

Jan. 6, 1957

My dearest kinfolk:

Well, how did all of you, the children and grandchildren and your dear selves enjoy Christmas? We hope just fine. I find that Christmas is a very strenuous holiday and it should not be so, but too much excitement and too many sweets give the children colds and then the grownup folk get them and everyone gets so tired. We had such a lot of sickness this year in school just before Christmas, measles, chicken pox, mumps, and scarlet fever and the children all came to school so sick and we could not reach their mothers as they all seemed to be down town shopping. One mother wrote a note, "Please put Janey to bed in the first aid room and give her an aspirin every hour as I have to go into Seattle to shop to-day." Well, Janey was very sick and we did have to put her to bed as we couldn't reach her mother, but of course, we never give the children medicine or any other medicine at school and Janey just had to sweat it out, poor child.

I got my first cold in two years and the first illness I had over here, with the exception of spraining my arm which pained for six weeks. So I was pretty hoarse and after I got to Spokane to Johnny and Kay's I spent the first few days resting and going to bed right after supper, but I'm getting stronger again. Then when I got back to school, half the teachers had likewise been ill over Christmas and had to go to the doctors. As you see by the inclosed clipping our school put on quite elaborate programs. We had every one of our six hundred seventy-five children at the Kenmore School on the stage at one time or another and that was some feat to include every child.

We left Sat. the 22nd for Spokane and it made me shiver to leave the warm moist air to go into the ice and snow thru the Pass, but however, the road itself was just damp and was clear of snow. There were a few skiers on the slopes but the snow and temperature was not quite cold enough to make the sport successful. We pulled into Johnny's and Kay's driveway about five and their little house was all lighted up and we could see the Christmas tree lights shining thru the windows. Out Kay and Johnny came a-running and such bear hugs! Those dear kids. They had just done everything possible to make us cosy and seemed so glad to have us there.

Kay had to get up each morning a 5:45 to get to the hospital by seven and Johnny would pop up when the alarm radio went off, get her breakfast while she dressed and take her to work. She got off at three and Johnny brought her home by three-thirty and I got dinner and she seemed so glad to rest awhile and seemed to like what I fixed so well. Johnny's deer dressed out 85 pounds of meat and we had such lovely tender steaks, roasts and so forth.

Kay had Johnny bring John and myself to the hospital one afternoon. She is in charge of the orthopedic floor part of the time when the head nurse is gone and since she won't be twenty-one until Feb. whenever a patient has to go to surgery she cannot sign the



2.

release but has to go to the sister or to a head nurse on another floor for their signature since hers would not be effective under twenty-one. She started to school at five and was skipped to the second grade at the end of the year and that is why she finished nurse's training so young. At Sacred Heart they just started letting nurse's enter at seventeen instead of eighteen when she entered training. She certainly seems efficient and so pleasant and friendly that all the patients brightened up at sight of her as we passed thru the corridors. The hospital was beautifully decorated for Christmas, but hospitals---ugh---they make me shudder. But Kay loves nursing, and I love teaching, so it is each to his own ability and likes and dislikes, it appears, and a nurse can surely make one comfortable when you need her.

Christmas Day Rose had us out for dinner after Kay got off and we had such a good dinner there and such a good time. And do you know, I did not know Kay played the piano, and the first thing I know here she was sitting on the piano stool playing all the Christmas songs while Elsie played the violin and they did very well together and Ernie and John went over and sang. Papa sat so benign in his big chair and smiled and said, "Everybody comes to Quinn's house!" Some one said, "It would be nice if Emmet and Alice could be here," and at the mention of Emmet, Papa brightened right up. He is quite well, but of course, very forgetful and quite a care for Rose as she worries about him going out without wraps, working beyond his strength and so forth. But for his age, he is remarkable and it is so good he can be where he is instead of in a home like poor Uncle Tom has to be when he wants to be at home so bad, but Edna says she is not strong enough to take care of him.

And, as always, Alice, you were so sweet to remember to write to us and when Johnny brought in the mail one evening and here was your little note, my I was happy and so pleased that you two dear ones had remembered us even when we are on our travels.

Well, toward the end of the week, <sup>in Spokane,</sup> I did quite a lot of shopping, bought two pair of beautiful pumps, a black satin straw hat and purse to go with two black dresses, I have, and I bought a beautiful turquoise blue knit suit with not one of those tight ribbed skirts, but a beautiful circular knit skirt and it is very lovely, a "Lofty," the nicest make of a knit suit and I shall wear it to give a speech in at P.T.A. the 17th, takes quite a few nice clothes, all this public relation work which I've had to do here. Then I got some friends visited, though we did not accept all the dinner, breakfast and luncheon invitations we did last year. It seemed so nice just to be with Johnny and Kay in their happy little home. We played "Scrabble" one night and had such fun. Johnny's friends, Dick and Barbara, Milt and Joann and others were home for Christmas and they all dropped in.

Johnny and Kay gave us a brazier or charcoal burner to cook steaks and hamburgers on our new patio; it is a beautiful big brazier and has wheels to wheel it around. John got me a beautiful copper teakettle from Finland and it is so beautiful I have it setting on a shelf over the fireplace with my gorgeous aftaba.



3.

Kay and Johnny had the dearest calico cat and it would retrieve and it disappeared while we were there and Kay felt so bad. Johnny had it mentioned over the radio, he went to the Pound, he and John searched the neighborhood and still no kitty. Some child must have carried it home, which is what we hoped in preference to any ills that might have befallen, "little Sheba."

We stayed at Johnny's Friday night, after Kay and Johnny had left for Moses Lake when Kay got off Friday afternoon. Since she had been working straight thru for nine days with no Sundays nor holidays she got off for six days. Her mother had a nice Christmas turkey dinner for the kids when they got there Friday night and then when we reached there next morning about ten-thirty she warmed up a nice hot plate of turkey dinner for us which we ate and visited over until about twelve when we started on our way again for the Coast. There was fog here and there, but the roads were all dry as summer and when we went thru the mountains in the Pass the glorious sun was bright all around us and the Pass with its snow-laden trees, blue skies and blue lakes was gloriously beautiful. We reached Redmond at four, bought twenty dollars worth of groceries in the supermarket, and then while fog began to settle around us we drove up to our hilltop here, built a roaring fire in the fireplace out of our wonderful snapping alderwood and turned up the thermostat from fifty-five to seventy. Everything was fine and the house quite warm as the oil furnace kept it with heat turned low.

I had a small dinner party New Year's Eve and Leo and Pauline were here. We listened to Lawrence Welk's wonderful TV program and went out on the porch and rang our "bells of Sarna" at midnight.

We called at Tom's and Rose was visiting there, having come over on the train with the children bringing them back here as they would all rather travel by train in the winter. Then we stopped at Gordon's in Bellevue, then called on one of our teachers. Her husband was a colonel in the British Army in India and Martha's two children were born there, but he has retired now and is working in building and Martha teaches. They are very interesting and John and the Colonel had a grand time together, just laughed and laughed and drank coffee together. John surely does fit in with any company. I was afraid he would not enjoy the English Colonel, so precise and dignified, but John came away saying, "that guy was one good egg" and he laughed all the way home at the funny stories the English gentleman had told him.

Yesterday John and I went to town and bought a beautiful round maple dining room table and six beautiful Captain's arm chairs, imagine having six chairs with arms around your dining room table. The set is exactly what I've been wanting and the salesman wrote me he thought he had what I wanted and would I please come see, and THERE IT WAS! A little expensive, but John said, "What's the difference, what do we care!" I bought it at Frederick and Nelson's, Seattle's nicest store. So you must come and dine off this Early American table with us under our beautiful brass hanging lamps and beamed ceilings and walls papered with a Royal Canadian Mounted Police mural. Also, we bought another record of Slim Whitman's beautiful songs, "Love Song of the Waterfall," "Beautiful

(over)



Dreamer," "Rose-Marie," and oh, lovely song, "The Bandera Waltz." John and I sang the last with him and waltzed all over the house this morning and I thought we were about as good a pair as that happy Johnny and Kay whom I found waltzing to their radio and Johnny packing her over his shoulders like a sack of wheat and she having him down on the floor and sitting on him. Oh, that pair of darlings, so handsome and strong and healthy and full of life. It does my heart good to look at them. Johnny is indeed blessed, he ~~has~~ has a most wonderful and capable girl and so strikingly attractive besides. And so I think the Quinn boys in Montana and the Johnny Miller Boy in Spokane did all right with their selection of mates. And so did, our little Joann, too. Her Milt is perfectly marvelous, too.

Hug all the sweet grandchildren for me. We saw the cute picture of Joe's and Doris's little daughters and all of us said the older one is the image of Joe and the younger the image of Doris.

*lying*

The Lees sent us a huge box of coffee, Hawaiian jams, nuts and coconut syrup from Hawaii and the Meyers sent us a picture of them lying on the white sandy beach. Did I tell you we are sailing to Hawaii, summer after this one, we plan. We made reservations on the Leilani sailing from San Francisco this June, but all the reasonable staterooms were gone, so we will have to make our reservations in summer of 1957 for the summer of 1958. In the meantime, we hope to see a nice pair by the name of Alice and Emmet over here, and take ourselves on a trip to Montana, too. I think we will be at Cheney again this summer from June to August first, then come to Pocatello and Montana and we are planning on you two coming over here this spring, did you know that, my dears?

The best of health and New Year's wishes for health and prosperity, the best there is for the best people on earth.

Lots of love from  
John and Alberta  
who love you all dearly.

*Alberta*  
*Canada*



Note our new address---

15918-88th N.E. Bothell, 5, Wash.  
January 16, 1957

My darlings:

So sorry you haven't been feeling so well, Emmet, and we do hope for your improvement and yours, too, Alice, rest up and get better. You have to be well, what would I do in this world without my dear brother and sister, Emmet and Alice? Even though we are apart you are both very close to my heart, always. I said to John, "I am going to write Alice and Emmet and tell them my spring vacation begins March 29th and lasts until April 8th, and that I want them to take the train and come over," and John said, "Sure, ~~right~~ <sup>write</sup> and tell them to come, we will show them around and let them have a nice change, might to them good." And so, if you will come, I will send you fifty dollars, Emmet, for a birthday present and I don't believe the round trip fare for both of you would be much more, though I meant to call the G. N. and see. We could meet you at Edmonds or Everett depending on which we decide and then we'd have you with us for awhile. This place will not seem like home until you both put your seal of approval on it. So please let me know and plan to come if you are at all able,-----

Dennis and wife and children came out last Sat. and spent the day unexpectedly and the first meal we served on the new round maple dining room table with its Captain's chairs was served to them, and so every visit of loved family and friends is adding to the homelikeness of this place. You know Edgar Guest said, "It takes a lot of living in a house to make a home." And I say it takes a lot of visits of dearly-beloved people to have the house express home-like-hospitality. And then, in August we are planning on doing the parks after summer school in Cheney and we are coming to Montana to bring you back here with us-- and so do plan on coming either one of those times that suits you or better still what suits us both times, in April and in August.

Yes, I meant to tell you that Kay and Johnny received the nice Christmas souvenir book. The two are so busy and have to get up so early for Kay to be on duty and Johnny to drive to Cheney, do their housekeeping and marketing and Johnny his constant studying that they are pressed for time. Kay passed her State Board exams which few girls take and pass after they are nurses, as they are such difficult state exams, but begorra the smart girl passed them and now she is an R.N. or registered nurse besides being a graduate nurse. Then our Johnny was on the honor roll for the winter quarter so they are doing fine.

Kay was so good about answering all of the gift-givers, and they received so many gifts. We sent out about two hundred invitations and announcements and the dear kids sent Christmas cards to all of those to whom invitations were sent which was nice of them. Kay worked for nine days straight and was rather



tired before she got those few days off after Christmas, so it may have slipped her mind to write about the booklet, but you may hear yet.

In the February issue of "The Grade Teacher" my little story, "Little Bright Blue Trailer," came out and all the teachers passed the two magazines around which we have in our school library and it was read to about every room in the school and I got more compliments on the story. Most schools take these magazines, so there most likely is a copy of it in Bob and Debbie's school. I wrote the story a couple of years ago and just sent it in last summer. I haven't received my check or two complimentary copies which should arrive about the first of Feb.

I tore myself away from TV and the good western songs, the leaping warm fireplace and John and the evening "Seattle Times" to dash this invitation off to you and soon I must go to bed as I have to be fresh as a daisy to-morrow night to give a talk before our P.T.A. The special teachers must present their programs. Mr. Asbury, head of the music, Mrs. Sperling, curricula expert, Mr. Worthey, speech correctionist, and myself, the Developmental Reading Teacher. I've certainly had the public appearances this year. I think next year I'll insist on a straight grade and a room because this is a pretty strenuous life all the time, and I have had very little time for myself and John.

Now please think about coming over and give me an answer when you can and do take care of your health, dear brother of mine. Do you think your doctor there in Havre is a competent one? You deserve the best, you know.

Lots of love to both of you and  
to all the others,

Alberta.

*Alberta.*

*O.S. Glad you could use the Santa plan  
for your case. I always think of  
you, Alice, when I see some pretty  
special like that, Alice.*

*Louise Krases.*



Saturday, just before noon.

Feb. 9, 1957

Dearest Emmet; Thanks so much for your good letter, it warmed my heart. I'll just write a short letter now as we may drive up to the Nicholson Furniture Warehouse this afternoon to pick out a curved sectional davenport as they have good prices and top quality and make the davenports to order from the factory in Tacoma. It takes about three weeks to get it made and delivered out here and by three weeks we hope to have the hardwood floors finished and waiting for the big new piece of furniture. *Will get a coral colored one to match our fireplace bricks.*

Perhaps you are in the throes of having your teeth extracted now. I do feel for you. I just hate to go to the dentist and can sympathize with you in the experience of having the teeth out as I even hate to have a tooth filled. We will hope it will not be too bad and that you get your dentures soon and that they are comfortable.

As you say, if you and Alice feel up to coming over to be here in April for my spring vacation, that will be just wonderful, but if you cannot make it then we are planning on bringing you back here with us next late August when we return from visiting all you folks in Montana. It sounds wonderful to think of going up to Elk Water Lake with you folks in the Cypress Hills and we shall look forward to it. I wrote to Cheney and have word that John and I may be able to sublet a nice apartment in Cheney until August first, then summer school will be out. I am taking an advanced course in Sociology right now and do a lesson every evening that we do not have a meeting, takes about three hours to read a chapter and write a lesson. There are twenty-six chapters, and thirty lessons. One of the questions is to outline a whole sociology course for high school work. So it is quite involved. I love the courses in sociology though, they surely help one to understand humanity and what makes everybody tick, one can surely understand why people do the things they do, knowing that their behavior stems ~~for~~ *from* insecurity and frustration in so many cases.

I am inclosing a letter which I send to the parents of the children whom I help in special reading when the children are ready to go on to their classes. Did I tell you that they want to divide me up or spread me to three different school next year? I rather objected to that, as I have about a hundred different children now in my classes and going about from school to school would be difficult for me as I do not drive. So I told the principal I thought I would rather take a room and one grade next year. But he said, "We can not replace you in this work you have been doing, you have done so exceptionally well." So I laughed and said, "No one is irreplaceable and besides I only intend to teach a year or so after this." Then he laughed at me and said, "You won't be able to stop teaching." So there the question is left hanging in the air.



2.

But seriously speaking, after we get the house completed here, and buy us a nice new station wagon and a deluxe 19-foot trailer I'd like to indulge John's wishes and take off for a while. We haven't had a good vacation now since we went South that winter and we have had a pretty busy time what with building, selling a house in Spokane, <sup>4</sup> myself going to *school and teaching* school. It's been interesting and successful but quite a whirl for "old people" like ourselves. I was pretty tired over Christmas and afterwards, had larynxgitis quite bad and so went to bed all anuary about seven o'clock every evening, but I finally got my voice back and am so rested now that I stay up til ten and eleven and get up about six-thirty a. m.

Weather has been a little bad all over the country hasn't it? We had two weeks of snow here but now it is all melted and the temperature is about fifty again with warm Southwest winds blowing. John has been putting out suet cuttings from our meat all winter, tying the strips to the trees and what a flock of birds he has been feeding! Then he goes out to the bee hives and watches the busy bees hauling out the dead bees, drones, maybe, or those who died in the winter, and dumping them over the edge of the hives. John laughs at the way the bees struggle and hassle with the loads, and finally heave them over. John stands there in the sun and the bees get in his hair and in his ears but John stands still and they do not sting him. There is something very elemental about John. He just loves anything connected with nature.

One of our teachers who lives in Seattle keeps his bees here as we have such wonderful clover and fireweed. He gave us so much honey, in combs and jars, and then we bought ten dollars worth from him, used it ourselves and gave away about seven dollars worth to our neighbors and friends herefor Christmas. Well, my dear brother, the best to you.

Lovingly,

*Alberta*

Alice, dear,

We do hope you are feeling better--that darned arthritis--well, I'll keep a good thought for you. Most likely "Joes" got the package I sent for the children. As I mailed it I thought that I should be sending something to Debbie and Bobbie, too, but I have so little time to browse around, (working.) But sometime I shall find something and send it on its way to the dear children.

Do you remember, Alice, that little Sandra Constantine, beautiful little girl with long black hair whom I said reminded me of <sup>1</sup>rene? She and her mother and father were at our house one night at E. 3912, I think, when you and Emmet were over. Well, I just had word the mother, Sandra's mother, that is, died and was buried Tuesday. And we were at their house this Christmas and had such a nice visit and Mrs. Constantine seemed fine, had done so much for Christmas. My, it was a shock to me, Johnny wrote us right away. Sad things happen! Poor little Sandra and the Mr. ---I must get lunch now for my man---you received the "Grade Teacher", too. most likely *Love, Alberta*



Monday Evening  
Feb. 11, 1957

Dearest Alice and Emmet,

Well, our letters crossed in the mails again as I mailed you a letter and inclosed clippings on Saturday, but as I reserved this Valentine to mail until to-morrow morning so you would get it not too far ahead of Valentine's Day, I will inclose an answer to your letter which came to-day.

It was good of you, Alice, to inclose the letter from Rose. She writes a nice warm little letter doesn't she? And how good it is that she is able and willing to take care of Papa so well. She feels bad about it, too, as when I was there and she talked to me she had tears in her eyes. Not many people live to be over ninety. Papa has really reached quite an age, bless his dear heart. So far, he has always known me and did at Christmas and seemed so glad to see me.

We drove down to Tom's on Mercer Island <sup>yesterday</sup>. My, they have a beautiful house and a rare location on the lake, just lovely. They had just bought a new mahogany spinnet piano and Cheryl was taking lessons. We visited for an hour or two Sunday afternoon and left to get home before dark as it was cold and windy and raining heavily. Then we had a big fire in our fireplace, looked at TV and I curled up in the corner of the Davenport and read Don Blanding's poetry about Hawaii. They are autographed copies I got while in Spokane. Don wrote his name in them for me and John bought them for birthdays.

How I do wish you could come over this spring while the rhododendrons are in bloom and there are acres and acres of gay tulips abloom and daffodils and hyacinths and such, all those beautiful bulb flowers! John said, "We will take them on a day's steamer trip to Victoria and back." But I know if you are not up to it, physically you can't. However, it is about two months until April and we shall hope your troubles will be over by then. We both feel so sorry that you have been having such a bad time, Emmet, and send you our best hopes and wishes, and you, too, Alice, with that arthritis. When John had a tooth or two out, those little bones worked out the same way and then the gums healed.

It was nice Dordy had a good trip East. I know how thrilled Stammlers must have been as they wrote me last year about all the nice things they did while she was back there.

I am not surprised at Bobby's and Debby's good grades, smart little kiddoes! About that Grade Teacher Magazine, you were right about its being used all over the States, likewise those national education magazines are used in the American Education program in Japan and Germany. "I have written stories and articles for them all," The Instructor, "American Childhood" and others and was notified that they were sent to these foreign countries. You notice, this is an expensive magazine, as are the others, sixty cents a copy.

Well, love to you all, including the Joes and the Macks. Glad Doris received the package. Love, oh, so much,

Alberta & John.



Mar. 18. 1957

Dearest Alice,  
Just received your letter  
and we do feel for you  
and Emmet. It's too  
bad Emmet had to go  
thru surgery again. But  
perhaps this will  
help him and he will  
be better. We know  
it is all a great strain  
on you, but you will  
manage very well,  
as you always do.

It sounded so good  
to me when you wrote



... and a day or  
ch 18, roads were  
... day- those who needed  
to Mr. mail or supplies found it very  
... difficult.

### Released From Hospital

Mack Quinn drove to Great Falls Sunday to get his father, Emmett Quinn, who was released from the Deaconess Hospital that day. Mr. Quinn underwent major surgery and is recuperating at his home in Havre.

30-31



Due to local demand will do a  
a limited amount of

RADIO SERVICE

lies



of calling Mack and he and Dordy came right up. How good to have fine, strong, young sons to give one strength and moral support! And you are so especially blessed with Mack and Joe.

I am inclosing a five dollar check which you can cash if Emmet is well enough to indorse it, and get him something that he might like for his convalescence.

I'm sure now you won't be able to come over in April, and maybe not this Spring, but perhaps by late August he will be strong enough, and you can both come back with us. The change of scene and the sea air and our nice quiet,



restful place & should  
be a pleasant interlude  
for both of you.

Relax as much  
as you can, Alice, and  
we will be sending  
you our very best  
wishes.

Lots of love  
from us both,

Alberta.



Mar. 18.

Dear Emmet,

We are so glad you went to another doctor and to Great Falls. Perhaps you will be better now. If wishing and hoping will help you, please know we are sending you our best.

I'll be waiting to see how you are and Alice said



she would keep us  
posted. All is well  
here.

With love and best  
wishes,

John and Alberta.



Tues. Eve. March 26.

Dear Brother Emmet,

So very glad you  
are home again. I do  
hope you made the  
trip all right and  
without too much  
fatigue.

You should be a  
lot better now and  
you have a good  
home to recuperate  
in. So be patient  
and take it as



easy as you can  
which should give  
you a steady recovery.

I'll bet you  
are glad to see  
that sweet little  
Mike again. I in-  
close a little poem  
for you to give  
Doris.

Lots of Love and  
best wishes from  
John & me.



Tues. Eve.

Dearest Alice,

The sun has just gone down in a blaze of glory behind the Olympics. John sits in the western corner window reading his paper and I am right thru the back hallway in the den.

We've had supper



<sup>2</sup>  
and before I begin  
my usual evening of  
study on my Biology  
I'll write my Montana  
darlings. I finished  
my Sociology lessons,  
sent them in a huge  
package to Cheney  
already and got my  
five credits. Now  
I must finish this  
in the next few weeks.  
It makes a pretty  
full schedule for me  
with teaching & all.



3-

I know you must be tired, Alice dear, — all those sleepless nights! You took good care of our Emmet and we do thank you so much for keeping us posted. And now we hope you can catch up a little on your rest.

Isn't it good to have the operation over and dear Emmet



to the nursery to care for infants -  
no heavy work or lifting; love, a

home again?

It's quiet around here without Johnny, Kay and Linda.

My, they were all so sweet - and here is some precious news - John and I already bought a Boston Early American maple rocker to rock our grandchild who is scheduled for early August! There now! Kay expects to work until June 1st. She is well and was transferred



Wed. morn.

My dearest couple,

Received your P.O. card, Alice. Glad you are enjoying the book Emmet. To me, it captured the old Alberta atmosphere. I loved it. Beautifully-expressed, too.

Hope you are both continuing to do well.

Such a busy week! I've been up since 5 a. m. writing on Biology lessons. John says I ought to soon be able to hang out my doctor's



shingle.

Had a mothers' meeting yesterday afternoon, served coffee & banana bread; lace table cloth on table in my schoolroom, Cherry, flowering crab and forsythia in huge vases. Talked for an hour and a half explaining my work and children's progress. To-morrow I do the same for my 5th & 6th grades Accelerated classes. This is the third such meeting in two weeks. Mon. nite was physical education meeting, to-nite is Bothell Education meeting to-morrow is P.T.A. — Whew! But Fri. is Good Friday — no school — no meetings. — I love you both! Happy Easter! Alta.



Friday Evening

Dearest Alice and Emmet:

Keep a stiff upper lip, Brother Emmet. We are hoping and praying for your rapid recovery and know that you will be as good as new. You have been through a lot, but the Quinns and the McAnellys are hearty people and can stand a lot. It is dreadful this surgery business, but if it gets you over all this trouble and discomfort you have been having it will be worth it.

And you have a pretty good pal there, that Alice girl, watching out for you and I know Mack and Joe are treasures. How good to have your loved ones around you when you need them!

The best to you, dearest brother.

And Alice:

I don't know where else to write to you but to the hospital, too, as I don't know Alta Deem's address. Give her my best wishes. I remember with such pleasure the wonderful day one unday long ago when we had chicken dinner and lovely home-made ice cream at her house with all the Deem's family there-- they were all "dear hearts and gentle people, too." How nice you can stay there to be near Emmet, both nice for you and Emmet.

I wonder if the Deaconess Hospital is the one where Mack stopped to see another Dorothy, a nurse, one time there when he was riding back to Spokane with us. It was a huge hospital and a very nice one. We went inside and around and it reminded me a little of the big Sacred Heart Hospital in Spokane, though this one in Great Falls was newer and not quite so huge. Very nice and clean and up-to-date, it looked.

You are very good, Alice, to have written such good letters and of course we were most anxious to hear. And to-day your card came. John brought it with him down to the school when he met me as we were going to buy groceries. And I was glad to hear Emmet was up for a little. Let us hope he will improve steadily and be his good strong self again.

By now he most likely has received the birthday card and letter and little check I sent him to the hospital for flowers, or juices or whatever.

Our dear Johnny and Kay and maybe Kay's sister Linda, too, will be driving in tomorrow noon. They drove down from Spokane to Moses Lake to-night after Kay got through work and will leave for here Sat. morning and get here to-morrow noon, Johnny wrote. Sunday, Kay and Johnny will be godparents at the Christening of Dennis's little son. When Kay and Johnny must go back to Spokane Sunday. We are so thrilled at their coming over.

*Dennis is Johnny's boyhood pal. They lived & played together all their school years -*

*Love from Alberta & John*



Sunday Afternoon  
March 10, 1957

My dearest Ones:

*Emmet,*

How are you? To hope the teeth are about gone and that you have not had the ordeal too severely! And you, Alice; I hope you are feeling better. Spring must be on its way even East of the mountains as it is doing all right here. We took a walk in our woods, down into the canyons and up to the other side where from a bluff edge we can look down on the town of Bothell and East to the Cascade Mts., beautiful prospect.

A chorus of frogs were singing songs of springtime for all they were worth, a symphony of sound. Yellow pollen was dusting off the pussy willow trees and everything was greening. Soon the dogwood trees will be in bloom, the wild cherry trees, the trilliums and already the ferns are huge and big. And the bitter with the sweet is that the stinging nettles are out and my ankles between the place where socks and overalls did not meet are stinging to beat the band.

You will note the sample of our kitchen wallpaper, the lovely "Mounties." We have the end wall up to the big corner windows done with this paper and then the window takes over the view of alderwoods and Valley and yonder hills. There are twenty-two horse units such as the one I send only the unit has <sup>also</sup> a bluff with an Indian kneeling on it and mountains in the distance. John says, "It doesn't look too horsey, does it?" And I said, "Oh, no, I am back in Alberta on the plains and I see Uncle Martin and the other gallant Mounties, Old Fort McLeod, and I am riding on the saddle in front of Papa on dear old Tuck. Oh, no, not too many Mounties and Horses--this is my especial part of the house I love." And John said, all right, Mama, you can have your Mounties and horses, I still think big colorful flowers would have been more artistic, but I got to keep my Mama happy." So perhaps, we look like a travel bureau, but I love the kitchen. The other walls and ceiling are enamelled sunshine yellow, the hardware, brass hanging lamp, and door knobs are brass. The range hood, copper, and the cafe curtains at the huge windows will be a brown like the horses with little octagons of yellow and green and brown, colonial paper design.

*The linoleum is that tiny hand tile type, color of the Mounties' coats like we had in the Balcony House.*



We sre expecting Kay and Johnny next weekend between school quarters. I hope they will be here at least three or four days, and it will depend, of course, on how much time dear Kay has coming *to her from working Sundays etc. extra.*

Dennis, Connie and children were here yesterday and had Sat. midday dinner with us. They say they love coming out here. It is like a big lodge in the country and they are still waiting for our son and daughter to come over to be godparents to little Stevie. And Stevie is walking now. Plunk, plunk, plunk he goes, looks perfectly square. And as you say, Alice, <sup>like</sup> Mike does, he gets into the cupboards and out come the pots and pans. Yes, I remember well our little Johnny heaving pots and pans out and even throwin his pottie down the stairs at Ella and running and laughing when he was about a year and a half. John said to-day, that he kept thinking at the wedding that Johnny was still a little boy and he felt like saying, "Stop, Johnny, is just a little boy yet." He hadn't told me that until to-day. John covers up his feelings always by being jolly, but underneath he has the wistful feelings, too.

I wonder if you would have any inkling if you will be able to come over or not this spring. Do you think yet that you will be up to it? I know the teeth business is an awful thing. Do you remember what a time Aunt Minnie had? If you feel at all a little beforehand that you will be able to come or not, could you let us know, because if you do come we want to be free to devote all of our time to you and let you have a nice time. If you don't think you can make it on my Spring vacation if I knew ahead I could plan accordingly as John and I might go over to the Peninsula or to Victoria even if you can't come, but we'd like it better if you could go with us. At any rate, we are going to bring you back with us in late August, aren't we? I am tired from working on my Extension courses. If I ever get educated that will be the day. These extra credits and summer school should raise my wages to about \$5230 next year, I told you I can't afford to quit. Mr. B. our principal said "could write my own ticket as to just which one of the four schools to teach in here next year. Well, lots of love to both of you. We do love

*YOU!*  
*Alberta & John*



Sunday Morning, March 31. 1957

Dear Brother Emmet,

When I looked in our mailbox yesterday as I crossed the road in the bright spring sunshine, there was a letter in your hand writing. I could hardly believe <sup>it</sup> and was so thrilled that you were able to write us again. And what a good letter you wrote with its bit of poetry, which was very lovely and very appropriate to the occasion of "missing dear ones," and I must say that it is entirely mutual, as we all do miss you folks. And what a flare you do have for the romantic! You would not be Irish if you did not have.

Indeed, it is good to go on living! The world would be a desolate place if Emmet were no longer in it. And I can see how you felt that the old landmarks were precious as you rode to Great Falls. When John was "smoked" that time, and they were loading him into the ambulance, he came to, long enough to hear some one say, "Well, it is an easy way to go," so he thought it was curtains for him, too. And he said that he thought, "Well, Mama and Johnny are well-taken-care-of, but I can't use my new camera and go traveling anymore." So we will thank the dear Lord for all of his blessings and kindnesses to us. How glad we are that you went to Dr. Howard, and most likely you will just be fine now!

You will both just enjoy your TV more and more. We do enjoy ours so much and especially the <sup>W</sup>L<sub>A</sub>rence Welks' Show on Saturday and Monday nights. I imagine you can get it there, too. We used to see it in Spokane all the time and also in California the winter we spent there.



2.

Indeed your boys are wonderful and you both have every right to be proud of them.

I inclose a little letter from Hedice and you will see that Aunt Minnie and Uncle Jeff have not been very well. I don't know wheter or not we will get down to see them this August or not. We certainly are coming to Montana which is the main thing to see you folks and bring you back with us for a visit. I am going to have a pretty full summer at Cheney until August first, and I am hoping I will not have to take the second two weeks also, which lasts until August 16th, but I don't believe I will have to. I hope to finish and get my degree in Education by August second and then I will be through with college for awhile unless some time I want to take something special after school evenings at the University here.

Did I tell you John plans to enroll in Geology and the study of rocks and their identification and to take Field Trips with the professor and his class East of the Mountains this summer, not for credit, but just for the information and pleasure. Then he will be over there with me.

My, how we did enjoy our Johnny, Kay and Linda, such fine young people! John and I cannot get over how much Johnny has grown up and how mature he has become, nothing like marriage to mature a person! And we are so proud of Kay and Linda, such lovely capable, thoughtful girls, a nice family to be connected with.

I am mailing under separate cover a novel which is re-printed here in paper cover. It was given to me by one



3.

of the former Scribes Club members, Rita Hansen, a very good writer herself. She was quite entranced with my Canadian novel and my account of Louis Riel and so gave me this book as it pictures the Canadian scene also. It is a little slow in the beginning and you might find it a trifle hard to get into where it deals with the early life of the central character in Scotland, but I'm very sure you will love the story as it gets into the foothills and speaks of Calgary and so forth, and the heroine, "The lady from the Red River Shore," should remind you of Sweet Alice.

This friend of mine, Rita, died last year in California. She used to write for the Montreal Star and was always telling me to send my novel there to a Canadian publisher. But I cannot find a minute to develop it into just the Canadian part, but perhaps next winter I can work on it as I shall not be taking ~~so much~~ correspondence and Extension work then. I am so busy that husband John has taken over the dish washing and most of the cooking. He gets dinner practically every night and is a real good cook.

This coming week I hope to get a lesson a day done, though we are going shopping to-morrow and then one day this week we shall ferry across to the Straits of Juan de Fuca and do some beach combing and picture-taking. It is vacation week and we could have gone over to Spokane and I could have attended Inland Empire Institute there which I would have enjoyed, but still it is nice to stay at home in my nice house here for awhile and get some blankets washed and glory in the sunshine in all the pretty rooms. — We love you



4.

and rejoice that you are getting better. —

I'll pick up this book when I come over, so I hope you can read it in the meantime and enjoy it as I did. *I'll mail it to - tomorrow.*  
Because you know, that we also knew Calgary when it was a small sprawling town on the windy prairie. We knew a pioneer life that people shall never know again. I think Papa must think he is back to that life because every afternoon about dark he puts on his hat and coat and starts down the road, saying, "I must go home." And now and then he doesn't know Rose. He says, "Who is that strange woman?" Kay says the reason for his state of mind is that the blood supply is not sufficient for the brain to work right and it goes back in memory to younger days when the mind was young and strong.

I am writing Uncle Jeff and Aunt Minnie and will tell them that you have been ill, but that you are now recovering, so keep on in that direction, won't you?

All of our love,

*Alberta and John*

Alice, dear, do hope you are getting some rest. We know you are grateful in your heart for the outcome of Emmet's operation. We are all proud of your devotion.

Lots of love,

*Alberta*



P.S. Did I tell you the latest which our dear John, husband. said, he said to himself one day, "Grandma and Grandpa-- that sound like HELL, doesn't it? I'm not that old, am I, Mama. Well, I don't mind being a grandpa, but I don't know how I am going to like living with a grandmother." So you see, in spite of his devotion to me and cooking dinner every night and waiting on me hand and foot, he wants me to be eternally young and not a grandmother!" But you know John and his cute joking. He was the one who suggested getting the beautiful maple rocker in which to rock the grandchild. And he said, "Won't it be nice having a little fellow riding his kiddie car around through the kitchen, into the den, and back through the living room/?" Frogs are croaking, creeks are running and

flowers are blooming everywhere. Johnny  
and the girls just loved our house and  
the early spring weather. Love,  
A.



Sunday Morning, April 14, 1957

Dear Sister Alice and  
Dear Brother Emmet:

Thanks for your good letters again. How nice it is to hear from you and to know you are progressing nicely with Alice's loving care, with the children and grand children all helping with all they can do, and Fred and Pearl being so interested.

I can just see you both watching Tv and you listening to your Irish records. What size is your record player? We might find some records you like and bring them over to you. I'll guess that it is a 45, because you bought the "Roving Kind" that time and that is the size it was, if I recall correctly.

Yes, it was wonderful living in the nice brick house and having you folks come visiting through the years. It was a lovely house, but this one is even much nicer now because it is modern to the nth degree, typically Northwestern Seattle type, and such beams and panelled walls, lovely blonde color wood, so restful. I inclose the wall paper John put on one of the spare bedroom walls yesterday and then the other three walls in the room are this shade of plain camelia in a nice velvety rubber base paint which looks like an oil paint. Then I meant to say that John's paintings look wonderful on the panelled walls with the cherry-beamed ceilings. He re-gilded the frame of the forest fire picture, washed all the paintings with ivory flakes and a sponge and oiled them with linseed oil and they look so fresh, just as if he had just done them and everyone who comes marvels and says, "Why, Mr. Miller, I didn't know you could paint pictures!" and he just grins a funny little grin as if to say, "Oh, that!"



2.

There are times, though I am so busy it is not often, that I miss the brick house, too, and the good life we had there and all the connections we had in Spokane; we knew so many people and I couldn't pick up a paper without <sup>out</sup> reading of all the womens' doings whom I knew, or some one's children getting married or an old school friend, now and then, dying, and when I went down town it was like old home week, we knew practically everyone even in as large a city as Spokane as we had lived there so long and belonged to so many different organizations. Then, as you say, it did seem closer to you folks and also to Papa. But then it is not far over here either and we have been back and forth just scores of times, <sup>across the state,</sup> but my being so busy with school, getting my degree from Cheney, and <sup>U</sup> building this house has kept us from driving over to see you as often. But after this winter now we shall have more freedom to go. This spring is still plenty hectic and the summer will be busy up to August first as I am carrying a heavy course and I am doing regular college work right now, along with my teaching, getting a whole quarter's work done by extension and correspondence. One course I am taking right at school every Monday evening from three-thirty until five-thirty along with twenty-four other teachers for college credit.

Since John retired from the fire dept., which he really enjoyed while he was a Captain, he didn't enjoy the brick house as it seemed as if he should be going <sup>to</sup> and coming <sup>from</sup> and belonging to the fire dept. But over here he has been so happy. He has forty acres back of us in which to roam, lovely canyons, and this section owned by the Millers is about the only unoccupied place of this size around here on this hilltop so it is like a private estate.



3.

The woods are full of ferns, beautiful waxy white trilliums now and all sorts of blooming white shrubs. Then all over the slopes as we look down to the Valley are yellow blooming forsythia bushes, flowering pink quince, Japanese cherry and so forth, in all the beautiful yards. To-day the mountains are shining up so gleaming white and <sup>sharp</sup> peaked over on the Peninsula and <sup>as</sup> we sat in the corner of the kitchen with its huge glass windows that makes us feel as if we were in a glass tower and we had ten o'clock coffee and some fresh brownies which I baked and I told John that I had been "quite cold to the idea of leaving our nice place in <sup>"</sup>Spokane and all of our friends there when all the time this beautiful place was lying here waiting for us to build on, and <sup>to</sup> develop, and to admire the view. John, is of course, happy building as he is so creative and it is easier financially to build now than when we built the brick house because he can just go down and pick out what he wants and pay cash for it. We paid as we went along in <sup>S</sup>Spokane, too, but we had to save from other things, and it is true we got the best building materials for much less in the depression, but in spite of the higher costs of materials now, John gets some discount as a builder.

Another thing, John didn't like at our place on Seventeenth was that the last people who bought Sivear's house put a five-foot fence between us and themselves to keep their children in and they were pretty grabby claiming any of our shrubs that were partly on their line. We let them have beautiful white <sup>two bushes</sup> double lilacs, and a rare purple Persian lilac without a word, all of the strawberry plants, and do you know they use to pick all the apples off the side of the tree where the limbs <sup>b</sup> branched above their yard. We



4.

didn't mind their having them as we always gave away apples to all the neighbors anyway, but it was just that they'd pick them all before they were ripe and never wait for us to give them the right. John could not get into the back yard with a car or a trailer as we were fenced off on both sides. John used to say <sup>to me</sup> that we were there first and had pioneered <sup>there</sup> and if he knew people were going to fence him off from the alley road and all, he would not have sold our two extra lots in the first place. So you can see, how he likes it so much better here and it is not as if we can't run over and see our friends often and go other places from here, and it only takes about six or seven hours longer from here to your place than it did from Spokane. I wish Kay and Johnny were a little closer, but this way, they are making a good start alone, and doing very well, and we saw them at Thanksgiving, Christmas, they were here for a weekend recently, and we will be at Cheney this summer so we shall see them weekends, so it isn't too bad. Did I write you that John is going to take one course at Cheney, "Geology and the identification of rocks," so when we come to see you, Emmet, he will be able to talk your language. You should see how the children admire that agate heart you gave me! They admire it more than any piece of jewelry that I wear. They say, "What beach did you find that agate on?" These children know all about ships and sea fishing, beach combing and such things concerning this environment. Well, I must study now--so much to do, yellow Early American curtains to make and hang on rings for the kitchen windows, and white-brocaded draperies, draw curtains for two bedrooms (I bought the den, living-room, dining-room and bathroom curtains already-made--very beautiful ones.)

All of our love,  
Albert & John.

P.S. Most likely you received the book I sent. How do you like it?



*Note the Nebraska stamp!*

7.15 Wednesday Eve. April 4.

My dears:

First came the letter from Elsie with yours inclosed telling that Alice had brought you home from the hospital, Emmet, and my, how glad we are for that! You really had been "in the woods" Emmet, but all the loving care of Alice, the children and Pearl and Fred's good moral support, combined with the doctors' skill and all of our prayers and hopes have aided through the ordeal you have just been through. So we can all be very grateful and keep hoping that you will grow stronger and happier day by day. Nature is a wonderful healer and so with time and patience you will recover and be better than ever. I wrote Johnny to-night that you had come home, Emmet, and he will be glad, as he has been quite concerned and sympathetic for you.

Well, I've been back in the grove three days now of school and it was good to get back to work and see all the pleased and welcoming faces of my 85 children. It is a matter of great satisfaction to me that I have been able to help so many with their reading difficulties and those that no longer need to come to me, swarm about me on the walks and come to my room at intermissions saying, "I can read arithmetic problems now. I can read social studies, I can ready my health lessons. I can sound out all the words. When you taught us to read you helped us in all of our studies." One boy bought me a dixie cup to-day and proudly brought it to me with its little wooden spoon with such a wonderful look in his eyes. I was really touched.

We had a very nice vacation but although John acted patient and was his dear funny self, still I could see he was faunching at the bit to get back to work on his big project here and after six days of a whirlwind of entertainment and seeing people I felt I'd better have a day or two to rest, buy groceries, and get my clothes in order. Besides all that, you know I am taking correspondence work from Cheney and every minute I get I have to write off a lesson and the text book I have has about a thousand pages of print as fine as the Bible. It is Social and Intellectual History of the United States and a most fascinating book of people and how they really thought and lived, far more revealing than the history we had in school. It deals with the beginning of schools, literature, art, the theater, architecture, science, politics, religion---the whole American picture and it would do people a lot of good to see how history repeats itself thru time and one would be surprised to know that what we do and feel and live to-day has been experienced over and over as people do not change much basically.

It is terrific when we go to Spokane as every one wants us to come see them and some of them get a little "put out" when we can't make it. We slept four nights at the folks and had four breakfasts there, then ~~every morning~~ left at nine a. m. and did not get home until eleven when all were in bed;--luncheons, dinners, and then we had a lot of business to attend to. I had a checkup at my doctor's and he said all was fine. John had to get some plumbing fixtures and see about all sorts of things. We didn't get out to Bertha's as the country roads were reported muddy. She phoned Spokane and said we could mänge it she thought if we walked the last mi le



2.

to her place and then the mile back to our car again when we left, but John felt that it was not safe to go over such muddy roads from Worley out to her place when we had to be sure our car was in good shape to make the trip back to Seattle shortly. So Bertha was quite disappointed.

Rose had painted the living room a nice pink and had the farmhouse looking very nice. Papa is a lot better but very much mixed up and is so forgetful that it is quite difficult for the family to constantly watch out for him. But they are good to him and patient which pleased me very much.

We had Jack Kidder our C.P.A. figure our income tax and Whew! I pay about a thousand myself, besides forty-five each month towards my teachers' retirement and John's is quite an item, too, but then, I suppose we should be glad we have it to pay and be grateful for the benefits we enjoy, and we are.

Sunday we went to the Episcopalian Church at Kenmore principally because John has struck up such a nice friendship with the pastor, Father McGinnis, for whom John was mistaken, you know, one night. The church is certainly a lot like the Catholic and the parishoners even call the vicar "Father", but it was all very nice and very formal and had the Easter atmosphere with lilies at the altar. I saw some of my gifted children and they looked so lovely dressed in their Easter finery and spoke so nicely to me. After church we drove to Bellevue and had dinner at Kingens, and our desert was the most delicious blackberry tart pie covered with soft ice cream. Then we drove to Cousin Gordon's where John's brother Frank was spending his birthday. We took him a card and a carton of cigarettes and Frank seemed so pleased we had remembered.


Then as the sun was shining we crossed the floating bridge and drove up the west side of Lake Washington Blvd., a most glorious drive. We went up Capitol Hill and called on authoress Ruby, came back to our hilltop and called on our very nice neighbor/s, Dale and Clara Sweet, then home to bed.

Last night, Tues., while <sup>Daddy</sup> Johnny was in the big house working on the plumbing and I in the cabin working on my correspondence lessons, a car drove up our drive and presently the Tom Quinns all came tumbling first into the big house then up the plank walk to the cabin all smiling and looking so pleased to have us back. They came bearing a box of that delicious Russel Stover candy, chocolate cream-filled Easter eggs, and my, how different they are fr'm grocery store or dime store candy, just melt in one's mouth. Tommy got them at the store right across the street from his office, where that candy is made.

You must do a good job of getting well, Emmet, for some nice day, John and I are going to drive to Montana and kidnap you and Alice and drive you back to Seattle for a nice long visit with us. I am going to have a nice chaise lounge for our patio, and there are lovely woods and bridle trails to wander through and it is a most restful and beautiful place on our hilltop with views in all directions. Then when you get too lonesome for the grandchildren maybe you could take the train back. Well, bye-bye.

*Lots of love and best wishes to all the dear Ring, Ak and my own  
two precious ones. Love, Bertha & John.*





Wed. Eve. May 15, '57

Dear beloved ones,

So glad to receive your letter, Alice. I know just how you feel about Emmet's being so precious. Both of you are for that matter and I can't imagine the world without both of you. Also I feel the same about dear John. He grows dearer to me every day and is so good he just cannot do enough for me. Yes, we are very fortunate, Alice, you and I. So now, Mum, dear, let's have no more of this overdoing and scaring us all to death, and do give yourself a chance to get completely well and strong again since this doctor put you on the right road to health.

Our dear friend of 30 years' standing spent the weekend with us coming over from Spokane. We met her at her hotel Sat. morn. She took us to Crawford's for lunch,



(Our phone number is now  
Hunter 4836.)

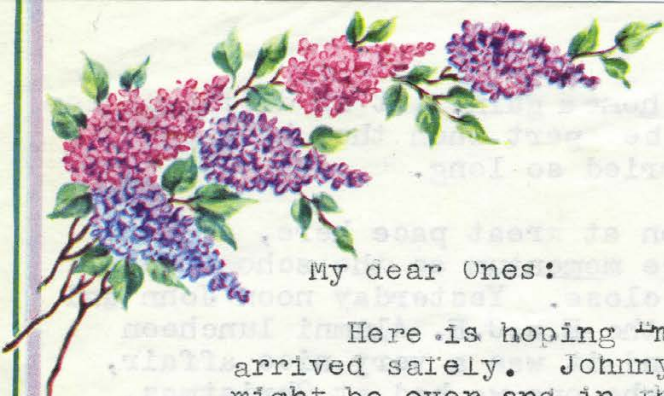
Then we stopped and brought her out to our Rancho which she loved. Sunday we had breakfast in the lovely woods with the girl scouts who spent their camping night sleeping in tents and sleeping bags in the lovely woods here with their chaperones. We had a nice afternoon of driving then went with Agnes to her sister's house for Sun. Eve. dinner. Very nice. Then Agnes stayed there for a few days before going to Spokane and home.

Johnny graduates, Sun. May 26th. I am so sorry I can't very well get away closing up the year's work as I am, but we will be over there a few weeks afterwards and Johnny wrote it would be hard for me to come twice when I am so busy and he didn't mind! Sweet Boy, he never wants to make things difficult for any one. Of course we'd love to be there.

I have a published article in the Washington Educational Journal for May. I'm on the last lesson of my course in Biology, 47 chapters. Wow! Am I glad! I enclose the boat parade which always passes Tom's house.

Do be careful. We love you, Alberta & John.





Sunday Evening

My dear Ones:

Here is hoping Emmet, dear, that you arrived safely. Johnny had written that you might be over, and in the same mail was your letter, Alice, written to Emmet and ourselves, too. I telephoned Tom, then, soon after six as Johnny said you might get off the bus at Mercer Island, Emmet. I was afraid you might not be able to get through by telephone and might have quite a wait there where you were to get off the bus. Tom said he would phone the folks in Spokane and call us back. This was all Thursday evening, that is when the letters came, too. Well, as it happened, Tom could not get the lines, either, so he phoned the folks early Friday morning and got their message, then phoned me here about six-thirty Friday morning and I was up, just getting the coffee in the pot. The folks had said you were not feeling well, Emmet, and so thought you had better go back to Havre which you did, taking the train Wednesday evening. We would have loved to have seen you but in view of your recent operation, I was afraid that bus trip and making connections might have been pretty hard on you. It is a pretty strenuous bus trip, nearly three hundred miles, unless one is up to par. I hope the train did not tire you too much.

Anyway, we felt that we shall see you in the near future and so that took the edge off the disappointment of not being able to look upon your dear face just now. And I know, Alice dear, it was a pleasant surprise to have your



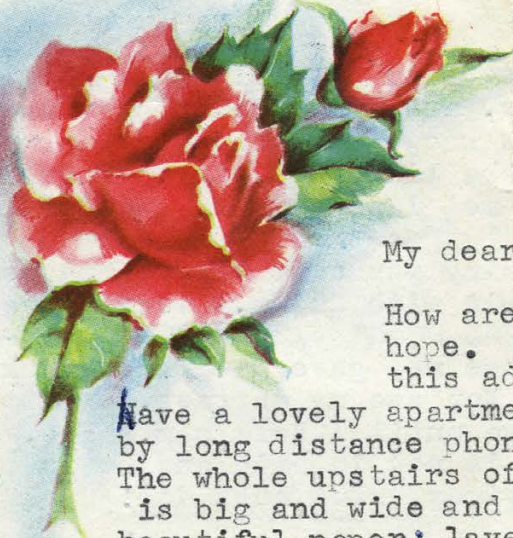
Connie Dennis and children had dinner with  
me to-day. Such cute kids! All of our love  
to all of you. Johnny loved seeing you.  
Ernest. Didn't you think Ray is nice? We sure do.

Love,  
Alice  
x  
John

dear Emmet home a gain. It is difficult for  
couples to be apart when they have been  
happily married so long.

Life goes on at great pace here, even is  
gaining more momentum as the school year  
draws to a close. Yesterday noon John and  
I attended the E.W.C.E. Alumni luncheon  
down town and it was a very nice affair,  
similar to the one we had at Christmas.  
Dr. Stewart, a professor from Cheney was there  
and talked about the book he has recently had  
published, "Custer's Luck." Certain relatives  
of his knew Custer, and his family background  
was such that he knew a great deal about the  
history of Custer's last stand. Then, of  
course, he has done much research for about  
fifteen years. And what do you think, <sup>2</sup> names  
we're drawn, John had the right number and  
won the door prize which was John's then,  
the lovely book, to keep. Dr. Stewart aut-  
ographed the book for John and we brought it  
home. I had Dr. Stewart for "Social and  
Intellectual History of the United States,"  
and Johnny had him for "The South, Past and  
Present," very fine ~~choruses~~ <sup>courses</sup>. Dr. Stewart  
is an excellent lecturer. --Coming over  
to the Coast has been quite a rich experience.  
Financially, it is good, too, I signed my  
contract for next year, the other day at  
a salary of \$5140, pretty nice for nine  
months with three summer months off. However,  
in order to receive that it is contingent on  
my attending summer school to August second,  
and then after that I shall really have my  
summers off. It's been quite a grind, teaching  
125 pupils a day, doing all the public relation  
~~s-I have~~ not been doing, and taking two extra  
years of college work besides. But even then,  
it does not do me up like a weekend of housework  
does. John surely helps me in every way.





318 G. Street,  
Cheney, Washington  
June 17, 1957

My dear Montana folks:

How are you dear ones? Fine, I hope. You may write to us at this address, as this it is. We have a lovely apartment here. By writing and by long distance phoning, we managed to get it. The whole upstairs of a nice home. The stairway is big and wide and the wall papered with beautiful paper; lavender and white lilacs, and grey carpet. We have a big living room across the front and a fireplace. Two bedrooms, a big kitchen with dining space, a bath and nice hall. Sunshine thru all the big windows. A lady professor whom I had for an instructor in the "20's" and now retired lives downstairs alone. *\$150 for seven weeks - summer term.*

Johnny and Kay were down yesterday for Father's Day, brought John a card and gift. I had a nice dinner and then we took a lovely ride to lakes adjacent to Cheney. We've been to his place, several times, and we drove to Latah with Johnny, Sat. and saw his school, nice big brick one on a hill facing the green rolling Palouse, lots of trees in the town and a nice new brick church with tall spire. Too many things were wrong with the old farmhouse. The last straw was that lightning struck it and blew out the electric motor which pumps water, all the lights in the house, and so forth. The kids had already papered, I mean painted, three of the rooms, but they said they will just chalk that up to experience and rent one of the two houses which might be available in town as soon as they contact the owners.



Kay is looking fine. She said she felt that she had known you, Emmet, always, and that you were so warm and friendly and easy to know. She enjoyed your visit very much. And she liked Joe, too, as well as Mack and Dordy whom she met last summer. *Now she must meet you some time, Alice.*

I showed Ernie the clipping you sent of Joe and he thought Joe's slogan, "Win with Quinn," very clever. *Joe had told him about it when in Spokane.* Poor Daddy was glad to see me, gave me a hug and kiss and said, "I know you. You are my partner." But he didn't remember my name until I told him. Yes, it is sad, but at least he is not in pain and he is spry and even witty at times. But that dog!

Tom's children are here now and Grandpa still says, "People bring their kids here and leave them."

John

I think/will like his Geology. There will be field trips and he is going on one, up and down the Snake River, soon, leaves at 3 a. m. for Lewiston to take the boat at 6 a.m. and takes a 100-mile trip up the river and 100-mile back, docks at six, then must return to Cheney. John says to tell you he just loves being a Co-Ed. Glorea McGregor is here and will marry an artist and sculptor July 27th and both will go to England where she will be an exchange teacher this coming year, then go to Rome where her husband had received a scholarship to study some time ago and can go when she is free to go. Frank's Jewel is here at school, too and the Hawaiians, Campbell Lee and his mother. (Sorry I run over the line, paper is narrower than what I've been using.)

Very beautiful here. All the trees have grown large, and oh, so many flowers and new buildings. I love the warm, dry weather. The coast has a nice climate, but the hot dry air is nice for a change.

Well, my dears, get well fast and take care of your dear selves. Give our love to all.

Lovingly,

*Alberta and John.*



Monday Evening, June 3

Dear Alice and Emmet:

Lying on the diningroom table was your letter when I came from school to-day. John had brought it up from the mailbox across the road. So glad to hear you have so much pep, Emmet, and are getting along and around so well. It was nice to hear that Joe saw Kay and Johnny and the folks again. Quite likely Joe has heard about Johnny's and Kay's moving to Latah where Johnny will teach the eighth grade and where a school board chairman is letting them have a farmhouse rent-free for a year just to have some one living in the house and doing some interior painting. At the moment I don't know where to write Johnny as they have been busy moving, but I shall be hearing soon as we are taking them some of our used furniture in our <sup>trailer</sup> trailer as they will have a six-room house to furnish, all on one floor, and with three bedrooms and a bathroom. They wanted to be settled by the first of August when the baby arrives and Johnny is planning on working at construction this summer. I am hoping he can get something near Latah and will not have to drive as far as the Spokane locality daily to his work. Long distances of commuting can be as tiring as working. And that makes quite a lot of time for Kay to be alone waiting for him to come home each day.

Oh, it is so lovely here! We sort of hate to leave. The days have been pure gold, such a long and lovely sunshiny springtime! John is sitting on the back patio now reading the evening paper. It is so nice out there through the sliding glass doors facing the big flat expanse of sweet-blooming clover between our house and the beautiful green woods which are filled with twittering birds. And when it gets a little darker, John can move to the front patio and watch the colorful sunsets to the west and where the house gets the last setting warmth of the sun even well into the evening. The stars are so bright and visible in this clean atmosphere over here and our being so near the sea gives us wonderful fresh and clean and invigorating air to breathe.

We haven't had time to landscape but the clover is thick and has filled in all the ground where the bull dozer contoured the earth, and the wild ferns come right to our doors. I know you would love it here, Emmet. It reminds me of around Red Deer in that the alder trees in the woods look something like those quaking aspens, about the same height, and the heavy dew on the clover and grass mornings is similar. Then it is like Glacier Park and Kootenay Lake, too, with the deep foliage and ferns and wild flowers, the lake here at the foot of the hill and the jagged mountains in front and back of us.

We had thought if we found a congenial professor and his wife we might rent the house for a couple of months, but as time has gone on we hate to run the risk. Everything is so fresh and new and such nice hardwood floors and walls and built-ins and new furniture we can't stand to think of cigarette burns and we found several in our brick house after we had rented it. Also, we really do not have time to put away our personal things and it takes a lot of that to rent a house so we shall just look up.



We have nice neighbors to keep an eye out and the young man teacher who keeps his bees here will be out once a week to look at the bees and hives, then this is quite a nice section, so we are not worried.

We have rented a nice apartment in Cheney by long distance and letter, big living room, kitchen, bath and two nice bedrooms so if we go on fishing trips, Kay and Johnny may spend a night with us now and then, and John and I are used to sleeping in big double beds alone, so that appealed to us. We could have stayed together at one of the halls, but we like the quiet, and young folks have such a good time horsing around in the halls, I'm afraid we would not have liked it. We could have got board and room for what it will cost us to rent the apartment and board ourselves but the privacy is worth it and then we can have visitors from Spokane and around.

School is out Friday, the 8th, and most likely we cannot be ready to leave here until Monday or Tuesday following. Summer School does not begin until June 17th, so we have a week-between. That will give us some time to see Johnny and Kay and call on other relatives and friends, because once summer school begins I won't have much time for visiting.

I am enjoying this little respite away from studying. Yesterday, Sunday, John and I went to an afternoon Grand Old Opera performance of the TV stars at the Civic Auditorium, then we drove around the high bluffs of Queen Anne Hill by the Sound and admired all the beautiful mansions which look toward the sea and the the white ships. We saw the apartment where we visited Grace and Jay twenty-five years ago, quite handsome, but it made us a little sad to think of them parting afterwards, and of the swift passage of years.

Then we drove home, had supper and Tom, Ella and children drove up. I made them ice cream sodas and John showed them our slides which we are getting quite a collection of. We are all so busy, we do not see each other often and we live fifteen miles apart by busy thoroughfares.

Our congratulations to Joe! Quite an honor for the whole state of Montana! What a fine family you do have!

I'll be so glad to see them all, and the new ones we haven't seen. And that little Mike sounds quite special. When Dennis and Connie and children were here a week ago Sunday for dinner, I thought your little Mike and this Steven Michael may be something alike. This is a plump little dumpling, but such marvelous coordination! One would know he is the offspring of athletic people. He'd fall and bounce right up like a rubber ball and though he is only 15 months, we couldn't believe our eyes, here he had climbed almost to the top of John's ladder, and still going, when we spied him out on the back wall. And laughs so enchantingly! He does.

*C.D. my kitchen curtains*  
Later I'll have to send you our box number at Cheney. I'll probably rent one so I can get our mail right in the college without going down town for it. Well, our darlings, we love you and are planning big on seeing you about mid-August or maybe a little sooner.


Lots of love,

Alberta.

Take care of those hands and feet and so forth, now. A.

*Alberta & John*





318 G. Street  
Cheney, Wash.  
July 5, 1957

Dearest Travelers:

Greetings! Your nice letter came to-day. What a wonderful idea it was for all four of you to go back to the places of your birth! You covered quite a lot of ground and we do know that "tuttle's" were very happy to have you with them and to take you around.

The words about the Black Hills made me think of the trip we took through there with you, Emmet, once upon a time when Johnny was a little boy and tried to crawl through the eye of the biggest needle on the Needles Hwy. where they cut off your "scalp in the dreary Black Hills." I remember, too, your singing that song all the while, Emmet.

You are really doing pretty well to take nice long trips, Emmet, and though you do have some discomfort yet, the cramps will most likely disappear. I do know that a person has to be very careful of what he eats for quite awhile.

I sent you a card to-day and then when I came back from classes, here were letters from the two of you, and John was having a nap on the nice big bed in the bedroom off our nice living room and I read him your letter, and the light of travel came into his eye! It is doing him good to be here where he can take it easy. For the first time since we have been married, his hands are lily white and look like a professors'. He ~~always~~ <sup>was</sup> has a finger ~~smashed~~ and black and his dear finger



2.

nails worn down, but not now! And he said that he has learned more about rocks in two weeks in this wonderful Dr. Brook's class than he learned in fifty years on his own. But that, is, after all, why people go to college. The professors are very learned. There is an excellent staff here and practically all of them have doctor's degrees. John just has the one class while I go from seven in the morning, that is, I am in class by 7. Then I go until 9:20, study at the library until eleven, dash home and have a bite of lunch with John, and dash back for a class from twelve until two, right through the noon hour, then I go right to another class for a Workshop for Exceptional Children which lasts till five, what a day! seventeen-hour-load, and the limit is 12 and no more than 14, but the Board of Appeals gave me permission to take seventeen hours. It keeps me busy as can be, almost too much so, but I'm getting along fine and John is the marketer and housekeeper, *and dishwasher, and he says that is what makes his hands so white!* John went on a trip one weekend to Hell's Canyon on the Snake River, cost twenty-seven fifty for the boat trip alone. A group went from here leaving at three a. m. one Sat. and getting back about midnight Sat. night. It was quite a grueling trip, and John sat in the prow of the boat through all the rapids and whirlpools and took colored slides with his wondrous new slide camera. His class also goes on field trips and examines all the terrain and rocks in the locale with the professor lecturing. Wish you could be along with him, Emmet, with your flair for rocks and Geology. — Everyone here, too, compliments me on the agate heart you sent me. I am as proud of it as if it were a diamond necklace.





3.

We celebrated the Fourth here in Cheney as we had to go to school to-day, much to a lot of the students' dismay as they wanted a four-day holiday, but seven-week summer school crowds the work of 12 weeks into seven, so we all need every moment we can get to cover the work. We had invited Johnny and Kay and Elsie and Frank down from Spokane to have mid-day dinner with us at the beautiful new Louise Anderson Hall and Dining room. So both couples came at noon and we went up and had the loveliest dinner in such exquisite surroundings. The furniture is modern and the upholstering and draperies of most gorgeous colors, and the food, oh, my, the food, such deliciousness! Kay looked so sweet in a lovely <sup>maternity</sup> pink linen dress with rhinestone buttons which her mother had made for her, and her dimples came and went and her pretty white teeth shone. But we all felt such tenderness in our hearts for her, she is so young, twentyone and the baby is due now in less than a month. She is so dainty and rather small boned, too, (and I wished I could go through the ordeal for her.) And Elsie said that Joann had phoned her the night before and said, "Oh, mother, you had better come down before the 20th of ~~August~~ and the doctor says to fly." And Elsie said, "She is still our little girl, and we are so concerned about her having her baby, too," so Elsie will be ~~leaving~~ soon for Petaluma, near S. F., Calif. — Frank said, "Now, Elsie, you go as soon as you want to and stay as long as little Joney needs you!" These brave young people!

July,

And Glorea Mc. Gregor will be married to her artist friend, and after her year of teaching in England they will go to Rome where he has an artist's scholarship. Edna is having a Miller re-



union Sunday at three at her home, and preceding that John and I and Johnny and Kay will go to Grace Haven's daughter's wedding at the Methodist Church in the Valley. Glorea will have a church wedding, too, July 27th, finish her fifth year of college, August second, take a week's honeymoon to Banff, drive by car to New York with her husband after that and <sup>they</sup> sail on The United States liner for England. That is the ship on which Grace Kelley and her Prince travelled. My! My! Such romantic things as young people get to do these days, distance and time and place are as naught.

To-morrow morn, John and I will drive in town for some shopping and to get the brides-of-this-summer, wedding gifts, then have lunch with Johnny and Kay. Johnny is working at construction in Spokane, hard work, but construction workers get paid well. If this job terminates he will look for another. Such an earnest young man; wife and babies are quite a responsibility, but the two, Johnny and Kay are very happy. They say if they have a son it will be William Michael. John's father's name was William and Papa's is Michael, as you know, so that will turn out to be for the two grandfathers. They think they will call him Michael. Daddy John and Frank have a bet on — ten dollars against eight (John says for a girl) (Frank says it will be a boy.) And they asked Kay, and she dimpled so pretty and said, "I'm sure I can't tell you."

Now do take care of your dear selves and we are surely looking forward to seeing our dear Alice and Emmet and all the other dear ones, and won't we all have a lot to say!

I just had to steal time from my studies to write you after your nice trip.

Our sincerest love,

*Alberta and John.*



COMPLETELY  
MODERN

# Chief Moses Motel

North Grape Drive and Highway 11G

MOSES LAKE, WASHINGTON

Back on Wayside Road

August 31, 1957

PHONE  
RD 5-6104

*Hunter*  
*4836*

Dearest Alice,  
Dearest Emmet;

Here I found these few sheets of paper which I brought home after Johnny's wedding last year to write you on and just now came across them. Well, both of you dearest ones, how are you? Thanks so much for the nice "miss you" card, it was just like you to send it and with a nice letter to greet us a day or so after we got home. I wrote notes to your children yesterday, but waited until to-day to write to you when I could take a little more time.

John and I were talking over our summer and both agreed that it was as nice a one as we had ever spent. We did so enjoy going to school in Cheney, our nice apartment and being near Kay and Johnny. Then our trip which took us to all the old loved places and to see our most loved relatives in Montana and Pocatello and Spokane was just about as nice a trip as any one could take.

We did so enjoy your house. I think it so cosy and homelike and we felt perfectly at home, and, Alice, the food you prepared was delicious. I hope you were not too tired because it seems to me you were kept in the kitchen most of the time. It was so nice to be with you both again and talk to you and the visit was so nice and relaxing, though we did a great deal and went just about to all the places there where we used to go.

And, of course, it was a delight seeing the boys, their nice wives and outstandingly nice children. The warm welcome which the children gave us pleased us very much as we knew the genuine love that was back of it all. The children reflected the love and expectance of their elders and so we knew it was all straight from the heart. The boys have done so well and and you have every right to be proud of them.

We made very good time to the park. Enroute, we stopped at the Browning Museum and John took some pictures of the dioramas such as Joe had done. However, the religious hall where three of the dioramas were housed had been broken into and the glass of the diorama of the "Burial" had been broken. While we were there an expert came to repair the damage with his bag of tools.

*We could not take those pictures in the hall, then.*

We reached Two Medicine about two and ate our lunch, your good chicken, some potato chips we had bought, and bread and butter, at the table near which we later set up our tent. A woman called "Hi" to us and we noticed a tent with an extension to it and a little stovepipe coming out of the tent. She and her husband were all smiles and we told them we liked their camp, so they said, "Come see it." We did, and it was so cute inside. They had a little round heating stove in the part of the tent that was their kitchen and then they had a cute bedroom with rugs on the floor and all the furniture was the folding kind. It was snug and though the space was not very large, it had all



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MOSES LAKE, WASHINGTON

PHONE  
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2.  
the comforts of home in it. They told us they were from Havre, Haglund, was the name. He was manager for Clack's until he retired. They had been all over, to ten European countries, cost over five thousand dollars for the tour, they had been to Hong Kong and to Hawaii three times. We thought they must be in their seventies, though they were hail and hearty and vigorous. She had been worthy matron in Havre in 1933, she said. When we told them we had visited M.E. Quinn in Havre, my brother, they spoke of Joe and Doris and we said Joe was the son, and how they did praise the two young folks! They said Joe had great potential for success and would advance far and that Doris was dearly beloved in the star, could just do everything, was so nice and had so much poise. As I wrote, Doris, John and I were glad to be linked with such fine people. They spoke of Mack and Bordy also, although they did not know them as well, but said they had heard of the fine work the two had been doing in the lodge, had been down there, for the dedication of the new temple, I think. These folks were going to stay there at Two Medicine until after Labor Day, then they were going to meet another couple and take cabins at Many Glaciers for ten days. They love early fall in the Park.

Well, as it turned out, she even brought me over a pan of nice sudsy dish water that was hardly dirty at all and said it was so soapy and nice she hated to throw it out, and we laughed at how chummy we had become, even trading dish water! We went to the camp fire sing and lecture together and afterwards pointed out the constellations of stars and talked about the big dipper over Rising Wolf Mountain, so we had a merry time. I forgot to say that in the later afternoon, I put on my bathing suit and washed my hair in the lake and I'll tell you it was plenty cold but nice and soft and I got my hair so nice and clean and also soaped myself off in the cold lake water. She laughed and laughed and said that any one else would have got pneumonia in that water straight off the glaciers, but it didn't hurt me a bit and I felt so glowing and invigorated after my icy dip. I hope you meet them some time, they are certainly friendly folks.

Next day, John and I went to Many Glaciers, which is Joe and Doris's favorite place, they told us. We looked around, then had lunch at the Lodge and it was served very nicely, but the food was not as good as you and I can cook it, Alice, if I do say so myself, though the apple pie was pretty nice.

The second night we stopped at Sprague Creek Camp Ground down on McDonald Lake and it was so crowded we could just barely squeeze in our tent, but John was too tired to drive farther after our driving and hiking all day, so we turned in early, and left early the next morning, having lunch in a cafe in Libby, then got to Kay and Johnny's Thursday Eve. Johnny had been working late and looked tired, and then the baby was not yet able to sleep the night through and they had not been getting enough sleep. That is a difficult thing about little babies, those horrible sleepless nights.



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3. <sup>all</sup> We spent the nights at Irene's and Howard's as they have asked us to so many times and they have lots of room and that was not far from Johnny and Kay's so we could be with them in the evening when Johnny was home.

I had an appointment with the dentist one day, went to see the folks another, and on Sunday, we helped Johnny and Kay get started moving with John's haul-trailer by taking down a load of furniture, and the Palouse country did look so golden and pretty in the late afternoon sunshine. Latah is a nice little town and the children should be fairly cosy in the little grey shakes house they were able to get. This week they hoped to get settled to some extent. Johnny was going to quit work on construction Wednesday night and I was glad, because it was such hard work, that constant pouring of cement and smoothing it and taking down forms. He has a school meeting Labor Day and school begins Tuesday for him.

When we were out seeing Papa it was pretty sad. One can see Papa is getting weaker and we feel that he won't be able to be running away too much longer as we did not think his strength would hold out too long. He was lying across the davenport arm when we came in and of course he didn't know us. Rose said he goes away every day trying to get back to Halifax to see his mother and his sister, so you see he has forgotten all now but his childhood.

Rose was really upset and so tired she almost shook at times and as you noticed, Emmet, that she did while you were there, she could hardly bare to let us go and came to the car and kept telling how hard it is and how sorry they feel for Papa. But I just don't know what can be done other than see it through. It is a great care and keeps her there constantly. She can't get away at all. But as it is, Papa doesn't know any one and he certainly would not mind any stranger who came there to take care of him. But we could see that he has failed even in the three weeks we were away. It is certainly a sad thing, but it does happen to a lot of people. Uncle Tom tried to run away all the time, too, but got more content and sat in his chair and rested when it became hard to get around, so maybe Papa will do the same.

Well, we left Monday morning from Irene's and had a nice drive over. We stopped at Ritzville for Milk shakes and then about one or two <sup>o'clock</sup> we had a cube steak lunch at Jerrols' in Ellensburg. The leaves in the Pass were beginning to turn color as also some of them had done in Glacier Park and they looked beautiful. We came up the winding road over here and saw our paper boy and called to him, "Is our house still on Wayside Road?" And he laughed and said it was still standing, weren't we the tramps, though, away almost three months! And up the driveway we came about five p.m. and there stood the pretty pink house in the rays of the setting sun, though the clover and wild flowers had



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4. all but hidden it. And what do you know, there were spider webs across all the doors! But in we came and everything was beautiful and not a speck of dust, so snug and tight is the house! Then, as usual, the neighbors came bearing gifts and giving us hugs and kisses, especially our Irish friend, Connie Watson, whose father was a sea captain buddy of Uncle Tom. She really gave us an Irish welcome and kissed John soundly and ~~and~~ said, "I've been pining away for a sight of the likes of you, that I have!" She was born in Ireland and lived there till she was sixteen and still has a brogue thick enough to cut with a knife. We love her. And so now we have, a box of crab apples, a box of those pretty green-colored plums, pears, and apples for pie, all handed to us.

The next day we went down to Kenmore School and Mr. Blakely said that even he had driven by our house several times to see if it was all right, so everyone has been watching out for us. Then we went to my new school and what a beauty it is! warm tan brick and some of the interior walls are finished cedar. I can see the woods on one side, the highway, and all the walkways through the other windows. We have a circular gym that is the loveliest I've ever seen, monometal sinks in all the rooms, and a round play shed for primary children with covered roof and open sides and it looks like a merry-go-round. You'd have to see it to appreciate its beauty and great utility.

Then Wednesday John and I went to down town Seattle and what a shopping spree we did have! bought two big comfy chartreuse, upholstered TV chairs, a rose leather chair and a green leather chair, a chaise lounge and two beautiful turquoise and gold table lamps for the living room. The chaise lounge can be used both inside and out, so we shall have it in our den in winter and on the patio in summer. Some of the furniture has been delivered. The rest will come next week.

Thursday, George and Dorothy Meyer drove out with Dennis and Connie and their two children and also Patty's little girl, their other grandchild, Kathie. We had such a nice time sitting on the patio and with the kiddies running in and out and all around and they are mighty cute, too. Meyers were flying to ~~Hawaii~~ Hawaii that night after his summer of teaching in the college in Ellensburg. They had rented their new house in Hawaii for the summer and do want us to come see them next summer which we most likely will do but our trip over and back and stay there should not take more than a month and then perhaps we can meet you at Glacier and go up to Red Deer. I think if we all went together it would not seem so lonely to you, Emmet and Alice, and we could go over some of the old trails and it would be nice to see rejuvenated Ft. McLeod. Most likely we could get cabins at Sylvan Lake and travel out from there.

We would like to have had you come on with us, but after your trip to Iowa and putting up with us during our visit there, we did not like to coax you as we did not know if you felt up to it, Alice. But another time when you can start out more rested,



Chief Moses Motel

and we can be here to make ready for you and receive you, might be better for you. We had to lay in quite a supply of groceries, starting from scratch, and John has surely been cutting his way through the yard with a new scythe he bought.

Last night we drove down to Ella and Tom's and both looked well and rested. They went swimming a lot on their own private beach and did not work so hard on their place as they have been doing. Anyway, it is about completed and very nice.

Cheryl can play very nicely, a book of little waltzes, on her piano now and all the children had grown. They asked about you folks and thought you might have come back with us and when I mentioned that you were bothered with arthritis, Alice, Ella said, "Oh, I have a book on how to treat that." I had to laugh and say, "Well, Alice, has a book on it, too." "But this is a good one," said Ella, "you take cod liver oil and it lubricates the joints," well, Alice, if you haven't tried taking cod liver oil, try it, it might help.

I am frying a chicken. Pauline and Leo are coming over for supper. we got two nice fryers in Safeways's last night for thirty-seven cents a pound and they are so meaty and tender, but no better than yours were.

Frank wrote us that he would be up next weekend to spend the weekend, so back we are in the busy routine. Tuesday we have our teachers' meetings and luncheon and tours of the new school, then Wednesday the year begins.

Well, my two dearest ones, the one fly in my ointment is that Johnny and Kay and that dear baby cannot drop in on us as often as your dear children do, but they are not too far and most likely we shall see them three or four times this year.

Do take care of yourselves. We love both of you so very much and we do thank you again for your wonderful hospitality. The dearest thing of all were the loving smiles and warm welcome you so genuinely gave us. We will treasure it always in our hearts. And if you should go to Spokane, come on over here. You can telephone us from Bothell or Kenmore and we will come down to the Hwy. and lead you up.

All of our love and best wishes,

*Therta and John.*

*P.S. We do hope Fred is feeling better.*



Tuesday Eve., Oct. 23

My dear Montanians:

How are you both and all the young ones, and the middle ones?? Just a note to send along with the Conference program which I thought you might like to look over and find my name and demonstration listing. It was a most magnificent experience. The only strenuous thing was that we went late Friday afternoon and it was a driving rain and dark before we got thru the Pass and the same when we returned Sat. evening. But the teachers, six in the car were a jolly crowd and we stopped for coffee and pie at the Summit going over, and for hamburgers and coffee at Cle Elum coming home.

The Chinook Hotel where we stayed in Yakima was a palace, new and we had a lovely corner room reserved for the teacher I (and my wife) roomed with and the others had the same, room and bath was eleven dollars, and each steak dinner was \$2.58, breakfast \$1.30 and so on, but it was nice to have our school administration paying expenses, but we had a lot to do to appear on the program and they appreciated our efforts. In my demonstration, there were a roomful of teachers, three principals and a Catholic sister, who had a sweet face, but one I could not read at all so I don't know what she thought about all the inventive and creative methods I used. Many of the others told me it was good and they got a lot of help out of it, but she just thanked me in her polite way and said no more. But perhaps they are not given to complimenting and are more constrained. --All is well here and we are getting things done more and more and planning for the time you will ~~come~~ ~~over~~.

*Lots of love cuz I love you. Alberta - I'll tell me how you liked the album pictures*



Thursday Evening  
Halloween or Trick-or-Treat Night.

OCT 1957

Dear Ones:

And we expect the children will soon be thronging to our door for a gleaning and although we are on a side road, still a goodly number do find us. But I have two big sacks of suckers, stick candy and gum drops so I am armed!

We had Halloween parties to-day at school. The room mothers made very nice cookies and the children paid for Dixie cups. We had our party just for the room alone with the children serving on the refreshment committee, the game committee and the clean-up committee and they did a fine job of it and it was a nice social experience of their own doing which is the best experience they can get.

Thanks for your two good letters and for the two pictures which you sent, Emmet, and I certainly do think the colored one of Fort McLoed is a nice one. You are very thoughtful.

When I read your letters to John and the account of your going to Helena and getting the nice motel lined with knotty pine for a week and visiting from there, he said, "That sounds great and it was nice they went and looked around, that's my idea of a good time." And it was nice you were at Freeland's for your birthday, Alice, even though they did not know it was your birthday.

We were down to Tom's Sunday afternoon and he had talked to the Spokane folks who said that physically, Papa is pretty good, but he is more confused than ever. We may take a drive over for our Thanksgiving vacation. Johnny and Kay have asked us to come to Latah and if we do we can stop by and see the folks. You know they have been working on Snoqualmie Pass all summer and just recently there was a big slide where men were working which caused casualties among the workers. So the Pass was closed for a month altogether and travelers used the Stevens, the Chinook and White Pass. The other day Snoqualmie was opened to travel in the morning and closed again by evening as another slide was threatening. That is why we took Chinook Pass to go to the conference at Richland.

There were two cars of us who went from the Bothell District. Five of us went in the new turquoise and white station wagon and since the sixth and seventh teacher could not go at the last minute that made room for John whom I asked to go along, though naturally he paid his own expenses while the district paid for the rest of us. We left Seattle about two and drove up toward the Pass. It started to rain and about four o'clock we had coffee and butterhorns in the Silver Springs Lodge going up the mountain. The Pass had small patches of snow under the dripping evergreens but it was clear and the road only moistened by rain. We reached Yakima about six and had the most wonderful two-dollar smorgasboard dinner in a place there called the Corral and very nice it was. Then we drove on by Prosser and reached Richland about eight-thirty. We stayed at the very nice hotel



2.

there called the Desert Inn which has two long wings out from the main building and sort of inclose a nice swimming pool at the rear. Furniture was western and driftwood color and hangings had western scenes on them, very swank and modern. The next day while we teachers attended lectures and sectional meetings John was taken around town by the Fire Chief and made welcome at the two fire stations and had a very nice time. We did not remain for the afternoon address but left at two from the hotel after lunch. The sun was blazing down and it was just like mid-summer. None of us wore coats. That streak of land down near Pasco is very warm.

We were glad to have some daylight travel and to see Prosser, Sunnyside and Yakima in daylight. The leaves were far more colorful on that side of Rainier as the frosts give them all colors while over here where it is so warm on the coast yellow foliage is about all we have in the fall and most everything is green all year round. So it looked very pretty coming up into the east side of Rainier and Chinook Pass along American River and we thought of Johnny and Kay having spent their honeymoon there last fall in September, a year ago. We passed hunters now and then but they were looking for birds as it has been too hot for deer-hunting. Part way up we stopped just at dark at a quaint inn called Whistling Jack's where the tables were painted red and there were guns and horns on the walls and a roaring fire on the hearth. We shoved two tables together before the fire and had a very merry and gay dinner. One young man in our party had toured Europe last summer and one of the women teachers had just taught a year in England and a year in Heidelberg, Germany, and they were very entertaining. When we went outside the mountain air smelled so fresh and fragrant of evergreens, such as cedar and so forth and the stars twinkled down and there was a finger-nail moon, thrilling, (My!) Whoops! two trick-or-treters just came dressed as tramps and with big shopping bags so I gave them a mere pittance.

Well, we drove on facing the moon and all of us sang the songs of the twenties, "The Long Long Trail," and songs of the thirties and forties and fifties, clear up the east side of Chinook Pass and down the west side of the Pass. We got home at eleven and John was so charmed with the young high school teacher, 34 years of age, and his travels that he invited him for dinner the next day, and out he came very gay and happy and talkative and entertained us some more. He was born in Vancouver B.C., served four years in the British Navy, two years in the American Army, started to an American college when he was twenty-seven, went four years, then taught three years in the Horse Heaven Hills out from Sunnyside and just loved it over there on the plains and amid the sage brush. Then last summer he spent in Europe, and he now is teaching at Bothell while attending the University after school to get in his fifth year of college. Leonard Shaw is his name.

It was quite a trip. I was a little tired Sunday but fresh as a daisy again by Monday. I have gone to 6 state conferences since coming to the Coast.



3.

A few Sundays ago, John and I packed a good lunch and left here at nine and crossed the Ferry from Edmonds to Kingston on Bainbridge Island. We drove north to the quaintest town, modelled on the New England type, Port Gamble. The church with the tall white spire was at the head of the street and quaint houses built in the 1800's lined the street sloping down to the water from the church. All were painted white, had square, small-paned windows and porticoes with white pillars and on a commanding hill was a great summer hotel with big veranda looking out at the water. We read on a plaque that three Scotchman came from Maine in 1870 and started this village. It was so quaint and just immaculate and a big lumber mill down on the water still keeps it going. We were charmed with the place, never have I seen its like, white picket fences and all. It was like stepping back into the past.

Then we went on exploring the entire Island and on the Seattle side we went to an old Indian graveyard and saw the grave and headstone of Chief Sealth for whom Seattle was named. The day was glorious, so warm and bright and the leaves turning yellow, the sound like glass and all sorts of water craft about.

At Winslow we drove on the nice new modern ferry boat, the "Evergreen State" and had coffee and cake and then went down to the lower deck and sat in our car which was right in the prow. As we came closer and closer to the Seattle waterfront I tuned in on the radio and what met my ears, of all things, "Home on the Range! John and I laughed and said, "We should be getting, "Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main!" The Seattle skyline looked quite different from the vision that the song brought me of the roads and plains around Big Sandy, the old Carpenter Place, the Russel Place and the Missouri River, and you dear folks. But the sight was thrilling for all that, and all the lights sparkled a welcome to us and the great Metropolitan Area arose over all creation in front of us. It is fun exploring this region, as I wrote you before, and we are continually having delightful experiences.

You should see our kitchen now, Emmet. The built-ins are done and the lovely copper hood over the range shines so soft and invitingly in the sunshine of the day and the lamplight of the evening. John will be finishing up the bathroom next, getting that second basin in there and the built-in counter. The days are so nice he likes to spend part of every day out of doors, cutting fireplace wood for the evenings. I still walk to school and pass through the woods where the blackberries fall ripe from the vines with no one having time to pick them, more ripen and fall again. My days are filled to the hilt and almost all the other women in the neighborhood work or have so much fruit they need no more.

We hope you are feeling better, Alice. Ella is quite sure cod liver oil and the good vitamins are a cure-all for everything, even believes if Papa would eat the right things he would be clear, mentally, again--but I can't go quite that far.

Kay wrote that the baby is so alert. She said she hung a bright-colored holder on the wall over the bathinette when she was bathing Michael and he spied it and laughed and laughed and jabbered at it all morning. (Wasn't that cute? Something that had not been there before, he noticed, and it entertained him.) Johnny says he kicks and smiles when Johnny come from School and is tickled all over. He's three months now and John and I are just Ga-Ga to see him. We love you,

*I include clippings telling of moving of granstones and stealing of granes here. I am so relieved you found the location in Red Deer as I knew Papa had bought the plot there.*

*Pat wishes to you all. I can just see you in your cozy house. And I think of the nice bedroom when I had such good sleeps. Hope I get is doing all right.*



Wednesday, Dec. 11, 1957

Dear Emmet and Alice:

My, what a whirlwind of a life I've been living. I got up at six a. m. this morning while it was still dark to wrap a package to send Kay and to write her and Johnny and now before I go to bed I'll answer your letter. Once school starts in the fall we don't get our breath until after Christmas. Getting started, the dedication of our new school, Open House, teachers' receptions, educational meetings, Conference at Richland, then I talked to <sup>parents</sup> an hour and a half explaining teaching techniques at the grade level meetings, after that I held twenty-eight private conferences with ~~children~~ <sup>parents</sup> on my own time outside of school, putting in about fifteen hours and calling at the homes of some parents who could not, or would not make it to school. Then came Thanksgiving and the trip to Moses Lake and Spokane and now we are drilling the children for the Christmas programs December 16th and 17th, giving two sessions of it, one for parents, one for the school body. Then Christmas shopping and the writing of from 125 to 150 cards and letters:

Last Sunday Denny and his family were out to spend the day and for dinner and in the afternoon Dr. Steiner and his wife and Herbert, the bee owner, dropped in and I served them "a Christmas tea" before the roaring fire (of cookies, fruit cake, nuts mints, small cheese sandwiches and tea.) Herb brought out some sugar because as we may have told you that in our absence last summer there were too many queens and too much swarming going on and so the bees did not make enough honey. Added to that is all this warm weather with the bees out every day trying to gather nectar, so Herb and John have had to mix up sugar and water and set in ~~in~~ shallow coffee can lids around near the hives. John has been coming in laughing and saying, "You should see those bees all lined up around the edges of the coffee lids, drinking like horses out of a trough." He loves those bees and the natural phenomena of their proceedings is fascinating to him. He has several bee books and has been studying them.

I inclose a note from Mrs. Moore who wished she could have seen you last summer, Emmet, also one from Cora who makes a nice statement about you, Emmet, always having been "so reliable;" and the note from Uncle Jeff, (just passing them on for your reading.) You need not return any of them. Also I inclose pictures of our new Arrowhead School which were in the "Times." So, you, Alice, can see how it looks, the new school. The pictures, of course, do not show the lovely warm yellow of the bricks, the vari-colored plastic covering of the walkways, and the nice stained cedar.

And best of all, I submit three snaps of Michael for your approval. These I'd like returned as they are all we have of the little lad. We adore the one of him sitting in his bathinette at nine weeks and as John says he looks as if some one is fooling him, or kidding him, such a cute bright little look, don't you think? Just like a little shy chipmunk. He is prettier now at four months and such lovely pink and white skin and a downy peach head of sort of reddish brown hair and oh, the loveliest big blue eyes and he just laughs and jabbars and kicks and though everyone was handing him around and he scarcely had time to nap, still he never got cross at the Tulls with fourteen for dinner Thanksgiving and fourteen more on Saturday afterwards. Michael, it is, and very suitable name for



such fine babies as Joe's Mike and Johnny's Mike. I only wish we could see him oftener.

We do not intend going over for Christmas as we have not had any of the holidays in our home now for about three years and John doesn't like going through the snow of the Pass and the possible snow around Spokane and Latah. Likewise, Kay and Johnny are hesitant about bringing a young baby on the trip when weather is so uncertain at this time of year. Furthermore, since they do not have a thermostat they are afraid their pipes will freeze and so we may not get together at Christmas this year. If we stay home as I think we shall, we shall invite Tom's up for Christmas dinner.

Meanwhile, I have made the loveliest evergreen sprays. John brought cedar, fir and other greens up from our canyon and we have a beauty of a tree on our patio. I slid open the glass doors the other night after school and got such a thrill to think we got all that beautiful green stuff from our land. The children have given me lovely holly and so with huge white pine cones, those long kind, you know, and big bows of red satin ribbon, I made some beautiful pieces for home and school decoration.

When I last wrote, we were going up to Spokane from Moses Lake. Well, we drove up on Friday. We had lunch at Bernice's when we arrived, John's niece, you know. Then we dropped in at Elsie Miller's, and poor girl had the flu, then we drove out to the folks. Elsie had the day off and was there, but Rose had gone to town. Papa did not know us, but he was so sweet and thought he was entertaining guests, sat on the Wavenport and talked so nicely to us telling us all about the prairie fires and how nervous they made the family feel when they swept across the prairies. Then he said, "We saw that couple burn to death," and how dreadful it was. But he was so gracious and thanked us for bringing him chocolates and he walked to the door with us, the loveliest kindly manner, but it just breaks my heart. We stayed about an hour and John said, "Let's go back to Moses Lake and see the baby and Johnny and Kay, there's nothing in Spokane any more," so back we went, that afternoon. Too bad we didn't get to see Rose and Ernie, but we had written Rose we would be up that afternoon. However, I guess it was her only chance to go to town as Elsie had the day off and could stay with Papa. Then naturally we wanted to be with our children as much as we could, especially since we cannot see them at Christmas and we had to leave Moses Lake Sunday morning for Seattle. But we did have a grand visit with them and all the Tull relations--a very gracious and well-bred family.

Johnny is getting along fine, but is as busy or more so than I am. He, too, was putting on a Christmas play and also had to build all the stage settings and props and help decorate. Our parents here do most of the latter.

Emmet, I have copied this information off the paper that our mother wrote. I am not too sure that the day of mother's death was July ninth, but that is what Jennie Fitch once told me as it happened a few days after the Fourth of July, but the other names and dates are in mother's handwriting and so are correct. Your plans are all right about the stone. We have thought that July is the best time to go to Red Deer as that should be the dry season, consequently, we are planning our trip to Hawaii in June and when we return let us go to Red Deer together. We can plan later just where to meet, and the time. I want to be back here in August as Johnny, Kay and baby will visit us in the last part of the summer.

Good health to both of you and all of our  
love. Regards to all the children.  
Albert & John



Friday Evening  
December 27, 1957

Dearest Alice and Emmet:

Well, time marches on and people come and go. We had a very nice Christmas season, but two sober notes amidst the carolling were the deaths of Uncle Tom and of our dear little neighbor across the street, Mrs. Davick.

As you see by the notices which I send, our Uncle Tom passed away on Christmas Day. Edna phoned me just as I was retiring for the night. The funeral will be to-morrow at three in West Seattle. I asked Edna if she would like us to come and she said she certainly would as there will only be herself and her husband and her son Paul and his wife. Young Captain Tom is at Costa Rica where he was transferred just recently. And all of Uncle Tom's sea captain contemporaries, he has outlived. And so, to-night I am baking an angel food cake to take to the house after the funeral and we shall pick up a plant for Edna, perhaps an azalea, as she said she can plant it later outside Uncle Tom's bedroom window. Since the body is to be cremated there is not much use sending a spray and Edna can enjoy the flowering plant for awhile. She said at first she thought she would lay him away in his nice grey suit, then she recalled how he loved the sea upon which he spent most of his life and so decided on his blue dress uniform. She said he is as handsome as ever, smooth skin and his hair so white and pretty. She felt a sense of relief as, like Papa, he has not been himself for the last few years. Just think he was still sailing the seas and piloting vessels at 81. It is not given to many to hold so responsible a position so late in life. It was the stroke he had three years ago which caused him to fail.

And little Mrs. Davick, a lovely neighbor, was buried Monday afternoon, just the day before Christmas Eve, we went to her funeral. She was 65 and had mothered eleven children, such a nice family, all married and so wonderful to their parents. While she was in the hospital, I had Mr. Davick over nearly every night for supper for three weeks as he came from work, then after supper he would leave for the hospital so we were quite close to the sadness, although glad we could comfort him to some extent. All the neighbors on our hilltop contributed money for a memorial to her new church as she was such a good church-worker.

But in spite of these somber occasions, our Christmas was a good one. Our house looked so beautiful with Christmas greens, candlelight, small twinkling Christmas tree lights on our beautiful thick Christmas tree. I strung a lot of our many cards on thread around some of the doors and down the high book case and you are right, such stacks and stacks of beautiful cards we did get! Among them yours, Pearl and Fred's and the children's, your sons' and their wives'.

On Christmas Eve I was baking mince pies and cubing bread for turkey stuffing and then finished up about ten and sat with John by the fireplace to open the presents neath our tree including the huge package from Kay and Johnny and the telephone rang and yes, you guessed it--it was our children calling from Latah and thrilled to death with the big box and numerous presents we had sent them. Oh, it was good to hear Johnny and Kay and they said Michael was lying there enjoying himself, too, but too young to say hello to us by phone.



2.

They were going to drive to Bertha's about thirty miles from Latah to have Christmas Day on the farm with her and some of her children.

Then we opened our box from Johnny and there was a set of lovely big tv trays and nice black hollow leg stands rubber-tipped, lovely, so John immediately set one up and had a bedtime snack with lovely Christmas carols flooding the room. The Christmas music and plays were really marvelous this year; we did so enjoy them. And in the box was included a most natural picture of Michael and oh, he looked so huggable and big and wide-eyed and bright, just as if he were ready to talk to us. And John and I have been talking to his picture ever since. It is just the cutest baby picture. And do you know, we thought as you did, Michael does ~~resemble~~ resemble John, Sr., quite a little, though he has changed quite a bit since when he had the nine-weeks picture taken which we sent you. This is a photographer's picture in a frame and it is simply lovely, I just can't tell you; (to see him is to love him.)

Well, since I took that advanced course in Biology last year I simply could not stuff the turkey and let it stand over night as the book said bacteria gather in flocks, so in order to be sanitary and healthful regarding the stuffing, I had to arise at six-thirty Christmas morn and mix up the other ingredients with the bread cubes and fill the giant cavern of that 23-pound turkey, My! said, I, "Why did John have to buy such a mammoth bird?" Well, I "rasseled" that fowl around all over the kitchen and almost broke my tender back, with three loaves of stuffing added ~~to added~~ to the twenty-three pounds, I had quite a time hoisting said bird on to that baking pan and sliding him into the oven, then I got breakfast and called John. So we were sitting at the table about nine and John said, "Brr, it's cold in here." "Is it," said I, "I wouldn't know, I got so hot rasseling with that big turkey you bought." So he looked at the thermometer and said, "Why, Mama, you must be losing your mind. You forgot to turn the heat on this morning, and here I was lying in bed till you called me for breakfast waiting for the house to warm up." So we had to laugh. I set the table in the dining room and used the big damask Holly cloth and all my nice china, silver and crystal, which I had not used for four years as it has been that long since I cooked a Christmas or holiday dinner in my own house. And oh, it was such fun. John's brother Frank and Gordon Stutz from Bellevue dropped in and soon Tom and Ella and children drove up and they were all so dressed up and looked so handsome and said it was the first time they had all been invited out to dinner as a family since they were in Seattle. John had to take Mr. Turkey from the oven and carve him and dinner was on, and it was really delicious, and our home began to seem more and more like a home instead of a big rambling new house. Of course, our own three children would have made it perfect but we thought Johnny wise not to attempt so long a drive over the mountains in winter with the baby and he told us he would spend a week with us when school is out in May as he gets out earlier and then again a week the last of August so we shall have the little family with us then and can look forward to that. Most likely we shall go to Spokane about the end of March or first of April for my spring vacation and then sometime this summer we can see them again. That is the only fly in our ointment here that we cannot have our baby to hold as often as you do your sweet young folk.



3.

The Tom Quinns seemed to have such fun and enjoy everything so much and the children seemed quite grown up and mannerly and brother Tom really looked wonderful. His hair is just about all white. He wears it in a crew or military cut and looks very distinguished. He has bought a big beautiful boat and built a fine dock and boat house. John went down one Sunday just before Thanksgiving and gave him a hand with raising the structure.

Well, the day after Christmas I made some lovely white brocade draw curtains for the lovely French blue and pink front bedroom and it is the loveliest room. John just got it finished for Christmas. The sliding closet doors have a mahogany finish and the big closet is all lined with Tennessee cedar as our big bedroom closet will also be. One wall is papered in beautiful wedgewood blue scrolled paper with delicate pink swags and huge bunches of white flowers. And we bought a lovely wall fixture of crystal and brass with glass prisms dangling from it. I have the light limed oak set in the room, similar to the one you had in Great Falls and it looks very elegant in the new setting with the antique white heirloom bedspread which matches the brocaded draw curtains. We shall not sell this house.

That evening we had Pauline and Leo for dinner and since there was so much of everything, including turkey left over we had another turkey dinner and we shall be doing likewise for days to come, have hardly touched the second half of the turkey yet. Wish you could eat with us.

To-day we went to tea at Dr. Steiner's home in the University district, just a block from the U. I wrote you before about them and how interesting they are. Also we called at the nice home of one of our teachers and had coffee and Christmas goodies and met her son and her sister with whom she lives.

On the Sunday preceding Christmas John and I went to church at this beautiful University Congregational Church. It was here that we attended that wedding, when you were here, Emmet, and also it was here where Johnny and Kay served as best man, no, I mean godparents for Dennis's and Connie's little Steven Michael. Oh, it is a lovely church--but there are so many huge and lovely churches in Seattle. The appointments were all so lavish and rich, and I never saw such beautifully-dressed people, such lovely hair-dos and furs on the women! There were three choirs who sang--an adult choir in mulberry-colored robes, a junior choir in navy and white robes, and a child-choir in wine and white robes, and such singing and accompaniment, the pipe organ was so lovely it broke your heart to listen to it--the voice of heaven itself. After the service we took part in the coffee hour in the church rooms. The Steiners were there and we visited with them. The coffee was delicious, silver coffee services, lace-covered tables, white candles---all really--big city church. While I think of it--Irene Thompsen in Spokane had her 1600-dollar mink coat stolen off a rack in the hall of the Culmstock Arms while she lunched with her Nile ladies in the diningrooms. You know we spent Christmas before last in this lovely hotel apartment house. The item was in the paper about Irene's fur coat, however, I imagine she had it insured, as they have their thermopane windows and most everything they own as they could not do otherwise with so many valuable possessions.

(over)



Well, this is enough, you most likely will have to read this letter in parts, it is so long it will wear you out.

But I do want to say, we loved your note, Emmet, and your card. <sup>And</sup> also, your note, Alice, when you returned our baby's pictures. You have the knack of saying the nicest things--how much you liked the Holly, that little Michael looked like Grosspa John, that you and Emmet were pleased with the enlarged snap shot of myself--and so on. Very gracious of you. And how we do hope you are feeling better, Alice, and that in this New Year that old arthritis will fly out the window.

Emmet, the cane you made must be beautiful. What nice handwork you do. And isn't it nice Mack and Dorcy's house is going on apace? <sup>as</sup> they will love it and we love our new place here which grows nicer by the minute.

Did I tell you I was in a skit at a school party at Bothell for all the combined schools, a teacher's meeting, and our Arrowhead group won second prize singing "The Twelve Days of Christmas" with actions. I never had more fun in my life. It was just the gayest most hilarious time I've had in Bothell. It was a lovely Christmas party with nice food and decorations.

My children gave me beautiful presents the last day of school and I've never seen such marvelous Christmas spirit as we had among children, parents, teachers and at our lovely program and Christmas parties at Arrowhead School. I'm thrilled to pieces to be a part of it all.

Now enough, you know how much I love you all, and do does my dear John--he is so dear and funny and we love each other even more than when we were young. A Happy New Year, darling brother and sister, and the best in heaven and earth to you both,

John and Alberta.

*Alberta*

P.S. Hope the dolls and gadgets reached the 5 grandchildren all right. Bertha wrote her box of holly had been jammed in her mailbox, all crushed. I hope yours was not ill-treated, though in your polite way you said it reached you in good shape. A.



Sunday Evening, Dec. 29, 1957.

Well, my dear ones,

Here is most likely the last letter I shall be writing to you this year. How are you nice people and did you survive all the festivities of the Yuletide season. I'll bet the dear children had a great time. I 'spect the boxes of dollies arrived safely. Hope so, and that the little girls liked them and that Mike's little monkey beat his drum all right and that Bob's salamander leaped when the bulb was squeezed. Daddy John here picked out the latter two. I bought eight of those dolls, , three of which went to you little granddaughters in Montana, one to Dianne Tull, one to Julie Hunt, Bernice's little girl, and one each to Joanne and Gretchen Daiber, two sweet little girls who live on Wayside Road.

Do hope you are feeling better, ALICE. It's dreadful to think of such a nice person not feeling up to par, but it's so nice you and Nem have a good companionship as we also do here, and what could be nicer?

We went to Uncle Tom's funeral Sat. afternoon at three in a chapel in West Seattle and it was impressive. And though Uncle Tom had outlived most of his contemporaries there were quite a few people at the funeral. Tom from Mercer Island and John and I and Edna's son Paul and a cousin on Edna's mother side were the closest relations there. The minister read Papa's name from the altar as the brother in Spokane. It had been cloudy all day, dark clouds, but as the services started bright sunshine slanted in through all the windows and later at the house the sea captains who were present said, "Well, Captain Tom remained Fairweather Quinn to the end. It was always so when he put out to sea, the sun broke forth and now it has for his last voyage." These men were his pallbearers and though they were men in their fifties and sixties and younger than Uncle Tom, still they knew him well and many had shipped with him.

The flowers were beautiful and there were two huge wheels, ship's wheels, made of flowers from seafaring associations.

A very fine baritone sang, Crossing the Bar, that lovely poem by Tennyson which everyone loves and here it was so fitting together with the building of the sermon around the 107th Psalm, "They that go down to the sea in ships." He spoke of how Uncle Tom had spent most of his life on the sea and always loved it. Then the singer sang, Faith of Our Fathers, and the organ played my favorite hymns, Abide with Me, and Lead Kindly Light.

Uncle Tom looked wonderful, and it seems to me that he was dressed in a grey suit after all with nice white shirt and tie. His chin line was still firm and clean, his skin smooth even though he had grown quite thin. And his pure white hair was as shining and pretty as ever. Even at eighty-nine and in death, and I don't believe there was as handsome a man at the funeral as Uncle Tom; those beautiful features and black eyebrows.

I took the angel food coconut cake to the home afterwards and a nice pink azalea plant with a copper foil mat around the pot and the copper looked so pretty with the pink blooms. Edna said that she would later



plant the flower under her father's bedroom window. The lady next door and her daughter had made coffee, and baked a chocolate cake and there were fruit cake and cookies and a beautiful centerpiece on the table of crysanthemums. The sea captains sat around and spoke of the remarkable man Uncle Tom had been. Never in the annals of the sea had they seen his equal, still sailing the sea at 81 and never ill a day, always dressed as if he had come out of a bandbox. Captain Kelly said, "I remember seeing him at his Captain's dinners, dressed to perfection in his tailor-made uniforms, his small moustache waxed into points, presiding with such great dignity that the whole ship felt his presence. And his Chinese servants were so efficiently trained that they never made a mis-move, the serving was precision itself.

Captain Kelly seemed to have been with him the most and told of things that happened in Shanghai and in all of the Oriental Hotels where they had stayed in port. He said Uncle Tom had made friends all round the world, way into the interior in the Orient, had been entertained by Princes and Nabobs and had been given rich gifts. And he was always so lively and cheerful and singing sea chanties and telling comical Irish yarns. I could see as these captains spoke of him they had genuine affection for him and were quite moved by his passing.

Well, I would say that he was a product of the wonderful period in which he lived at the turn of the Century, and it is not given to every man to be so endowed by nature and to live in a period in Time when adventure and romance rode the world as it did when Papa and his brothers were young. But they certainly had the physical constitutions, the wits and the handsomeness which helped them to play well their pioneer roles. It made me sad to think that Papa in his frail condition of old age was unable to come to his brother's funeral. Uncle Tom used to think his brother Mike was about perfect and followed him all over when they were young. And of course, Edna felt pretty bad as she was close to her father always, and her adult life has not been a happy one. And so our Christmas was mingled with glad and with somber moments, and considerable somber reflection on the way of life.

I have loved being at home for twelve days and not being under pressure, doing things more in a leisurely way, however, it will be good to get back into the school routine again as we live more regular hours and eat less of rich foods and sweets. Everyone has fed us and we have fed many of them, quite a sum total of Christmas goodies.

Good-bye. I love you all very much.

With love from  
John and Alberta.



Crossing the Bar  
by  
Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

For such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound or foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

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From the 107th Psalm--verses 23-30.

They that go down to the sea, in ships, that do business in  
great waters;

These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders ~~in~~ the deep.

For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which  
lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the  
depths; their soul is melted because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and  
are at their wit's end.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he  
bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof  
are still.

Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth  
them unto their desired haven.