted or popped pop corn. We put all purchases on the seat between us and drove up the lovely curving ocean-side highway with its fronds of palms against the sky to Santa Barbara. And of course hands dipped often into the various bags.

When we reached Sivear's (she always has a key hidden out for us) we went in and found our mail, with your dear letter there, and a note saying they had gone Christmas shopping. We went thru the long, floor-length windows on to the sun-drenched patio and I read all the mail to John and there was surely a pile of it.

Then down town into Santa Barbara, we went, and bumped into Bertha's sister-in-law, Mrs. Lampert, the colonel's wife. We asked her to come have

2.

lunch with us in a hotel coffee shop and then we'd take her home, but she insisted on taking us home to lunch to their very lovely home. It is full of treasures which she and her husband got in his tours of duty in Porto Rico, The Philippines, and on their trip to China; ^{it} reminds me of Uncle Tom's things.

After lunch we all walked in the yard and admired the banks and banks of geraniums, pure cala lilies, poinsettias as high as the house and then she told us to pick some figs from her fig tree which we did, although this is not their best season. Out of the colonel's garden she gave us some red and green peppers and two big egg plants. We visited with her and Colonel Fred until about four, then drove back to Sivears. Although Ora wanted us to stay for dinner, we thought she'd be tired from shopping and came on home.

That was a lovely trip home in the dark of the evening. With a red afterglow of the sunset on the sea, the palms silhouetted against a starlit sky in which a quarter moon was riding; I had the fancy I was driving along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

When we reached home we found some more mail which was sent here. And as soon as we had our supper there was a knock at the door and here were Arthur Greycloud and Don Goolihan, the Irish lad. We gave them coffee at our snack bar (they had just come from chow) and they liked the hard satin candy. Art played his records and the boys talked about all the things they were going to do when they get back to Spokane. ^(on Xmas leave, soon.) My, there are a lot of homesick boys in the service! I see them wandering thru the towns in their trim blues, bewildered and lonely-looking, and I wish and wish the world were a nice place and did not have any military organizations.

Johnny had the duty. He has had so much of it at nights and weekends that some weeks he does not get here more than once or twice, but that is better than nothing and we can stand it and so can he since he will soon be thru, Hurrah and hooray!

Well, then, the next morning the manager here came bearing a package from Joe and Doris and did we ever love the pictures of the little girls! They are just adorable children. No wonder you all love them so and are so proud of them, you are indeed doubly blessed to have two sets of such darlings, Joe's and Mack's. When Johnny came back that evening he said, "They're sure cute, but you know I've never got to see any of those kids, either Mack's or Joe's." And I said, "Well, no wonder between the Blister Rust Work and the Navy!"

I inclose a "candid shot," John and I had a man slip ^{up} on us in San F. and take of us. My neck was really hurting those last few days and I show it, but that John, doesn't he look debonair!

Yes, Minnie does look to tiny and a little frail, but I marvel how smart she stays and how efficient she remains. You know, Leedice was certainly a dear and dutiful daughter to give up that nice house she and Don had built and in which the children grew up for that older duplex. She said that she felt pretty bad the last night she was in that other house having a feel^{ing} that moving was cutting her off from the children, but she found after she moved that was just a mood, that the children came home to the duplex and life went on. But I can see how she wants the two older people with her so she can keep an eye on them and enjoy them after all these years of separation. She comes in after school in her sweet and gracious way and gives each a hug. Uncle Jeff says that if she ever has ~~any~~ ^{any} problems she keeps them to herself. She is certainly an extraordinarily fine woman, I have always felt. And I know Uncle Jeff misses his old life but moving seems to have been best for them since he is thru his work and the climate is so much better in Pocatello.

Mrs. Sivear has invited us up for Sat., Sun., and Mon. She is taking me to the University Women's Christmas party Sat. afternoon. In the evening the four of us will go to the Eastern Star installation, Sunday for a picnic and Monday the colonel and his wife are taking us to a smorgasbord luncheon at the Carillo Hotel. In late afternoon we ^{will} come back to the base here to bring Johnny home for supper.

(over)

If Johnny gets a ten-day leave from the 17th to the 27th we shall leave for the lower cities and for a trip down into western Mexico (Somehow they don't tell the boys until the very day they go--I'd run the Navy much different and maybe more efficiently too, by crackey!) If he doesn't then we shall try to get an apartment right in Oxnard over Christmas and make two week end trips with Johnny down to L.A. on one, and to San Diego on another to see a football game in which Johnny's beloved Roffler is playing for the army.

I wrote to Ernie to fly down and either meet us here or in Death Valley and travel with us a few weeks if he could get off. He wrote so wistfully how much he envied us and would like to get away from the wet and cold and John and I sent him an airmail right away to join us. I wish you folks could join us in Death Valley, too. You could take the train to Las Vegas and we could meet you, or there are busses running up the 138 mi. to Death Valley, I believe, tho they may be few and far between. It would not be so good coming down by car as I don't blame you for not wanting to travel in winter. We were lucky we started early as the weather has been like mid-July ever since we left home.

It is a pity that poor Daddy did not know Joe's connection or even know Joe, that just breaks my heart. I don't like being so far from him but I am hoping John will not want to be so long away another time. I miss the comforts of my nice home and my pretty table settings and being able to cook. The gas stove in this apartment won't even toast bread. But it is a wonderful opportunity I am having to see the country and we have no colds, nor rheumatism.

Alice, dear, I do hope your eyes get better. It is most annoying not to be up to par.

Speaking of rocks, Uncle Jeff so proudly told us that he had "sent Emmet rocks." John picked up a whole box for you everywhere we have been, but the other night he looked them over and compared them with information in his rock book and now there the rocks lie all over my snack bar. John has discarded them as "not worth a darn."

Now I must pack up some things for the weekend, all dressup clothes--I like them better than roughing-it togs. Then Johnny and Art will be here for supper to-night just preceding Johnny's three days of duty and Sat. and Sunday he has midnight watches until four a.m.

I love you all very much and really get most awfully lonesome for you so far away at this Christmastime. The Johns also send their best wishes, you know.

Lovingly,

Alberta

P.S. I see Van N. on the map. However, we may just skirt L.A. to get to John's Cousin's house and not go right thru the middle, that way we shall most likely miss V.N.

Love, A.



No. 126 474

Can-Did
2307 Taylor St.
San Francisco Cal.

Fisherman's Wharf
Nov. 12, 1953

(A letter on the sign
back of John makes
it appear he has
a goatee.)

Strouts' Trailer Court and Motel
about $\frac{1}{2}$ mi. up the highway
from Tijuana.
Dec. 21, 1953

My dear:

Here I sit writing on my
knees waiting for our Johnny
to get processed. We are packed
and ready to go to L.A., San
Diego and Ensenada, Mexico, ^{all}
in the next seven or 8 days.

Did I tell you that a week
ago to day the yeoman called
Johnny at his hangar and asked,
"Miller, why are you asking
for ten days' leave between the
17th and 27th when you are
getting out the 21st?"

Well, that was a surprise
to Johnny and he just learned
by accident that they had
changed his separation
time from the 31st to the
21st. He had the ten days
coming but will now get
paid for them as he didn't
use them up in leave. But
we are all delighted! This is

the day!! He should come driving up any minute now depending on how much red tape he has to endure.

When our rent was up last Wed. we moved up here to be closer and where we could leave our trailer in closed in this court while we are gone. We spent the weekend with Sinears in Santa Barbara, Johnny, too was with us as it was his liberty week end. You just cant imagine how beautiful Santa Barbara is! We wear summer clothes no coats at all. The stores and hotels all have their doors open to the streets which seems strange along with Christmas decorations.

We took Sinears to the Carillo Hotel smorgasbord luncheon yesterday on Sunday and what a meal it was! Very lovely atmosphere and we could go back to the smorgasbord and replenish our plates as often as we

liked. Our Johnny really made the most of it. I wore my white lace blouse and turquoise suit. Mrs. Sivear pinned two exquisite pink camellias at the throat of my blouse and they surely looked lovely. Mrs. S. picked roses for herself. Just imagine at Xmas time!

The men had been taking pictures of poinsettias all morning. They grow clear over the walls and as you say, are the size of dinner plates.

The weekend before this Johnny's duty week end, John and I spent at Sivears, too.

On Sat, Ora and I went to the University Women's Tea at the Alpha Delta Pi House in connection with the College of Santa Barbara. It is a lovely old house, the inside wood work mellowed by time. A Miss

Hazard was the last of the family to live there and she willed the property and buildings to the city museum. The society leases the old residence. The lady was president of Wellesley College in the east for years, coming home summers and also living in this mansion built by the Hazard family in 1842. The view of flowering gardens, sea, sky, mountains and town is sublime. Miss Hazard was a large lady who wore purple shades exclusively.

In the evening the four of us went to the Eastern Star installation and was it ever elaborate? Such lovely flowers, gowns, ritual and refreshments. Next day we drove over the mountains to Santa Inez mission where the peace and quiet was age-old. We took Sinears to lunch at Andersons at Buellton. Then on Mon. Col. and Mrs. Lampert took us to lunch at Caullo's. So we continue to have a good time. - We do hope you are feeling better, Alice and that your eyes will improve. Love, Alberta

1.
Sunday Morning. Wish you could have some of the lemon sherbet, orange chiffon cake and fried silver trout I've just fixed this morning here all alone while John is working. Never can tell who'll drop in Sunday, hence the need of cake and sherbet on this lovely sunny day.

My, what a wonderful day we had yesterday. We picked up Saad's in our car though they have two handsome Cadillacs sitting in their double garage and we drove to Pend 'Oreille to Irene and H.'s float house. We had some of the nice fresh apple pie and cheese I'd brought, the pie I got up to make at six a.m. yesterday morning, and Irene's fresh coffee. Then we went fishing in the cabin cruiser until the boys caught 38 fish, beautiful big silvers with fresh pink meat inside their shining skins.

Then back we cruised to the float house, fried twenty of the fish, diced and fried the new boiled potatoes we had, corn, tomatoes, salad, beet pickles, mustard pickles, fresh brown bread, and Mrs. Saad's great high sunshine cake and coffee. We washed the dishes and the Saad's and us drove to town to our house where John glued Mr. Saad's glasses together which had broken on the way in. Then to Saad's where they showed us the other new mansion they've just finished having built in between the house they live in and the Thompsons. They didn't want any of the fish so we stopped, then, on our way home by the Major's and left some fish there for them. Another young officer and his sweetheart were there and they all insisted we stay awhile which we did until eleven, then came home and in the box was a letter and a card from Johnny.

2.
From what Johnny says it sounds as if Johnny's attending classes at the U. of Oklahoma, the teachers are so nice and the officers he likes very much and it is so incredible to be treated like a human being again after Boot Camp that life is a bowl of cherries for him. He said he is living in luxury in beautifully-landscaped grounds, uncrowded conditions, people bend over backwards being friendly, and he is even enjoying the very warm weather so far, at least, which they have there. He wrote the girls are beautiful and he is getting acquainted so the Major and Daddy told me to write Johnny to line the girls up and they'd be right down. Tch! Tch!

It makes me very happy to know he is doing all right, is well-adjusted and pleased with his set-up.

John told me this morning that we will start Mon. morn of the 16th of June as he has his three days preceding his vacation which starts the 19th so our trip will last longer.

Take care of yourselves and enjoy your nice stone house and yard, won't you? Johnny studies every evening and is in classes all day, but they have liverty three weekends out of four so if you care to write him, he should have time to answer now. His address is

John M. Miller A.A., 735-49-13
N.A.T.T.C. Barracks 68
AN(P) School Class 5D
Norman, Oklahoma.

The A.A. is Airman Apprentice, which I wrote you that he now is. Alberta.

Sunday Afternoon, May Day

My Dear Ones:

A lovely sunny afternoon. I worked cleaning out flower beds this morning while a good Swiss steak dinner was bubbling in my deep well, then I got Johnny fed and off fishing with two pals by twelve o'clock.

Then I bathed, washed my hair and then spent the precious afternoon writing a three-hundred-word essay for the American Legion Auxiliary National Contest on the part of teachers, "How Teachers Influence the National Security." It's open to teachers with a three hundred dollar first prize and fifty-dollar bonds to five districts entrants.

Now it's after five and my Sunday has gone. Tommy put John on the wire, Thursday, his birthday, for a present and we had a nice talk. John said he got five presents, even to Denny Boy, and everybody was all smiles around his supper birthday party. He enjoys the children and they him. They get in his bed every morning about five and have a high old time telling stories.

John was going to Olympia to-day with his cousin, Gordon Stutz and family, to see Frank. John is laying the forms now. Had a bull-dozer dig a hole big enough to throw a whole school building in, he wrote. The house is fifty-eight or sixty feet long and since it is on a slight ridge there is a natural driveway for a garage and so double garages will be on the end of the house in the basement. Maybe I wrote. It rained right after the bull-dozing and made the whole deal pretty muddy.

They say that the two places where lumber is the highest are in Washington D. C. and Seattle. Strange, too, when so much wood is available on the coast, but they cannot keep up with the demand for milled lumber. John bought four hundred dollars worth to start.

For a mother's day present Johnny is going to drive me to Seattle. We shall start Sat. morn at six and get to Tom's about one. Then we shall start home about two, Sunday afternoon.

John intends to come home for a few days the last of May. Pauline Mrs. Sivear's niece, will ride over and back with him. Her husband is a Pacific Fruit Employee and can never get off weekends, but has Monday off, so she always has to vacation without him. And when school is out at ten o'clock June tenth, I'll prepare to take the one thirty bus for Seattle. Johnny said he would register for me at Cheney Monday, June 13th and so I will not have to come back until Monday night's train. John will most likely come home around the Fourth and so that makes intervals that are not too long.

We went with Thompsens and Johnny took Peggy Andrews, all of us going together, last spring to see "The Long Long Trailer," and though it was funny, still, I felt as you did, Alice, that it was almost too real and true for comfortable enjoyment. The trailer was just too big. But Peggy thought it was a scream and just laughed and laughed.

I must feed myself and maybe I'll watch TV. I like some programs very much and find them relaxing, but I don't have much time. Our reception on our set is as fine as any I have seen. Lots of love to you both, and

John has a mail box up and our new address is Pte. D., Box 106 Bothell Wash. - A huge box, he says Pearl's house most likely looks very nice.

... are you Brother Tom? I thank you for Johnny's birthday card. Love to all. Alberta

Sunday Afternoon, five p.m.

My dear Ones:

Reporting from the brick house on the hill in Spokane: What a lovely sunny day!!! Johnny is studying and needs it quiet, and so I came out side to write on the patio, (with a jacket on.) Forsythia bushes are yellow, the peach trees are a rose pink, choke cherry bushes all white, and we can see little purple and white buds on the lilac trees. It smells wonderful. How I love the spring!

I ~~got~~ ^{woke} up at five this morning, read the newspaper in bed until seven.

Then I got up and made my breakfast, and then for a whirl of work! Ran the vacuum, scrubbed the dining room rug with suds, scrubbed the seats of all the dining chairs with suds and put them out to dry in the sunny yard, washed the slip covers and in no time they were dry and ready to iron and put back on the furniture, frosted the angel food cake I made last night, washed all the mirrors in the house, some of the windows, washed and dried the figurines, got Johnny's breakfast, did yesterday's ironing, got dinner, washed dishes, mended the ironing, and then it was three in the afternoon. Thinking it would be nice to get out and that the Montana kinfolk might like the Sunday paper and last night's Chronicle because of the parade pictures, I did it up ^{for mailing} and walked down Ferry Street. ^{& mailed the papers.} It is now five p.m. and soon I'll get supper, then look at Tv, "This is Your Music" and a few other things and then go to bed to be fresh for school again in the morning.

Yesterday morning, I dropped everything to go to the Lilac Parade when Johnny suggested going after he had mowed the lawns and cleaned the furnace. (Oh, yes, I also cleaned the bathroom and kitchen this morning and washed and waxed those two floors.) So down town we went but had to park away up at Fifth and Division just a block from the folk's house, because all the curbs were lined with cars clear up to there. Walking down town from there made me think of all the years I used to take that

trail down town. We stood for almost two hours and watched the parade, but it was good and all the little towns had their high school bands and majorettes. Howard went by on his palomino mount blowing his whistle to all his riders and their mounts. He enjoys being Captain of the Shrine Mounted Patrol. The floats were really lovely and there were quite a showing of lilacs brought in. (Johnny said when he was in Walla Walla last Sunday the lilacs were all in bloom there.)

(Inside the house now.)

After the parade we walked all the way back to Fifth and Div. and got into the car. We drove by the house at Sixth and Pine and it looked very nice, all painted, and the lawn, front and back, cut and trimmed and nice and green. I told Johnny, "That's ^h were Daddy and I first brought you home from the hospital." He said, "I was pretty small on that trip, I guess." Twenty-three years ago this spring!

That was sad that trapeze artist getting killed at the stadium Sat. night and leaving a husband and three children. Funny how the equipment broke.

I was exhausted Friday night after a week of programs, each teacher having a different day and all of us putting it on for each room and mine for the mothers on Thursday. But I was very proud and happy that my children did so well, they danced and they sang and they spoke and acted their play like regular troupers. Their mothers came all dressed up and seemed so thrilled. They told me they enjoyed it so much that we should have programs often. The children had brought lovely flowers and I had bouquets everywhere, and the casement windows and door were open to the nice spring warmth and sunshine.

Lillian had her program for parents Friday and a woman came with three little children and the baby cried and cried all thru the first of Lil's program so she finally told her to take her baby out, and the woman did, †
MvI MvI

3.

And, so, the woman went into the empty first grade room and shut the door and the baby still roared and roared thru the walls and halls and above poor Lil's program. Poor babe must have had a pin sticking it or something.

There were little brothers and sisters at my program too, but they were good and a little older.

Of course, you folks would get all the meaning out of that picture of Dennis and his proud, ^{but} weeping coach. I can always depend on you to click and give the companionable response it is a pleasure to get. Yes, Dennis does look sweet and comforting, and that is the way he always is, so kind and gentle and understanding. He set some wonderful records, second highest nationally, when he went back east summer before last running for the huskies and he was Captain of "mighty Washington," as the U's college song calls it. And then going up to Vancouver the Sat. we were on the coast, he beat the Canadians in a three-mile race, wonderful stamina and endurance. His father, Dr. Meyer, is still at Drake U. in Des Moines as the Curricula Expert and his mother is a laboratory technician for a doctor there. She used to be a girls' ~~H.~~ S. gym teacher. They are looking forward to the time when they can move back to the coast where they were raised and where their children and grandchildren are. I wrote them jokingly that John would build them a house if they ordered one when they came back. They used to say if they had a house built they would like John to build it.

Now as to coming over to see us--why not sometime in the week around June, first, and stay over the week end ^{of June 4th & 5th} with me and Johnny? By then, my report cards, statistical reports, meetings, open house, weighing of children and so forth will be over and there will be just a few days left of school. I won't be so busy around that time, and I'd ~~love~~

4.

love to have you. So try to come. Maybe your Danish neighbors can keep an eye on your place. You could leave a small light burning somewhere in the house and that would give the appearance of some one being in the house at night. Pauline has a little pilot light burning all the time in her house in Seattle.

She is driving over with John Friday. He will have to wait for her to get off work and so may not be able to start until six, and they should get in here at midnight. I will go to bed and get up when they come as Friday evenings I usually go to bed about seven. By Fridays the kids have had about all of school they can stand for one week and so have all of us teachers. But the other days aren't so bad. John will be here over Memorial Day and I think he and Pauline will start back on Tuesday or Wednesday. I'll have to put up a bed in the basement for Johnny, and Pauline can have Johnny's room. And then the bed will still be up down there for Johnny when you come and you can have his room.

Johnny says he is going to take off a week and get away from school, people and cities, and go fishing in the wilds as soon as school is out and then he is planning on going ^{over} to help John. We will put our house in the hands of a real estate agent when John comes home and if there is a prospect of selling soon I shall run an add in the Bothell paper for a house ^{over there} for three or four months. If our house does not sell right away, tho, I might go to summer school at Cheney, as it is too lonely around here to stay home without John. But the house is in beautiful condition and even tho I see quite a few houses for sale I don't think it will take long. I'm looking forward to having a semi-country place. It will be quieter. A new house is going up across the street here a little to the west and we can't drive in ^{to} our back yard any more we are so hemmed in by neighbors. "Too close," says John. (over)

I loved the two letters, one from each of you. Never, never think what you have to say might be "dry and unimportant". Whoever heard of such a thing? Shame on you for thinking so. You know I love all of you very much and that you are very close to me.

Lovingly,

Love to the boys, their dear mums and the children! I know Maria must look lovely in her spring clothes. She is a doll!

Friday evenings I usually go to bed about seven. By Fridays the kids have had about all of school they can stand for one week and so have

P.S. The last 2 pages were a cartoon from Johnny's letter that I forgot to mention. These last two pages are gone alone.

9.

Johnny says he is going to take off a week and get away from school, people and cities, and go fishing in the wilds as soon as school is out and then he is planning on going to help John. We will put our house in the hands of a real estate agent when John comes home and if there is a prospect of selling soon I shall run an ad in the Bethell paper for a house for three or four months. If our house does not sell right away, tho, I might go to summer school at Cheney, as it is too lonely around here to stay home without John. But the house is in beautiful condition and even tho I see quite a few houses for sale I don't think it will take long. I'm looking forward to having a semi-country place. It will be quieter. A new house is going up across the street here a little to the west and we can't drive in our back yard any more we are so hemmed in by neighbors. "Too close," says John.

Well, to report on my recent trip to Seattle: Friday evening after school, May 6, Eunice said to me, "These are beautiful moonlight nights, why don't you and Johnny drive over to-night and then you'll have all day Saturday and Sunday over there?"

And so when Johnny got in from Cheney at four o'clock I said, "How would you like to start as soon as we can get ready?" It was fine with him and so we hustled around and pulled out of here about a quarter of six, having had supper and packed and collected bolts and machinery that John wanted us to bring.

It was marvelous driving in the sunset and didn't get dark until we reached Moses Lake, then a huge moon came up and softened the landscape with a silver light and the old Columbia River looked so beautiful encased in its rocky cliffs. Going thru the Pass was thrilling with the high, jagged peaks glistening their purest white in the moonlight. The only fly in the ointment was the dozens of deisel trucks, "old smokies," which we had to navigate around and which navigated around us. But the drive was lovely and we had the radio playing Lumberjack Dance music. When we reached Mercer Island the lake looked like a shimmering body of water from heaven and all the dense foliage on its banks looked thick and tropical in the moon's light.

Around the curving lakeside we went and pointed our lights down the steep lakeside to Tom's house. Then out of the door came John who had been watching for us while baby-sitting. I forgot to say I phoned Ella at four to say we were coming. John was shaved and bathed and dressed in his sport clothes and all smiles.

It was a quarter of twelve and soon Ella and Tom came in from square dancing and we visited and then all found beds.

The next morning we went to our land and it was wonderful what John had done. The foundation forms were ready to pour on Monday, there was about a city block of land all bull-dozed and levelled off and the huge basement all squared off and a circular drive-way leading into it and all gravelled by the county road crew.

There will be a gentle slope to our 16-foot-high ridge where the house will be and steps coming up to the front door from the driveway, and the sides and back will all be nice and big and flat, wonderful for lawn, garden and patio.

The sun was shining, birds were singing in the woods and we walked some of the nice bridle trails where John says people ride horseback every day. The yards across from us were full of blooming flowers and all the hillsides had big bushes of yellow, white and pink bloom. And we could see a part of the white Olympic Range to the West on the Peninsula. It was all very beautiful and at its best in the springtime sunshine. I'm sure we are going to have a very attractive suburban place.

We had a look at the magnificent new school, the rooms all jutting out like the spokes of a wheel so we have views in all directions and each room has a door to the outside. Then there is automatic lighting so when the sun goes behind a cloud the schoolroom lights come on.

We went to Pauline's for lunch, then drove to the Sound to Golden Gardens where Johnny picniced long ago with Denny at his 8th grade picnic there.

3.

That time we gave Johnny a train trip to Seattle for his 8th grade graduation present and since school was out here a few days before Denny's, Johnny got to go to Denny's celebration.

We came back and had supper with Pauline and Leo and looked at Tv and heard their wonderful hill-billy records sung by the same singers we heard last winter in New Orleans.

Then Johnny went back to the land and slept his first night on it in John's trailer which John had as neat as a pin. It rained hard that night and John and I at Pauline's could hear all of her little chickies, guineas, ducks, and two young goats making all of their cosy bedtime sounds.

S^uday morning we drove to the land, but Johnny had already arose and hastened to Denny's house where he was simply enchanted by Denny's little two year-old daughter. He couldn't get over the wonder of his life-long pal Denny having the miracle of that child. Johnny gave her a silver plush elephant with red velvet ears that he had bought in Spokane for her the day before we left. Denny has a lovely wife, small, cute, red hair, green eyes and a wonderful little housekeeper and cook. She's the only girl Denny ever went with and he started to go with her at fourteen.

John and I drove on thru Bellevue. The Stutz's had told John they were going for a yacht-cruise on the Sound that day so we did not stop at their place. We bought ice cream to go with the angel food cake I had brought over for John. However, Ella had already made him one on his birthday. At Tom and Ella's we had a good roast beef dinner, watched all the lovely yachts and boats go gliding by their place. We gathered around the big bon fire Tom and John had where they burned up the thick blackberry thicket so they can make a garden. (John has already planted some potatoes Pauline gave him for planting, some of theirs that do well on the coast.) Then it was two o'clock and time for us to go. It's always hard to leave John. He's so darned sweet.

The drive thru the mountains was lovely with the Washington State Flower, the rhododendrons, red and pink and huge all about, everything is a month or two ahead of here, but now it's pretty here, this last week has made a big difference in the shrubs and lawns at home.

At Moses Lake Johnny and I went into "The Hub" and had hamburgers, a basket of French fries, Coffee, and Johnny had a milk shake. The cafe was full of air force boys looking so young, so bewildered and homesick just as John said they looked the two months he was stationed at the Air Force Base as acting Fire Chief.

A dust storm came up and Johnny said if the farmers didn't turn on their irrigation water the fields would beat us to Spokane which they just about did, dust, dust all the way. Home-and to bed at a quarter of nine, after a wonderful trip--so much beauty, of flowers, leaping waterfalls, swirling rivers, the lovely Sound with the reeling seagulls.

I talked to John this morning by phone and he is going to try to find a house to rent and if he can somewhere at Kenmore or Bothell we will move over when school is out and we will give up summer school for the summer. Johnny and I have arrived at the place where we both sloop our coffee into our saucers, so we shall quit cracking the books for a little while.

4.

Besides Johnny says he will give John a hand with the house, so we are hoping we can find a place to live. I feel John should have me over there to encourage him, cook for him, and watch the project take form. Great big Johnny should have some physical labor to balance all this poring over mathematics and German and Science.

He and I went to the Spokane Education Association banquet in the Silver Room of the Spokane Hotel Thursday night and had a marvelous dinner and program. Both of us saw fellow students, fellow teachers, and teachers and principals we had in school here in Spokane. Lovely musical programs, flowers and tiny May poles centering each table.

As we passed thru the main dining room we saw Walt and Gertrude Hooper and Walt's sisters having dinner at just about the same table where we ate with them last winter.

I wore my new tailored ashes of roses, men's flannel suit, a white nylon blouse and white pique small hat and gloves and felt "quite dress-up" among all those nice-looking and well-dressed people at our banquet.

Johnny left early this morning for Walla Walla and will be back to-night. His girl friend who is taking nurse's training at Sacred Heart is now having the phase of training that the Vet's Hospital in Walla Walla gives. When she finishes there this summer, she will visit her people at Moses Lake then go to American Lake Hospital on the coast for another phase of training. He likes her and says she is jolly and friendly and he feels very much at ease with her. That is the reason I gave for marrying John twenty-six years ago. So Whoops, look out, Johnny Boy!

I hope Johnny does get interested in her as a nurse is a good bet as a wife. Anybody who can get thru all that chemistry and so forth and so on must of necessity have a good head on her and be able to do things. But she, Kay Tull, is crazy over horses. She says she will not marry a man who is not also crazy over horses, and so Johnny Boy says with a twinkle in his eyes, "I guess I must start cultivating a friendship with horses."

When I go to the coast for a week end, I have to work like mad on the house, mornings and evenings to catch up and also with the mending, washing and ironing. Wednesday and Tuesdays, I have meetings this coming week, and on Thursday I am having a mothers' program, and subduing and training excitable seven-year-olds takes some doing. Only eighteen days more of school, what with a picnic and Memorial Day. School closes the tenth. John will be home over Memorial Day and our anniversary. Pauline is driving over and back with him.

I don't know whether you like all this newspaper or not, but I wrote Bertna one at the same time and she gets the carbon copy this time. Let us hear how all of you are and blessings upon every one of you. Still no word from you, Emmet. I'll have to say what Mr. Stammler always writes when I don't answer right away, "I have concluded you have broken your right arm." Well, lots of love. Are we going to see you over here before we move? We hope so.

Alberta.

P.S. The Valley folks are fine.

On Sat. Denny went to Vancouver B.C. and beat the Canadian 77". He took her on Sat.

I send this article about France, Emmet, because you were there. I read that little children get interested.)
Sunday, June 5, 1955

Dear Folks:

I was happy to hear from you and to know you are well, but so disappointed that you didn't come over this week end. Yard and house, ^{neat and} all in order, I worked like mad all week to get all the records, statistics and so forth cleared up at school so I would be free to be with you, and lastly Johnny took me marketing to the Safeway and we bought a huge box of groceries, including strawberries and a nice big sirloin steak, and then your letter of Friday evening said you were not coming and gave no reason at all. I was SAD.

And the weather is just perfection this weekend. I had told the teachers I would not be to the staff picnic to-day at Eunice's cottage at Spirit Lake because I was having company from Montana, so sure was I of your being here. But since you didn't come, Johnny is taking me out this Sunday noon. I am waiting while he showers and gets ready. I cannot say ^{how} ~~two~~ things will go the rest of the summer, only that I will be on the coast most of the time, and I am telling everyone that we are not receiving guests at our new place this summer or fall, but next spring and summer, Oh, Yes!

John was here three days last weekend and Pauline drove over and back with him. So ^{we} I had a real estate man come up and he is showing the house now at intervals. If it does not sell this month, we may rent the house for a year or two, as even if we sell we want nice people who will appreciate and take care of the place, so are quite particular.

Johnny's school is out Wednesday and if he drives over to the coast that evening, then I will take the train over Saturday, but he may wait for me. He is going to help John build this summer. John said he is making Johnny his partner. John looked wonderful when he was home, so tanned, and trim as could be. His tummy is actually flat from working on the building. And he was full of happy plans and doing what he likes to do.

2.

We are coming back about the middle of next week so that John can take a load of his building material over that he needs from our basement.

So I shall be back and forth until we actually get moved. I am saying, "Oh, did you know that I have already moved to Seattle? I am just commuting temporarily finishing up what has to be done over here.

Later, in the evening. Well, we had a most lovely time at Spirit Lake. Eunice's husband is an army doctor, a major at Baxter Hospital and they bought this \$7000 lake place. They have two motor boats and everything nice. She had a wonderful buffet dinner for about sixteen of us, baked ham, baked beans, hot raised rolls, potato salad, pickles, celery, radishes, green onions, cherry and pineapple cream pies and coffee. The children roasted weiners in the outdoor fireplace. So that is the windup of our school staff and families get-together parties. We will have a school picnic Thursday at the park. Johnny enjoyed the day very much and took the younger children for rides around the lake and helped them with their fishing.

Did I tell you Johnny caught the loveliest trout, rainbows last week, enough for three meals, but came home drenched to the skin last Sat. and Sunday as it rained, but he had all those fish just the same. I surely missed John today, though, (it seemed that half of me was missing.)

I surely managed pretty well here since March 21st, though he has been home twice and I over there twice. Johnny may stay here until John and I come back next week as he would like to do some more fishing, take sleeping bag and so forth and fish the northern lakes around here for a few days and that would be a good way to relax, after his taking seventeen hours of school work a week and such hard subjects, too, analytical geometry, calculus, German, Biology and Teaching Procedures, all of which make a stiff course, besides driving back and forth.

Sat.

3.

It was clear and beautiful to-day and the lake and trees and sky and islands in the lake looked wonderful, everything so clean and fresh.

I love Nature and the out-of-doors, smell of evergreens and wild flowers.

Do you know, Emmet, I cannot understand why there are no records of that interment in the Red Deer cemetery. It seems very careless to me that those records are lost, or possibly that those graves were sold over again. Papa told me lots of times how he bought the lot right in the very nicest place when that cemetery was opened. In fact, I was in that cemetery when we lived up there and I remember something about it. That grave should be somewhere in there not far from Beatty's headstone and Gates of Brumpton and Gates. Certainly in as short a time as fifty years that grave should still be there and there should be a record of it. There is definitely something wrong if it cannot be found and if I ever go up there I shall see what possible explanation the officials have for such a thing happening. The last time I was there it was on a Wednesday and all the offices were closed. That Wednesday closing in Canada always throws me, several times it has interfered with us attending to things we had intended to do while in Canada. But that's their custom and there is nothing to be done about it but to arrive on other days but Wednesdays.

I wish I were free and we could all go up together but this summer I am pretty busy.

Well, I awakened at twenty of five this morning and did my week's ironing and mending so I must retire now though it's only eight o'clock. Had you come over I could have had Mrs. Kramer next door, West, do my ironing as I did when Joe and Doris were here.

Well, my dear Alice and Emmet enjoy yourselves and do go fishing, because it is fun and relaxing and you get next to Mother Nature. Lots of love to all the Montana kinfolk. Alberta. *(Did you receive the Sunday paper, I sent*

Route 2, Box 106A
Bothell, Washington
June 28, 1955

Dear Emmet and Alice:

Well, how are my dearies? I don't believe I have written you since the afternoon that school was out a little over two weeks ago. If I have and ⁺ repeat anything, please forgive it.

That evening, Friday the tenth I just finished slicking everything up, making a potato salad and a chocolate cake for Johnny to eat in my absence, packing my bag and so forth when Johnny brought Joann Miller over and Kingslands dropped in, so we had a nice little visit. Next morning Jophnny brought me to the train in the midst of the big Shrine Convention ^{shiners} enjoying themselves with their donkeys, and caliopes in the down town streets. It was such fun to sit back and relax on the train after my busy closing of school, and watch the scenery fly by. At noon I went in to the diner and had lunch and when I came back a missionary lady from Egypt, (that is she conducts a girls' school in Port Said, her home is in Portland and she has spent the last year in touring the U. S. and Canada in lecturing of her school and the Christian work they are doing and maybe collecting funds), well, anyway, she crossed the aisle and visited with me and we compared notes on procedures of teaching, the intelligence and abilities of American children versus the Arabic children and she told me of the country and what a playboy King Farouk was and how cleverly the people got rid of him and set up a new government. The last she heard was that King Farouk had to go to work and was penniless. She showed me colored slides with a little viewer and ^{some} handwork of the Egyptians, very painstaking, (textiles and leather work.)

When we passed Wilson Creek, I thought, Alice, of when you used to live there and of the things you had told me of your life in the Big Bend."

2.

The country looks much the same, with the exception that the town is perhaps not so thriving because of bigger towns and the automobile making them more accessible.

I loved going thru Stevens Pass and up in the high mountains we saw a bear strading in the trees, gazing at the train going by.

We went thru Everett, I was on the G. N., and then came winding down along the Sound with the Sunset turning "the ocean blue to gold," and white ships gliding along, all pink in the sunset. Then we were going under the business district of Seattle, via a tunnel, and pulling into the King Street Station . I came around the platform and there was my John behind the iron fence waiting for me and taking my bag and leading me to the escalators that went up to the street level. We drove to Mercer Island to Tom's beautiful place and had supper and spent the night. The next day was Sunday so we came to our land and there John had a cute little guest cabin made of new lumber at the rear of his cleared land by the big grove of trees almost completed. When he could not find any place near to rent he decided to put up this little cabin, thirty feet, by twelve feet, two rooms, sink, shower, toilet and clothes closet and did so in about ten days. Then We didn't work that day but drove up to Everett and to the beaches and had dinner at the Rip Van Winkle Cafe in Everett. It was wonderful to be together and talk and make decisions, because every time we had seen each other since March there was always a crowd around. We slept in our trailer Sun. Eve. and the next three days I was up on the roof helping John tar paper it and holding boards and even hammering some. So by Wed. Eve. all was inclosed and dry so we could bring some things back from Spokane with us to keep house. So we locked up and drove to Tom's, had baths, spent the night and after pancakes the next morn left for Spokane taking Dennis to visit his Grandma Rose. He was a lamb and even slept most of the way over in the warm heat beyond the mts.

3.

We reached home about four and at five, Rose, Ernie and Elsie came all smiles to get Danny, then Johnny came home from the lakes with a big catch of fish. We fried them and had supper. Then the phone began to ring and we got dinner invitations for almost every evening we were to be home. John and Johnny spent the days building a big haul trailer to bring back things we need and some of the building supplies that he had in his basement and ⁱⁿ cleaning ^{up} that cluttery cellar. So we worked by day and went out every evening, then ^{2nd} Sat. after a week at home we left with the two cars and trailer with its load. We saw a terrible accident past Cheney and a young Seattle man killed in his brand new red and white Mercury, going eight~~y~~ to a hundred miles an hour.

We came straight to our land after a beautiful drive and had supper along the way in the valley just east of us here where blueberry farms abound. We set up our bed in the little house and Johnny slept in the trailer, then the next day I put up cute curtains I had made and put all the kitchen supplies in the white built-ins that we had left over in our basement when we put in new ones on 17th. The boys have been working with switch boxes, lights, plumbing and chinking up the little guest house to make it more comfortable for the next few months. John expects to have the big house far enough along by September for us to move into it. Mean while we cook on the 3-burner gas stove and a two burner plate and electrical things, as toaster and so forth. We brought my machine and a lot of summer cottons, so I will sew a sun dress, a denim skirt, jacket, jumper, aprons, and so forth and some more curtains.

The Real Estate agent is showing our house in Spokane and wants the furniture left in it as it looks better that way. The neighbor boy is hired to watch and care for the yard.

2/4
If we have to move our furniture, a neighbor here has a snug little house on his lot like a shed, where we can store it and lock it up, that is if we cannot still put it in the new big house, yet.

We expect to go back to Spokane for a few days again in two or three weeks to see how things are. The Scribes' Club is going to give me a farewell party then.

It is very beautiful here, and we occasionally get a thrill seeing the the high white peaks of the Olympic Mts. They are so high that the clouds often wreath them. Yesterday, Sunday, the three of us drove in John's car down to Tom's house for a little while, then on down to Tacoma and at American Lake looked up Johnny's friend, Kay, the nurse who is now taking that phase of her training away from Sacred Heart at the Vet's mental Hospital at American Lake. She is a very nice and friendly girl and I like Johnny to have such a wholesome nurse for his friend. She is brown-haired, blue-eyed, lovely skin and almost as tall as Johnny. Her folks live on a farm at Moses Lake. SHE HAS A HORSE THAT SHE BROKE herself and loves dearly. Excuse the capitals, I didn't notice the capital key down. Then we went to Olympia and visited Frank. He has his house all done over and has a beautiful turquoise, Ranch wagon, very handsome. We are going to get one later on, and John wants a pick-up, too, now that we are country people. It's grand up here on our wooded hilltop and I am so anxious to show you folks the country. There are so many wonderful places to go here and I dearly love the Sound and the ships. I am going to sign up for some correspondence work from Cheney. Felt a terrific let-down after the rush of school and would have loved going to summer school, but did feel I must get over here and take care of my two dear men who are so glad to have me around and appreciate everything I do. John had lost fifteen pounds, but looks trim and lithe and quite

(Over)

51
young and he is very happy with his project here. I went to see the School Supt. and I am to have a third grade. The new school is gorgeous with its automatic lighting and coral doors, outside, and blue on the inside and everything shining new. There will be three third grades, all grades up to the sixth but twelve teachers, ¹² rooms and a principal as there are so many children now, several grades of each group are necessary.

Write us a letter and try out our new mailbox. Elsie just did and there were two letters from her in the box this morning along with all the shopping newspapers from Bothell, Kenmore, and so on. (What is the name of that man who lives here who used to work for you? I have forgotten ~~the~~ it. Frank gave us two chickens yesterday and I am stewing them and the boys just came in and had broth and crackers. Now I will get dinner.

When we were gone yesterday, Pauline and Leo were here. We found their note. They wrote they will come up again to-day.


We hear the whistles blowing here and airplanes fly over to the big air base at SandPoint by the U.

We are ten miles from the U. Campus and twelve from down town. Joann is taking summer school at the U here. We will bring her out here one day soon.

Now do write us all the news and how you are Alice and Emmet.

Lots of love from us all,

Alberta.



Sunday Morning, July 10, 1955

At the Little Cabana

12 miles from Seattle Center

10 miles from University Campus.

Dear Emmet and Alice:

Well, how are my dears? Fine, I hope and managing to keep above the rainy weather, which I presume you have there, too, as I see by the papers that is prevalent all over the Northwest. And in the East people are suffering from the heat wave. We have had more rain than we like which makes it hard for lumber and cement trucks to get to building projects all over Seattle as we do here, tho we did get in a five hundred-dollar order of lumber this week, that's about the third big batch John has got. He hopes to get the cement for his main forms this week if it dries out enough. Pioneering is always a little hard but after one goes thru it and has a nice house to show for it, looking back on it mellows the experience, so one always has the courage to start again.

We shall have a very handsome house when we have it built. Under the big corner kitchen windows, are the same big corner basement windows taking in the same view. Our house is on a 16ft.-rise off the road and the back yard is as flat as a floor, so that makes a nice-looking setting. The windows John is having made by the company that made Tom's are of crystal glass, aluminum frames and there are two seven feet by four sliding glass doors that open on the back yard out of the living room, on the patio that will be.

The green foliage here is most beautiful; the ferns are so numerous and the whole setting and smell of air makes me think of Kootenay Lake, Emmet, when we first camped there. I expect to come around

2.

the corner of the house and see you, Emmet, and Gene as the boys I used to know. The woods are filled with birdsong, even when it rains, and the ring of hammers, John's and Johnny's makes music in my heart. I think, "A new house is rising, may God bless all who dwell within and bring peace and strength to their hearts."

It was good to get your letter, Alice, our first from you at this address. What a shame about Arrie! Do let us know what the outcome is as we shall be wondering. Will Katherine be coming back to Seattle to school this fall? If she does we should be glad to go see her some time.

This letter threatens to go on and on--maybe I had better single space.--Yesterday afternoon, Sat., Johnny showered and dressed and took off for Olympia to his Uncle Frank's place. From there he calls on Kay at American Lake Hospital and takes her out. Frank has a very nice house on his fifteen acres down there and it is nicely furnished. He has a robin's egg blue Ranch Wagon, nice launch, Tv, record-player and radio and is sitting pretty with a fine gov. job at the capitol's printing office. Kay will be taking this nursing here until Sept. when she goes back to Sacred Heart. They juggle the nurses around these days so they learn all types of nursing in the particular setting of its kind. Handy for Johnny as he will be going back to Cheney--such a home boy as he is, loving Spokane and Cheney. When it was pouring so hard a few days ago, Johnny said, "If this keeps up, I think I'll go back to Cheney when we go to Spokane again and register." And Daddy John's eyes twinkled and he said, "If the rain doesn't stop, I think we'll all go to Cheney and register!"

Then I said, "Now the both of you just cheer up. One of these days Daddy and I will be saying, 'Do you remember how much fun we had building this house, that summer that it rained and rained? And Johnny was here to help you and now he and Kay are married and go horse-back riding all the time where they live at Moses Lake, and their children all have Shetland ponies and all they do is ride, ride, ride and never come to see us!" And Johnny Boy laughed out of the corner of his eyes and Daddy said, "That's about it, all right." I told you, didn't I that Kay's folks have a ranch at Moses Lake and that he works for REA(rural elec.). He also has a private plane which he flies. Kay has three younger sisters. Kay has a nice riding mare that she broke herself. She's quite a horsey girl, as the saying goes, notices all the horses and stables as she and Johnny go riding around. Maybe Johnny will be playing second fiddle to a horse, who knows!! Anyway, Kay and Johnny are good friends and it gives him a lift to see her weekends while he is over here helping his Dad.

Joann is here going to the U. and John and I are going to try to see her this afternoon. We haven't been able to make connections yet, but if we do this afternoon, we shall take her to Crawford's on the Sound for supper to-night.

her father

3.
Monday Morning, July 11.

Dishes washed, beds made, hair braided, men are down hammering on the new house, a little foggy out, but rising. It is warm and maybe a sunny day. Now I'll go back to where I left off yesterday. John and I showered and dressed up pretty. We drove along Lake Washington and called on Denny's sister Patty, now Mrs. Floyd Seymour (their little girl was sleeping.) She was glad to see us as we have all been friends of long standing.

Meyers are coming out from Des Moines in August, so we shall see them then. Dr. Meyer is making a name for himself in the Education Dept. at Drake U. there and so he intends to stay awhile even tho he likes the Northwest much better. They have bought some suburban property back there and will build a house. Mrs. Meyer is a laboratory technician for a doctor there. She is also a P. E. high school teacher and used to teach in Seattle but she likes the Medical line better. We shall be looking forward to seeing the Meyers when they come. Maybe I wrote you we had already called on Dennis, his wife, Connie, and little girl, Lynn. They have a nice new house and Denny teaches here, is in the army Reserve, has an ice business and works in a super market Sat. and evenings, and whenever he runs he sets records and beats all teams. He is very busy and happy and a sweet boy.

From Patty's house we went to open houses in a housing section where the houses are selling for forty-five thousand dollars, not much bigger than the three-bedroom-and-den-house John is building. We also have the same kind of doors, windows, beams, and wood panels as the latest houses here.

John has twenty-one rotary-cut Phillippine mahogany doors bought and stored in Tom's basement, his glass windows and aluminum frames are being made down town, and I bought three beautiful brass hanging lamps with etched crystal shades for forty-five dollars for John's birthday this spring and they are stored in Pauline's basement.

These houses we saw had magnificent views of Lake Wash. and the mts.

Then we drove to the U. Campus and called at Blaine Hall where Joann lives, but she was out. But it was fun seeing the enormous fraterniy and sorority houses. And John and I went to the Alpha Sigma Chi House where John stayed when he was taking that U course in civilian defense.

From there we decided to go to Uncle Tom's in West Seattle. So we drove out there and knocked, and pretty soon Edna came to the door and she seemed so cordial. Now I'll post you on all the details there-- Two years ago when Uncle Tom grew quite ill with arthritis Edna and her husband moved over to Uncle Tom's house. The upshot is that now they have to take care of the two houses. They keep furnaces going in both and have a gardener for both places.

But Uncle Tom grew worse and even became confused as Papa is and it got to be too difficult for Edna to nurse him. Her nose bled and bled until she had to go to the hospital and stay two months and she lost so much blood that she had to have blood transfusions (I forget how many.)

Well, then, Uncle Tom had to be put in a nursing home. He was always wanting to go to sea and man his ship, thought he was as good as ever, or he wanted to go out to his Bainbridge Island Home. He had good eyes and read and liked TV, but he is 86 and Papa will be 89 this fall.

This nursing home is only a mile from Pauline's, so we shall go to see Uncle Tom some time.

Edna showed us around and there on Uncle Tom's big rolled top desk was the urn containing Aunt Amelia's ashes. Nothing would do but he have it right there, which was sweet I thought. He got comfort from it. In the desk drawers were packages and packages of all his cancelled checks thru all the years. Everything dated and in order, and the pigeon holes were neat as could be with everything in place as if it were measured. Maybe that seamanship training accounts for that extreme orderliness.

But it was all a little sad and Edna says it makes her sad to live in the big old five-bedroom house. She thinks of the early years when her Daddy had the house built and how her mother loved it and was happy there. (And when I visited there in the twenties, it was so different, everything was still in style and beautifully kept up. Things are looking a little old-fashioned, although there are many priceless items from all over the world about.) And Edna was then just exquisite, a very pretty girl, and very much elite. She is not as fat now as she was, perhaps, when you saw her on account of her illness. She is little-boned and has the prettiest-shaped small very white hands, lovely pink and white skin, just flawless, and pretty blue eyes and those black eyebrows and lashes you mentioned noticing, Alice. It came to me with quite a shock how fast the years have gone by, because when I last saw her she was twenty-five and was going to be married and the bloom and freshness of youth was hers. Uncle Tom was riding high, Aunt Amelia was still attractive and beautifully-dressed and set such a beautiful table with her lovely china and roses. Her roses still bloom and there is blue delphinium away over the fence top at the back. She took such pride in all the flowers.

Edna's Tom has been in the Naval Air Force seven years now. He is a Lt. Commander, gets seven hundred and fifty dollars a month and can retire in thirteen years at forty at three hundred and fifty. He is making it his career. At present, he is at Pensacola learning helicopter flying. His wife is here at her mother's and is expecting a baby. Paul, too, is in the Navy and was in Korean duty twice on the Princeton. He and his wife are living in San Francisco. Both girls are Seattle girls. Uncle Charlie Quinn is dead.

John & her husband, Tom Barrett,

Edna gave me orange juice and cookies and the men had two cans of beer. She wanted us to stay for supper, but John was taking me to Crawford's (such a romantic place and delicious food) so we left them and drove down to the Sound and to Crawfords'. Since it was Sunday evening there were a lot of nice family groups having a meal there. We had a nice table overlooking the water and ships and red sky in the Coral Room. We had baked red King salmon with Spanish sauce, a big baked potato, string beans, rolls and crisp bread sticks, salad, sherbet and lots of coffee, and at first the most delicious clam chowder served in chowder cups. There were aquariums of tropical fish and oil murals on the walls of marine gardens and the draperies are of lovely colors in fish and shells and seaweed design. We are going to take you there some time. When I mentioned it John said, "Maybe they can come over next spring when the house is farther along, sit by our nice fireplace (we'll never run out of wood here) and we will take them all over. I'll most likely go to Cheney to summer school next summer. Everybody here says the Education Dept. of Seattle U. can't compare with Cheney because all of the Cheney School is geared to Education and teacher-training. The U. here is bogged down with politics and is so huge that the classes have about three hundred students. They have other good departments here tho, especially dentistry, pharmacy, medicine, and so forth.

5.

I hope you are comfortably seated and at your ease reading all of this, because here is some more. I just put on the coffee and will take John and Johnny cinnamon rolls and rye bread and cheese and coffee for their morning coffee break. Well, to get back to going to Uncle Tom's house--that evidence of the swift passage of the years made John and me realize that we had better get to "Trailing" again before too long. And so we said, not later than two years from now, we intend to get a nice big station wagon and go down to California and buy a nice de luxe nineteen or twenty-ft. trailer at the factory. I like it here very well by then, we may rent the new house for the winter and just come up here summers, or if we need a change we can sell out and have a permanent home elsewhere but we want to travel around before we get too old to enjoy it. And so we said *that* Alice and Emmet can jump in their car and meet us at Death Valley and wherever else they want to. We will have an air mattress in the station wagon where two can sleep and the trailer will sleep three. We told Ernie, too, that he should come see us and one of the beds can be his whenever he takes the notion. Poor Ernie has been pretty tied down. He told us he would like to see the Southwest.

We had supper at Tom's Sat. Eve after Johnny went to Olympia. Elsie is spending her two-week vacation there, but was out with Ethel for the weekend. Tom and Ella are going on a yachting trip given for the R.R. traffic department by a big company here who owns the famous John Barrymore yacht. They will cruise the Sound and go around Bainbridge Island Wed. Eve, and have dinner aboard. Tom has been on this yacht before and says it is very swanky with six beautiful state rooms.

When John finishes these forms and gets his cement poured we will go to Spokane for a few days and bring back more things in the "haul-trailer." (At the end of this week or next.) John says since I came over earlier and gave up going to summer school, I should go for the post session from the first of August to the middle and he and Johnny can get along fine here, and so I may if the house is not sold by then and every thing is going along all right here. I always get quite an inspiration there for my school-teaching. I have signed up for Social and Intellectual History of the United States and am taking that now from Cheney by correspondence. Also I have made a nice yellow sundress and linen bolero, have a white bolero cut out, a rose denim skirt, and then I have material for a plaid jacket and a pink denim jumper. If the falls are as nice as they say they are here, I can wear these new cottons I am making up, to school this fall. I love my sewing machine and it is such fun to have some time to use it, at last.

It was nice for Macks for you to be at their place with their children. Did it bring back thoughts of old times? What fun we used to have and how we used to laugh about things Alice and Emmet! We shall have to get together more often. *I miss you folks more than any body else since we have been here.* I told John I wouldn't be surprised if Mack is governor of Montana some day and his little wife, Dorcy, would make a very nice first lady of the State of Montana. And that Joe and his wife are a wonderful couple, too. They will all do fine, I know, and you have every right to be proud of them and their children. *I love Montana and must come over some time.* Johnny had a fine weekend with Kay. They went oyster digging in the Bay and had a big oyster feed at Frank's house.

Coffee is ready, so bye-bye. Answer to this address, please, as we shall be here most of the time. Lots of love to my loved Montana kinfolk

Albin

Monday Afternoon
Aug. 8th, 1955

Well, my dears,
It was wonderful to see your letter waving from Johnny's hand as he stopped hammering long enough to get the mail from our big box and bring it in to me about 11 this morning, when the postman comes.

After reading your letter and seeing how busy you have been with company and baby-sitting and helping prepare chickens, and Emmet with carpentering and assisting Mack and so forth, I can see why day after day went by all summer, and nary a letter from our dear kin in Montana.

We were delighted, however, that you were entertaining Tuttle's as I know you folks enjoy them so much and they are such nice company. Karl's is a merry personality, in spite of the difficulties life has dealt him.

You've been keeping so busy, it's enough to make a person pretty tired and so you are forgiven for not getting around to writing. We had begun to think you had scratched us off your list. (Could we have hurt your feelings?) I do hope Arrie will steadily improve. You know I thought that King's had already moved to Big Sandy long ago, perhaps it was just talking about it that I heard, and now they are actually going to make the move. Is Kade any better? She has had a bad time.

Well, we went home to Spokane about July 17, on Sunday, taking Elsie Q. back with us as she had been over visiting at Tom's for two weeks and she and Ethel had been here to call a few times and we had seen her at Tom's. Well, Tom brought her up the evening before we left and that night John and I literally poured her into a sleeping bag and laid her on an army cot, all of us laughing fit to kill. Up bright and early the next beautiful morn and home by way of the beautiful Stevens Pass with its white peaks and waterfalls, and thru Wenatchee. At home, John loaded up the big haul trailer he had made previously and back we started for Seattle Thursday morn, the 21st, bringing Dennis with us.

(Johnny's)
Johnny's nurse friend, Kay, happened to be home visiting at Moses Lake during the same interim that we were in Spokane and she called us long distance in Spokane, Wed. Eve., to say her folks wanted us to stop on our way back and have lunch with them at Moses Lake. Also, Kay was to ride back with us. And so we did. They live in a beautiful new brick ranch house, finished in March, and the house is 3 or 4 miles out of the town in a circle of nice new houses each with some extra ground. Maybe I told you Kay has a horse which she broke herself and so there is plenty of room to pasture the horse. The Dad works for R.E.A. and has his own private plane which he flies in his business, at the different towns. The mother's folks were farming people from Prosser and we met the grandparents from Prosser, too, as they were visiting at Kay's. The mother and father are both forty, birthdays the same day, Kay is nineteen, her sister Lynda, 17 and in H. S. and a little sister seven. The father, an Irishman, Ed Tull is BIG. He actually towered over our big Johnny. The mother is slim and pretty and young-looking. They belong to the congregationalist church which is the same one Johnny has membership in, so that is fine. We had a lovely luncheon with the whole family there and not in many a day have I met such a charming wonderful family, all so apparently thinking so much of each other and so well-mannered and so forth.

Denny, as I said, was with us and he certainly behaved so nicely that, as Johnny Boy said, he was quite an asset to us, sitting at the table so quietly and eating every scrap of his food, and when he did talk,

2.

talking so cute that everyone said what a cute little boy he was. We left their house about two and came on to Seattle, loving it all the way as it was such fun with Kay and Johnny along. I have never seen Johnny Boy so happy. He and Kay were so merry that I said to John their youthful joy and being in love rubs off on me and John and infects us with its happiness. We've just had a wonderful summer. The first two weeks we were here it rained most of the time and Johnny Boy and I didn't know whether we would like it or not, but since then the sun has shone and the whole place over here is so bright and clean and scrubbed appearing that I think it is just about the most wonderful climate I've ever experienced. The air is so invigorating and smells so good and fresh, fresh, fresh, Every twig and leaf just shines, there's no dust on any foliage.

The other day, I saw Mt. Baker to the North, like a pink ice cream sundae, then the Olympic Range, our western view, showed its jagged white peaks all day, there wasn't a cloud in the sky. Then that evening we went to see John's cousin's family, Gordon, and all down the Valley we could see huge and pink Mt. Rainier. (It rises two miles up in the air over the other Cascade Mountains, so it surely stands aloof and alone in its proud majestic beauty.) We drove slowly so we could drink in all that beauty. Then coming home the moon was up big and round and yellow and throwing a path of gold over the waters of Lake Washington where big ships were riding at anchor, having come up thru the locks to fresh water to kill the barnacles. So I said, "We are blessed. So much beauty all in one day!!!"

Well, to go back to our return trip to Seattle, we drove thru the dairy country and along by all the blueberry farms on our way to Bothell, then to Kenmore, passed the country club and climbed the lovely paved and curving road which leads gently to our hilltop property. We had supper and then the Quinns were driving up after Dennis, and tho he had been treated like a King over visiting Grandma Rose, he was almost hysterical with joy when he saw his family. He leaped and yelled and slipped and fell and John, Sr., shouted, "Catch that kid. We got him this far. Don't let him kill himself now." Tom and Ella laughed and Denny hugged Tommy and Sherry--oh, it was a joyful reunion--Denny had been gone a month and just didn't know how to handle his joy when he got back here. They left and then Johnny drove off for American Lake with Kay. It's quite a drive down there and so it was midnight when he returned.

You spoke of wondering if I were at Cheney--well, when we were in Spokane I phoned the girl with whom I rode last summer and she was not going to the post session so rather than look farther for a ride to and from Cheney, I gave it up. Besides, I felt the boys needed me here as they work until about nine and nine-thirty on the house every evening five days a week and they need good nourishing meals, so back I came with them.

Last weekend at three Sat. afternoon, the three of us drove down to American Lake picked up Kay and then went on to Frank's place five miles out from Olympia. We had supper with him and then I made a huge pot of clam chowder to take up Mt. Rainier the next day. I had made a potato salad here first. We had a nice evening with TV and the young folks playing Acey Ducey and then Johnny took Kay back to the hospital where we picked her up again the next morning along with two other nurses. In Frank's lovely turquoise Ranch Wagon we left with the girls soon after six and drove up Mt. Rainier. Beautiful paved roads, like

3.

cathedral aisles, up and up and up, waterfalls everywhere, everything shining clean. I never saw such clean and thick and fragrant forests. Wild deer lying in ferns, birds, eagles, opossums. Then we came to the clearing where huge Paradise Inn is. All around us were white ranges of mountains, a wide open vista with Mt. Rainier above all else. It was ten a. m., then, and we went into the Inn and looked at the huge fireplace with its blazing logs. We had hot coffee and rolls and then started out on our hike for Paradise Glacier. My, what a rugged climb that was! Up and up and up, we went some more, but this time on foot and sometimes on the whoops, the fanny. We slipped and slid. The alpine meadows of beautiful wild flowers gave way to snow. Parties on horseback passed us, the easy way to climb, but we are the hearty souls! We went along the skyline trail and finally came to the Glacier with its gleaming white snow and its pale green ice caves and ridges. We were six thousand feet above sea level and I mean that literally, as before we started up the mountain in our car we were at sea level, of course, but we were still eight thousand feet from the summit. Our mountain-climbing neighbors here have been to the summit. But that was climb enough for all of us and I was a little stiff the next day and so were the other two nurses Kay told us, but it didn't phase Kay who is quite an athletic girl and a horseback rider.

Well, then we descended the mountain, got in the car and rode down to a rushing river and falls and heated up our big kettle of chowder on the gasoline stove, made coffee, had the potato salad, sliced cold meats, olives, bread and butter, crackers, coffee, candy bars, and salted nuts.

We had such fun, took a lot of pictures. The young folks all rode in the back seats and John, Frank and I in the front. We sang all the oldtime songs we knew, then the young people would clap after our song and then they would sing one for us, we would clap and sing another for them. Daddy John said to me later, that he never had such fun since "Aunt Maggie caught her tits in the wringer!" Tch! Tch! That John.

We dropped off the two nurses at the hospital, took Kay back with us to Frank's where we arrived about seven p.m., had supper, more TV then Johnny took Kay back to American Lake, and came back to sleep at Frank's. After the night there we left Monday morning going thru Tacoma. We saw a sign, "Power House bars for sale, fresh, but imperfect," so we went into the factory and bought two dollars worth and they were lovely, simply melted in one's mouth, a nice assortment, but some just a little too large or a little too small for the machine wrapping.

We bought groceries and then got back here about noon where we had our lunch and the boys got to work on the house. It is so big a trip that we could not make it all in one day and so had to spend two nights at Frank's place.

They have been having Seafair here the last week, parades, pirates burning a ship on the Sound, wonderful speed boat races, mardi gras dancing in the streets, something going on all the time, but we did not take the time to see much of it, but will another year.

I inclose a snap taken at Pauline's with one of her baby goats. She has two mama goats and yesterday John was picking cherries which Pauline was giving us and the two goats climbed up the ladder beside him and ate the cherries off the tree as he picked. John laughed himself sick at the antics of those goats. When they thought John was getting too many cherries, they'd give him a bunt. I took movies of the performance.

4.

If you care to, you might save this clipping I send you as I most likely will put it in my scrapbook where I put items with my name in them. I was hired in January and other teachers at different times, but this is the list. You will notice that nearly all the women teachers are married. The John Kidder mentioned is a nephew of our Mrs. Kidder in Spokane. She had told me he was to teach in this vicinity. I knew a Roy Wick in high school and am wondering if this is the same fellow.

The new Kenmore School is the most handsome school I have ever seen in all my life. Pauline says it is a duplicate of the new Woodrow Wilson School in Seattle. It is the last word in modernity. The doors are coral and blue, the floors are covered with asphalt tile blocks, each room has an outside door, and the windows are almost to the floor. There are sinks, blond counters and cupboards, and lavatories in the primary rooms. The sidewalks connecting all the doors are from twelve to fifteen feet wide and there are cement play areas with diamonds of soil in them where flowers will be planted. Lawns are being put in, and all around are the hills and woods and beautiful scenery.

As you approach the building where the office is, one entire wall is of cedar stained a chocolate brown. Upon this outside wall are the words, Kenmore School, in raised white block letters, the shape of sails, each letter looking like a white sail. Then there are two sail boats in white superimposed upon the wall, and it is just a wonderful outlay for a school in a seacoast area. I'll bet the children will think it wonderful.

We certainly have nice neighbors all around us and never this summer have I heard a one of them say anything unkind about another. They invite us in for coffee, tea, and strawberry shortcake, calling John and Johnny, as well as myself, to come in the middle of an afternoon, so we cross the road and take twenty minutes off or so.

They ask us to come pick cherries, raspberries, strawberries, lettuce, rhubarb, and so forth which I usually do and now I have quite a box of nice jams. Everything grows so easily here that John says he has had more fresh fruit and vegetables this summer than he ever has in all his life. He is planning a nice garden, berries and fruit trees for this nice big flat area that is our backyard. Our huge glass sliding doors came and they will open out on to a flat patio leading to the back yard from the living room. The glass for all of our windows was made in Germany, a very fine crystal glass and a factory here made our aluminum window frames to order. This house is really going to be a beauty. I don't think we shall sell it, but take off some winters in the future and go South, but keeping this for a permanent home. I am liking it better than I ever thought I could. I'm looking forward to getting it well enough along so we can put up our four nice double beds and have you folks come visit us for as long as you care to stay. There really are wonderful places to take you over here and I am very sure no place is more beautiful and lush than this Puget Sound country when the sun shines. I just hold my breath for fear it's just a dream.

We are driving back to Spokane the 17th of August. Scribes Club is having a party in my honor on the 19th. And we go to Dick Allen's wedding the 20th. I bought a steam iron at Johnny Boy's request for Johnny to give the pair, and I now must pick up something for John and myself to give Dick. We shall see a lot of our friends at the wedding and reception, so I am looking forward to it. Johnny is to be

5.

an usher and wear a Tux.

Then John will drive back to Seattle hauling a trailer full of goods and Johnny and I will stay home about a week packing and John will come back and get us and another load. So if you can drive over between the 19th and 26th of August or so, we'd be so happy to see you. Harvesting, though, that you mention may interfere. I'll have to get the house dismantled this trip over, as school starts Sept. 7th, here with our teachers' meeting coming on the sixth, preceding the opening of school. We hope Joe is feeling better. Do tell all the folks hello for us and take care of yourselves.

Don't take so long to write, a line or so, or a card will do. I racked my brain to see what I had said in my letter that might have hurt your feelings, but could remember nothing that could, as far as I could see. Don't ever think I mean anything unkind will you² because I love you all very much and so does John and so does Johnny. Lovingly, *Alberta*

Look on the back.

6.

A teacher visiting her grandchildren
across the road taught 34
years in N. Dakota and will
teach again there this fall.
She knows Uncle Jeff.

I sent this a good letter
from Aunt Minnie?
Those children of theirs —
arent they wonderful?
a.

August 9, 1955
Right after midday.

Dear Folks:

We just had the most wonderful lunch, tender, breaded veal, French bread, mashed potatoes and country gravy, great big ears of yellow corn, stewed cherries, tea and coffee. *Wish you could have joined us. & Cookies.*

Johnny and I drove down to Kenmore this morning for groceries. Everybody is so friendly there and tho it is the suburb of a large city, it has the pleasantness of a country town. There is one merchandise store, called "County Fair," and it's fun to browse a round in it. Then there are cafes, Super Market, Launderette, Cleaners, Drug Store, Oh, just everything, post office and so on. There is also a big drive-in theater and when I saw Montana - a Cattle QUEEN WAS PLAYING THERE A FEW, (Whoops, my capital key stuck) weeks ago, I thought of Montana and you. By the way, I see a lot of Montana car licenses, wine color, this year aren't they?

I just mailed you a Sunday P. I., a very special number showing all the Seafair events. I thought when I looked at Pauline's and Tom's paper Sunday that I would buy two, one for Jeff's and one for you. Then this morning when I got to the Drug Store there was only one left. I said to Johnny, "Who will get the most enjoyment out of this one paper, Uncle Emmet or Uncle Jeff?" and he said, "Send it to Uncle Emmet," and so I did.

You asked about the Lees. Toddy was very successful teaching 4th grade at Grand Coulee this last winter. His mother and a brother kept house for him and they all had a fine winter with everybody friendly to them and loving Toddy's music. Toddy got a \$300 raise and is going back there this winter. Toddy's sister sent me a beautiful orchid from a florist in Honolulu which kind only blooms once in seven years. Mrs. Lee said John is to receive a grass skirt from her--he will surely be able to hulu then. --I am hearing such interesting things from my Irish neighbors. This lady, Connie Watson was born in Dublin and I love her descriptions of the beautiful Irish castles she has been in. Her father, Captain Kelly, sailed out of Seattle as did her two Captain uncles. I'll bet they knew Uncle Tom. Her father and uncles are dead now. Not many people live to be 89 like Papa and Uncle Tom's age 87. No wonder they are failing now. Lots of love, Alberta

Sept. 5, 1955

My dears:

Thanks for the nice big letter awaiting us when we returned here, after the the busiest time imaginable. It was wonderful seeing you if only for a short time and I felt so close to you and happy having you in our home. But do remember when you come to Seattle to visit us that we shall expect a longer visit. It's too bad you did not come back with us this time as I have never seen such lovely weather, crystal clear days, not a drop of rain all of August and Sept. this far, though the dew at nights keeps everything fresh and clean-looking.

Such a time as I had sifting out people and trying to get people who would be safe to entrust our house with. Finally, on Thursday, came a lovely couple with recommendations, references, and who seemed very nice indeed. He is a field representative of the Sylvania Company, Bruce Bryant. He and his wife and eight year old studious-looking little boy reminded us of the major's family whom we liked so much. They rented the house at once with option to buy. So I flew around, washed and ironed and re-hung all the curtains, packed three nights until midnight, waxed the floors, stored some things in the basement as the renters said we might do until we can move them later, and then John came home, Sat. the 27th and helped me finish up.

In the meantime Kay had come back with Johnny when he finished his lovely three-day visit with her and her family at their Moses Lake home. He bought her a beautiful ring and My, it was lovely having all that shining young happiness in the house. John and I are very well pleased. She seems to be a wonderful girl, so capable, so gracious, and so eager to please, and as I told you previously, who would make a better wife than a trained nurse?

Well, Irene Thompsen took us to evening dinner at the gorgeous Colmstock Arms dining room. Kingslands had me up for dinner to our little studio house we sold them. Other friends called us and had us in for coffee and on Sunday afternoon we went to another wedding, Jack Luenow's (he was the boy who left for the Navy with Johnny). Before John came home I had sold his aluminum and received \$103 dollars for it (he thought I did real well.) I sold the dining set, but best of all was renting of the house so satisfactorily. Well, then, after working like mad and wet with perspiration we were able to pull out Wed. Aug. 31st, two cars and haul-trailer. We had a grand trip over stopping at Ellensburg for a delicious cube steak dinner which reminded me of the dinner put out by Dean at Great falls the time we took you there, and the place was similar to that, also.

As usual, in summer, Moses Lake country was about 110 degrees, so it was heaven to get back to the nice fresh coast with its greenery and sunshine, too. The first of Sept., I worked like mad all day, getting things stowed away in our cabin, and finding room for Tv, refrig., the other big dresser, and so forth, also John's paintings which do wonders for these knotty pine walls. It is all real cute and cosy. The boys are getting the partitions in the big house now and John has the big huge main beam that runs end to end thru the ceiling, stained a color that looks like my shining red cedar chest. The cross beams will be shining honey-colored. Oh, it's going to be a dream house, the loveliest one yet. It's taking on beautiful character already and all of John's artistry is going into it as you know it would.

Well, then, on Friday morning Johnny ran me down to Bothell to the meeting for the thirty-eight new teachers.

2.

Johnny left me there and there was coffee served from a dahlia-decorated table. There were introductions and speeches and then the Supt. and the principal of our school, looking like a couple of conspirators descended upon me and very sweetly asked, "Would you consider taking the remedial reading classes in the Denmore school?" My credentials had stated that I loved and understood children, so now I shall be working in the beautiful library helping the emotionally immature, the slow learners and those who were retarded for one reason or another. It will take patience and much ingenuity to motivate and help the children to adjustment. But I will not have many pupils and so can give them individual attention. I think it will be a fine challenge and I shall surely do the very best that I can.

Everyone was so friendly, and then when I got over to the Denmore School I was completely bowled over with its beauty and modernity and its last word in every way. The rooms which have coral doors have beautiful coral floor-length draw draperies, those that have yellow doors have yellow draperies and those that have blue doors have chartreuse draperies. The library, is lovely and thru the long draped windows the lawn slopes down a bank to the loveliest grove of trees. A dream house and a dream school. The change and moving and all was worth it.

To-morrow we have more meetings, luncheon together in the cafeteria and meetings in the afternoon in our own schools, then on Wed. we begin teaching.

When I got home Fri. from the meetings here were the Meyers. You know, Dr. Meyer teaches at Drake U, or rather is the curricula expert there and they are building a house something like ours outside of Des Moines, or having it built, I mean. He and his wife and Dennis and little girl and wife visited us and I made coffee. Then Sat. morning up drove King-lands from Spokane with two nieces and visited and I took them to see the new school. Then Sunday morning here came Tom and Ella and the lively children who were up and down the ladders and all over the building, John said like rats on a ship. With them was Mama Quinn and it pleased me so very much to have her come. Before they left, then came Pauline and a friend and visited. So everybody finds their way here. The Johns planned to work over this three-day holiday so they can get the roof on as soon as possible, but others in celebrating the holiday came to see us and that worked out nicely. Everybody that comes says the same thing, "What a beautiful setting and view, yet so handy to everything, too. Why, if you had looked for a place and picked it out instead of inheriting it, you could not have found a nicer spot, and of course, that makes us all very happy and appreciative.

Pauline and Leo invited us to four o'clock turkey dinner to-day at their house and she thought she would serve it outside in their beautiful yard and so we are taking that much of the holiday off.

I did not know Joe's house was so far along as you had not mentioned it when you were over. Is he building the one of which he showed us the plans last spring, the modern type with the slant roof and islands inside? They most likely have had a nice trip to Glacier and likewise Mack and his family. Stammers wrote that the summer was so horrible in the East what with the hurricane and sticky hot weather and the climate that is changing for the worst that they might consider coming to the Northwest Coast later on. It seems that when people once come west and return to the East, they never like it so well as formerly.

Well, my dears, I must get lunch for my two carpenters. We have been playing our new record by Eddy Arnold, "When the white Azaleas are blooming, When my blue moon turns to gold again, Roll Along Kentucky Moon and a

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 nice rendition of "When you and I were young, Maggie," which you, Emmet,
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Alberta
Boys

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When I got home Fri. from the meetings here were the Meyers. You know,
 Dr. Meyer teaches at Drake U. or rather is the curriculum expert there
 and they are building a house something like the outside of the house
 or having it built, I mean. He and his wife and Dennis and little girl
 and wife visited us and I made coffee. Then Sat. morning we drove Kings-
 lands from Spokane with two nieces and visited and I took them to see the
 new school. Then Sunday morning here came Tom and Alis and the lively
 children who were up and down the ladders and all over the building. John
 said like rats on a ship. With them was Mama again and it pleased me so
 very much to have her come. Before they left, then came Pauline and a
 friend and visited. So everybody finds their way here. The Johns planned
 to work over this three-day holiday so they can get the roof on as soon
 as possible, but others in celebrating the holiday came to see us and that
 worked out nicely. Everybody that comes says the same thing, "What a
 beautiful setting and view, yet so handy to everything, too. Why, if you
 had looked for a place and picked it out instead of inheriting it, you
 could not have found nicer spot, and of course, that makes us all very
 happy and appreciative."

Pauline and Leo invited us to four o'clock turkey dinner to-day at
 their house and she thought she would give it outside in their
 beautiful yard and so we are taking that much of the holiday off.

I did not know Joe's house was so far along as you had not mentioned it
 when you were over. Is he building the one of which he showed us the
 plans last spring, the modern type with the slant roof and island inside?
 They most likely have had a nice trip to Glacier and likewise Mack and
 his family. Stammers wrote that the summer was so horrible in the East
 what with the hurricane and sticky hot weather and the climate that is
 changing for the worst that they might consider coming to the Northwest
 Coast later on. It seems that when people once come west and return to
 the East, they never like it so well as formerly.
 Well, my gears, I must get lunch for my two carpenters. We have been
 playing our new record by Eddy Arnold, "When the white Azaleas are blooming
 When my blue moon turns to gold again, Roll Along Kentucky Moon and a

After
Chocolate

Now just a little more. The rain is coming down in buckets. My, one day at home in the cabin is plenty. I'm glad I teach school. John just came in for hot chocolate which I called him to have. He is struggling to get the huge window into its frame in the dining room at the new house out in front. The glazier will put all the ^{other} crystal glass in the aluminum frames that are already built in to the house.

The mortar is solid ^{and} that halted laying the huge big, rosy fireplace bricks. The fireplace is inside separating the den and living room, making a big fireplace in the living room and a brick wall with mantel in the den. Then there is a huge fireplace in the basement right underneath. The double garage is under the end of the house and will hold three cars. Whow what a hotel our house has turned out to be! This will really be the house that JACK BUILT.

Alice, you asked if the train came below the hill--- only spur roads---I hope that means you folks are

thinking of taking the train sometime. We could meet you down at the King Street Station where the G.N. comes in, and no trouble at all--Boy when that house is done, I hope to have the company!! Everybody says they will come to see us and I will be glad, because even though we are making good friends here the biggest part of my heart is EAST of the Mountains.

It cheered me considerably ~~Tues.~~ on the 15th to have good letters and cards and hankies from all my beloved friends and relatives, including you dear folks.

I got home from teachers' meeting in the chilly evening and John says, "Powder your nose, I'm ready to take you to Eula's Bar below the hill for dinner and that really was a dinner, tenderloin steak at two dollars each and all the rest of the goodies and finished with blue berry pie. We have blueberry farms all around our hill. And from the wall a big Herford looked blandly at us, reminding me of Montana. The place is "Eula's Beef Bar" across from the Country Club and all the country clubbers eat steaks there. DELICIOUS. Love

alta

Saturday, Oct. 8, 1955

Dear Alice and Emmet:

Well, a little moisture fell yesterday and some to-day to break our nice chain of wonderful sunny days. However the air is soft and warm with balmy evenings which were at variance with the slightly crisp mornings and evenings we found in Spokane last weekend.

We had no school yesterday as it was Institute and we heard some marvelous speakers and music at the Civic Auditorium and at the Roosevelt High School Auditorium. The whole set-up differed from the Spokane set-up as this is definitely big-city over here, and where I could walk between buildings in Spokane I had to take a cab between them here in Seattle.

I've been wanting to tell you that quite some time ago, I went into Keener's Butcher Shop in Bothell and there was that wonderful picture signed Ann Sibley. Oh, it was just lovely! Johnny liked it, too.

But do you know a look at that picture cost me \$1.65 as after I admired it I felt I must buy something, so I said, "I'll take these three individual cube steaks and I learned that at \$1.05 a pound that came to \$1.65, whereas at our market in Kenmore I buy cube steak for around eighty cents a pound and just as good. So the boys and I here laughed and said the extra price must be paying for the beautiful picture. It's a nice attractive shop, though, and the meats are good.

I thought I'd inclose these clippings and three of the snaps taken at the wedding the day you waited for us, so graciously. In one picture Johnny is with Pat Allen, Dick's young high-school-age brother, then there is the wedding picture and the bride and groom in another picture in their going-away clothes. Did I tell you that I was in the 6th grade with the bride's mother and have known Mrs. Allen since Johnny's Kdgn. days? Drop the pictures and the clippings in an envelope when you write me, if you so kindly will.

Well, the roof is on the house and John has been storing some of our loads, that he brings over, in the new structure. He is getting in the oil tank in the yard now and soon the glazier will come and put windows in all the aluminum frames. We have the big glass sliding doors for the living room already. Building here is quite complicated. Everything even outside the city limits here must be inspected and John had to pay for a permit to build the house, another to put in the oil tank, another for the furnace and one, I think, when he puts in the wiring.

I just re-read your letter of Sept. 21 and you are the one to remember how many days of school, or weeks I had already had. It made me feel good to know you were right there figuring and remembering, just as it used to please me that you cared enough to know when John's days on and off the fire dept. came.

It was so nice to find the month's check in my mailbox in the principal's office last Friday noon as I didn't expect it till the middle of this week, but you, see, it was the 30th of Sept. and we teachers now get our pay in twelve checks.

John met me at school with his haul trailer and we started for Spokane about three-thirty, and thru the mountains the autumn leaves were just gorgeous, though everything was still green and blooming here on the coast.

2.

We had dinner at Ellensburg around six, then reached Moses Lake and took a motel and spent the night. Kay's folks say that we should always stop with them and they were very hospitable the time we had lunch at their house, but still one is freer to get a place by himself, and then we were up and had hot cakes and ham at a restaurant and were on our way around seven. I thought of you folks having lived in the wheat country of the big bend as we drove thru the harvested fields, sage brush and flat country between the mountains and Spokane.

People here all speak of "the country east of the mountains" and I like the sound of it. I miss my own old territory quite a bit, and especially I did yesterday when I went to Institute and only saw a few teachers in that vast throng from our Kenmore School and that was quite different as when I went to Institute in Spokane, I practically knew teachers and administrators up into the thousands. But this is a change and it will be all right to see how things are done in other places for at least a while.

Johnny is happy back at Cheney among all of his Spokane friends and of course Kay is training at Sacred Heart. I would like to be in our brick house to have him and Kay dropping in for meals and to look at TV this winter, but after all, we kept the home there with open hospitality for quite a while. Johnny is comfortable at school in Hudson Hall and has his meals in the wonderful new dormitory where men and women both eat. He is working hours on his Calculus, German and Engineering Physics and I don't know what other subject, it slips my mind, perhaps he didn't tell me. And, of course, Kay-ology is the main study, I spect!

Stammlers write rather interestedly of this Seattle region. Their weather was terrible in the East this summer ~~what~~ with the tail of the hurricane and also dry spells. Mr. Stammler wrote that they thought they'd like Seattle because it was dryer than New York and that was a surprise to me, but I looked it up in the latest bulletin here and found that he was certainly right. There it was in black and white that Seattle had very slightly more rainfall than Chicago and eight inches less annual rainfall than New York. He is certainly a smart scientist and knows all about the weather everywhere, talks about the pressure, the humidity, the precipitation and the mean, all figured out.

on the bus -
Well, to go back to our weekend in Spokane. John let me out down town and I had my glasses straightened, did some shopping and went up to 17th where Johnny had met John and was helping him load the trailer. Our tenants, Bruce Bryants, had us in for tea, coffee and lunch and were friendly and had everything looking wonderful. Johnny took me out to see the folks and then the three of us spent the night at Elsie and Franks. John and I then left for Seattle Sunday morn and had a most gorgeous trip over in the sunny autumn warmth enjoying all the fall coloring east of the mountains. We are going over the 14th and the 21st and those two loads will finish everything but two shelves of jars in the fruit cellar which we can get next spring or summer.

Did I tell you that John and I called on Uncle Tom one Sunday at the Rest Home? He was a darling and still so good-looking without a wrinkle in his face. We took the Irish lady from across the street and he knew her captain father and captain uncles, called them all by first names as he mentioned them. My, how he loved the sea and his work. His eyes just

Alaska, Rapids from John

show and I thought of you, Emmet. Love to my dear Alice & Gem.

3. danced when he spoke of it. When I last saw him he was so vigorous that it was unbelievable to me he had become otherwise and he was a little mixed about this and that. He kept saying, "If my brother Mike were only here he'd get me out of this place." He said, "You know that Mike is a grand lad, but now take Charlie, he never had any stand-up" to things. He was a good ship's engineer, sailed out of New Orleans. I helped him get his papers. And you know, that Mike is a hundred years old, quite a lad." John said it was a little funny, but pathetic, too, as the two old boys, neither one could help each other now. They have had their day. But just the same, I shed a few tears.

I talked to Edna by phone and she said the doctor said it was either her father's life or her own. She was in the hospital last spring and had fourteen blood transfusions so she comes to see him once a week and sometimes takes him for a ride and that is all she can do. The rest home is not too far from here so we shall drop in once in a while.

I am the special reading teacher now and not only have classes for children who have had some difficulty with their reading, but as soon as the testing is done I am to have a class in reading and other language arts of the gifted children. I am also giving the individual tests for determining the IQ of special cases. Everyone is wonderful to me and my eleven years of experience stands me in pretty good stead as not many have much more experience than I in our building. I've also had quite a bit of special training which is coming in handy.

Your new pickup sounds interesting, Emmet, and the rock wall. At the Civic Auditorium I saw a sign announcing ~~a~~ a mineral & a gem

November 18, 1955

My dear brother and sister:

Howdy, this rainy, rainy day! And the best to you both. And may your eye get swiftly, surely better, dear Alice. I must say, Emmet that was the cutest card you sent. It took me back to blueberry days on the old farm where I fell into the spring and Uncle Charlie told me when I last saw him that it didn't take you and Gene long to fish me out and there you brought me to the house dripping wet with my yellow hair straight as a string and hanging over my eyes. So thank you so very much and also for your good letter. Thanks for pulling me out of the spring, too!

It must be quite a while since I wrote you. Days travel as swiftly as a hurricane. So I'll go back away and if my news overlaps, please forgive me. We get up at seven and dress and together get breakfast, make the bed, tidy up the house and wash the dishes then John takes me to school about eight-thirty. Two big school buses pass our corner but they are powerfully noisy and so full of children that I doubt if there would be a seat for me, still I tell John I could ride the bus but he insists on taking me and coming for me, except on nights when we have after school meetings then I ride home with a teacher who lives over on the other side of our hill, Mrs. Whitman, from North Dakota and I have her little girl, Zoe, in my room. Then after school there is dinner to get and dishes to wash, the Seattle Times to read, my clothes to get in order for next day while John plays some of our loved records. (We can scarcely stand radio and TV music, they have such horrible songs these days.) Then weekends there's cleaning, washing a few undies, pressing, mending, squeezing in an answer to a letter now and then and marketing. We stagger our visits to Tom, Ella, John's brother at Olympia, have dinner with Pauline often on a Friday night. We have been to see Edna Quinn once, and Uncle Tom at the rest home twice. There are so many school activities that they take up many evenings.

Besides all that we made three weekend trips home to Spokane this fall and now have all our things over here. John would call for me Fri, after school, already to go. Then we'd drive thru the beautiful mountains with their brilliant autumn foliage, reach Ellensburg about six, have a dinner there at Jerrol's which we always liked, cubed steak, French fries, toast, jelly, salad, good home-made pie topped with soft ice cream and coffee. Then we'd drive on under the stars listening to the car radio. At Moses Lake, twice we took a motel, and breakfasted at the Turf the next morning which was full of hunters in red caps and mackinaws after their early morning bird hunting. The hot cakes, ham and coffee were delicious and the place had quite a wild west air, spurs, saddles, and guns on the walls, knotty pine finish and stuffed pheasants and ducks looking down at us while we ate. Then we'd drive over the sage brush bordered highway into Spokane with the bright morning sun drawing steam from the cooler earth. The last trip however we did not stay at Moses Lake as the huge trucks on the highway are disturbers of sleep. We reached Elsie and Frank's about eleven-thirty, visited until one a. m. and got about as much sleep as if we had slept the night on the way over to Spokane, staying at Moses Lake.

I shopped Sat., visited with Elsie, Johnny and Kay while John and Johnny loaded up and then John and I would leave Sunday morning and enjoy the lovely trips back to the coast in the warm and bright fall sunshine. We had a glorious August, September and October here, lovely and warm and could sleep with our doors and windows wide open until November. The first two weeks, about, of that were rainy, but almost tropical in temperature. Then suddenly, Nov. 11, a cold wave from Canada hit and we

2.

woke Armistice Day to snow. I pulled back the curtains and said, "Why, John, it snowed!" We could hardly believe it. Then followed a week of cold weather down to zero twice. I forgot to say when I told John it had snowed he pulled his head back under the covers like a turtle and said, "Not in this country, too. I came over here to get away from the D--- snow!" And this week of cold and snow broke all records for all time in the Seattle region. When it snows here it is bad because no one is prepared for it. John has chains, but so many do not have and when we came home last night we passed so many cars that had run into the ditch coming up this road to the hilltop. It snowed again last night, but this morning it was pouring rain and is quite warm. That condition caused all schools out here to close because the travel is bad, but John and I saying that this would be nothing unusual for Spokane drove merrily to school not hearing over the radio that schools were closed. I was the only teacher that showed up. The principal came over to do some work in his office just as John and I were going home and he laughed and said, "I suppose you two are right at home in this kind of weather." We all laughed. He, too, is from east of the mts., raised on a farm in Fairfield, and having been principal for four years at Okonogan. He is a grand fellow. In fact our whole school personnel are the best folks I ever taught with.

Then a few weeks ago I was sent over the weekend to Sunnyside, Wash. as a delegate to the Washington Association of Remedial Reading Education Conference with the school district paying all of my expenses. I had a grand trip going in a car with our reading consultant from Bothell and three other demonstration teachers and one man official. We had grand meals and room accommodations and a lot of fun. They said they were taking me along so I could do demonstration teaching at the conference next year. Maybe they were joking. Anyway the professional spirit was marvelous and I was quite inspired by speeches, panels and teaching that I saw there. One teacher who put on the class in choral reading was from North Dakota and I asked her if she knew Uncle Jeff and of course she did well. Then I saw a girl that I went to H. S. with and she is now reading consultant for Spokane Valley. The neighbors here were very good to John while I was gone and brought him apple pie and had him over for meals.

I have a new title now. I am the Kenmore Developmental Reading teacher. I was given nineteen children in third grade who could scarcely read at all. So I went to work on them, just assuming they knew nothing and in six weeks I took them thru the primers and brought them up to second and third reader teaching phonics along with it for dear life. So then we gave the whole school achievement tests and my children passed higher than the other three third grades of normal readers. The principal and supt. were delighted. So now the best of those I had, have been put into the other regular third grades. I am being giving the other slow third graders for morning session and in the afternoon I will have classes in reading for the fourth and fifth grades and one gifted class of reading in the sixth grade the last period in the day. Besides that I give the achievement tests and the Intelligence tests for the school. I have only taught morning sessions the last three weeks as I have spent the afternoons giving tests to children to determine their reading capacity and intelligence quotient. Well, when it snowed John and I said we'd sell out and not stay here another winter, but then that very day, the principal called me into his office and said, "Now we are counting on you for next year, too, and since you are working up into this reading bracket we don't want you leaving us." So there we are! I guess we will have to stay at least this year and next. However, when our house is done we shall probably enjoy living in it for awhile and besides we are planning on you folks coming over to spend at least a month

3.

at a time with us in spring and fall. And the principal said to me, "Now when you do feel that you must sell out and leave, let me have first chance at that nice new house you are building, won't you?" So there is a prospective buyer already.

We can't say exactly yet what we shall do. I miss my brick house in Spokane very much. That certainly is home to me. But since John retired from the fire dept. he is not content to stay there. I would like to live there and a little later on when I'm thru teaching go South after Christmas until April as Sivears used to do and as several of our other friends do. But that leaves John quite a period of inactivity and besides he does not like being crowded in as we are there on 17th now, with a big new house right across the street from us and a double garage shooting out two more cars into the street all the time. Then the neighbors in Sivears house shut us in so completely that we can't get into the back yard with car or trailer any more, so there we are again! Besides this new house is going to be even nicer than the brick one on 17th and the very latest in every way.

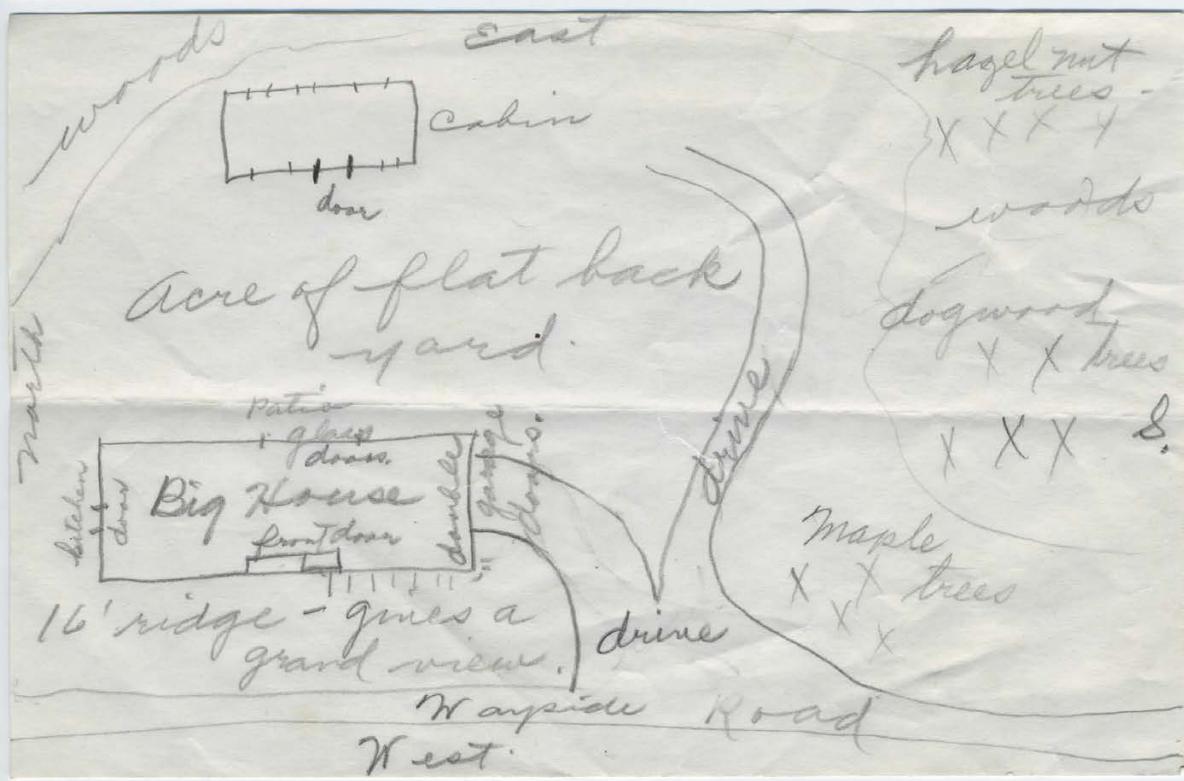
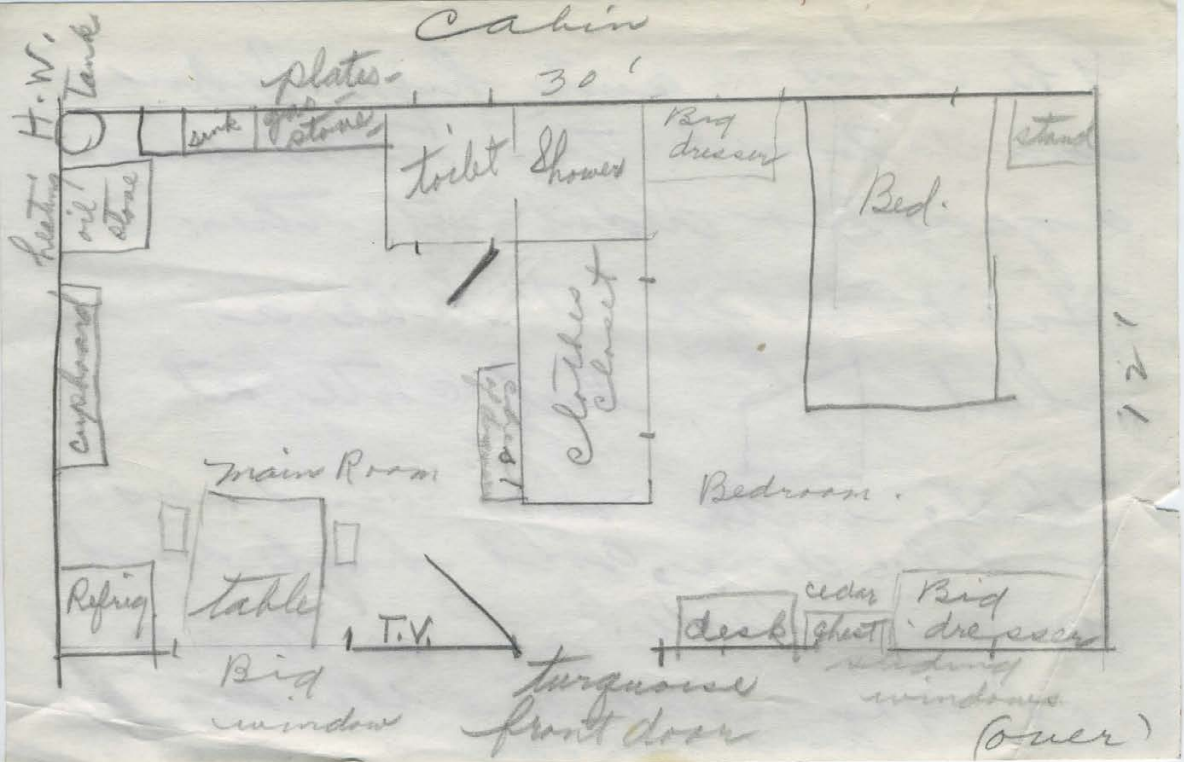
I miss being in Spokane with a home where Johnny and Kay can run in to watch Tv and have snacks. Now he must take her out all the time and as her folks do not live in Spokane either that makes it difficult for the two of them. But they seem to manage fine. Lots of friends have them over and there are Miller relatives who are very kind to them. I had sort of thought Johnny would go to the U here, but after he became engaged to Kay it is only natural that he would want to be near where she is finishing her nurse's training. He likes Spokane better than the coast and I suppose will spend his whole life in that region as he never wants to go away from the locale he says. He had enough of being away to Florida and California in the navy, he says. He may come over for part of his Christmas vacation, but the weather is so bad and the Passes so difficult I wrote him not to try it at Thanksgiving.

We will buy a turkey and stuff it and take it to Ella and Tom's for Thanksgiving and roast the bird there. Frank may come along, too. I cannot bake here nor have I washing facilities until our house is done. I take my washing to the launderette, except for the perishables.


Johnny went hunting last weekend with Gunny near Colville and shot two beautiful big deer, one for himself and one for Gunnard Johnson. Gunny ran the second one up from a hollow and Johnny shot it in the chest as it came over the hill. So each boy put a deer tag on, they dressed them out and got them to the car, took them from ten in the morning until one to do that. So the deer were hung up at Gunny's folks over night, then Johnny came in from Cheney Monday and took them to a butchers and then the meat was to go in the Gunnard Johnson locker. Johnny will bring us some steaks at Christmas and will most likely give deer meat to those who entertain him and Kay. He said he will have mocassins and gloves made for Kay from the deer hide. I'm so glad Johnny has such a fine girl. Everybody loves her. She is tall and friendly and wholesome and has the friendliest smile and the prettiest deepest dimples, makes me think of that Nem Boy, those pretty inundations in the cheeks. She can just do everything and and is very enterprising, take right a hold whatever she does. Her mother wrote me how much the family liked Johnny and how glad they were she had found such a fine and good young man.

We've been waiting for three weeks for the glazier to put the glass in the new house. Now he has promised to come Monday. The cold and rain stopped all building operations. We'll be in our cabin quite a spell yet, I spect.

John to all and the end of the world is 5 K.



The cabin is quite high. John
wants to use the studs
again so didn't cut them.

High in front like a
shed , but cute at

that, with nice windows
& blue door, and high and
airy inside. Love to all
of you including the males
and the does. A.



Dec. 16, 1955

My darlings,

Your letter came to-day. Whenever I hear from you I feel very close to you and impelled to sit right down and answer.

I can just see Doris's and Joe's little girls in their blue felt skirts, white blouses and patent leather shoes. They are such dolls; I know by their pictures.

Yes, I did have a lovely long letter from Elsa and George and they gave a day by day account of Dordy's time with them and they really enjoyed her so very much and were so grateful to Mack for making it possible for Dordy to take the trip. They said when they came back from the depot the house seemed so empty but they were living in the happy memory of her visit. I think the Stammers are very good about being separated from their children. I have wondered how they could take such a sensible view of it with George a world away for so long and Dordy almost a continent away from them. But they make the best of it, and, in fact, conditioned their children to be independent by sending them so far away from home to college. And the children, Dordy and George are self-reliant, too, which is a great achievement for parents to gain in their children.

The one thing I have minded here, as I said before was that we could not make a home for Johnny, but he has gotten along very well, except that it has been very expensive for him paying sixty-five a month at the hall for board and about fifty a month for gas since he goes in to see Kay twice a week and then always having to take her out to eat instead of coming home for snacks and to watch TV really counts up. However, Kay is a darling and tries to keep expenses down. She likes out-door life and hiking and John and I are very happy the two seem so well-suited. I haven't enjoyed our record-player over here much as I could not stand to play the pieces which remind me of our brick house, all the parties we had there and even Bing Crosby's Hawaiian records bring back all the times Lees played for us and our company, the leis we got from Hawaii and also the orchids because of them. But Johnny arrived over here Wednesday night and began playing his western records and right away I realized what a difference it made having him here as the records made me sad no longer, only happy as could be that we were all together again.

P. S. Johnny is helping John, but to narrow the 3 of us will chop in the Seattle stores with Mrs. Progie all about me, have dinner down town and drive back to our hilltop. Sunday we go to 9 mi. where my 2 Johns will help lay the cement floor in John's new garage they helped him roof last fall. All are well there, as they are at home, too. Do have a good Xmas now. Love to all,

2.

Albert,
John,
Johnny

It is wonderful for your happiness to have Mack and Joe and their families so near you. You are blessed indeed. Especially, when so often it is that the boys go where the girls' parents live to make their home. You know the old saying, "A girl is a daughter all of her life, But a boy is a son until he gets him a wife."

Aside from a certain amount of nostalgia for the home and friends and the familiar, we are really enjoying the new experience here and I have been very happy at school as I have really gotten results and every one is very complimentary about the special work I am doing. The principal has all but made me promise to come back next year, he asked me two months ago. But I think another year here will wind it up, even though the new house and view and all are lovely, but we think of it as a good investment. We had a Christmas coffee hour for new teachers at the Supt.'s home and he said that soon Gordon Stutz will be approached to sell his land so a new school will go up on the corner beyond our grove right up here on the hilltop. Stutz is John's cousin, you know.

We also had a lovely Christmas tea at our school to meet the principal's wife the other night. So that is two nice Christmas parties I have attended here before going to Spokane.

Yes, this has really been a winter everywhere. However, since that one cold spell in mid-November we have had warm tropical rains again and it has not been cold. The several bright days of sunshine when we could see the lovely Olympics in all their white glory were crisper and colder than when it rains here. But that one spell was enough for John. He wants no snow or cold at all, so when we sell out here we shall go South for winters. So if you get restless, Nem, you will have to bring Alice along and we can be together a few months out of the year at least somewhere in the sunny South. Most likely we will come north summers for quite a while anyway.

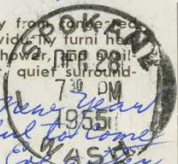
Johnny went to Dennis's house to-night to see his life-long pal from kindergarten days. We walked to the neighbors, under the stars a few minutes ago, John and I, and they treated us to Xmas cookies and the girls gave me a Christmas plant.

Lovely Christmas music has been wafting thru our school for weeks as the children practice for the Xmas program which comes off Wed. I have a lovely tree in my room given by a parent. Then next Friday morning the three of us start for Spokane. We shall stop at Moses Lake enroute for a short time to leave gifts at the Tull home. It is going to be fun living in that lovely apartment at Culmstock Arms Apartments and since there is such a nice large living room and dinette and complete kitchen I expect we shall have friends in quite a bit as well as going out. We will have Christmas Day dinner with Elsie and Frank and go to the Valley folks, Christmas Eve.

When we come back here, Johnny will spend the rest of his vacation, the last few days, with the Millers. This spring when he does his student teaching in Spokane he will also board at Millers. He and Joann are like brother and sister and now they are fond of Kay, also. Joann's boy friend is an instructor in speech work at San Francisco, a Lt. in the army since his graduation and a year of teaching. He has another year of service yet. Bye-bye my dears.

Spokane, Wash. Dec. 26, 1955

An Apartment Hotel located just away from downtown area. All accommodations individually furnished complete with combination bath and shower, available by day, week or month. Pleasant, quiet surroundings. Dining room and drive-in garage.



POST CARD



Dear Ones, Happy New Year
It was wonderful to come
in here last Fri. Eve. after
our drive over and find
such a luxurious warm
apartment and beautiful
lobby decorated with Xmas
tree and wreaths, etc. We
have Johnny & Kay with
us except for Xmas Day
when she went home. We
3 spent Xmas Eve with the
folks, Xmas Day at Claire &
Frank's and we have luncheons
& dinners every day now un-
til we leave for the Coast
Fri. morn. Weather is lovely
here this week, no snow &
warm. Hope you had a nice Xmas.
Love to all, Alberta

Mr. & Mrs. M. E. Quinn
1216 - 8th Ave.
Havre, Montana.