

Friday Morning

and Pay day,

January 30, 1959

Our dearest Kinfolk,

Yes, Emmet and Alice, Emmet's last letter and mine crossed in the mail but we were thrilled to receive it and also yours, Alice, in yesterday's mail. And thank you so much, Emmet, for the picture of John and us with Sibleys and also of the one of your Christmas hearth and do you know, the first thing I noticed was the reflection of my dear brother in the mirror taking the picture, and I was glad to have him included in it. I now return the two pretty pictures you sent for us to have a look at, Alice, and we agree that the picture of your house has a nice quality, like a pastel drawing and the living room looks homelike and familiar and each of us would just like to flop into that big red-covered chair which you had delivered when we were there last summer. And in return I send you 14 snaps to have a look at and since they will be heavy in the mail I inclose a couple of ~~snaps~~ ^{stamps} for the return postage of same.

How sorry we were to hear how ill Mike has been with chicken pox. The poor little guy and Connie, too, and we hope Sherry's throat is better. Half of ^{younger} one of our first grades are absent with chicken pox, and I have one ^{out}. It is such a miserable uncomfortable illness. I remember how sick Johnny was with it and fussed and fussed and I kept running to his bedroom all day to try to help him be more comfortable, back in the ^{days} of the brick house regime.

2.
Saturday Morn. I didn't get far with my letter yesterday and the time slipped up to 8:30 when I left for school. No walking this winter as it has rained so much and though the sun came out for a little while many days, yet one cannot depend on sun shine this time of year, though it is warm and mild and the sweet warm trade winds come in from Hawaii all the time. Yes, and many things are budding out, including our beautiful pink camelia bush.

I have just had breakfast and John is sitting in the nook corner surveying the hillside and drinking his coffee. We are driving down town and will look around and have lunch in the Bon Marche Tea Room where we shall watch the fashion show and listen to the Hammond electric organ, very nice and relaxing in the Cascade Room. Stores are showing beautiful spring clothes now and advertising them for cruises and trips to the desert, Palms Springs for example.

3.

Your proposed trip to the desert in the spring when cacti are blooming sounds just wonderful, Emmet. We would love to go along and maybe we can all plan to do so again three or four years from now when I retire. We wish you'd drop over this way in the springtime, too. Did I tell you Irene and Howard were here? John went down town with a neighbor and met Howard at the Olympic Hotel one January afternoon while Irene was at a meeting of the Nile where the Supreme Queen was reigning. They met Irene at five-thirty and all three, John, Howard and Irene drove out in the Cadillac and it looked just wonderful to me, seeing them come up the driveway. The men drove the car in the garage and Irene came sweeping up the front steps under the lamppost with her beautiful white net and taffeta bouffant skirts sweeping the walk and shrubs. She had on those transparent, golden-transparent plastic high-heeled slippers and I said, "Why here comes beautiful Cinderella." She had a beautiful pink corsage for me and which I delighted all the little girls with by wearing it next day to school. Howard came up the basement stairs with John carrying the luggage and we had dinner and spent a wonderful evening. They left for Tacoma and Portland the next morning for more chapter meetings.

I'll bet your kitchen looks lovely. Your house always is kept up perfectly and is so attractive and home-like, and John and I are surely looking forward to coming over on our way East. We are surely hoping Johnny and Kay will be able to come, too, but one cannot ever be too sure what the children can or cannot do after they have the responsibilities of married life. Johnny said rather wistfully when we were over there, he'd surely like to come to good old Montana and that it had been thirteen years since he was in Big Sandy. The kids have their Volkswagen now, sent to them all the way from Germany. They ordered a blue, but a diamond grey arrived. It runs on practically no gas at all and Johnny is certainly pleased with the car.

4.

They were planning on going to Moses Lake this week end. Kay's father had a slipped disc and even was in the hospital because of it but is home again. He is a big husky, good-looking man but may have sprined his back someway.

I hear the dishes rattling--that dear husband of mine is washing up the dishes.

John has had such success making the beautiful desk for Kay's new portable machine with three drawers down each side and made out of the most beautiful hand-picked panel of Chinese Sen wood, just full of burls, that he is now thinking of making us two beds for our big bedroom and a big long chest of drawers to go under our long bedroom window. The beds will have shelves and a place for radio and so forth on the headboards and will be blonde as the machine desk is. John's cousin Gordon at Bellevue has made a lot of very beautiful furniture.

Well, my dears, our best wishes to both of you and all the dear children. We love to hear from you. Write soon again. Tom's are all fine. We drove down there last Sunday afternoon. Frank spent a week end with us and we have had school meetings galore this month and have a tea coming up for the lady teachers on Monday, maybe a Valentine Tea.

Our sincerest love,

Alberta and John. (over)

P.S. I must tell you a cute thing our Mikey said.
John & Johnny took him to the barn when they
milked and hung up his swing so he could
watch. Well, a cow "went to the bathroom"
right in front of Mikey and his big blue
eyes opened wide and he said, "Cow-chair,
chair - my! My!"

He talks all the time and is so active and
lively - how we miss him!

A.

Our sincerest love,

Tuesday Eve. Feb. 10, 1959

Dearest Montana ^Kinfolk;

Just a little letter to-night to slip in with your Valentine. John met me in the fog and rain after school and we drove down to Frederick and Nelson's beautiful store in Bellevue to look at some things that were advertised in the Sunday paper, then came home and warmed up some turkey and had fresh mashed potatoes and so forth with it. You see, we cooked our Christmas turkey, 19 lbs. of luscious fowl which we had left in the market locker until we could find a Sunday on which to cook it. So Sunday, I had Dr. Steiner, his wife, their son Herbert, and Blanche Wilfley and her daughter out for dinner. And as I always say, "Sociologists are the most wonderfully understanding people in the world as they seem to know and tolerate and justify all human behavior," as a result of this or that situation," all most enlightening, and since Dr. Steiner was a professor all round the world including Columbia University, Tulane at New Orleans, Chapel Hill, and Northwestern University, and since he has written college text books which the colleges use on Sociology, twelve books to be exact, he knows his subject. (Chicago)

Well, all this week we shall be having warmed-up turkey which is very good indeed. Toward the end of the week, it will be turkey a la king on hot biscuits, perhaps. I would have had Tom and Ella up for dinner and the day, but since they both work they do like to be at home on the weekends and I don't blame them. But they do remind me of the folks in the Valley, working on projects around the place all Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, following in the same pattern as Rose and dear Dad. But they are always sweet and nice and seem so glad when we drop by to call on them just as are our dear Alice and Emmet in Montana, only Alice, and Emmet being full-blood-brother and a product of the old Alberta days on the farm are just a little more precious and dear to my heart.

January was such a busy month with many meetings and projects. I do put in the time, all right, but it is a good life. One of the most enjoyable events was a lovely Valentine Tea last week for the Primary teachers which the wife of one of the principals gave. It was so good to come in out of the fog and after a wet day at school with the children falling into puddles up to their necks and drying out and steaming by the registers. To come into warm firelight and see candles glowing, to smell fragrant pink and white carnations, hear soft music, sip delicious hot tea and to have some of the two huge Valentine cakes, all decorated by the baker like wedding cakes with cupids and harts and roses, one dark cake and one light. Then the chatter of women at a teaparty is always amusing. I have been to some lovely parties here. The house was a Cape Cod house with early American furniture like Dordy has. They also had two beautiful pianos.

Johnny and Kay just love their new VW and as I said they get thirty miles to the gallon which will be a saving over the sixty-dollar a month gas bill they had with their big Kaiser. Mikey just loves the car and romps all over the back seat. He is now finishing stories for them, finishing the lines of songs and when they say, "What is the name of our horse?" Mikey

2.

answers, just perfectly, "Duchess." He talks young just like Johnny Boy did. They spent the weekend at Moses Lake and Kay's mother wrote how he had developed ---one grandmother to another, you know.

Most likely you've heard lately from Pocatello. Aunt Minnie wrote a few weeks ago saying Uncle Jeff gets around nicely with a cane and can now do everything for himself again and enjoys reading and TV and his mind is as sharp as ever. Leedice also wrote, very pleased with his progress. I think it would be nice if you go to see the desert in bloom if you could see them. They would love it I am sure. Most likely you have had that in mind.

Did I tell you John has made the most beautiful piece of furniture for Kay, a desk to house her lovely new portable machine which buttonholes, zigzags and is a pretty cerise or orchid color. John went down to Frederick and Nelson's and asked to see the most expensive desk cases with drawers on both sides and they said, "Now you are getting into money, these with the machines run up to six hundred dollars," so John took a look, then bought Chinese sen wood full of lovely swirling burls and duplicated the desks with the cost of the wood not over thirty dollars. He is satisfied to the extent that he says now he will make two double beds for our big bedroom with book case head boards and a long double dresser to go under the window in our big room.

My spring vacation comes the 20th of March so we think we will drive over to Johnny's fort that weekend and ~~and~~ John can hinge the machine into the cabinet. Then we have a friend at Walla Walla who wants us to come down for a few days which we may do going on from Tekoa, then to Burbank near the Columbia River to see Hoopers, the sheep ranch people, then to Prosser to see Kay's grandparents and cousins who have asked us, and home so that we will be here to welcome Johnny and Kay and Mikey on the tail end of their vacation around Easter if they can make it.

Since this is Lincoln's and Washington's and St. Valentine's month we've been busy at school giving the children all the historic background on each, making booklets and pictures and writing compositions. This one that my dear little pupil wrote about Lincoln delighted my heart and amused me very much;

"Lincoln had a cranky wife. They did not want Lincoln to go to the movies because they said he might get shot. But Lincoln went to the movies and Lincoln got shot."

On Friday we have a Valentine's Box, a party and ice cream and cookies, the home room mothers make the cookies, thank goodness, I don't know where I'd get the time to do one extra thing.

Our winter has been mild with the Japanese current bringing soft breezes nearly all winter, but we had a light skiff of snow this morn from a storm area moving over from Alaska, but it is all melted by now, but even seeing that we bit made John say, "We'd better get the hell out of here! But we heard frogs croaking round the lagoons and lake shores last week and our camellias are in pink bud and daffodils are showing in bunches in all the markets. We love you and please write. Hope you are Ok, both of you.

Ms. Pearl wrote such a gracious note on her Christmas card to us. It surely warmed our hearts. Tell her & Fred and Stammers hello for us, likewise the Jo's & the maids. Love & A. & J.

Fri. The thirteenth,
Oh! My!

Greetings, dearest ones,

When John came to school to get me ^{last nite} and said there was a letter from you, was I glad, but once at home and as I read I was sorry to hear you had not been feeling so well, Emmet. Cheer up, spring is coming and once you can get out and get around freely, all will be better. Papa used to say, "Never worry about cancer. Cancer is just not in our breed" and you know most of our tribe live to be ninety, so we should be around for quite a spell yet! But seriously we do send our prayers and wishes for the well-being of our Emmet and Alice.

John is doing fine and a perfect lamb about no beer, no night snacks before the fire and T.V., and no potatoes nor bread and soon he will be gardening and tearing around in the out-of-doors. We've had rain quite steadily though it has been warm and Old Sol is out to-day in all his glory in a blue sky. We have pink Camellias, violets, heather, Oregon grape, primroses and pink, white and purple heather all a-bloom in our rock gardens around our house.

Thanks for your kind comments, Alice, on my school paper. I always write up all the school news each month and ~~the~~ the two mothers type and run the material through the machine and put the pages together and they see about the notices on the front page. So I had to write the article Mon. night. Tues. I took my children by school bus

2. on a "Field Trip" to the Bothell Bank which ties in with their arithmetic on money and banking. Tues. after school we had a staff meeting, Wed. I had three teachers to evening dinner, then John went with them to his evening investment class. Thurs. John came to school and ran off four movies from the film library for the two 3rd grades, "Colored Birds" "An Airplane Trip to Mexico", "Manners", "Growing Things", all interesting pictures. In the evening, Mrs. King, one of our teachers, had dinner and came to P.T.A. with us, so she wouldn't have to make the trip to Seattle after school and back in the evening. - Another busy week about gone. - I'm dashing off this in my 20-min free period which I have on Friday when the music teacher takes my kids. After school we will go marketing.

John is just finishing up a beautiful Philippine mahogany bed with bookcase head "for Mike". He won't be big enough for it for a while but we will take it over on top of our car and put Kups sewing machine desk in the back seat. We can hardly wait until next Sat. the 21st to start. We may come home by Walla Walla and Portland.

Now the big news - the deal has been going on since January - we have sold our $9\frac{1}{2}$ A. reserving $\frac{1}{2}$ A. for our house. Bertha has sold her $7\frac{1}{2}$ and so on that 17 A. will go up a new housing district, 3 houses to an acre, about 50 very nice houses - then the rest of the Miller acres may go if Gordon and Jack are willing which will make about 100 houses and the area will be named Miller Crest. It will be 18 mo. before they start to build as engineers will plat

The ground and make the roads and so
farth. The Co. paid us what we thought
was a good price for the land and they
will do all the rest. I must stop.
No longer are we pioneering. All is building up.

In haste and with love,

Alberta & John.

P.S.

We have a new name, did I tell you for
the Bathell School District. It has
been enlarged and is now the
Northshore District.

Thursday Eve.
March 6, 1959

My dears,

How are you folks? Maybe you have taken off for the Southwest Desert Country as I have been a while in answering your letter, but how glad I was to hear you write and say, Alice, you might come driving up our hill some time. We do hope both of you will.

We've had some anxiety here as John was bothered by a pain in his side. I took him to the doctor who had him checked and X-rayed. Heart and blood pressure are normal and the X-rays showed the bowels were O.K. The trouble turned out to be some swelling of the prostate gland for which the Dr. has given him medication which has now reduced the swelling. He also gave John appetite appealing pills and told him to lose 20 pounds. So that has cut out his TV lunching with beer, rye bread, cheese, coffee and pop corn. We don't eat bread, potatoes, gravy and we just have lemon juice on our salads and John is a lamb about it - doesn't holler at all.

Then Johnny wrote he is to have an operation for hernia soon. In January, working on his Kaiser he strained the muscles on his back and ruptured himself - isn't that just too bad! All arrangements have been made. The back is better and the Dr. says he can fix the other

Well, my dears, Bye. Bye. You know we love you.
John just came begging, "Ma, can I please have one apple?" 2

trouble just fine. We are driving over on my Spring vacation March 20th. Johnny says because of the operation he doesn't think they will plan on the Montana trip with us.

We saw Ella & Tom's Sunday and all are fine. Elsie L. wrote me. She is working at the beautiful new Grange in E. Spokane in the office and likes it. I inclose a picture of Papa's flowers in "The Pines" taken next day after the funeral. I had 3 made, for you, for Rose, and for us. Also, I send a picture of dear John in a cute little neighborhood barbers, so keep it along with the other picture.

Yes, Spring has been here some time with all the early flowers blooming and the frogs chorusing by night. However, though warm, the rain has been quite persistent from now to now with sunshine averaging one day a week. But the warm rains are better than cold, ice and snow. Even Johnny is tired of the cold and snow they've had at Tekoa. Mike is a little whizz, I guess, puts wooden puzzles together, trudges up the Palouse Hills and talks in 3 and 4 word sentences - we can hardly wait until we see them. Now that Spring is here my boy pupils are lively. I'll tell you. I try hard to keep them civilized.

All of our love and best wishes to John. Auntie

March 18.

my dears

Just a line or two to-night
before I get beneath my
electric blanket. I
enclose a clipping or two
you may enjoy. Also, I
slip in one ^{or two} of the notes
my dear little children are al-
ways writing to me. I find
such notes in my desk
drawers, under the desk
cloth and in my books.
Sometimes they aren't even
signed—sweet, yarning,
and genuine are these
treasured bits from little
children and one of the
great rewards of teaching.

House on a windy hilltop at Tekoa--

Here we are! And when we came we were glad to
find your note waiting for us and it was so good
of you to write to us and also to Johnny and Kay
and they were both so pleased and said they
would make a real effort to come with us to
Montana. Johnny will go to the hospital Thurs-

day after school, April second, and Mrs. Tull will take Mikey to Moses Lake and Kay will stay in town at Elsie Miller's so she can be with Johnny as much as he needs her. The operation will be on Friday morning April third. He will just miss that Friday of school and then the next Monday and Tuesday and then there is three days of Spring vacation so he expects to be away from school only three days and yet he will have nine post-operative days to recover and one thing about teaching school is that as long as he isn't coaching he can take it fairly easy, physically. It is a small opening in the groin but still an operation is an operation and any on the abdomen is considered major, so Kay says. But Johnny looks very well, lean and hard, and happy and confident-looking. So I am keeping my fingers crossed for nice going for Johnny.

We hope you are feeling better now, Emmet, and doubtless the trip to the Hot Springs will help both you and dear Alice. The possible change of residence for the Joe Quinn's is an upheaval for us, too, as we always feel that the chief charm of Montana is that all our dearest Quinns are there and, as you say, Montana would not be the same if and when some of them leave. That is what a great many of our good old friends said of us, "Spokane has not been the same place since our John Miller's went to the Coast." Well, anyway, the best of luck to the Joe's and all the rest of you and of course we are anxious to hear the developments when all can be told.

You asked, Emmet, what John was going to do when he became fenced in again--well, it won't be for three years yet, and in the meantime we will be looking around. You know Lewiston, Idaho, might not be a bad place as it is warm and snowless in winter and there is lots of sunshine there and we would not be as far from our kids and from you folks as we would if we were to settle in California or Arizona, but we shall see as we have lots of time to look around. And maybe

you can be somewhere nearer us, too, or we can be together. We love our house in Seattle and when they have the area developed and a nice big Kaibab stone entrance to "Millercrest" we will have rather a swanky area and since we still have a half acre we won't have neighbors right on top of us. But they will not even start building the houses for 18 months as there is platting and planning and so on to do. Everything is blooming in Seattle now and when it came down to leaving the other day we were a little reluctant as our Camelia bush was a glory of pink bloom, and all up and down the streets and roads pink Japanese cherries were blooming--lovely. But of course our little family over here is always the strongest drawing card as I know you understand since you have the same situation of grandchildren and sons.

Well, we left school about two, as we get out early just before vacations and Mrs. Tull had written us to stay all night at Moses Lake. The drive over the mountains was just delightful. We stopped at CleElum for a hamburger and cup of coffee as we hadn't had much lunch and it broke the long afternoon of driving thru the chilly mountain atmosphere. The roads were dry as a bone and it was good to see the wide open spaces when we left the mountains and forests. And we talked of Montana and Wyoming and of how wonderful it was to have space and space and space and to not feel shut in. When we reached the breaks of the Columbia the lazy old flowing river and the dry sandy banks looked good to us, as we have been living in a warm, moist, greenhouse section of the country all winter.

Dianne and Mrs. Tull welcomed us with smiles and took us into their nice house and it was good to get into the warmth and have a nice hot supper and good beds to sleep in. Ed Tull, being president of the Lions Club, had gone to Kamloops, B. C. for an International Convention.

We came on Sat. morn. and reached Johnny and Kay's about one o'clock and here were three happy faces looking out the window as we drove up the hill. They all met us on the porch and Mikey's cheeks and ears were bright red from the excitement of expecting Grandad and Grandma Miller, as he calls us. My, he talks cute and so plain!! Kay had made Mikey a little blue tweed jacket, grey slacks, out of Johnny's old ones and they had bought him a grey Fedora hat and did he ever look like a cute tiny little man when dressed for church Sunday morning? We all went to church and we, the grandparents, got to stand up with the parents for the baptism and Mike was so cute. He opened a hymn book and shouted, "Sing" and he sang right along with the choir, then he looked at the hymnal some more and shouted out, "Read it, read it." After the baptism Kay took him down to the nursery school and we all sat together in church knowing Johnny's little son was happy with this nursery Sunday school class. --

The church is just beautiful, a big brick one, most of the money for its erection having been donated by a rich Palouse landowner who is chairman of the schoolboard. The brass candlesticks and all the appointments were lovely, including the organ. It was as lovely as a big city church.

After church we met the minister and his wife. The wife teaches sixth grade in Johnny's school and she said such nice things about Johnny and that he was a born teacher and had such a fine attitude about everything and how much the kids all loved him. The chairman of the school board said the same thing and that the board and district hoped he and Kay would stay in Tekoa a long time. The minister said Johnny and Kay were a wonderful asset to the community and that they felt fortunate to have so fine a girl as Kay working in the church and so good an example ~~to the young as Johnny and Kay. They quite bowled us over,~~ as Johnny for the young people. The people quite bowled us over with their compliments and of course we were pleased as there is no greater reward is there, than having your children turn out well-adjusted and responsible? But enough of this bragging or you will be disgusted with me!

Well, then we all drove to Spokane in the cute, grey Volkswagen and had dinner at the Oasis. When Mikey's plate was placed before him, he said, "O Delicious!" and he ate so well that the waitress brought him a "good eating certificate" and we turned it in and were given a balloon and a roll of candies. While we were eating, Elsie and Frank walked by across the street, so Johnny ran out and brought them in. Of all things! and we had been planning on going out to see them after dinner. They had just had dinner at the Spokane Hotel and were on their way to see the "Ten Commandments", but they said they'd go to see it on Monday and we must come out to their house, which we did, and spent the afternoon. Elsie and Frank had a lot of new furniture, and they are both enjoying his retirement. They had a most glorious six weeks in New York last fall seeing everything, plays, museums, etc. Their trip cost twelve hundred dollars. They stayed at the Hotel Taft for eleven dollars and a half a day for the room, and that it was very nice and handy to everything. They said there was the Victoria Hotel ~~across the street, not quite so new, but still very nice and rooms~~ across the street, not quite so new, but still nice and the rooms there were six and seven a day, so we will look into "things" when we go there. I am sorry this typewriter has twice, now, written on top of a line. It must be because the paper is so slick that it doesn't always roll up properly.

We stayed at Elsie's until about six, then called at Bernice's for about half an hour, then got back to Tekoa hilltop here at eight p.m. Mikey was a lamb and had such a good time, very enchanting and nice-dispositioned.

Bertha is coming over to-day with Harry to spend the afternoon so John can talk to them about the Real Estate deal, the company wants to buy the cousins' land, too, in Seattle. Kay will have dinner for us all after school when Johnny comes home.

While at Elsie's, I called home, but Rose was at her houses, ^{in town,} but will go to Seattle for Easter so we shall see her there, and Elsie Q. is enjoying working again. We had stopped at the cemetery to see Papa's grave, bless his dear heart. I also called Irene and Florence Sheridan. Everyone always wants us to come see them, but time is limited and we can't get around everywhere. We leave for Walla Walla Wed. morn. and will take the southern Columbia River route home. The sun is shining. Oh, joy! — We all love you folks dearly and bye-bye, and good luck. John is fine. From us both.

Bertha & John

Route #1
Tekoa, Washington
April 9, 1959

Dear Uncle Emmett and Aunt Alice,

I was happy to get your letter awhile back inviting us over to your part of the country for a visit. I am feeling pretty good now after getting cut up a little so I think that Kay, Mike, and I will be able to make it after school is out. It has been a long time since I have been back to your part of Montana and I am getting quite anxious to make the trip. We will make more specific plans later on however.

As you probably have heard, I had a hernia operation last Friday. I feel pretty good so far. I can't do much yet but I feel fine. The worst part of it all was getting it over with and now that is all done. This sitting around though makes me kind of onery and hard for Kay to handle. Kay's folks are taking care of Mike down at Moses Lake and we will get him back on Saturday. We sure miss him.

We have been having nice spring weather this week and the winter wheat is coming along fine. All the farmers are doing their spring field work now. We had a pretty nice winter with the exception of one bad blizzard and a couple of cold snaps. I had to leave my car down on the highway about a third of a mile from the house when our road drifted in for about ten days.

I recieved a letter from the school board Yesterday telling me that they want me back again and are giving me a raise so I guess that I will stay here for at least another year. We are happy here and like the Palouse Country real well but there isn't too much of a career here as far as advancement in teaching goes. It is a good place to get experience though.

Kay, Mike, and I enjoyed my folks visit during Mom's spring vacation. My folks seem quite proud of their Grandson and he thinks that they are pretty nice too. He is getting to talk quite a bit now and isn't a bit shy. He sure is growing up fast. I know that he will like Montana too.

We bought a new Volkswagen last winter and we will see how it works on trips. It sure looks small on the outside but has more room than one would think on the inside. It sure is a nice car to drive and is quite economical. I will drive it about 100 mile a day when I drive to Cheney and back when I go to school there this summer. I needed something on the economical line.

I hope that all is fine with you people. It is kind of sad to think that all the family will be broken up by a transfer but transfers usually mean promotions I guess.

Say hello to Mack and Joe and their families from us. We are looking forward to seeing you all. Time really flies so it won't be too long until school is out, about the first of June.

Love, John + Kay



Sat. Morn.
HI YA, HONEY! Aug. 16

HERE'S **SWARMS** OF GOOD WISHES
TO TELL YOU "HELLO"—
HOW'RE YOU **BEE-HIVING**
AND WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

My dears,
What a nice
surprise—yesterday
two letters, one from
you, Emmet in Harre,
and one from you,
Alice, on the good
old ranch!

We were sorry to
hear about the Hepa-
titis, but do hope no

2^d further trouble has come of it.
Most likely, harvest is over
by now and we hope all
went well.

One afternoon I thought there
might be some blackberries on
Frank's deserted place and so over
to the Southeast corner of the
forty we went and sure enough
the black beauties were very
plentiful but, alas, what brow-
bles and all mixed in with
nettles. We surely got scratched
up and our clothes were almost
in shreds. Some of the long
bushes even reached down my
neck and scratched my bosom.
I fell into beaver holes
and when we got home we
both said "We've had it!"
However, I'm said he would
pick some now and then.
I canned 21 pts of jam-jelly
and made 2 pids. — Good,
oh my! But the summer has
been so dry and hot the
berries are over ripe and may

not last until Thanksgiving as they usually keep on hearing.

John and I are really gypsies - we've been home only a few weeks and at breakfast we were saying when I retire we will come to Glacier Park in the small new deluxe trailer and have you meet us there and we will watch the leaves turn color and John added "pick up rocks & fish." It will be nice for you to go see the folks in Pocahontas, they will love it - come this way if you can.

John and I saw the fine show, "South Pacific" and as it was filmed in Hawaii, we lived the beauty of the Islands anew. Elsie, Frank, Joann & Milt & baby will be our guests next week.

Nov. 14, 1966

Hello dears:

Oh, what a fine letter we did get from you, this last joint-letter, in which you gave us so many details, Emmet! And you are quite poetic, Emmet, especially where you told about the West where there are 160 Acres to turn around in, the sage and the quiet. As I read your letter to John, he said, "That's for me, that's what I like."

I got a map and tried to trace where you had driven as you told so clearly, and I did pretty well following your route, though some of the secondary roads change their numbers, it seems, from year to year and are not the same number on all maps, but I traced where you had been by the towns you mentioned and you certainly did quite a lot of swinging around. We had been to most of the places you mentioned around Washington D.C. I, too, sat in Washington's pew in Christ Church. There is another church Washington attended not too far South and inland a small distance from Mt. Vernon. It is called Poheek Chrurch and is a big Square red brick church with white trim. I went thru this church, too, and sat where Washington sat. During the War between the States the northern military used this church to stable their horses and the inside was quite mutilated, but when I was there it was being restored and looked quite normal again.

WE know how much you must have enjoyed Blue Ridge and Skyline Drive as we also did, and Monticello was lovely, wasn't it?² Driving up from Charlottesville ^{ville} just before reaching Jefferson's home ^{and} on the slope is the cemetery where Jefferson and members of his family are buried, although his memorial is in Washington D.C. History says that when he was young that he and a friend lay on their backs on the green grass on this slope and Jefferson

2.

said to his friend, "I would like nothing better than to be buried here some day,⁵⁹ and so that is what happened, the green slope became the family cemetery. We passed this and admired the huge, iron gate, very fancy and ornate, and all the big trees in the cemetery.

You just do not know how glad I am that you both had this marvelous trip. It is all wondrous back there with its beauty and historical impact, and of course, your being with Joe's for about two weeks was real happiness, both for them and for you. And to think you had such good going was rewarding, you see you "live right," "the wind was at your back," and the "little people" were right along with you all the time!

WE camped at Myrtle Beach, also, in the park there, and next morning was a beautiful, sunny morning and warm as toast, so we took off our shoes and walked the damp sandy beach where it was good and hard and moist from the waves. This was wonderful for our feet and took off the callouses and rough spots until our feet were soft and smooth as baby skin.

Yes, we saw the ^{Green} Brookside Gardens, too, and I bought a book which shows the lovely statuary and the lovely poetry printed by many of the statues and what the statues represent. John was terrifically impressed and said, "Now this is real art." He does not care for the distorted impressionistic art, says, "It takes no talent whatever, anyone can do such scribbling or make blobs of color and pretend it has profound meaning."⁵⁹

I think this is the same Huntington who had the gorgeous place at Pasadena where we saw the grand home made into an art gallery. His first wife was the sculptress who did most of the art at the beautiful ^{Green} Brookside Gardens. Wasn't it just wonderful to look down those vistas and see those gleaming graceful statues?

3.

And the festoons of hanging moss just added to the beauty and mystery; that wispy pale green Spanish moss! The Huntington's had a gorgeous Southern home there, a central part with pillars and a wing on each side facing the front, also, as so many of those southern homes were built like Greek temples, for instance, the Custis Lee Mansion. The Huntington home there at the B. Gardens had burned down quite some time ago, *we were told when there.*

How much country Joe is seeing! We also were in this Cajun country where you said Joe had been. Perhaps you know that the word "*Cajun*" is a breakdown of the word Arcadian, the people who in Longfellow's poem, "*Evangeline*", were forced out of Halifax by the British and wandered down to Louisiana. We camped overnight in Evangeline Nat'l Park, took a picture of the church and of the Evangeline statue. John got a better one than the slide we bought there. 't was all such interesting country and there is still a predominance of French there. What fun it is to travel and see things, and often it changes one's whole point of view about a great many things!

How nice it was that you had all the family for a big dinner, Alice, soon after you reached home. I know all were happy to have you both back safe and sound and to hear about your wanderings. Glad you found all in order.

My ^{right} arm is still rather painful, though I have had some shots. This is the arm I hurt when I fell downstairs in the theater about ten years ago, as I fell on it, and it could be that the pain I have is traumatic, coupled with some rheumatism. The pain is more in the muscles than in the joints, otherwise, I feel fine. Perhaps it will get better right along. John says it will do me more good to go to the Southwest in the hot springtime sun than to go to the damp British Isles. I can see he really does not want to take

Nov. 2, 1971, Election Day.

Well, my two dears:

At last, maybe I can write to you. There are so many things to do when one comes home from a trip, and this time there seemed to be more than usual and besides that, "jet lag" really got to us. We had to learn to sleep and eat again at Seattle time and since there was eleven hour's difference in time, we kept waking up at midnight and feeling like it was morning and breakfast time, but we are pretty well adjusted now. Then we had done so much and seen so much that we were pretty worn out. But I am glad we went across the Atlantic and had a taste of Europe. It surely makes one feel what a marvelous country ^{is} the U.S. I felt so sorry for the Spanish living in a police state under Franco and having to be so guarded and careful, because there are always informers about, and Civil policemen in long dress overcoats with big rifles slung over their shoulders.

I have typed off an account for you, and this I will send to the close relatives so that they may share it with their families and read it themselves and this will save me from telling so many details over and over. I will run off the ^{photographic} ~~mimeographed~~ copies this afternoon on our way to vote. ^{at school} ~~Mask & Dody~~ may want to read your copy. [↑]

I started with my pupils again. I had two Sat. and one is coming today. They had all been waiting a month for me so we will go on now with the work. ^{I now have six lessons a week.}

It was so wonderful to get home again to our lovely fresh area and climate where the water is pure and cool and delicious and there are so many good foods to enjoy. It is quiet out here on our hill top, especially in the winter when doors and windows are not all open to the world. But the trip was worth all the expense and effort ~~as we~~ as we learned so much and now know something about European travel, ^{we} and I must say it is not easy. [↑] Our pampas plumes are waving,

roses are still in bloom and the holly tree is
thick with clusters of red berries, getting redder and
redder for Christmas. I watched a deer sauntering in our yard for
half an hour - a lovely sight!

We are hoping you are well and that you are getting more rested,

Alice. Such a lot of canning as you folks did. Then there were two
weddings in the family in six months and the trips you took.

I am sure Ernie enjoyed your company and that you were a good help
to Elsie, Alice.

Now our love to all and we hope Dordy and Mack re-
turned safely.

Write us soon

Phyllis & John

JOURNE SPAIN

After weeks of preparation which included doctor's examination, inoculation, securing a passport, and making travel reservations, then waiting for confirmations, at last our day of departure arrived, October 7, 1971 at eleven-thirty at night. We stood in line at SeaTac Airport waiting to board the plane, the SAS Viking Jet. If we had felt any apprehension about flying the polar route and across the North Atlantic, it was immediately dispelled when we saw the group of uniformed young people coming down the concourse to board the plane ahead of the passengers. John said, "This is the crew that will take us there."

And a large crew it was; several stewardesses in turquoise blue uniforms which set off their golden blondeness, and the young men, also blonde, were lithe and fit, perhaps from years of exercise on the ski slopes. All appeared alert and competent, and this they later proved to be. This was the captain who looked about fifty. He was well set-up and his white hair spoke for his years of service.

We went through the gates and down a covered ramp into the plane where we matched our seat checks with the seat numbers. There were three seats on each side of the aisle. Soon ahead of us at the cabin front flashed the words, "Fasten your seat belts," and "No smoking." There was a circling of the field, a tremendous rush, a thrilling lift-off and we were airborne. Now Seattle lay beneath us, its miles and miles of lights in interesting patterns bordering the Sound.

Between midnight and one o'clock was the cocktail hour, then a full-course dinner, very delicious, was served. After that the lights were dimmed and the passengers lay back in their seats to try to sleep, but with the excitement of flying and a full moon beaming upon the white landscape, sleeping seemed second best. Besides, it was not long until a golden sun was shining over a glistening, icy world and we were flying into a brilliant morning. It was marvelous to look down through cloud openings upon the frozen tundra. There came into view the rough and jagged peaks of the far Northland, the glaciers, deep crevasses, the waters of Hudson Bay. Then Baffin Land, Greenland and Iceland slid by and the captain was announcing by intercom that by European time it was now late afternoon. We had gained nine hours. And now while we ate our second meal aboard, we were flying over the fjords of Norway and observing freighters going and coming on the dark waters far below.

Flying in good weather is the smoothest mode of travel. It seems effortless. We glided into the airport in Copenhagen so easily that we were scarcely aware of stopping. Then there were the long lines to go through; showing of passport, locating of luggage, going through customs, then proceeding to the hotel residence desk to be directed to a taxi and to a hotel. Finally, we were on our way through quaint and beautiful Copenhagen. We arrived at the Hafnia Hotel, an elegant old-world hotel, yet comfortable and efficient. We slept under a white linen encased feather down. We heard the water playing in the fountain in the beer garden below our windows, and at intervals, the chiming clock telling the hours in the city square. In the morning, we breakfasted in an ornate, gold and white breakfast room. There were huge white napkins, white table cloths and china pots of rich coffee and steaming hot tea, real orange juice, several kinds of flakey rolls, real butter, marmalade and good Danish sausage and cheese.

We were beginning to know members of our travel group and soon we were all rolling along by cab to the airport. There again we went through the passport, credentials routine, but we were aided in traversing the long concourse distance by moving sidewalks. The efficient Danes.

Now we were flying over Germany and northern France. The day became clearer so that in France we discerned clusters of villages with their spired buildings and cathedral domes. We crossed the rugged Pyrenees which for centuries, understandably, have isolated Spain from the rest of Europe. Spain is a country of steep mountains, high plateaus, and low Coastal areas on the Mediterranean Sea. The soil is arid and barren, worn down by centuries of use. The villages are far apart with little farm plots extending outward. The terrain reminded us somewhat of California but it is not by any means as productive.

The gracious stewardesses served us a tasty midday meal. We were still flying Scandinavian Air until we landed at Madrid in early afternoon. The usual struggle ensued of showing passports, having baggage claimed and transferred to go on to Malaga, our next stop. Also, we had to get some money changed to Spanish pesetas at the airport bank, just as we had changed some money to kroner at the airport bank in Copenhagen.

An Iberian plane flew us across the several hundred miles and the high coastal mountains from Madrid to the Mediterranean Sea. There at the Malaga Airport we were met for the first time by our travel representative and this made things much easier for us all, nine of us from the Pacific Northwest. He gathered us together, took all of our papers and had them okayed, saw that our luggage and ourselves were put on a transfer bus and then we rode the five miles to the resort town of Torremolinos, which word means Windmill Tower, with an allusion to Don Quixote. We ended up having a very nice room and bath on the 9th floor of the new Aloha Hotel. Our balcony overlooked a white-washed native village and the Mediterranean Sea. Above us, up town, were the busy tourist town and the highway along which cars and trucks roared to Gibraltar and subsequently to Algiers. We marvelled at the beautiful tile, porcelain and marble in the bathrooms, halls and stairs. But the elevators, Oh, My, even the workmen give them a pounding and a kick or two to start them.

We soon found that the language barrier was a real burden for tourists in Spain. Unlike the situation in Denmark where we found most everyone with whom we came in contact spoke very good English, very few could speak it at all here. Our hotel clerks, our travel representative and his staff were able to communicate with us very well. But real trouble resulted with waiters, who are men in Europe, bringing us everything or anything but what we ordered. We were happy to find some clerks in the stores who knew English, and some of these also knew French and Italian; most of these were imported from other European countries to take care of the American and English trade. One clerk was a lovely girl from Holland from whom we bought most of our gifts and souvenirs.

We spent a lot of time walking through the native village among the Spanish people. The small white-washed houses crowded each other along streets so narrow that we had to flatten ourselves against the walls to allow a car or truck to pass. Here we observed the beautiful, dark-eyed children and their mothers who tended them so well; also the homes seemed to be neatly kept, but the dish water and washwater were thrown out upon the cobblestone streets and though this settled the dust, it did not make for fragrance in the air.

Knowing that Spain is a Latin country, I expected to find the people warm and friendly such as they are in Mexico. On the contrary we found the Spanish people to be proud, dignified and aloof. They carry themselves superbly and are a handsome people, having inherited their dark hair, skin and eyes from the Moors who occupied and dominated Spain from 700 A.D. until 1492, for seven hundred years of violence and turbulence.

In 1492, three great events took place. Queen Isabella and Ferdinand ascended the throne. In a terrific and final battle the Moors were driven back to Morocco and with Queen Isabella supplying the means, Columbus discovered America which Spain then proudly claimed as her possession during her years as a world Empire.

But then came the Spanish Inquisition. All Protestants and Jews were persecuted, imprisoned or expelled from Spain and great upheaval reigned in the struggle to make Spain solely a Catholic country. So the history of Spain has been one of warfare and terror. The Spanish people still feel the horror and tragedy of their Civil War fought from 1936 to 1939. Spain is a police state governed by the dictator, Franco. One very definitely feels a guardedness and a caution in the people.

There are the very rich and the very poor. There still exists a feudal system wherein great landowners get a share of every poor little pig which their tenants raise on small plots of land. Lately, tourism is being greatly promoted. This is making jobs for many of the poorer classes, principally the young people. In fact, in our hotel rooms in Spain we found literature inviting the tourists to invest their money in the new "high rises" in Spain.

We signed up independently for our sight-seeing trips, but on various excursions, several of our travel group would be along and added their companionship to our enjoyment.

The guide would meet us in the hotel lobby and away we would all go in the fine big buses with excellent visibility through the wide glass windows. On our first day in Torremolinos, on a Sunday, we attended a bull fight. Although I feel this sport is extreme cruelty to dumb animals, not to see a bull fight in Spain is not to see Spain in its entirety, because bull fights are a definite part of their culture. The pageantry is beautiful. The trumpet music is majestic and stirring. The proud and decorated horses, bearing their stately riders prance in, also come the picadors, and the matadors, resplendent in velvet and gold. Then all march out again. The tormented bull, already with a pick to which ribbons have been tied, stuck in his shoulder, plunges wildly into the arena.

Four thousand witnessed the performance that day in Torremolinos. The matadors were handsome, graceful and agile. There were three of them to kill the six bulls, two bulls, one at a time at intervals, to a matador. There was loud cheering of "Olay! Olay!" each time a matador scored. This continued right up to the final dragging from the arena the dead bull by a team of mules hitched to his carcass.

The following Tuesday, we took the bus to Granada, which was at least a hundred miles inland and up over the steep and high coastal mountains. We looked backward many times from high switchbacks down upon Malaga on the Mediterranean Sea. We reached the ancient city of Granada in time to see the end of a Columbus Day parade. Marching along to the splendid music of the trumpets were V.I.P.'s in dress uniform followed by scores of young soldiers swinging high their arms as they marched.

The parade finished at an old cathedral, built in the 1300's. We entered and marvelled at the intricacy of the huge, lacey, iron grill work curtain behind which royalty formerly sat to be separated from the commoners. From the cathedral we went to the Alhambra, that famed palace of Moorish kings and their harems. The delicacy of the interlacing arches shows the great skill of the artisans who created this supreme beauty centuries ago. The elaborate carving of pillars and walls is overlaid with ivory and gold. There are fountains, reflection pools and gardens.

When the American author, Washington Irving, was writing his "Tales of the Alhambra," long ago, he asked the town's mayor if he might write in one of the rooms of this palace and so that is where he produced his manuscript. Since then, the Washington Irving Hotel has been built nearby. We were in the large throne room of the Palace where Queen Isabella received Columbus on his second consultation with her. After the defeat and expulsion of the Moors, The Alhambra became one of the royal residences of Queen Isabella.

We next lunched at a cave-like restaurant, illuminated by flaming torches affixed to the stone walls. The tour then continued to the gypsy caves on a mountain side where we were entertained by the flamenco dancing of the gypsies. It was dark and late when we arrived back at our hotel on the coast after a long and eventful day.

Another tour which we engaged was "Torremolinos by Night," going to two night clubs, at one of which we again saw the fierce Flamenco dancing with its ear-splitting singing, sharp clapping of hands and hard stamping of heels. The trumpet notes rose higher and higher, accompanying the singer's loud chanting, then both instantly stopped on the highest note. Likewise, the dancers froze motionless with their hands upthrust in dramatic declaration. At the other night club, The Madrigal, we witnessed Spanish ballet. The grace and dexterity of movement, in perfect time to the trumpet beat, was most enchanting.

We were driven home from this tour at two o'clock in the morning. The Spanish, being night people begin their entertainment very late and after the dinner hour which goes on from eight o'clock until midnight. The afternoon siesta is the thing. Unless we were on an all-day tour, we found everything locked up in the villages and cities from 1 p.m. to four-thirty or five p.m. It was too hot to walk the streets in those hours, so we were obliged to return to our hotel and do as the Spanish do, have a siesta, ourselves. Then at night Spain comes alive again. People still throng the streets until three in the morning.

European people, generally, seem to be great drinkers, though we did not see any one the worse for liquor except an American who was loudly singing "Cielito Linda" in the Hotel Praga lobby in Madrid and telling all and sundry that he was living his life to the fullest and was not going to end up his days in a rest home. Soon after breakfast, the bars and cocktail lounges fill up. At one o'clock, they are emptied, the curtains are drawn, and the world of the Spanish and perforce the tourists, goes to sleep.

Also, we thought the Europeans were immoderate smokers. Besides cigarettes they smoke small cigars, even many women do this. Most everywhere one goes the air is blue with smoke and one views the surroundings with tear-filled, smarting eyes.

We walked the beach in Torremolinos. John went swimming in the Mediterranean. One afternoon we hired a self-pedal boat with pontoons and resembling a catamaran. We pedalled up around Tower Rock. The wind was at our backs going, and took us farther than we intended so it was quite a long hard pull back against the wind.

After eight days on the Mediterranean coast, we flew to Malaga and flew to Madrid by Iberian plane. In Madrid we took city tours which included the Royal Palace, reputed to be the most richly furnished Palace in the world; the Prado, said to be as famous an art gallery as the Louvre in Paris; and to the National Museum of Fine Arts. The Royal Palace is no longer used as a residence but is now a national Museum. Affairs of State are occasionally held there, such as the dinner Franco gave for the Nixons and Haile Selassie in the grand dining hall. Our guide told us, "There they all sat together and none of them could speak the other's language."

We were told that one of the former kings was a collector of clocks. These beautiful and unusual timepieces fill a huge room and other clocks are scattered all through the palace. There are 2830 rooms, "But you do not have to go through all of them," said the guide. "Thank Goodness for that," answered a relieved John. The palace overwhelms the viewer with beauty of inlaid marble, choice woods, parquetry floors, exquisite French furnishings, tapestries, paintings and sculpture. The crystal chandeliers are enormous and dazzling with their intricate crystal. One sight, whole lines of them reflected in the mirrored walls going on and on, ad infinitum. One chandelier structured in platinum from Italy is said to be the most expensive chandelier in the world.

While in Madrid on a tour of the city we saw the American Embassy in which the Nixons were guests on their recent visit to Spain.

In the Prado, it was a thrill to behold the original works of Goya, El Greco, Velasquez, Murillo and Rafael. We also admired works by artists of other nations, such as Van Dyk, Rembrandt, and Rubens. The general theme of the pictures was religious, and Spain being a Catholic nation, we could understand this. And as we went through many rich, massive and ornate cathedrals we realized that Spain's poor experience, vicariously, the only wealth and beauty they ever know through their impressive cathedrals.

In the afternoon of the Sunday we arrived in Madrid for our three-day stay there, we attended another bull fight. It was held in the arena which seats 30,000 people. Again we heard the wild "Olays," if the matador showed a triumph and just as promptly came the jeers if he did not. The vendors sold beer, wine, cognac, peanuts, chicie and candy. The Spanish are a noisy people. Their voices are loud, harsh and their speech rapid; especially is this noticed in the excitement of a bull fight.

The first bull was slain by a matador on horseback. The manner in which that beautiful Arabian horse maneuvered the bull into position for the matador's thrust displayed great intelligence and dexterity by the horse. When the bull falls and meets his death, roses are thrown to the victorious matador, handkerchiefs are waved, the trumpets play a flourish, and the bull's ears are severed from his body and presented to the victorious matador. After the first slaying by the mounted matador, six more bulls were killed. Two of the matadors were seriously injured and had to be carried from the arena. No compassion was shown for the fallen matadors, no more than any compassion was ever shown for the poor tormented bulls. It was something to find our travel bus after the fight although we knew its number, but hundreds of other tour buses had come up and surrounded the one we came in, adding to the congestion. But John had taken careful bearings of its position and so led us straight to it.

We took a tour by Spain's imposing new university buildings and continued on out into the countryside to El Escorial, a famed monastery, palace, cathedral, and mausoleum for the royalty through the past centuries. From here our bus climbed a mountain and it was unusual to find our road led upwards thru a forest since forests are few in Spain. Topping the mountain was a basilica and a mighty cross, a national monument to Spain's recent Civil War dead. Here in what is called the "Valley of the Fallen," 80,000 bodies are interred. In this war, 500,000 were killed, 500,000 were expelled from the country and 200,000 were imprisoned. A terrible tragedy.

We returned to Madrid in the early darkness with the bus radio playing Spanish melodies by trumpet. This was quite a meaningful experience, to be in far-off Spain, rolling along in the dusk and viewing the myriads of lights of Madrid.

6.
Madrid is a city of four million people and there is plenty of smog. What we missed most in Spain was good drinking water. Water is scarce and one cannot be sure it is pure. Consequently, people drink everything but water. Synthetic orange juice, or wine is served at meals. We liked neither. We bought water by the quart from the Supermercados to take to our room. We also longed for fresh fruits and vegetables. Even in the best eating places we were always served veal, boiled chicken, rice, hard rolls and very little else. We bought very good grapes, but generally, the Supermercados are small and scantily stocked.

And so we were happy to board our plane and fly high into the blue sky out of Madrid. We felt at ease and at home on the fine SAS in the fresh, pressurized air of the cabin. The lovely stewardesses served us from baskets of fruit, brought us delicious tea and coffee, and served thin wafers of pure chocolate. These most attractive girls really seemed to care about people and their comfort.

Instead of flying over the Pyrenees again, our flight took us over Valencia, Barcelona, back along the Mediterranean and then we swept down into Nice, France. All of its jeweled lights of diamond, ruby and emerald were twinkling at us. We were given Transit passes and allowed to go into the shops of the duty-free airport. This was all very cosmopolitan. The men in our party bought liquors for themselves and perfumes for their ladies. Then we were airborne again. The stewardesses served us an evening meal that was perfection. Soon the captain was announcing, "We are now flying over Stuttgart, Hanover, Hamburg," each in turn, and we were looking down at lighted circles, cities which lay very close together, as viewed from the air.

Then we were back in Wonderful Copenhagen and after the usual hassle and waits at the airport we were billeted this time in the tall, Europa Hotel, on the 8th floor where we could view the city and its canals. In the morning, we breakfasted on the 17th floor in a handsome dining room with wide glass windows all around. And the food was as perfect as the room was beautiful. After breakfast, we hired a cab and our driver who spoke excellent English told us amusing anecdotes as he pointed out the quaint old buildings of the city square, the Royal Palace, toured the harbor and let us out of the cab to better view the "Little Mermaid" of Hans Christian Anderson fame. We had an enjoyable ride over the cobblestones though the morning was damp and chilly. And so our European visit was concluded and we were flying home again over the ice fields of the North. This flight lasted eleven hours and we had to set our watches back that much in time so our day was very long and once home we found out what is meant by being groggy from "jet lag." It lasted a week.

To read about a place is to gain perceptions only through words and the imagery of the mind, but to actually go there is to apply all of the senses to the country. Thus, we had seen Spain, heard it, tasted it, smelled it and felt it. Now we feel justified in saying that Spain is a unique country and that going there was quite an educational experience.

By Alberta Quinn Miller.

November 16, 1971

Well, dears:

Here I come on the new autumn stationery which my Colville family sent to me. They also sent a lacy cap to hide pin curls, a very sentimental card, and they wrote that a present will be delivered directly to me from Sear's, maybe today. The first things would have been plenty, but of course, it all warms my heart. While I am mentioning them, I shall go on to say that we have talked to them several times lately and last night again for the birthday. Kay shot a small buck and so they said they have venison steaks, roasts and will make mince meat. I know people go hunting, but it does seem so cruel when deer are such lovely, gentle animals. Kay said it shook her up to do it, but anyway, so far none of the men got deer so they all thought she did pretty well. Johnny's been elected President of the Ski club and all are doing fine. They are finishing up a barn for their horses for this winter. Mr. Tull will come up some weekend and wire it for electricity. Not a fancy barn but a serviceable one, which we saw when they were starting it.

We are so glad Mack and Dordy got home safely and had a good trip. I have a little item from Spain for Debi, some Spanish perfume, which kind the officers' wives were all buying to beat the band in Madrid. Perfume is a personal sort of thing and I hesitated to give it to her, but since I have it, I will try to send it along with Connie Quinn when she goes home for Thanksgiving. I have a Spanish gold necklace for Connie, but could not reach her by phone as the Tri-Delt House phone ^{has} had been changed and operator did not know the new number, so we drove down to the House one Sunday

and Connie was not there as she had gone to Spokane for the weekend. So if I can reach her this week-end, I shall give her the things. We sent a few items to Joe's family, too. We could not remember ^{all} the husbands and children as we could only bring back so much. Flying is not like driving your own car where you can throw in everything and anything.

You are a pair of loved ones, sending me such a sweet card and lovely letter and when I saw the pictures, the tears ran down my cheeks, especially for your thoughtfulness, Emmet, in having a print made from Mama's picture and one of her parents. I did not have one of them, but I did have the print of Mama made into a beautiful miniature in color along with one of Papa, do you remember seeing them here? I had borrowed this one of Mama from Uncle Charles and had the miniature made, then when I went to Colorado I gave the borrowed picture back to Ella May as Uncle Charlie had passed on. So now I am glad to have this black and white picture you sent. Mama had such beautiful eyes and you inherited their color and likeness from her, Emmet. So thank you so very much.

And I shall really treasure the fine likeness of you, Alice, and Emmet, and it is nice of Dorcy's mother and Bob's grandparents, also. The two of you look very distinguished and really quite elegant-looking and of course, very dear to me. And as you wrote, Emmet, it is such a fine picture of Alice and all the more treasured because usually she takes the pictures of others and does not get into one herself. *And thanks, Alice, for the snap with John and me in it.*

We drove down to see Tom's Sunday and were disappointed when we got there to find that Tom was down at Spanaway working on his new brick duplex. He likes to get in all the time he can, working on it weekends but he told Ella to drive us down there after the turkey

3.
dinner^e which she was preparing had been eaten. But it was a foggy and wet day and after dinner, we felt we must start for home as we did not want to be driving on the busy freeway in the wet and darkness. But they will all come up here for Christmas. The Fishermen Petersons have asked us for Thanksgiving dinner.

We had a fine visit with Cheryl and heard about her trip and looked at the excellent snapshots she had taken. She felt, too, that European food cannot compare with American food in quality nor in quantity. She wanted salads so much and that is one thing that is very scarce. She liked Switzerland and Austria the best places of all and would not mind going back just to stay for a while in each country.

Yes, I know what you mean, Emmet, by the tragedies of war. This is the way I have always felt about it and of course, you saw Europe under the worst of conditions and so long ago. It has greatly changed in that it is very crowded now and most of it has become a regular tourist trap, everything is becoming geared to the tourists in mass production. So many of the old castles in Spain have been bull-dozed down and high rises are so numerous, they stand like a forest, one right after another. The Europeans are not as a rule friendly to Americans and so one does not exactly feel at home. We give too much foreign aid and they say, you know, that the way to make enemies is to give or loan them money. However, they take it and are always asking for more.

Of course, we went first class or its equivalent and saw much that was elegant and I think Spain is much cleaner than Mexico but the Spanish are still not mechanically-minded and John noticed that they have not yet learned the mechanical know-how. The Spanish people carry themselves so proudly and are much handsomer than Mexicans.

But the biggest handicap in Spain is the Police State dominated by the dictator Franco and patrolled by Civil guards with rifles over their shoulders. Cheryl said she saw these in Turkey, too, police with rifles and she said, "They would just be tickled to death to shoot somebody." Franco is about eighty years old now and I am afraid Spain is sitting on a powder keg; when he has lost his tight hold, most likely there will be an upheaval.

Well, dears, most likely you will have Thanksgiving at Arrie's again. Wherever you are, we hope you have a nice and pleasant day.

Our love to each and all and the most to both of you,

Alberta & John

P.S. I wish Leedice would write more. Her letters are not as warm as she is, personally.

July 12, 1982

Dearest Alice and Emmet:

Well, how did you get along at the eye Doctor's in Havre? Both of you? Fine, I hope, and I also am hoping you two dear ones are feeling rested and better.

I just finished writing to Mack for his birthday, and I suppose he and Dordy are home again from the East. They have been getting some nice trips, especially Mack who goes so often in his president of the Farm Bureau office. Did Mack see the duplicate picture I had made of him when I sent it to you along with the two I had made of Emmet. I was very thrilled with them and I know the Halifax cousins will also be when they receive the ones I made for them. I sent then to Frank O'Leary and he will probably be writing and telling me. I had a letter from him and some literature of Nova Scotia several days ago. That's a very historic place, Nova Scotia.

Lisa and Kay attended a Horse Show lasting three days at the Colville Fair Grounds this weekend, Fri., Sat., and Sun. and incidentally Lisa and her Arabian Horse won the championship for Equitation; she received the trophy and the horse a big purple ribbon to go around his girth. Kay also won some awards for entries in various showings. So as no one was at home, Johnny took me on that long-planned trip for us both to Nelson. This time we went to Trail and Rossland and came in at the north side of Nelson. It was a beautiful day, not too bright and not too cloudy but fresh and the country all looked very beautiful. It would have taken two days if we had gone up by the Lake and I have been that way quite a good many times.

Except for cars, service stations and other signs of ⁱⁿmoderation Nelson hasn't changed much and Johnny was surprised how well I knew street names and remembered so many incidents he was interested in hearing about. And he was very patient in driving me to all the town's sights I wanted to see. He said, "Today is YOUR day, mother, and I'll take you anywhere you want to go. And so he did.

The Chamber of Commerce had a brochure that showed houses and buildings on a walking or driving tour and so we followed that and do you know the four different houses I had lived in while attending school in Nelson were on that brochure map and are now called "Heritage Houses" because they are late Victorian houses and built in Nelson's early days. They are still occupied and beautifully kept up and you just drive or walk by but you must not ask the tenants to show you their homes. The only house that has been put to another use is the Smeaton house where Mrs. Smeaton asked you ^{Emmet} to come to dinner, do you remember on Vernon ^Ave. facing the lake and had a big sloping lawn in front of it, but we always entered at the back or side door on the uptown side. It is now an Espresso coffee shop and you can go there for coffee, which I don't care for as Espresso coffee is too strong and good and black. And I might say bitter, but Europeans and Mexicans like it that way. It seemed as if it were only yesterday that I lived in Nelson and that I

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2.

could just go into those houses and be at home. Those old-fashioned houses are really beautiful, cosy and homelike. I missed the ice cream parlors and 'Choquette's French Bakery.' There on Baker st. maybe about in the same place is 'Johnny's Bakery' now. I bought bread and pastries there to bring home and Johnny got some good sharp wheel cheese in a meat market nearby, not too big a wedge either and it cost him seven dollars. You would not believe how high everything is in Canada, inflation is much worse there than here, steak, just plain steak three dollars and a half a lb. and eggs \$1.49 a dozen, 40¢ for a five cent chocolate bar. Nevertheless, when we went into the Hume Hotel for lunch, young people, girls and men were drinking glasses of ale and enjoying it, a sight not to be seen in the old days. We thought we would have lunch there because The Hume has always been Nelson's swanky hotel, but after waiting a half an hour before the waitress brought the menu, then fifteen minutes more before she ever came to get our order, we left and went up to Baker's St. and had fish and chips and the prices there were just as high as the items for lunch in the Hume Hotel and we got much better service. I had a wonderful pot of tea as the Canadians surely make delicious tea, not too strong nor too weak, but exactly right and piping hot and brought to you in a hot earthen ware teapot. Although this time they brought a pottery mug to drink my tea out of and usually today in most places you get an English china cup to drink the tea. it tastes better that way. The trouble with the Hume is that there was only one waitress and she was too busy dispersing ale. I had hoped for a delicious lunch on white covered table linen with white linen napkins folded like little tips as we had in hotels in the old days, and which they still ^{there} in big hotels like the Empress in Victoria and the big hotels we dined in, in the Eastern Canada and the U.S. big hotels. But nevertheless we enjoyed our fish and chips and clam chowder and the Canadian girls who served us were gracious and efficient. So we put in a good day, but it was poignant and nostalgic, too, because all the people I once knew and loved were no more in this world and Nelson was peopled entirely by a new population, maybe with descendants into the third generation there. Because you see, we left Kootenay Lake in October of 1913, 69 years ago, just think of that! Not too many of my friends are still living here in this country. My correspondence list gets smaller every year in a sense but I have kept on making new friends so I still get a lot of mail, though the friends are newer and I do hear from you darlings as I have all thru the years.

Johnny and I got home about half-past six Friday and felt that we both had had a most memorable day. Maybe Bob and Mack would like to read this letter as they are interested in family doings of the Past.

Sunday John and I went to church and after church we had a church picnic in Colville's beautiful city park and wonderful food and fellowship. Kay and Lisa finished up Sun. evening, but they will have more horse shows to go to. Kay is also taking college subjects this summer so they keep busy. Now just a heap

of love to all,
Alberta

Dec 13, 1987

Dear Emmet:

Thank you for your letter. I am glad you are in the "Home" again where you will be well taken care of and have company and entertainment. And I hope you stay reasonably well. At our age we can't expect too much, I guess. I did not go to church today. I cut my finger yesterday cutting a strip of fat off Swiss steak before I cooked it. The wound bled and bled. We have a doctor living below my apt. so I went down to him

2 and he stopped the bleeding
by pressure and bandaged
the finger. He said I cut a
small artery. And I don't
like to admit it but I have
some arthritic pain today
so I won't be going out to
Johns and Wags for dinner to-
day. Did I write you that
Dan and Gloria are having
a wedding the afternoon of
Christmas Eve at Johns and
Wags house. You met Gloria
over the 4th I think. She
is a nice girl, very capable
and works in an office on the
Coast. So we are all plan-
ning a nice event for them.
As you see, I am in -

³ Closing Frank O' Leary's letter with a card and article about The great Tidal Bore which happens periodically up there. He and Frances are good about sending me news articles. I have a hard time reading news print, but I manage by keeping out with a magnifying glass!

I have told Frances and Frank O' Leary about your trip by ambulance plane to Helena. That was really something! — I'm glad that it was my left

4.

hand that was hurt, if it
had to happen, so I can
still write with my right.
But I can't type yet, but
the finger will soon heal.
It was surely a bloody
cut.

I've written about 75
cards with letters in some
of them. It is a joy to
be communicative at Xmas,
and I always feel the
"Maggie (magic) of it!"
Now dear brother, "Ja Ja"
which is Canadian talk
for good-bye. Always my loyal
Alberta

Thursday, Dec. 17/87

Dear Brother Emmet.

Well, I got all my 75 cards including some letters off in the mail, day before yesterday. I sent your "Leanin' Tree" card earlier. So now I shall write you again, as I think of you often and Doris wrote me they had seen you lately Nov. 21 or 22, and you were doing pretty well and seemed to be a popular fellow in the Home, and that sounded good to me.

We are having such an exciting, busy time here in preparation for Dan's and Alicia's wedding the ^{the} 24th, which is the afternoon of Xmas Eve. Alicia's folks, (her father is a college professor and her mother a designer,) are divorced so that is why the wedding is given by John & Fay in their home here. Her folks may come here,

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However: I hope Thys, Jay
is having a wedding cake made.
Lillian Jay's mother will
bring fruit cake and I am
baking several pounds of fanny
mas cookies, all goodie for
the table of goodies. The hall,
casing - I hope I mas tree is
getting decorated and I see will
sing a solo, also be a bridemaid
and I hope will be best man!
Don't the family here and a few of Dan's
friends can come in this winter
time. We have had snow and all is
white & pretty, but it may not last

Grist Mill stones at the Stevens County Court House are
from near Arden, site of the first American mill north of the
Snake River. Drawn by local Colville artist Mike Somerlott
to benefit the Colville Public Library.

for Xmas, ^{3.} my apt. is warm
and cosy and I am enjoying
my new davenport and have a
nap in it every afternoon
after lunch between 1 and 2 o'clock
under a warm wooly blanket.
I have some arthritic pains
as I think 9 out of 10 older
people do. But it is not too
severe. Maybe my prednisone
helps. You folks probably
received John's and Mary's
Xmas letter. They always write
a good one. So I do not
need to repeat all the news.

I suppose Leedice has written
you that her grandson, Peter
Kissane, her son's (that is
Jim's son Peter) had a brain
tumor this fall and has had
two surgeries for it and on her
Xmas card she said Peter is very
weak and ill and hospitalized.
They are hoping he may

regain mobility. Isn't that tragic and such a calamity for all the family — sad news at Christmas time.

Dusk is falling — the days are so short and it is almost dark already, a lonely time of day, but I'll soon have supper and the evening news, which is a help.

Good-bye, darling
brother

Love to all. Alberta.