

To Mrs. Perkins with kindest
I must stop writing for this
time. I pray for you and hope
it will not be long until you
can come back again. I think
of Harold as he said I will come
back again. Mother I will come
back. I thank you again for
remembering me. How I wish I could
see you and talk to you instead
of writing. Good bye for this time.

Much love to you.

Grandmother.

Alvonia Buckley Henderson

Dayton, Wash.
May 18, 1942.

Dear Alton:

I had a grand time
on Mother's Day. We spent that
day with Harold and his family.
Your grandmother gave me a
beautiful plant and it is full
of beautiful blossoms. Your
mother sent me a pretty slip.

I thank you with all my
heart for the beautiful card
you sent to me. I do so
appreciate the feeling and love
you have for me, it will be

a joy to me as long as I live.
Don't forget I love you and I
am proud of you.

I remembered your mother's
birthday with a long letter
and a small gift, and I am in
hopes she will write to me once
in a while.

We had the diningroom and
bedroom ^{papered}. I like the new paper
and I hope it will stay nice
and clean until you get
back to see it.

I did the ironing this morning
and this evening I must set

out some asters and other plants.
I think of you so often and
wish you were ^{here} to see our flowers.

Also think of you as the little
boy that stayed with grandma.
Charles thinks he wants to come
and spend ~~two~~ two weeks
with me this summer, I am
looking forward to it and
think I will enjoy it.

Our neighbours have moved into
their new house and I am glad
to have them near. Their
house is large and very nice.
Grandfather wants me to go over

Dayton, Washington
June 23, 1942

Dear Alden,

We thank you for the card mailed May 31. First, for its promptness; secondly, for so much information in so little space. You are the only grandson of the name who can really talk and tell things. The others may come to it, but I doubt it. Most young people of high school age lack the power of speech. They can chat and gossip; but apparently lack the thought and vocabulary for real talk. The extent of their ideas appears to "swell" or whatever the current slang may be.

I fear it is becoming necessary for me to keep carbon copies of the letters I write as memory betrays me, making me forget what was written before. The one standard topic, of course, the weather, and I suppose the safest plan is to discuss what we had since the arrival of your card, tho it was much like all that has preceded it this spring. Your speaking of roasting weather and high humidity bring out the contrast between Illinois climate and that of eastern Washington.

This has been the coolest spring in my memory. We have had no killing frost since the since the 27th of March, yet only two warm days in April and three in May, that is, over 80; while most of the time it has not been out of the 60's for the max. and in 40's for the min. The last seven nights have ranged from 40 to 48. May gave plenty of rain; but little has fallen since and, with the abundant wind, the surface is becoming quite dry. We have irrigated garden and flowers and lawn once, and will now have to moisten potatoes and corn. I speak of this, not that you are interested in our weather but when you awake in the night with perspiration oozing from every pore, just think of our forty-something coming down from the mountains on the wings of a strong east breeze, then imagine yourself up by the east window pulling up the extra cover.

I have quit smoking so many times myself that your announcement does not excite me. In a year from now tell me that you have stayed quit and I shall feel excited. I know about some things from long experience, and, having smoked for 68 years, and having observed the effects on hundreds of others, I know it makes one mentally lazy. He cannot do the best he is capable of and be more or less under the influence of a mild narcotic most of the time.

Say boy, when a vertebrae is displaced, you do not need any doctor to tell you so. It is self evident and painful. When I worked for the Portland Mill Co. the manager said to me one day. "Walter, pretty soon the farmers in the hills will be bringing you their samples of grain for your inspection. They'll tell you how good it is. You find out what is wrong with it." That was one of the best lessons of my life. Every new proposition has some good in it, which does not require inspection, but there is nearly always something wrong that does.

It is fortunate that you select for companions people who know something that you do not and are willing to exchange ideas. It makes life more interesting and worth while. It is not necessary to agree, to obtain information and food for thought, thus manufacturing knowledge for use in years to come. If every boy or girl would occasionally consider the fact that he or she is preparing a schedule for the next fifty years, many things would be done differently. All my preparation was haphazard, following the lines of least resistance. Dame Fortune was kind to me or I should have been in an awful mess long before this.

Alden, it is most difficult for me to write a letter, as nothing ever happens here. Life just goes on the same from day to day except that each day is shorter than the preceding one regardless of sunrise and sunset. We arise, do some chores, eat a few times, listen to the radio and read some, then retire to repeat the process the next day. I sometimes wonder what it is all for after a person has passed his period of usefulness. Yet, we enjoy life and each other more than ever before, especially when in good health.

Neither of us has been very well this spring; nothing particularly wrong, but tiring so easily and not recuperating rapidly. Usually there is just enough work about the place for good exercise; but sometimes some things must be done right now whether one feels like it or not as with the alfalfa in the lot. I had prepared the ground in good shape and put the seed in the west half with the garden ground, getting a very good stand. Then because Bosley does poor farming, part of his hill field washed down on us bringing more different kinds of weeds than I knew existed. Then it was necessary, day after day, to get out there with hoe and putty knife to save the work already done, just as I had it last year pulling alfalfa roots. Yet, such is life; what for?

We received a letter from your father last week. Some one must have stirred him up. His vacation begins the 6th of July and he expects to visit us. Your mother wrote to wife, she must have been stirred up too, and said your father would start over the night of the 3rd. Which ever it is we shall be glad to have him here awhile.

Howard is now working for the Gen. Chem. Co. in Cal. He gets good pay and, I believe is signed up with the company for two years. He says that by that time he should have the equivalent of a doctor's degree in chemistry. Eugene is working for the Power and Light Co. in Idaho at \$130 per mo., paying \$30 for board. His father got him a used car to ride back and forth. I suppose that is a phase of life every modern boy must pass thru, and lucky is he who quickly gets the virus out of his system. A car is all right; but he who buys a used one buys trouble.

Miss Loundagin sent a sample of her well water to Seattle for test. The report was 1,000 bacilli coli to the c.c. She then wanted us to have a test which we did and found ours to contain 6 to the c.c. I then sent a sample from Bosleys' new well and the report was 4 bacilli to the c.c. I did not condemn our well as we had been drinking the same for 48 years, most likely; but your grand mother boils the water she drinks and then puts it in the refrigerator. The reason I mention this is, that I read that bacilli coli is a normal resident of the human bowel, hence do not consider it, in itself dangerous, thinking the water safe to use if no other bacteria are present. Please consult the authorities with whom you come in contact and advise us. The only harm I see in the matter is that it works a hardship on the bacilli, drinking them over and over again; it may wear them out.

We have taken no trips this year except to Harold's for Mothers' Day. I think we wrote about that. It was a miserable trip going up but a pleasant visit when there and a pleasant return. If I did not tell you, we went through fog so thick that the fish frequently struck the wind-shield, then rain that we thought would dent the car top, and woke the next morning to find every thing covered with snow. Harold writes that they had a hail storm since that destroyed all their flowers. In this county we had some local cloudbursts and some hail that were quite destructive. Bosley's truck was destroyed on Willow Creek and two cars were ruined on Johnson Hollow, while 160 acres of peas and some wheat suffered the same fate beyond Turner. Here we had .11" of rain and some thunder. I was working under the maple tree when a flash of lightning and the thunder came together. I went into the house to see if your grandmother was uneasy.

Hereafter, I shall try to be more prompt as I am feeling better and am caught up with the work. In fact, am going Spanish and have time for a siesta each day. Your grandmother sends her love, and we both wish you well with all our hearts. Write fully if you have time, and a card if not. Good-bye.

With best wishes, Your grandfather,

(W. M. Anderson)

Dayton, Washington
Oct. 18, 1942

Dear Alden,

We were glad to receive your letters of Sep. 22nd and Oct. 12th. It was a momentous occasion when the second letter came as it is the first time in the history of your family when a letter came without at least one being sent in return.

We were very sorry that you could not stop over long enough to see us, or rather let us see you; but you did not have any too much time at home as it was. Jessie Carol and her Jack were here about the time you were home and told us how you had improved and had taken on weight. If you make it an alround improvement we shall be much pleased. Your furlough was certainly worth while if it caused you dad to go to church. We, ourselves, are getting out of the habit, tho this is the first Sunday this summer when we did not go unless company was here. I have got tired of going from a sense of duty only, and really prefer a good book or the paper to an uninteresting sermon and the usual routine. If I were running a church, I should try to get up something that would surprise people once in a while. One day when we had the former minister, a baby cried lustily during the christening, a bench with four grown people broke down in the wing of the church, with a real dog fight going on in the third ring outside. That was the best part of the sermon.

Your remarks about the girl who married the captain are really funny. You don't realize it now, but you will before you are half as old as I am. You were not in love with her nor she with you. You were in love with the idea of being in love, plus a little of the sex impulse. It is the same way with girls who think they are in love. When people really love each other, not the idea of it, they make some preparation for a life together and that means work, not just having a good time. That young woman, whose name I forget, was not a girl and was just playing with you. When they want to marry they pick out someone who has a prospect of being able to support them and a family comfortably. In whatever you are doing it might be well to keep in mind that any woman worth having looks to the material as well as the sentimental, and that the latter does not last long without considerable of the former.

We are often told that the people in the middle west do not realize that a war is in progress; but remember that for every state of mind there is a cause often beyond the reach of the person concerned. We do not have to go out of the family to find some who do not appear to realize the situation. The idea seems to be to keep from going to war and to make, and spend, as much money as possible. I do not think that applies to Harold's boys, whose father does all he can in work and bond-buying. Those boys of whom you speak are not stagnating. Perhaps they are stagnant, as 53 per cent of the population is away below the line separating the moronic from those upon whom the welfare of the country depends. The chances are that all will be sent into active service as soon as capable. They probably are not wise enough to realize their own incapability.

We are glad to learn of your promotion. That is something one doesn't have to ask for. It comes as rapidly as a person prepares himself for it by work, study and the proper attitude. Dig in and you may be sent to an officers' training school or perhaps earn a commission in the work you are doing. Go to it. It isn't done by beefing or shirking or getting into bad habits, you know.

I meet people in Dayton every time I am in town who do not know where their boys are except a few who know they are prisoners to the Japs. We have some reminders of the war here with four-motored planes flying over every day and night, sometimes five together. We were in Walla Walla last week and found it terrifying to behold the arrangements made to receive casualties at the hospital building just west of the depot. A large part of a square mile is

with new buildings, just waiting for victims. A large air field is just north-east of town with its own barracks and hospital; and the boys in training fly out over the pacific every day, and make such practice flights as to Salt Lake and back in a night. We are beginning to realize that the powers that be expect a long killing war and that we shall have to tighten our belts financially and physically. By the way, there will be no Christmas presents going out from this house this year and we want none to come as every quarter we are buying a bond for which we pay \$75. We have done it for the last three quarters and expect to keep it up; it is all we can do. The bonds will never do us any good but may make Christmas presents when we are gone.

If you and Miss Neubauer are fond of each other, parental opposition will only increase her interest in you. When you are serious about it, don't worry too much about dates, but about how to make a decent living for her. There are plenty of men who would die for a girl, but few who would live decent sober lives and work for her.

Speaking of weather, which I forgot, Wisconsin or any other place this side of heaven cannot match ours for pure enjoyment. It has been a dry season; plenty of rain until the 27th of June, then .67" in July, .14" in August, .01" in Sep. and .20" so far in October. The weather has been warm bright and quiet with day temperature in the 80's or 70's and nights cool enough for light frost. Cannas dahlias and roses are blooming nicely and the mums are loaded with blossom with 12 early varieties in full bloom.

When you write you might mention Wisconsin weather and tell me of some of the findings in the cases you examine with the fluorscope and X-Ray, what effect mining has on the lungs, ect. There must be hundreds of things of interest to us civilians that regulations would permit you to tell.

We are in usual health after a rather strenuous summer. Your grandmother has just about enough strength to go through the daily routine for the two of us, and does so much worrying about things in general when some one is here, that she nearly goes to pieces. We very much enjoyed your father's visit in July, then that was followed by keeping Charles here five weeks while his mother went to California to be there when we became great-grandparents. Next, Jarvis Strong came west and, tho staying in town, was here over week-ends and sometimes oftener. Next Jessie Carol and Jack Martinson spent a week with us. Then we received word that Frank and Margaret Muncey had been called to Kennewick to attend a funeral and were coming here. They came and we were glad to see them, but still it is hard on wife. Tomorrow I am going to take her for an auto ride to Palouse, where she used to live, and back home by way of Moscow and Lewiston. I think she will enjoy the view from the Lewiston hill if not the ride down it. We expect it to be our last ride of any length for a long time as bad weather and gasoline rationing will come soon. Then we shall hole up, read books and run the radio.

I know nothing about military regulations, but do know that promotion is nearly always made on merit. Be clean, sober and industrious and you cannot help advance; but always keep in mind the time when peace comes and one can call his life his own. In other words, in time of war, prepare for peace. Good-night.

With love from both,

Frank and Margaret

Dayton, Washington
Nov. 25, 1942

Sgt. John A. Hendron
X-Ray Station Hospital
Camp McCoy, Wisconsin

Dear Alden,

We received your Chicago card early in the month. Of course we were glad to get it, but don't you think it time for a letter. Here we are just hibernating, doing nothing and nothing doing. Morale is very low, and, if you don't do something to raise it we shall just disintegrate.

We had a glorious storm Sunday night and Monday with 1.32" of rain. That was followed by two nights and a day of hard wind. Today it is clear and the sun shining as if all the world were bright and happy. Really, we have had a splendid fall with no hard freezing yet and plenty of rain since the latter part of October. All the flowers are gone except the mums and we are beginning to plan for next year. We may never see next year. This week will decide for, as you know, this is the critical week of the year for yours truly. My birthday, the 7th, Thanksgiving and our wedding anniversary all come in the one week, and I always feel that if this week is survived, I am good for the rest of the year. It has proved thus, so far.

Wife used the birthday, the 23rd, to get even on some neighbors who had given us a dinner. She prepared baked ham, with sweet potatoes and parsnips and the necessary accessories and topped off with chocolate pudding. I think we had a very good time; but would rather some of the family had been with us. Harold, Cora and Charles were down for the week end. He brought us a gallon of Prestone and some elk steak, and returned with a few boxes of apples and potatoes and parsnips, after helping us dispose of a pot roast and a chicken with dumplings. Harold is too busy for much visiting. The Supervisor has been called to California for the duration, others have gone into war work, and Harold is left to run the largest forest, in one body, in the U.S. Harry is in a civil service school in Boise preparing for aviation ground work, and expects to enlist as soon as prepared.

Tomorrow we expect to remain at home and sample the elk steak, and the next day go to Walla Walla, shop, go to a movie, and eat dinner at the hotel. We celebrated the anniversary that way last year and found it very satisfactory. It is our 52nd. Quite a while to be together and the end not yet in sight.

Howard is now in East St. Louis, Illinois. In his latest letter he spoke of going to Chicago for a week-end. You boys might get together sometime. He does not like the east so well as Cal. and says he is not really needed. He talks of quitting the Chem. Co. and enlisting; but we suppose it is just the result of not having plenty of work to do. We think army training would be good for both Howard and Eugene, who is taking engineering in the U. of Utah.

We have not been any too well during the summer; but are feeling better since things have quieted down and we can do as we please. Your grandmother has just about enough strength to perform the household duties for the two of us and when it comes to more for and length of time she breaks down. She did not even feel like traveling. I wanted her to drive to Salt Lake with me in the fall but she preferred staying at home, so the only trip we have taken this year was one to Palouse, where we used to live, and up the river to where I first taught in Idaho fifty-five years ago. We found things changed considerably but the old hewn log school house in which I taught is still standing behind the modern three-room building and is used as a wood shed. Some of the former pupils live in the community but we did not have time to look them up. We returned by way of Moscow, Genesee and the Lowiston Hill. It is a 12-mile spiral and quite interesting as an engineering feat.

Many people here are worried about rationing. It has not affected us yet as we had sugar in the can and did not take out a book. The gasoline ration will be sufficient for our use, but we had 14 gal. in the auto and 50 gal. in the barrel when the books were given out. We do not know if the rationing stops the rural delivery, hope not, and shall try to avoid using the gasoline book as the delivered gas is cheaper, better and more convenient.

What may worry us is coffee and bacon rationing. The latter is not rationed neither is it existent at times. It just is not breakfast for us without the two mentioned articles. We should have to call it something else. Fortunately, our meat man holds out a pound or half pound of bacon for us and gives it to me when in town. So far, we have not missed a breakfast.

Our interior is becoming quite important in war activities. Walla Walla has one of the largest air ports and training stations in the U.S. While Spokane and Pasco are big ports, to say nothing of minor air ports in other towns as Ellensburg and Pendleton. I think Pasco is a naval station, using the Columbia river for water, and two large naval training camps have been established on lakes Pen d'Oreille and Cour d'Alene. The work that looks worst to me is the hospital built just west of Walla Walla and north of the Veterans' Hospital. It looks as if a long and terrible war is expected. Of course, the western camps and hospitals are in anticipation of casualties in the struggle with Japan. We hope they will not be needed.

Alden, we feel considerably disappointed because you do not write more to us. I think we have received two letters since you went to Camp McCoy. We hope you are not like your old aunt and your father. When they do not write, we know something is wrong, and neither has written for a long time. You have so much that is interesting if you would tell it; about your work, and some of the interesting things revealed by the X-Ray. I suppose you could tell much without violating regulations if names were not mentioned. I have always been interested in things pertaining to medical practice; even discuss them with our physician when we have time.

Also keep us informed upon your matrimonial prospects. Your affairs are of more interest to us than you think, for of all the grandsons, you seem to be the closest. The others are more like acquaintances and friends. We never preach to the others because not so much interested in their development and future. We want you to be better prepared for what is really worth while in life better than your father or grandfather was, and now is the time to do it. Remember that a woman worth having wants a kind of love that will get in and work for her and children, not just die for her.

We suppose you are getting tired of being at one camp so long; but hope it will not be necessary for you to go abroad. It makes one heartsick to see the preparations made for wounded, in this country. There will be plenty to do here if expectations are fulfilled. If you were some where else, some other man would have to fill in where you are. True patriotism is doing what we can, where we are placed. We try to do it here by getting a hundred dollar bond (\$75) every quarter. That means there will not be much Christmas giving this year; but if we should not win, there would be no more Christmas for us. Good-bye.

With best wishes, Your grandfather,



Dayton, Washington
Dec. 20, 1942

Dear Alden,

We were both surprised and pleased to receive your letter of the 2nd. It is not often we receive a letter except in reply, and we sincerely thank you for the feeling which prompted you to write. We are indeed lonely at times for social intercourse with other people. Your grandmother has become so that she cares little about going out, especially here. She has even given up the Eastern Star because we look old among the other members and they think principally in terms of cards and dancing, which we care not for.

One reason for not writing more promptly is that it has been good spading weather. After quite a cool rainy spell with one snow storm, it became fair and warm with occasional foggy days. The ground was in fine shape for working so I tried to improve each sunny moment, until I became tired. That time comes a little sooner every year. I want to keep up the work for four more years when I shall be eighty, if alive. It seems to me that I would rather not be than not to be able to work some. The idea of just living and loafing like some old men I know is decidedly unpleasant.

Today is rainy; the sky is just weeping gently as it sometimes does in Seattle, and it has plenty to weep for. I cannot imagine conditions becoming in this country as they are in Europe but it is any thing but certain yet.

I suppose Christmas is but a superstition, yet, it is a superstition that we should miss sadly were it taken away. In fact, the world would be in a much worse plight without its softening influence. I don't know why it is that certain music at this time of the year is so much more touching. With me it is partly a matter of memory and association. It is good and has a beneficial influence to hear the songs we heard in childhood and to recall some of the voices that sang them.

It looks now as tho we should spend Christmas alone, the first time in our 52 years of married life. Before, we have always been with some of the children, or had them or some friends with us. Our closest friends have moved away or died. The recent death of Dr. Van Patten and the removal of Mrs. Folsom to Oregon have made quite a change in our lives. We enjoyed some splendid trips together, from Coulee Dam to the Grand Canon, from Seattle to northern California, and all intervening points of interest, to say nothing of the many pleasant visits in each others homes.

We thought of going to Harold's but your grandmother fears winter travel and I dread the idea of driving down the nine miles of the Winchester grade with its 80 curves, some of them so extreme that we should have to stop and unwind ourselves if the next curve were not a reverse. Dixie sent us a very kind invitation to spend a week with them but travel conditions prevent, to say nothing of cats.

I can fully sympathize with your remarks about meeting Howard. We fear that family does not take the war as seriously as they should, tho there is but little they could do except enlist and Howard talks of that and Eugene expects to if permitted to complete the year in school.

People here are complaining about the gasoline rationing. It does seem absurd in some cases; for instance a farmer is allowed twice as much gas as he can use in his truck for three months and then cut in half when it becomes a necessity. The reduced speed is a godsend and the gas allowed passenger cars, in most case, sufficient. We don't complain because we have no place to go and had 50 gellons in the barrel when rationed. They asked no questions.

The allowance of sugar and coffee is sufficient;but when it comes to reducing bacon to the vanishing point I will object. It is often off the market entirely but our meat man hold out a pound for us when he gets a supply. Without bacon the first meal of the day would not be breakfast for us;we should have to call it something else.

We forgot to congratulate you upon your promotion to Sergeant,especially so that came for merit and not from pull. Keep climbing;it makes life more worth while,to say nothing of the pecuniary advantage. Go after all you can obtain by clean,honest,industrious effort. It will make one think more of himself which is the important thing after all.

Your letter was especially interesting in regard to the identification tag for the films and the boy with the bone tumor. Please tell us about he comes out with the tumor,but don't amputate till all other hope is gone.

Perhaps the duodenal bulb has a certain time for its contraction and expansion. If it is regular,one might time it so as to catch it at the right time. You may have a chance to find out things other people do not know and then write a book about it and become famous. There is nothing like having a vivid imagination,provided you can work it on other people.

Are you keeping your medical studies,intending to on with that line when the war is over. I should think that an army hospital would present great opportunities to obtain practical knowledge in surgery. We know two men who really made their start in the other world war. Also another now practicing successfully in Seattle,who,being drafted into the Turkish army,received the praise of fellow soldiers upon the meat he requisitioned from some farm,until one of them caught a hog bristle in his teeth. That caused the improvised cook to be A.W.L right promptly. He escaped,under fire,to a British gun boat in the harbor and has not gone back. His address is Westmont Way,Seattle.

It is now time to assist your grandmother in getting some cards and a package ready to mail,so I must stop rambling. As said before,this season mellows our feelings and makes us think of friends far away or gone. We shall also be thinking of you and wishing you all the good fortune which your patriotic conduct deserves. It makes you stand out above the other grandchildren in a way that makes us very proud of you. You may be tired of staying in one place, but,remember some one must occupy that place. Try to do it better than any one else would. Good-bye.

With our blessing.Your grandfather,

W. W. Y. Anderson

Dayton, Washington
Jan. 18, 1943

Dear Alden,

Your recent letter was received I suppose, in due time. We could find no date on it, but were glad to get it just the same. It seems strange for you to be writing about snow, skiing and winter sports when it is so warm here - until recently. This month has been different from the two preceding ones. They were wet. January tried to be pleasant, but after the third day, it became foggy for nine consecutive days. Then we had a period of exceedingly low barometer followed by a real good chinook. Wind and temperature were both about 52, but no rain. Last Thursday night while listening to the dance music from Calgary, the program was interrupted to announce the coming of wind, snow and a drop of 40 degrees. The next, night, while still warm here, KUJ sent warning of cold, 10 above. The next morning the ground was white and the mercury at 12. Yesterday it was $-3\frac{1}{2}$, and this morning -8, with a keen east breeze blowing. The barometer is high, the sky perfectly clear for the first time in a month and the robins are not singing in the trees. It is just glorious winter and makes me think of looking for a skating pond.

While speaking of skating, let me suggest that you try it if you have water near. Roller skating is, at the best, a very poor imitation of ice skating. No other sport is so pleasant, full of interest and soul satisfying as ice skating. After you have learned, and if you have smooth ice and sharp skates, the least motion of the body is sufficient for the most exhilarating motion, while if one wishes, he can exert himself as much he pleases.

We have not been doing so well here. We went to dinner where the hostess was just recovering from a cold, apparently. In a short time your grandmother was down with it; acute inflammation in nose, sinuses, eyes and ears. She would probably have been down yet had she taken to my cooking more kindly. As it was, she began cooking lunch in a few days, and is normal now; while I am just getting over my turn of it. It seems we do not have the resistance of youth, and, perhaps some of our joints are out of adjustment; mine feel like it at times.

I do not remember if I told you of our quiet Christmas. We wanted to go to Harold's, but found two inches of fresh snow on the ground, the morning of the 24th, and did not care to take the nine crooked miles of the Winchester grade in the snow which was deeper on the high ground. Here, the road was clear by noon and the ground by night; but the decision was made and we remained at home. It was the second Christmas we had spent alone in our fifty-two years of married life. Your grandmother said it was one of the best, so I was satisfied with it.

It is sad to have 15 gallons of gas in the tank, 10 more supposed to be used by the 21st, and no place to go. It would be perfectly agreeable if the tickets were cumulative and could be saved up for fishing trips next summer. We may have to get a wood saw. One of our neighbors has one for which he was allowed 205 gallons of gasoline while allowed but 2 gal per week for his pick-up. The pick-up is run much more than the wood-saw. Really, rationing is all right with us and we rather enjoy playing the game, tho it shows so e people up in a rather unfavorable light.

Needless to say, not much preparation has been made for next summer's garden. Usually considerable spading is done by this time but this season has been too wet until frozen too hard. The only thing to do now is to trim grape vines and that is soon done. We want to raise more food than usual next summer and will have to get very busy when the season opens.

Is the country you are in level? I have never lived in a level country and should think it rather monotonous. We should miss the sun-rise over the snow-capped hills to the east, and the setting over Rock Hill.

We note with interest and some anxiety your remarks about a change of location and work. We can understand how you might prefer mountain service and think it good from several points of view. We are a little anxious because we fear you are a little unstable. The only time I was ever fired, the owner of the store in which I was working, an old Jew, advised me to either stick to store work or teaching, to stay with one thing. I took his advice. What I mean in your case is we fear you change your mind too often. Every job and position has its disadvantages; overcoming them develops character and prepares one for the battle of life.

This war will not last forever. We want you to look ahead and make some preparation for a happy and useful career when peace returns. You will want a home. That means a wife, a position and money. You are probably making very good wages now, do you save any of it for the future? You have most likely thought of marriage. Do you yet have any thing worth offering to a woman worth having? Any woman worth having is going to look ahead and may be rather particular. Only foolish women and girls take a man, hoping to develop or reform him. Then disappointment comes to both and a home which should have never been started is broken up.

Some one has said, "Argument is useless where either the emotions or the purse is concerned". Those two factors are nearly always involved where there is a disagreement; hence, argument is useless. As to the trouble between your mother and father, we think it best to keep out entirely, don't care to discuss it with any one. Every thing has its cause; remove that and all is well but the removal would entail going back several generations which is impracticable. About the only thing that can benefit any one is the example and the lesson to look ahead and prevent some causes while there is time.

Your speaking of keeping sober, reminds me of some things I have done and always enjoyed and sometimes regretted afterward; but I do not remember ever having regretted not doing those things.

We wonder what effect army life has had upon you physically. How much do you weigh? If you ever indulge in the vanity of photos, we should like very much to have one of you and the mustache in uniform. Some way you mean more to us than any other grandson. Partly, perhaps, because what you make of yourself will have to be done by yourself. Do a good job of it. Good-bye.

With sincere love from both, Your grandparents by,



Dayton, Washington
Feb. 21, 1943

Sgt. John A. Hendron,
X-Ray Station Hospital
Camp McCoy, Wisconsin.

Dear Alden,

About two weeks ago we received a couple of cards of Wisconsin views and, last week, your good letter with the photos of yourself, dog and comrades. We thank you sincerely for all of them and wish we could make some return. Maybe we can when you return.

I had been intending, for some time, to write to you but supposed you had moved and would inform us of a change in address. Now, it is difficult to write as farm work is in order and progress.

It has not rained here for ten days; but the weather is most monotonous. We had one clear day, then the fog set in and remained with us constantly since the 12th with the exception of one partly clear day. Last Monday I tried the ground and found it dry enough to spade, so have resumed my role as king of spades. I do not know whether I am growing weaker or have just been idle too long, but it makes me tired, too tired to do any thing in the evening but read the paper and listen to the radio. The barometer says a storm is coming, so we shall revert to our usual routine of the winter, just hibernate and read.

Really, it has been a most enjoyable winter; it is difficult to realize that it is about over as is attested by the sprouting tulips, delphinium, etc. We have had a good time, lying in bed until daylight, going through the routine of keeping house, feeding the chickens and reading. One of the most delightful books was "Western Gateway" by Archie Binns. It is the story of the settlement and development of Seattle. It is especially interesting to one who knows the localities mentioned and either knows or knows of many of the people mentioned. We much enjoyed the story of Chief Seattle's way of meeting the Indians from the east who were going to surprise him and make a clean up of his tribe. He sent men up the White River to fall a big tree across the river where the water became swift below a bend. The tree lay just above the water, so when the canoes were swept around the bend, they became entangled in the branches, allowing Seattle and his Indians to wade in and kill the enemy with clubs and axes. They lived happily ever after.

"From the Land of Silent People" by Robt. St. John was too realistic and horrible to be pleasant reading, tho it gives a good idea of German procedure through Yugoslavia and Greece. After reading it, we changed to "The Spell of Egypt", one of the books Mother left us. It was restful and soothing. If a person wants a clear idea of the Russian situation, he can obtain it by reading "Mission to Russia" by Davies and "Behind the Urals" by John Scott.

One time when we went to Seattle, you had been playing in the dirt with an old salmon. You neither looked good nor smelt good. Your grandmother either did not recognize you or did not want to. When your photos arrived, it was the same thing without the dirt or smell. In fact, I had to look closely for some little distinguishing feature I knew well. You have changed so in appearance, and all for the better. What do you weigh now? My guess is 180. We feel proud of your appearance. Being large and of good appearance will give you a wonderful advantage in life if you care to take advantage. The small man is always taken on trial, the large man on his appearance.

We have just turned on the "Prelude to Lohengrin" from Carnegie Hall. It makes us wish you were here to enjoy it with us, and we know you would enjoy Sunday evening listening to Salt Lake. We sometimes listen to it from 9 to 11 P.M.

Those cards you sent give an excellent idea of Wisconsin topography. The signature of the ice age remains very plain. It looks as if there should be good fishing lakes hiding in the depressions.

I wish I could recall something read last week to the effect that the bravest men in the service are they who can retain their morale through long periods of inaction. It is much more difficult than when under the excitement of action. You are just running up against human nature as it is. From seven seasons' experience with harvest hands and warehouse men, I have formed a very low opinion of my fellow men generally. Their average intelligence is quite low and their inclinations much lower. We cannot change human nature; its evolution is the slowest in nature. The only thing we can do is to keep our part of it on as high a level as possible.

Walter writes that Howard has been deferred for another six months and that Eugene will be allowed to complete this college year before induction. Howard will sometime regret what he now considers his good luck. Harold wrote that Harry will probably have to go to Great Falls to complete his training. He did not get home for Christmas tho stationed at Boise at the time.

For ten days, the bodies of eight men have been lying in the snow near Table Rock waiting for the medical officer and army men to get to them. Civilians have made the trip in five hours, I suppose using snow shoes or skis but the others apparently can not make it, or get the trucks far through the snow. The bomber evidently struck the side of the mountain at an elevation of 5,000 feet, when the peaks are nearly a half higher. It is a pity that so many of them are killed before they get into action. I wonder if it is sabotage or carelessness.

What pay does a sergeant receive, and how much of your pay are you saving? I know and you probably think it is none of my business; but it strikes me that now is the time to prepare for what comes after. I should like to see you do every thing that I did not do. My life generally has been a good lesson of what not to do. It is a pity that we never learn how to live until near the end; but that is the way most of us are made, have to learn it by experience. It may be that you can learn not to do some of the things you see comrades do.

You cannot imagine how much good your letters do us. So many of our old friends are dying that not many are left, except those who have gone to school to me and we can't expect them to be friends. With friends passing away and our inability to use all the coffee and gasoline the rationing allows us, it is difficult to keep up the home morale. Goodbye.

With sincere love and hope,

Your grandfather,



Dayton, Washington.

.. Nov. 4, 1945.

Dear Alden,

Your good letter of Sep. 15 must have been delayed as it was received some time in October. I was on my way to town and stopped at the mail box to get the mail, found your letter therein, and, in my haste to find what it said, tore off part of your address, which the wind blew away. I then asked your father for your address and he had to see Alta before he could send it to me. Then I had all kinds of difficulty in writing as my eye has been on the blink so much of the time. It feels like it had a cinder in it and trying to use the typewriter makes it worse quicker than any thing else.

Then we have been having some company this fall. Your father brought Dixie and Jessie Carol for a week end the first of Sep. We enjoyed their visit very much. It was too short. Then, two weeks ago, yesterday Franklin Muncey and Margaret drove up from Portland and remained ten days. Not much was done in the way of writing or reading while they were here, tho Frank did help me lay a floor in the chicken house. With his booming voice, he is a source of turbulence wherever he may be.

I cannot write as you do because we have nothing to write about. Nothing happens here except the weather, and we do not go out much. Perhaps that is a sign of age. There is always something to do and a little work goes a long way with me now. This year I have been very successful in making a failure of every thing we tried. The corn in the west half of the lot was a fourth of a crop. Yet it had to be husked and the nubbins brought in for future shelling. Then the fodder had to be cut and burned, leaving the stumps to be dug out and disposed of later, if we do not replot the ground. I wish to avoid that as it will make a better bed for alfalfa seed in the spring.

Our potato crop amounted to three sacks where it should have been ten. We shall have enough to eat, but none to sell, maybe one sack. I planted several rows of lima beans, supposed to be the bush variety, but, when too late to pole them, found they were pole beans. The result was that they blossomed all summer, then set some pods that did not mature. They are now pulled, stripped of the pods, which are spread on the chicken house floor to dry. The peaches, tho thinned, refused to grow to a salable size, and the apples were too wormy to use because we could not get them sprayed.

Yet, my main hobby, the weather has been very successful. September gave us plenty of rain making the stubble fields and the hills green and putting a stop to irrigating. Conditions were just perfect for fall plowing and seeding, so we are already counting on a good crop next year. We had one killing frost the 18th of October, but it did not kill every thing. We are still eating tomatoes fresh from the garden and some of the salvia and roses escaped, while the petunias are still going strong and the mums are in their glory. We have about thirty varieties of hardy mums blooming and they are making many shoots at the bottom. We wish you and Alta were here now to enjoy the flowers, green yard, and the clear warm weather. It was 66 yesterday and just as good today tho a strong warm wind is blowing, so we shall soon have a change.

All summer I did not feel like doing much and your grandmother was on the decline, but we are both feeling much better and would be happy but for eye trouble. If we live until the 27th, we shall celebrate our 55th wedding anniversary, tho I have not yet decided how. We may join some younger friends who celebrate their 26th on the same day.

Three weeks ago we filled the gas tank with high octane gas, put a cushion in the rear of the auto and, with two friends, started for a ride. We went to Lewiston, then up the Clearwater to Spalding, 12 miles, and visited the cemetery, where the Spaldings are buried and the park established in their honor, eating a picnic lunch on the bank of the river. We then visited the museum where there is an extensive collection early settler and Indian relics. We then drove up to Ft. Lapwai which is now a school and hospital for the Indians. On the way home we drove

to Smith's Gardens on the hill above Lewiston, where we saw two acres of mums in bloom. It was quite a sight tho we have over half the varieties but not the quantity we saw. The day was a perfect one except for a necessary tire change.

Yesterday I began spading for next summer's garden. Spading will be my principal form of exercise until the ground freezes, then I can saw the old barn into stove wood in the shed. Your father tore it down while here last summer. I remained on the ground and did the denailing. the barn was nearly worthless, having been built over sixty years ago. It was not worth re-roofing, tho we are up against it for a hay-mow.

You appear to be having a good time of it in Germany. Enjoy it all you can for such an opportunity may not come again in a life time. It will be something to tell your children and grandchildren about. Even unpleasant experiences make pleasant recollections - sometimes. I have been so thirsty I would have traded my horse for a drink of water, and so hungry I could have chewed my moccasins, only I was wearing rubber boots at the time. It is pleasant to think of it now, but not then.

Of course, you see plenty of the seamy side of human nature. It is more evident in people of some rank than in the common run of humanity, but there is as much good in human nature as ever, more perhaps, and it is much better to dwell upon the bright spots than upon the dark ones. We don't blame you for wanting to come home, but the time surely cannot be long now. Eugene writes that he is on the Lexington, which may soon return to America, but he expects to be transferred to another ship and to be kept in the Pacific indefinitely. He does not complain, but he has no wife and is nearly thru college.

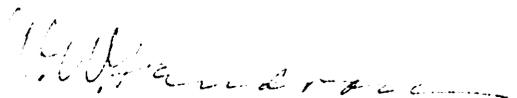
Harry is the only one of the grandsons released from the army. His father wrote that Harry is now a private citizen in Baltimore, where he will try to find a job and work until the next semester in college, when he will return to Moscow, Idaho. We suppose Robert is in the same category as Eugene. He is now an engineer's assistant in the navy and like his work, thinking of making it permanent. Jack Martinson was on an island near Okinawa when last heard from. Being in the signal service, there is no telling when he will return.

Allow me to differ from you in the belief that the radio will lessen ignorance. It appears to me that it caters to ignorance. Sometimes I turn the dial clear around without finding one thing that is worth listening to. In this country the radio is commercialized so it plays to the popular taste, which is not particularly commendable. You have it in your power to relieve the general situation somewhat. The best part of the population has been absent for several years, and in the meantime, the other part has had its inning. It will be for the returning men to straighten things out and it cannot be done at once, but it can be done and will have to be done before we begin to advance again.

The war has probably made better citizens of many men than they would otherwise have been. I look to their knowledge of world conditions for improvement in this country. Otherwise, the U.S. will go Bolshevik. That appears to be the world tendency at present. We can plan it all out when you get home. If the governments of Europe and the U.S. had followed my advice there would have been no World War II, nor the depression of the 30's. Just as well forget it all. I think you can obtain from the government all the help you will need if you care to go to school and prepare for the work of life. Don't forget the Texas surgeon.

We shall be looking for you and Alta about the first of the year. Come running. There won't be anything much to come to but a rest and change of environment and a heartfelt welcome. Good-bye.

With Sincere love, Your grandfather,



W.W. Hendron,
Dayton, Wash.



T/3 John A. Hendron, 19059528,

~~133rd Evacuation Hospital,~~

A.P.O. #758, Care of Post Master,

New York City, N.Y.

Dayton, Washington.

Mar. 3, 1947.

Dear Alden,

Your welcome letter of just a month ago was something of a surprise. It has been neglected because I have quit writing letters since the weather improved, health, ditto. Now, I write only when compelled to write in order to hear from other members of the family or to ask them for money.

During the month of January we had mild winter weather with a little snow, some cold, zero twice, and considerable light rain. It was not bad; but disagreeable outdoors and impossible for agriculture. We remained closely at home, reading, writing some, and listening to the radio. It was really enjoyable. Then when February came, it brought a change of weather; we began to go out, some, and to work the ground. We even went to church twice during the month, and then the devil was to pay. I had been having some trouble for quite a while with nose and throat and then got it in earnest. From what others tell me it was epidemic. It hit me with bronchial and sinus trouble. It was rather acute, but yielded to treatment in bed with an electric pad over the head and face. Just as I was able to get out again, wife had to imitate me. She spent but one day in bed, perhaps because she did not like my cooking. We are both going again but the cough hangs on. However, it saves fuel as it always appears to raise my temperature till I sweat.

February gave us more good weather than any previous February. Half the days were clear, five fair, and nine cloudy. The nights were frosty, freezing the ground too much for spading; but there was little rain, so the surface soon became dry so spading became possible as far as the ground was concerned. The only trouble was to acquire sufficient energy. Today is cloudy, windy and rainy, just enough to give excuse for not working out, so I am trying to warn relatives that we are alive.

As to the matter of food being a determining factor in the cause of war, that probably would apply only to a low grade of civilization. Among our Indians in their original state and among most of the uncivilized races or groups, their energies were almost entirely devoted to keeping alive, that is, to provide food and shelter. People are naturally like the wild animals, lazy; only exerting themselves sufficiently to provide the necessities by the easiest means possible. As they become more civilized, their wants increase and they begin to enjoy other things, more appetizing foods, better shelters, more and better clothing, until it makes them uncomfortable, then they go to the other extreme. But all the time they want to secure their desires by the exertion of the least effort. That leads to war among the more highly civilized. It is easier for some to rob the others than to become industrious and make for themselves.

Again, war is a matter of intelligence, or the lack of it. I wish you would read "The Revolt Against Civilization" by Lothrop Stoddard, published in 1922. The book is based on the intelligence tests given 1,700,000 draftees for World War I. The first half of the book is the more important part. It is worth reading and provides food for thought. From the tables and figures given, it appears that we as a nation have passed the peak and are on the way out as was ancient Rome during the days of the gladiatorial games, only we use football, ect. for lack of a sufficient quantity of lions and other large cats.

I shall be glad to enter a post card discussion of any subject you mention, if you let me take the opposite side. I try to differ from the man who talked to himself because he wanted to talk with some one with whom he could agree.

We used to give some junk about the palace to the Welch children and their house-keeper accused me of always giving away something I did not want myself.

Goodbye; the sun is shining; trees to prune. With love, *Grandfather,*

Dayton, Washington.
August 17, 1947.

Dear Alden,

Your long neglected letter of June 9 is before me to refresh my memory as to its contents. It is most difficult for me to make myself write; partly on account of lack of energy and partly because sitting at the type-writer makes my defective eye go bad when nothing else will.

We really did not expect you and family to come in June when I was so indiscreet as to mention work to be done. Even your father does not seem to be so anxious to work since he has a new wife. Now, that I have been neglecting work as well as correspondence, it is piling up so I shall never see the end. There will soon be potatoes to pick and apples to dig; the henhouse roof must be repainted with tar and a thousand other things to prepare for winter. Not that it makes any difference to winter, but just on the same principle which induces some women to do house cleaning in the spring. There will be work for the whole family

Things have been quite quiet with us this summer. Eugene and wife were here three days and then went to Yellowstone and thence home. They made the trip to Pittsburg without further incident than breaking a fan belt and burning out a generator. They had no trouble in securing a two-room apartment, and then went to work.

A recent letter from Howard says he is going to visit his wife in Illinois during his vacation. He has not yet been able to find a house for them in Camden and is boarding with a private family. Pati is staying with her parents until they can find living quarters in Camden.

I suppose your father told you of Harry's accident. We received a card, dated Aug. 12, from his mother yesterday. She said Harry was rational "yesterday and today". He is much discouraged since he is able to think the accident over. The wrist is in a cast, but the bones in the knee are under traction and suspension, not set yet. I don't know what under traction means; perhaps you do. I fear that at the best he will have a stiff knee as long as he lives.

At home here, things are not any too good. Arthritis has stirred up again and makes life miserable at times beside actually crippling me, while your grandmother is having a time with high blood pressure. I don't know how high it is; but her physician is uneasy about her, and, last night a blood vessel broke in the left eye, making it badly blood shot. There is nothing bad in that except as a symptom and the possibility that one may break some where else with dire results. I try to keep her quiet as much as possible, yet she will insist in wiping the varnish off the furniture, and sweeping the paint off the porch beside putting up fruit for next winter.

I have been wanting to take a trip somewhere this fall, but wife does not care for auto trips any more. She mentioned, however, that she would like a Pullman car trip. If we leave home for any length of time dry weather would destroy the garden and there is no one here to look after the chickens, so we shall probably have to be content with the trips already taken, and sit by the fire and look at the pictures of places we have visited.

We hope Alta has enjoyed her school work this summer, and know you enjoyed helping her to do so. It was a good idea and you both have no doubt learned some things not in the books. Other things we shall discuss when you arrive. We expect you, tho the second paragraph may discourage you. On the other hand if you don't postpone too long, we may have melons and cantaloupes. Goodbye.

With love to all, Your grandfather, *W. J. Johnson*

Dayton, Washington.
April 2, 1948.

Dear Alden,

Your long letter of Feb. 22 has been worrying me for some time. I find it very difficult to write as I have been quite busy, and dread most of all to sit down to the typewriter as it is worse than any thing else in making my game eye go on the blink. It has been good for several days, and, now, I am taking the precaution of taping it before it begins to hurt.

We have just passed through the Month of March which came in like a lion and went out the same way after acting like a lion most of the time. It was the windiest month in memory. Once it blew for four days in succession took a rest of a few hours and then came back with the worst storm of the season. The rainfall was but 1.55", yet the ground was already saturated, so it made my work, spading, slow and difficult. Usually, I use the garden for my winter exercise; but this year could do no work at all in the ground, so became so soft that very little work tires me so I am of no account when I come in. However, I am becoming seasoned and can do half a day's work, real work, in a day. About a week's spading remains to be done.

Also, I thought we needed some chicks to provide eggs for next year. Owing to the high price of feed, it did not seem advisable to buy cockerels with the pullets. We wanted about three dozen, so James Welch went into partnership with me in buying 75 high priced, special mating, sexed pullets, one day old. I brought them home, put them in the brooder, and the next morning found that the juice had gone off during the night. That meant chilled chicks, which also means loss. Again, a fuse burned out of the transformer at 12:15 A.M. and was not replaced until 8:30 the next morning. When we got up we got busy with hot water bottles to counteract the 40 degree temperature. How ~~well~~ well we succeeded we can not tell yet, but, so far have lost six or seven out of 82. We had some extras to make up for last year's loss. The chicks afford occupation for the mind as well as the hands.

Arthritis has been plaguing us this winter. With me, first in left hip, then in right knee and then in the back, think it is called the sacred illiad. Thermal treatments relieved that so I am nearly over it, but cannot lie with the left leg stretched straight. Your grandmother had to contract the same, of course, but she is improving and can now get her dresses on and off without help. Warm, sunny weather, if it ever comes, will make us like people again.

Our season is abnormally late. The first apricot buds opened yesterday, while other buds do not yet show color. We may have plenty of fruit if late frosts do not prevent. To date, we have no garden made, just some onions set out. Yet other people are as far behind as we. In fact, there has been no growing weather, and the rain now falling amounts to .35" with no sign of letup. I have just sifted half a barrel of ashes and cleaned under the roosts in the hen-house. Recently I cleaned the car, even the wheels and hub-caps for spring. Now the water is in puddles on freshly spaded ground.

We were distressed more than I can tell upon hearing about Carol's trouble with her hip. She appeared to be perfectly normal when here last summer. It was hard to believe. From what little I know about such matters, she will respond to treatment and recover within a year. It is fortunate that you can secure the best medical attention for her. We can imagine what soul sickness it must mean for you and Alta. Try to see that she gets plenty of sunshine or a substitute, and quantities of the proper food.

As to James, I fear I cannot be of much help. One difficulty generally is that so few people know any thing of much importance. When young they know so little about the work of the world and the opportunities that different vocations provide. The best thing I think of is to show a boy what others have done in certain

lines and show him the difference between the man who tells others to do things and the man who does them. I am reminded of the time I looked out of the school house window on a snowy, windy day and saw men digging a sewer ditch for \$2 per day while the boss stood by his little fire with overcoat on for \$5 per day.

James is much like his father, grandfather and some other relatives. The normal boy does not take kindly to education. The only way to make a success of it is to inspire him with an ambition to do something worth while. I have done it with some, but did not do it with myself in time. When visiting ranger stations with Harold one day, I asked him if it was necessary to have a college education to be a ranger. He said no, but that the competition was so fierce that it was practically necessary.

We have had the help of people who were older and wiser than we in raising our boys. Your father was worthless and your mother not much better until they had the responsibility of a family and the guidance of Franklin Muncey. Harold was on the wrong road until he got fired for getting angry at the man who laughed at him when he fell down in the mud of a hog pen. In his work in the forest he saw the difference between a hired man and a boss. He chose the latter and as a result has a position he likes and which pays over \$5,100 with retirement security. Walter did likewise after working on farms during the summer and now is fixed as well as Harold. By the way, he represents his company at a meeting in Spokane next week.

The main idea is to concentrate on what one wants to do, as was illustrated by Dr. Cole's story of the man who knew what he wanted to do, stuck to it everlastingly, and developed the knack of getting along with people. The Lord himself cannot help any one against himself. He just has to wait until the proper incentive is supplied, usually by necessity or misfortune. Show James what some of the successful people in his chosen line had made of themselves and pray for good luck.

The Declaration of Independence says something about all men being created free and equal. The author did not specify in what ways they are created equal. Certainly not in mental ability; and that does not mean the ability to learn things so much as the power to control their energies and desires, leading them into profitable channels. The low I.Q. is illustrated in the inclination to get angry and change from one thing to another, and the low I.Q. is the cause of most of the poverty, distress and crime in the world. We always have had them and always will.

Don't let philosophy and theories bother you too much. They don't change any thing for better or worse. We might be able to figure out why the Creator did some things, but would probably be no better for it. We are here, perhaps for a purpose; but the only relations that amount to any thing are those with our fellow creatures, who are sometimes slightly imperfect. My definition of sin is that which causes unhappiness. If we do nothing to cause unhappiness for others and are honest, kind and industrious to ourselves and others, we shall be doing our part; and all the philosophy and theories ever expounded will ever make any difference in the great scheme of creation.

I wish you would read a book entitled "The Revolt Against Civilization" by Lothrop Stoddard, and published in 1922. If you cannot find it in a library I shall send you my copy, tho it is a keep-sake, from a friend now dead. It will explain many of the things we scold about, and give food for some serious thinking.

After writing the first page, my stomach went bad, greasy rice. During the night we had another storm, more rain, snow all around and ice on everything this morning. Now it is clearing and beautiful but cool out doors. No work, and I fear no apricots. Good-bye.

With love and best wishes,

S. and father

Dayton, Washington.
Feb. 17, 1949

Dear Alden,

We were glad to receive your letter of the 6th, tho it imposes upon me the duty of replying. I don't like to reply to any one, as writing has become quite painful since the middle of Dec. The eye lid that turns in has become a little more troublesome, while the right eye developed trouble of its own. When used it felt as if half a split pea was under the upper lid. On Christmas day all I could do was sit by the fire with both eyes closed, listening to the radio and cussing the programs. We had received an invitation to dinner in Walla Walla, while Walter and Harold offered transportation by plane to Salt Lake that we might join them there. We declined both, thinking home the best place for old folks in winter time. It was well that we did as the roads were icy and my condition miserable.

Your grandmother is allowed to eat the lean of roast lamb and the white of chicken. I would rather have killed her than a laying hen, so we compromised on a leg of lamb for the Christmas dinner. It was supplemented by a plum pudding sent by Jeanne from Grangeville. With those two dishes and all the trimmings we had a very enjoyable time, as good as man and wife could have together. The two most pleasing gifts received at Christmas were the photos of Carol Lynn and Walter III. They are two fine children; and our prayer is that Carol Lynn may soon be perfectly normal. We should like very much to see her, all of you, in fact.

In the fall I was feeling so well that I was proud of myself. The Bible says something about pride going before a fall. I got the fall; my feet just slipped from under me in the back yard. How one could fall so hard and such a short distance is beyond me. Of course, arthritis set in and sent me to the doctor. After treatment it improved; then I fell again, on ice this time. Altho it is two weeks since, my shoulder and neck are very painful. Henceforth, I shall use a prayer rug, lay it down, lie on it and swim over when I come to a slippery place. We have had plenty of them for the last two months.

Really, we are both well and have not had a cold this winter, tho we may attribute it partly to the fact that we have remained at home very closely. Wife is getting so that she sometimes eats real food and gets away with it. It is all pretty much a state of mind.

You speak of never being satisfied. Of course not. When we are, we are in the condition of the Irishman's snake; dead but not conscious of the fact. We are planning for the spring; what we shall plant and where. We also want a well dug for irrigation and many things that we may not realize, but it is joy to plan.

As to chickens; the breed should depend upon what you want them for meat or eggs or both. Our neighbors have Hampshire Reds. They are hardy, develop quickly, and are fairly good layers. We have tried White Plymouth Rocks, Orpingtons and Austra-Whites. We like the last named the best as they are good layers, hardy and develop quickly. Last spring we bought pullets only and have about 30. We have sold ten dozen eggs per week all winter. The cockerels will make three pounds in weight at two months, but make feathers the next two months. The hens weigh from five to seven pounds when developed, generally the former. It pays to get "Special Mating" chicks when buying. Dixie can tell you about the Austra-Whites. You can't miss it in buying the best stock of any breed, tho I prefer the non-sitters.

We thank you for the news concerning Ruth and your mother. Margaret was living near the Munceys in Portland but has moved to another part of the city. We have not heard from them for a long time; will ask Margaret Muncey if she knows.

I have gone about as far as my eye will permit, but hope to do better the next time. One page is about my limit. Tell me about the X-ray movies when you write.

with love and best wishes. *Grandfather*

Dayton, Washington.

Dear Alden,

Aug. 29, 1949.

Having had a little relief from my misery during the last week, I am trying to catch up with my correspondence before things are worse. Having exhausted the medical resources of Dayton, I went to an oculist in Walla Walla. He just stuck two short pieces of adhesive under my eyes, charging \$2 per piece, while I had been doing the same thing for two years for nothing. Yet, he said there was no conjunctivitis and that the trouble was caused by the inturning lower lids to the extent of 99.44%. That was some satisfaction, tho only an operation will relieve the difficulty. You may have some idea of the condition when I have not been able to read a book or the Saturday E.P. this year.

It has been a bad year for us agriculturally. The potatoes blighted. The corn planted for feed refused to make ears. Montana has the Hungry Horse dam. James Welch has the dam hungry horse; so I took the earless corn to the hungry horse and James gave us green corn for the table from his garden. I planted three rows of cantaloupes back of the house. They thrived but refuses to bring forth female blossoms, so they are almost a failure; while in the front yard a volunteer vine which I studiously neglected, bore eight good melons. Hereafter, we shall throw the seed out in the fall and let them volunteer next spring. Other garden was not satisfactory. For instance, the peas and beans made good crops which lasted for two pickings and then were done. Like the cream separator, they appear to have been improved until they are almost useless.

The fruit trees have tried to do their part, tho they were generally so full that the fruit was smaller than usual. We had an abundance of apricots, but the market was dull, so we canned and dried quite a quantity, gave others to friends until we ran out of friends and then gave some to our enemies. That soon finished the crop. The pear tree in the lot is the same way because I did not carry water to it. I told you about the winter loss of all the bulb plants, which is why none was sent for the X-ray experiment. By letting the spitunkias volunteer, we have plenty of color on the east side. The one bright spot in the dark picture is the unfinished well and the rock garden by it. The well now provides plenty of water for garden irrigation and we have been able to keep the grass green without too much trouble.

My left eye has gone bad, compelling me to quit writing. The principal reason for writing this morning is to tell you that yesterday we had a most delightful visit from Robert, his wife, and Charles. They came from Moscow Saturday eve, returning last night as they work today. We think you mentioned the probability of your coming over with your family before the fall term begins. This is just to remind you that time passes and that it may be later than you think.

Eugene has written that he and wife will be here tomorrow, leaving for Salt Lake Wednesday morning. He is making the trip by way of Portland. We learned yesterday that Jeanne had another baby in May. It is a boy, making our 15th great-grand-child. On this side of the mountains the family runs to boys generally. Harold has one daughter, Joanna. She in turn has one daughter. All the others are boys; it is simply a matter of climate. When you and Alta plan another child, come over here out of the fog and rain, and pray for a boy.

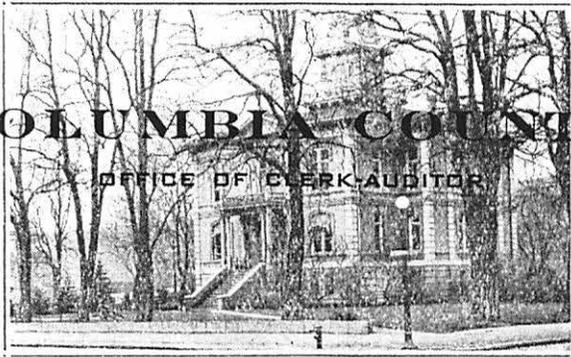
I intended to write a real letter this time, and am sorry to quit, but must.

With love and best wishes,

Grandfather

COLUMBIA COUNTY

OFFICE OF CLERK-AUDITOR



COLUMBIA COUNTY COURT HOUSE

C. R. LAUGHERY
CLERK-AUDITOR

DAYTON, WASHINGTON

Dayton, Washington.

Nov. 30, 1949.

Dear Alden,

Time passes so rapidly with us that it does not seem like nearly two months since your latest letter came. Another way it does seem like a long time, as it has been almost impossible to make any reduction in the pile of unanswered letters on the chimney shelf. When a letter comes, it is read and placed on top of the pile. They are answered from the bottom, with the exception of the monthly letters to your father and his brothers.

As the year ends, we feel that we are quite well caught up with the work of last year, but have nothing done toward 1950 except a very little spading. This year brought a little extra work with the well. It was dug 5 ft. across and 13 ft. deep. I dug the first five feet and then got help. We struck water at about ten ft. Also, cement gravel with boulders in it. We both got tired of the job and concluded to quit until the dry season, to see what effect it would have on the flow. We recently tried to go deeper, but the water came in about as fast as the pump would remove it, so we put in the pipe and quit.

All summer we had a great pile of rocks just east of the house. It was my rock garden, and it was a genuine rock garden, unpolluted by earth or plants. We did not like to leave the well open for fear our children, if we have any, might fall in; so I replaced the large stone in the bottom and filled the well. Having put some gravel in the lane, we ran short of filling which Bosley supplied with two loads of stone picked from his field and backed up to the gate. We think and hope it will solve our irrigation problem. Cleaning ditch was just too much work for me.

The next problem was fuel for the winter. Coal was much easier to get than to pay for, but both are done. Now, let John Lewis strike! A friend sold us $2\frac{1}{2}$ cords of four foot black pine, most of it from a tree two ft. in diameter. He did not split it fine, so I had a glorious job splitting it. I meant sawing into stove length with a buck saw. That, too, is done and the splitting can be done leisurely on rainy days. Some exercise is necessary to sleep.

We are sorry you did not get over. We are just as anxious to see those children as you are to have us see them. Of course, we want to see Jean, but are more anxious to see Carol running around. We are glad Jean is a sturdy little girl. The best way to raise a baby is to feed the mother properly and then let nature take its course. In the long run, science cannot improve on nature.

As to my eyes, Dr. Day says the trouble is that the lower lids turn in and the lower lashes scratch the eye-ball. For several years it was the left only. Now the right is also affected. The trouble is partly controlled by putting take below the eye to hold the lid down. There was evidently considerable conjunctivitis and a hay fever condition during the summer. Dr. Day said that the dust and pollen aggravated the trouble. He sent me to an oculist in Walla Walla. The oculist looked at the eyes, said there was no conjunctivitis and put two pieces of adhesive tape on my face for \$2 per piece, nothing more.

The eyes are better now, especially when wet and cloudy. Walter and Gladys were at Eugene's in Boise for Thanksgiving. They drove here the next day in hope of taking us to Salt Lake with them, that I might get my eyes treated there. We did not go, thinking home the best place for old people in winter time. We use vitamin B₁ all the time. I should probably lose the effect of vitamin A through the use of mineral oil.

It has come to me in the last year or so, that mother had the same eye trouble that tortures me, in fact, that I inherit it. And what she must have suffered is something awful to think about. There is some consolation in the fact that she would not use a physician's advice; but she could have been helped by simple means, had we understood her case. Her last days might have been more pleasant and more of them, had she not absolutely refused the benefit of surgery.

I thank you for the tip that I should use more tobacco. My consumption of the weed is about a pound per month of Sir Walter Ralieggh. Several physicians have told me that at my age and rate of consumption that it does less harm than trying to quit would. Last week in the mail there was a small package. When opened we found a handkerchief for wife and a \$7.50 pipe for me. It was sent by a lady and here I am bound by "until death do us part" contract. You may bet that the next time I marry it will be for a definite period, say five or ten years, perhaps, with privilege of renewal. Our next anniversary will be the sixtieth; I like even numbers.

I wish we knew something definite about the determination of sex in humans. Old experiments show that with lower animals it is largely a matter of nourishment of the mother. With sheep the percentage of females has been raised from 44 to 84 by good feeding; in tadpoles it has been raised to 96 per cent. That may have something to do with the greater number of boys born. Very few people eat sensibly. Again, the boys, two more numerous, are not so strong as girls and have a higher mortality rate. I should like to have more definite information before starting another family.

For goodness's sake, go slow with those \$9,000,000 buildings. I am afraid there will not be enough left in a few years to pay my pension. It really is a pity that necessary things should cost so much. It does not make much difference to the young worker with the present high wages; but it does work a hardship on people who cannot earn or who have a fixed income. It is a long way since sheep sold for two pence per head in England. Economic conditions are never the same after a great war. We are advancing in many ways; but it is a question whether we are better and happier? I think yes.

I find it unwise to write further; it has become painful. Write when you can and please go into some detail about your mother. We are not ungrateful for many pleasant visits at her house; we wish her well and shall always be glad to hear about her.

Could you, without too much sacrifice or inconvenience, get over next month, We have not seen much of the grand-children during the last year. Robert, wife and Charles were here a day or two last summer; and Eugene, wife and baby for a day.

With love to you, wife and babies,

Your grandfather,

W. W. Anderson

617 E. Dayton Avenue,
Dayton, Washington.
Jan. 17, 1952.

Dear Grandson,

For some time I have been intending to reply to your birch-bark epistle of Nov. 20. That stationery was the most unique I ever saw. I should like to take it with me when I cross the river Styx if it were asbestos instead of birch-bark. Anyway I shall treasure it until worn out showing it to friends.

I am ashamed for not having written sooner; but things have been rather mixed here at times, most times. We went to a wedding in Waitsburg Nov. 18th. Your grandmother sat where she got a draft on her feet and legs when the church door was opened. The next day brought sore throat and aching head. It developed into a rather severe case of flu. Dr. Day came and administered penicillin and various drugs, and told her to remain in bed. She did. I gave her the usual strong drink and burnt offering for several days; then she got up and prepared some real food. Recovery was slow but she is in good health at present; has been out twice, once to see the doctor another time to get a haircut.

Harold expected to come for Christmas, so we were uneasy about him on account of the condition of the roads. It would not have been safe for a wild goose to fly over them at the time. He brought Cora and Charles, stopping over night at Missoula and Spokane. Harry came down Christmas eve, while Robert and family came Christmas day from Lewiston, returning from a visit to Phyllis's parents. So we had quite a gathering, all of Harold's family except six, Jeanne, her husband and children. We suppose you saw Harold in Seattle. They returned here, then to Mesa, Salt Lake and home without accident.

The trip to Portland and Seattle last summer were very hard on your grandmother, especially on account of Margaret's death. She was not well the remainder of the summer, was very despondent; but the coming of the folks for Christmas shook her out of her lethargy and started her on the up-grade. Dr. Day said she was allergic to something. She said it was tobacco smoke. To give the idea a fair trial, I have been smoking in the basement or out of doors this year. The provoking part is that she appears to have been right. She has quit coughing.

I don't remember if we sent you a picture of our new home. It is the shake on the corner. We call it the "Seven Shakes" because that is the height at the low corner. It is new, and seems to have been built for just two, tho there is a spare bedroom for friends. We have no garden ground with the house, but Mr. Geo. Welch, three blocks away, with diabetes and more ground than he wants to work, let us have garden ground last summer and has offered it for next summer. We accepted.

If you can possibly do it, we wish you would come over, at least for a week end. We should like very much to see you and to have you see us in our new home.

I have too much breath. It comes in short pants on the least exertion, especially when in a stooping position. Wife thinks it is heart trouble and insisted on my buying a power mower. I think the heart trouble is too much belly fat, but since mowing has been my hardest work for three years, I fell for her idea.

The ground has been covered with snow since Dec. 18th, most of the time about three inches. Weather, generally cloudy about 15 at night and thawing during the day if the sun shines, only one really cold night, Dec. 31st. Some say it means an early spring; but it may be just a long winter. Come if you can; we want to see you and to have you help with some phonograph records.

With love from both, Your grandfather,

Bill Anderson

617 Dayton Avenue
Dayton, Washington.
Nov. 3, 1952.

Dear Alden,

We wondered all summer why you did not write; but supposed you were having troubles of your own. I think I wrote you soon after the receipt of the birch bark letter you sent from Alaska. That letter was something unique and is laid away among the keep-sakes.

As usual, there is nothing to write about at this end of the line. We are both well and comparatively happy. That is, I am as happy as an old man can be when bossed by an old woman. The physician said I could do light house-work, which means drying dishes and doing the washing. Wife is very faithful about giving me my medicine, follows me out into the yard with a half inch tablet and a glass of Water. She has not been doing well until the last week. She was worried and ~~would~~ not eat when worried. She is doing much better now, eats some and is more cheerful. I never felt better than I do this morning don't think there is any thing wrong with me except old age, weakness of muscles and hardening of arteries.

I had been having annual examinations, and was told that my circulatory system was in excellent condition. Then when I passed out in the bath-room one morning and two months later, at the dinner table did the same thing only worse, we had a physician come. He pronounced it a slight stroke, said the blood pressure was 140 and put me to bed for a few days. When his partner, our regular physician returned, he confirmed the first diagnosis. There being no paralysis I went to another physician, who pronounced the trouble as an artery spasm, said the arteries were hardened, little ones liable to break at any time, and gave pressure as 180. He gave medicine to relax the arteries which reduced pressure to 150. I am not supposed to work hard enough to make my breath come in short pants, or to drink tea or coffee, but nothing was said about alcohol.

We were surprised by the door-bell late Saturday evening. I opened the door and a good looking young woman stepped in. She said she was Virginia and that her husband was outside. They had foolishly engaged a room at a motel and went back after a short visit, but returned the next morning and spent half a day with us. We were delighted to see them and wish they could have remained longer. They

They had not been gone fifteen minutes when I heard some one talking to wife in the kitchen. It was Harry, just back from St. Lawrence island. He was well looked well and drove down from Spokane in a Jaguar auto. I think it is the finest car I have ever seen. It is trimmed in red leather, has Circassian walnut dashboard and many conveniences I never heard of. One time when wife and I were at the Bucnard Gardens, we sitting on a bench at the boat landing. She said that if heaven was as beautiful as that she wanted to go to heaven. I have never been particularly anxious to go to heaven; but if they have Jaguars there I am willing to go at any time.

We are living in a little house just big enough for two and arranged as conveniently as possible. It had been lived in by the builder but one year before we got it. The only draw-back is that the lot is so small and the place too far from Main St. For wife to walk to church or stores. We like it very much and wish you would come over for a week-end. We want very much to see you, and to be seen by you.

We think you did the wise thing when you accepted the better job. One lives much more happily with a growing business whether it is vegetables, children or some thing more complicated. Your work must be most interesting; tell us more of it if you ever write again.

(Over)

We think of you more often than of any other grand-son, probably because you spent a summer with us and went to Yellowstone. Of course, I should not be so unkind as to remember the time you got in the barrel under the auto, but I do remember the afternoon when we went with Walter to inspect the transformer by Salt Lake and you kids hunted scorpions and tarantulas; Also the little gyser you and Howard developed below the Grotto, and the time we had digging the auto wheel out of the mud up Nez Perce creek. The recollection is more pleasant than the experience. I suppose those things all appear tame to you after your trip to Alaska but they bring me many pleasant thoughts.

Come over at any time when you can get off and feel like it. We can make no special arrangements, just want to see you.

With sincere love,

Grandfather

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617 E. Dayton Avenue,
Dayton, Washington.
Nov. 9, 1955.

Dear Alden and Mary Ann,

It is about time to thank you for the attractive cards you have sent us. We enjoy them very much and keep them on the table for ready referencr. I do not remember if we are sending the Reader's Digest to you. Please let us know if you are not receiving it.

It is necessary to hurry here this morning will be every morning for a while. Wife just Wakened to the fact that Christmas is approaching, and is in quite a stew about it. We got the first bunch ready to mail yesterday. I never have any worry of my own, just send the little magazine to relatives and some friends.

We are having quite a winter, have been since the 11th of November. Weather got cold the last of October just twenty years ago, froze apples, killed trees ect. This time it was not quite so early but was more severe. The mercury fell to -10 and gave four days of -temperatures. The season was late and a large part of the apple crop was on the trees. Erbes says his loss is \$40,000, while the loss on the Dumas crop is more. I think our loss is the rose bushes, They were blooming some when the freeze came. Until yesterday we have had snow on the ground since Nov. 10 with the exception of three days. Yesterday it all left the front yard, but it is white this morning. We shall have to make a new start with the roses.

The most important item is that I have again lived thru the last week of November. In that week come my birthday, Thanksgiving and our wedding anniversary. It was the sixty-fifth this time, and I lived thru it. I always think that if I live thru that week I am good for the remainder of the year. It has worked so far. I will have no more birthdays in the eighties. With the next one I shall emancipate myself, take up smoking again and act the fool generally.

We has the turkey on Saturday so your father could be with us. He came over Friday night and returned Sunday P.M. He could not stay for the party on Sunday night. Harold and Cora were here over the week end. Cora and Mrs. Schmidt did most of the work, so your grandmother lived through it. We invited in some friends and neighbors. Some could not come on short notice but we had 14 guests who were supposed to come after seven and leave at nine. They all came promptly and stayed until ten. We think they liked the cake and coffee.

We are both in the best of health. That does not mean strong and energetic, but no dangerous illness. I had been taking treatment for the last year for hardened arteries, and was having some stomach trouble. The druggist told me my medicine was nicotinic acid/ I did not think I needed that specific acid after using tobacco for eighty years. The tablets were to be taken three times per day. I tried two for a week and lived thru it; then tried one for another week and lived thru it. then quit taking any, am still living and the stomach trouble is over. I think much of my trouble was caused by the auto accident last winter. It is Over now.

I cannot think of any eight hour trip this year but thank you for suggesting it. After I am ninety and free it may be considered. I spent part of last evening in going over some Utah trips. We left some unfinished business there. Bring your family with you and let us all do the canons ect. in due style. Thanks for the offer.

Try to get time for a letter. Your letters are the best we receive, and the neighbors ask if we have heard from you. We suppose you have had or will have soon an addition the family, most likely a girl. We hope all goes well and that we get to see all of you soon. We may not stay. With love to all, *Erbes*

1-6-'65

WALTER HENDRON
617 EAST DAYTON AVENUE
DAYTON, WASHINGTON

Dear Alden,

The temptation to be out of doors this morning is strong, but it may be better out of doors soon. Yesterday the mercury reached 52, the sky was clear, and the breeze balmy. Underfoot it was so soft that one would nearly sink thru the sod in the yard. We have had about 11 inches of rain since fall rains set in, and all of it went into the ground. During the recent thaw we had some high water but it was caused mostly by snow melting in the mountains. No damage was done here.

We congratulate you and Mary Ann on the birth of your second daughter, and think it a good idea to have children come in pairs so they can be companions in childhood and especially in youth. Later on you may consider the idea of a pair of boys. That would make a full house if not a full hand. We would like so much to see all of you, especially Mary Ann and the girls, that we can hardly wait. If a little financial assistance is necessary, let us know. We don't have it but have good credit as it is never used.

Last week I was calling on an ill friend and some remark was made about my smking. It is three years since quitting. He said that to smoke now would make me sick. Wife said it is all out of your system noe, but if you get sick I won't help you. Mrs. McCully, nearest neighbor always conspires with wife, so I just had to show those three old women what was what. I filled up the biggest old pipe and smoked. Boy, it was the best smoke of the season. It is a good thing it was taken on Dec. 31. The record for the new year is clear, and I shall not smoke again until I am ninety.

That is about eleven months away. Then I shall have been married sixty-six years and am going to declare myself free and independent from the tyranny and domination and slavery of a long married life.

Since losing my memory I sometimes write the same thing more than once to the same person, but don't remember telling you of our little celebration the last week in November. Some old people in the county celebrated fiftieth anniversaries and had their pictures displayed in the county paper. Wife said one of the womendid not look smart, and tried to avoid any publicity. Harold and Cora were here in their annual visit and Alden got over for a day. Then we invited in a dozen neighbors and friends for cake and coffee on Sunday night. We had a very pleasant time celebrating that sixty-fifth anniversary. The guests all stayed late, being afraid they would give the others a chance to talk about the ones who had left, so we broke it up with Stille Hacht by Schuman-Heink on the radio and all lived happily ever after.

I went to Dr. Harri for a check-up the first of this week. General condition was good. Blood pressure had dropped from 180 to 130. It was from 112 to 120 before the trouble began. He pronounced me good for more than a hundred, barring one thing, the hardened arteries in the cerebrum. That is what causes the passing out spells. I am advised not to exert myself, but don't like to do it any way. The fact is that I don't care a cent except for your grand-mother. I must try to stay as long as she does.

I would be much interested in an eastern trip, but the seeing would not be one-sided. They would get to see me as well. Really, there is

NON-GLARE TOPPER

some unfinished seeing to be done in neighboring states. There is yet a longing to see thoroughly some of the things I have glimpsed in Utah, Idaho and Arizona, but I don't suppose it will ever be.

We are sorry to learn of your accident, but glad you escaped injury, if you did. The cost of repairs would bring you and family quite a distance toward the west. At times I am glad we lost our auto. It is hard on wife but cuts out so much expense, some of which we cannot ride. such as license and tax to say nothing of gas, oil and repairs. An auto would be hard on my nerves at my time of life.

Did you receive a Reader's Digest book which your grand-mother sent you for Christmas. If you did, please select some chapters and read them carefully. They answer far better than I could some questions you have asked in the past. Some chapters are really worth considering carefully.

People here are wondering about the weather. We usually have one, and only one severe cold spell during the winter. In November it was cold, 10 degrees below zero. At present it is like spring, sun shining and the mercury in the fifties. We have had extreme weather late in February but hope it will not follow the old pattern and give a double winter.

When you write, please tell us about your work. That is always interesting. Nothing interesting ever happens here except the news of the death of old friends; four reported in the paper yesterday, former pupils.

We have not heard from your father this month, and fear that he is not in the best of health, will write to him to-night. Goodbye.

with love and hope for all of you,

Granddad

1-5 -'56.

WALTER HENDRON
617 EAST DAYTON AVENUE
DAYTON, WASHINGTON

Dear Mary Ann,

We wish you were here with us this morning. It is fairly warm and the sun is shining brightly, which is so seldom it is like Santa Claus. Climatic condiditons have not been pleasant all fall, so when the weather is pleasant it is appreciated. The forecast for today is snow and colder but it is hard to believe at noon with mercury at 52 and the sun shining.

Last year a cousin in Florida sent me a box of this paper and envelopes in retaliation for the Reader's Digest. It is good stuff but too narrow for my attempts at writing. Minnie was treated the same way and as she writes about one letter per month she will have enough for the next five years. I hope to get rid of mine in less time.

I am feeling a little sad today as the weekly local paper gives an account of the death of three former pupils. They were friends in the later years, tho there may have been times when I wished they were dead. That's the way it goes. We cannot always have what we want when we want it.

It seems to me that you wrote recently and told of the birth of a daughter, but I cannot find the letter, nor remember what you wrote. We suppose you are a little disappointed, but think it well to have two so they can be companions. Our girl was lonesome for a sister which we could not give. It is either that or she is a tomboy, and that is bad.

One time a friend went to Dr. Barnett to engage his care for my friend's pregnant wife. Dr. Said "John, it will be a boy". John replied that was impossible as he was the father of five girls. They made a wager. If the child was a girl the father was to have Dr's service free, if a boy he was to pay double, which he did. Dr. Barnett was our family physician and an intimate friend. He told me that when the parents waited a long time between children the next child was almost sure to be a boy. In the case mentioned, the difference was thirteen years; but it was a boy following five girls born by two different mothers. There are different things influencing the sex of a child, but the period between births is surely one of them. Think of people whom you know and see if it is so.

Mary Ann, I do not like to write to people since losing my mind. One letter recently written was a nearly exact duplicate of one written to the same person before. Since my stroke a large part of the memory is gone. When I repeat to you, please inform me. Others think they are kind to say nothing.

For a long time I have been taking nicotinic tablets three times a day. My smoking about eighty years should have deposited enough nicotine in my system to last the few years left. I dropped to two per day for a week and lived thru it; then dropped two for another week, lived thru it; then dropped all because they seemed to hurt my stomach, and lived thru about ten days, and then had the worst passing out spell for three years.

When I went for a check-up the first of the week, the doctor told me the nicotinic acid was used to help the cerebral circulation, You can bet I take as directed now, especially after reading the effects of drainage on the brain if a person has any. One good thing was that blood pressure had declined from 180 to 130. It used to run from 112 to 120.

We have in the front yard a ceday tree about ten feet high. Since the November freeze, it looks as if it had been badly scorched. Of course all the roses are dead, perhaps other plants. That means a new start for us, but we get our stock from the west side, and are told that nurseries in Oregon are hurt as we are. We had no killing frost before Armistice Day. It got cold that night and gave us a minimum of -10. It happened that way twenty years ago when bulbs in the ground were killed and young trees were killed like weeds. We hope it is not so bad this time but are holding our breath.

Our weather report at noon told us that Snoqualmie Pass has 143 in. of settle snow, 10 inches of fresh snow, snow and earth slides, that it was snowing in all the passes. The pass was closed for a short time. We are sorry you have not seen our part of the state. Really, it is the best part except that we have dust and hot weather in the summer. The ground is now wetter than we ever knew it. We have had 11.74 inches of rain since fall rains started and very little run-off except when the snow came out of the mountains. Next summer we shall be crying for some of the snow that melted so soon.

Having gone out of doors a moment ago, I found that a peony is coming up. Five redstalks were showing above the ground. What does that mean when we expect the hard part of the winter to come this month or next. It may be that having resigned my position as weather observer that the new man has not yet obtained control. It is tricky stuff to handle.

Last fall some people we know had fiftieth wedding anniversaries, and their pictures in the local paper. Minnie said one of the women did not look smart and fought clear of publicity. Then we had our little celebration, the sixty-fifth, invited in some neighbors and friends who consumed cake and coffee and said they had a good time. We told Jarvis Strong, who used to be my brother-in-law, and is now in Oberlin, Ohio. He wrote to the paper here and the first thing we knew, the photographer was over here and the second thing the editor for the story. We got local publicity, all right. Fortunately I had been making Minnie attend to her face each night, so there were no visible wrinkles on her face in the picture. She felt much better then.

It is so summery here today that we think you had better prepare for a trip to the west. We both should like so much to see and know you, and I will need help with flowers and garden. Dr. Harri to me not to exert myself, the most pleasant advice received in a long time. Wife does not work out much. She is not ill but very small and not strong and nearing eighty-three. I may have to get a new one soon. Goodbye.

with love and best wishes to you and babes.

Granddad.

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2-1-1956

WALTER HENDRON
617 EAST DAYTON AVENUE
DAYTON, WASHINGTON

Dear Mary Ann,

Your good, big letter of the 25th was received in due time and enjoyed. The cards enclosed were the finest collection we ever received at one time. We sincerely thank you for going to so much trouble. That letter was much enjoyed. Most letters are a simple statement of fact. It is a pity that so many people will not let themselves out.

Some one has said, "Unwelcome is the bearer of ill news". That is what this epistle is, if no one has told you sooner than this. We notice that your letter was written on the 25th. That is a day we remember in this family. On that day, a year ago, our auto ran into a tree with me, bruising me up generally, breaking a few ribs, and repairing the neck that had been stiff for more than twenty-five years. We are glad the accident occurred. This year, on the 25th, my brother Carroll started to his office. He got as far as Aurora Avenue where he was struck by an auto and killed. He was dead before arriving at Harbor View hospital. I do not think there is much evidence about the accident except that given by the driver of the auto that struck Carroll. He said he saw a man standing on the white line, lost sight of him for a moment, then saw him in front of the auto, too late to do any thing. The driver is a man of twenty-three with a wife and three children, probably not real sane or he would not be in such a fix.

About all we know is contained in a clipping from ASeattle paper. Alden wrote briefly, as did Jessie, and Jessie Carol phoned. They all seemed to be afraid I would go over to Seattle, so I stayed at home and shall continue to do so. They were right as it is not a good time for travelling here.

Speaking of coincidences, just twenty years ago we had a freeze the last of October and the first of November that froze all unpicked apples, killed all tomatoes and froze potatoes in the ground. Of course, you do not remember it, but it came before we had a killing frost, so was very destructive. Then the weather was warm until the 29th of January when it became cold, twenty-one below zero for the minimum, and remained cold until February 20th. This year we had a cold spell, with ten below, just after Armistice Day. It did plenty of damage, as again, there had been no preceding cold. One apple grower claims a loss of \$40,000 and others have lost more. All roses and tender shrubbery on the Sound and about Portland have been killed, so they have to send south for nursery stock to sell this spring. Then the weather was warm until the 29th of Jan. when it became cold just like twenty years ago, and is still cold with ten below yesterday morning and fourteen this morning. We have nine inches of snow on the ground. It is a beautiful world, as the snow remains so white and sparkling. It reminds me of other snows in the East, when we got the sled out and started for the hill back of the house. Now, he is sleeping under it. Carroll's death does not affect the present so much, but brings back the days when we were boys together. Yet, his death was a good thing. He was eighty-four years old and went without pain. Of course, we don't sorrow for the dead, but for ourselves. Did you ever consider sorrow a selfish emotion? I think it is, but cannot help it.

We did not know your mother had gone East. You are certainly fortunate in having a mother who can and does make such trips. I cannot quite agree with you on the matter of cakes. Your taste is all right as far as it goes, but for me, give me a well ripened fruit cake. Harold sent us one

for Christmas. It is a good one with barely enough dough to hold the nuts and fruit together. We keep cutting the slices thinner and thinner to make it last a little longer. It is old, yet it reminds me of youth as it tastes a little like something I drank in my youth. We have been eating an angel food cake that a friend gave us, evidently for a supper. The icing is very good, but I never did care much for angels. Yet, they are interesting creatures. Did you ever notice that all mentioned in the Bible are male angels? Where do they get the mother angels?

The story about the boy babies was strictly true as given me by a very reliable physician. We often have opportunity to observe, if we can think of it where we see children of the same family far apart in age. We sincerely hope that if you have more children, that your wish is fulfilled. It gives a man a feeling of inferiority to father girls, only.

I have some recollection of seeing you at Alden's, but only a slight one. Don't you remember or did any one ever tell you that for the last three years I have but a part of my mind. That stroke destroyed memory of all events of the last few years. I may meet a person, talk with him or her, then meet the same person a few days later and have no recollection of the person or the meeting.

Your experience when the baby was born was interesting and unusual, but there I would be compelled to differ from you again. It would be much more pleasant for me to watch some one else than to go thru it myself. Yes, you sound just like a proud mother. I can realize a little how you feel as I had the care of a baby sister while Mother taught school, and had to take charge of our second boy when and after we knew a third was coming. Harold was my baby while Alden belonged to his mother. It seems strange now that their children's children will soon be of marriageable age.

The above might make some people think I am old. I fear that will never happen, in some respects. That may be because most of my work has been with young people, but I cannot think old thoughts like some of my friends. The only thing that restrains me from doing foolish things is what others may say. My next birth-day will be the ninetieth, but if the hardened old arteries will let the stream of life thru the cerebrum, I may be here for some time yet.

You spoke previously about Jack being a fine boy. I agree with you there. He has many fine qualities. They need development, and a good wife can do it; no one else can. We love the animal very dearly and hope to see him again, but what we wish most is that he, with your help, will develop into the kind of man the Creator intended when he was conceived. He will find some chapters in the book sent at Christmas that will help.

Weather is always an interesting topic with me. It has been my hobby for more than half a century, and it was the weather that kept me from going to Seattle last week. I expected weather, it came. Minnie has never been left alone in the sixty-five years we have been married, and the trip might have killed her. She always turns the valve the wrong way when the room is cold and opens a door when it is too warm, so I had to take care of the zero weather myself.

Both sides of this paper are used because we think the sheets equal the number of envelopes. Goodbye.

With best wishes for the whole family,
We thank you for the review. Granddad.

4\$ - 22-856.

WALTER HENDRON
617 EAST DAYTON AVENUE
DAYTON, WASHINGTON

Dear Alden, Mary Ann and the Kids,

Needless to say, we received your letter and other interesting material in due time and enjoyed all very much. Your letters do not come often, but are the most interesting we receive. Your powers of composition are excellent. It may be necessary to explain the use of this fool feminine paper. At Christmas time of 1954 we sent the Reader's Digest to Mrs. Elmer Kipp, in Florida. She retaliated by sending each of us a box of paper and envelopes. That was not so bad; we did not have to use them and put them in a drawer, but this year she repeated, so we saw the only way to get rid of them was to use them. When I was a boy, mother's youngest brother, Uncle Harry, was but fourteen years older than I, so we were considerably together and quite intimate. He moved to Florida about the time we came west. Mrs. Kipp at that time was a golden haired little girl of five. Harry and I corresponded until he died, then Aunt Bell took it up until she died, when the chore was turned over to Gertrude who kept it up until recently, when she must have died as no letter has come for some time.

It is not possible to tell you any good or pleasing news as every thing has gone wrong with us except my appetite. The Spring has been very cool and dry until this week when we had three days in the 80's. Today is 67 and windy. We have had .17" of rain since March 30. Winter began Nov. 12 with a spell of zero weather that killed all the roses to the ground, scorched the evergreens brown and killed many plants we thought weather-proof. We had 17 rose bushes on the west and front sides of the house, and thought all were killed. We cut them to the ground. One we took out seemed to have some life, so we left others thinking they might sprout, some above the graft. Eight did and last night the wind broke off the tender sprouts. In the meantime we had made a bed on the east side of the house and bought new roses which we set out with great care. About half of them have refused to sprout so far, tho we paid more for them than we could afford. All the new ones were frozen, so we have ordered more to tempt fate.

I spaded our garden ground last fall. It crusted about two inches deep. The crust was dug up without disturbing the soil underneath which was well supplied with moisture, then planted spinach, for my liver, peas, ect. The spinach responded promptly but nothing showed up. Wife said the nights were too cold, but some are coming after three days in 80's.

Next, the lawn is full of dandelions and the surface is too dry. To add to the general cussedness of events, the City has doubled the cost of water. That is very hard on our pension and reminds me of a remark read in the S.E.P. by a lady who has suffered likewise and remarked to friends that it cost five cents to flush the toilet. When week-end guests had left, she found two neat little piles of nickels on the commode.

Beside all the financial and agricultural adversities, our health has not been too good. Mine is good apparently, but I am alarmed about your grandmother. She would not eat well all winter. After waiting until spring to consult her physician, she had to wait until he returned from a trip in the Caribbean. She then had a check-up, found nothing in particular wrong except run down. Dr. Day gave medicine and said to get more, which I did. She thought she was better until it ran out. More was secured, but Dr. Day made a mistake in reminding her of a leaking

heart. Now she is scared after reading an article about leaking hearts. She is really in very poor condition, is tired all the time and has quit working with her flowers in the yard. She was worried all winter because a Christmas package was returned and her niece did not write. I wrote to the Chief of Police in San Francisco and the Insane Asylum and found she had been in the asylum but was released in the care of a "daughter" which she never had. Altogether it is one mell of a hess. It is all a little hard on yours truly, but shall try to stand it until my next birth day when I will be ninety, and will declare myself free from all female influences and do as I please.

You gave no particulars about your auto wreck. Please do. Did you have insurance. We have no car. I often think we would like to get a good used auto but no more new ones for me. We recently had a chance to buy a good Nash for \$300 as the owner wanted a station wagon, but wife said she would not ride with me if I got one so we dropped the matter as she is the one who is tied at home.

We have been expecting the boys but were disappointed. Your father was coming one day and return the next as he can not get off at present. We asked him to wait until they can get more time. Walter was to be here this week but could not get off for a month when he has to go to Seattle and promised to get a week for us. Harold is coming some time next month but forget when. We gave him our carpenter tools and he is going to build this summer. He says he has a large lot, 100 x 200 feet with a good well on the high corner. He will put in his own water system. I should try some of the same if sure to live until it is dug. Your grandmother says she just wants to live long enough to cook for the boys when they come. We now have spinach and asparagus.

We thank you for the things you sent with your latest letter especially the pictures of your girls. How we should like to see all of you. Some one tells us that we once saw Mary Ann in Seattle, but since losing my mind cannot remember it. Will it be possible for you to make a trip west this summer? You cannot imagine how much I would like to see all and talk with you.

When a boy, I used to rummage in grandfather's tin box on the bureau under the stairway. In it was the original deed to the place dated June 13, 1787. It was signed by Benjamin Franklin, and I believe written by him. I asked Cousin Gertrude to send it to me for a while. She wrote that it was in bad condition, but had a fac-simile copy made for each of us and sent me one. You may have it if you will come for it.

Our ancestors lived in the south western part of the state, first in Westmoreland County and later in Fayette County. Grandfather Whitset was born in 1801 where Pittsburg now is. His father came from Ireland in time to fight in the Revolutionary War. He was born in 1752. The old papers say his wife was captured by the Indians, but later returned to her family. That maybe why some of us have such dark complexions. Your grandmother compared me yesterday to the Mexicans who are now here to cut asparagus for the Cannery. Really tho, Grandfather had red hair. Please explain to me what the ESSO company is. I thought it was a division of the Standard Oil. Write when you can. We enjoy your letters so much.

With love to all, *Grandfather*

P.S. Enclosed in one dollar for a new ribbon.

5-23-'56.

WALTER HENDRON
617 EAST DAYTON AVENUE
DAYTON, WASHINGTON

Dear Mary Ann,

About two weeks ago we received two delightful letters from you and Alden. His letter was informative, and interesting, and the three stories told or hinted at were intriguing. We enjoyed them, especially the story about the speak-easy. Speak-easies are charming places

My mind was supposedly lost by a stroke several years ago, but a more serious loss is part of your latest letter, or did I just imagine that you wrote something about Burr-ground corn meal? That brought back a whole flood of memories. It was my good fortune when a boy and in my right mind to spend the summers at grand-father's on the Yiougheney River in Fayette County, Pennsylvania. The work performed was not oppressive and most of the time was spent either on or in the river with my chum, George Knight. About two miles away was the town of Perryopolis, and a mile farther east was the Washington Farm, at that time owned by my uncle John Rist. George had once owned the place and, I believe, built the house, a substantial brick. Not far away was the Washington mill, run by the water in Washington Run, if the weather was not too dry.

Grand-father, as stated, lived on the river bottom. To get any where we had to climb a steep hill onto the plateau where the towns were built and most of the people lived. When rations became low at grand-father's I was put on Old Kate, a long legged, bony mare never known to go out of a walk. No saddle was used, but a two-bushel sack was nearly filled with shelled corn. It generally worked very well until we reached the hill. Then began the struggle to keep that sack of shelled corn from sliding off and taking me with it. By sticking my heels between her ribs and holding to the mane for all I was worth, we generally got to the mill with the load, waited a while if they were not too busy and then rode home on the soft, warm meal. Grand-mother converted the meal into mush, which we ate with milk, or corn cakes, fried on the griddle and eaten with bacon and maple syrup or pone which was baked in the oven and eaten with more butter and syrup. That was the life for a boy with a large stomach and a larger appetite. Some time I go to that mill in my sleep and often wonder if it has been preserved in Washington's name.

It would be a great joy to see some of the old places again, like the house and mill and the place in Grand-father's hill where Gen. Braddock cut a road for his army to get from the plateau to the river bottom, where he met his death a few days later. If you ever find an old book called "Old Fort Duquesne" (Dukane) take it home with you. It is enjoyable.

We had a short visit from John Alden and Jessie the last of April. It was the first time we had seen any of the family since November. On June 12 Harold and Cora arrived from Boise to enliven things for us for a few days, when they left for Spokane to get acquainted with their new daughter-in-law, whom Harry married in Denmark last Christmas Season. Before they returned from Spokane, Walter and Gladys arrive from Salt Lake on their way to an electrical convention in Seattle. We expect them back for a short call tomorrow, on their way home. The company broke the monotony of our lives for a time - broke it all to pieces. Now that we are alone, we resume the quarrels of married folks and listen to the radio for diversion.

NON-GLARE TOPPER

You are indeed fortunate in having healthy children. That says parents have lived clean lives. I some times see, loafing against a building on Main St. an old man, whose ears and eyes I used to wash several times a day when he was in the first grade. It is worse than sad to think of the cause, and the consequence if he ever married. We believe you have a good husband if you can just guide his temper into paths of docility and utility.

Mary Ann, I am having a most worrying time. The winter killed all our roses to the ground. We supposed them gone entirely and took some up and destroyed them. We intended to use the west side of the house where the roses were for mums, as they stand the hot sun better. We prepared a place for roses on the east side of the house and set out sixteen new plants, supposedly good, and certainly costly. Some of them have sprouted and are doing well. Others are slower than the coming of wealth, and we keep wondering if they will ever start. Every time I go out of the house I walk around them looking carefully to see if any have started since the last time out. By using that method of close inspection we have made all but two show buds, and hope for the others.

In taking up the old roses, we found them alive below the graft, and let them stay hoping they would send buds from above the graft. Some are in blossom now so we shall soon know.

We often wonder if you have any weather in New Jersey. It has been my principal hobby for many years. April this year was one of the warmest and driest in weather history. The average temperature was 55.2 no killing frost after the sixth. The rainfall was .22" the least on record but the first ten days in May gave more than two inches of rain thus insuring good crops. Today was cloudy with some thunder and rain this evening. The rain was ordered especially for the plants wife set out this afternoon.

Mary Ann, this is just my poor way of telling you how we appreciate and enjoy your letters. It seems impossible for me to write a good letter now. The mind does not work either mentally or mechanically. Perhaps you have notice my tendency to strike the key to the right of the one desired as a victim. Like John's typewriter the spacer skips a key very frequently. Perhaps it is a typewriter epidemic.

It is good to learn that you are all well. I suppose we are but life is not like it is with young folks. We get tired so quickly and easily. Wife was tired when the children left. Then we had some washing to do and ironing followed suit. I mowed the yard while wife ironed and both were going to rest this afternoon. I came in and found her cleaning the floor. She said she got tired resting. Isn't that like a woman?

How we should like to see you and the family. Do you ever consider coming west? From what our physician says, it is not wise for me to make long trips. Wife compels me to obey him, but when that next birth-day comes look out. Things will happen then, and I don't intend to quit until after that time.

With love to all,

Granddad

6-9-'56.

WALTER HENDRON
617 EAST DAYTON AVENUE
DAYTON, WASHINGTON

Dear Alden and Family,

Your most recent letter is dated April 27. That probably is correct, but if so I do not know where the time went. Have been busy, but have nothing to show for my efforts. It is more than I can do to keep the weather regulated. It is not my official duty any more but I like to keep the record going for my own satisfaction. We have had a very good spring, so far, so I feel well repaid for my trouble. To recapitulate in detail a little, the winter was cold with the exception of January. We have had no killing frost since the 6th of April. May averaged 61.27 and brought more than two inches of rain during the first two weeks. About the middle of the month several days were in the 90's and at the last it repeated. So, you can see how things have grown. The country never was more beautiful, with every thing green and growing. We saw them moving a pea harvesting outfit into a field just east of our place, telling us that harvest is at hand, though they are still working on asparagus. Now, you can see that my unsolicited efforts with the weather were not in vain.

Another reason for my negligence in writing is that I have not felt well for a month or more. My health is good as far as we can tell but I am so awfully tired all the time. I was always proud of the way my legs would get me over the ground. Now, a walk over to the store and back makes them ache, maybe sore for a day or two. I go to bed tired and get up the same way. It may be that old age is sneaking up on me.

Another source of aggravation is the lawn mower. It is a good one with a Briggs and Stratton motor but sometimes it is hard to start. A week ago today we had an awful time with it. I did not feel it at the time but was lame in the back and loins until yesterday. I started the engine every day during the week so it would not balk. Yesterday it took but one pull for the entire yard. Wife made me get the power mower and I think it must be female, it is so contrary to me wishes at times.

With the exception noted, we are both well and enjoying life and each other. The latter is a little unusual after sixth-five years of married life. When the community celebrated Dayton Days we pulled in the prize as the oldest married couple. The prize was a pot containing a blooming geranium with three Martha Washington geraniums surrounded by bunches of lobelia, all in bloom. I might have got the prize for being the oldest man there but was too modest to tell my age. That is a secret until the next birthday. Then people will know it by just looking at me.

As stated before, we had a hard winter. All the roses were killed to the ground. We started taking them up and found life in the roots of some, then left the roots of the others in the ground. They sprouted and are now blooming. We bought about two dozen new ones and find that some of them promise to be a long time coming out if they ever do. All but one have now budded. I look at it every time I go out to see if it has started since I was out before. It has not.

Really, we have had some beautiful flowers this spring/ First, the tulips, then the daffodils then the peonies. We have a dozen plants from the earliest to Longfellow which is in its prime now and the darkest most lustrous you never saw. We sometimes go out to enjoy the flowers before the breakfast dishes are washed.

This morning we found nine opened clusters of apricot colored flow-
on the Fashion rose bush and two Helen traubels at opposite sides of
the house came out during the night. I have become partial to roses be-
cause they are our only flowers that bloom more or less during the en-
tire summer, growing and blooming until frost if properly cared for.

We have been having some company recently. Your father and Jessie
were over for a day in April. He seemed well but Jessie was the thinnest
woman whose bones I ever felt. She was a little better the last we heard
We think they intend to come again next month when they have vacation.
Harold and Cora came on the 12th of May, remained a few days and then
went to Spokane to see the boys and their new daughter-in-law. Walter
and Gladys came on the 16th on their way to an electric convention in
Seattle. They were here several days and when Harold and Cora returned
from Spokane, so the kids had a good visit together. It was the first
time we had seen any of our folks since Thanksgiving. We get lonesome
for our own. Our neighbors are the best and kindest people in the world
but all have close relatives here so they pay little social attention
to others, beside, they all work and we do not.

^e
We congratulat you upon being advanced, at least to the responsibility
of the explosive department. It is good to see you go ahead without any
special schooling for the job. There is nothing like practical knowledge
but the book learning has its advanyage, too, the companionship of others
who were learning the same in school, members of the same class, you know.

Your experience with Mr. Veghte must have been aggravating in the ex-
treme, but it gave you the chance to learn one of the important lessons
of life. My nights are often sleepless during the morning hours, say
from three o'clock on, and I spend considerable time going over past events
and thinking how differently I might have done things. It might have
meant a happier life for others who were equally foolish as well as my-
self. It would save many regrets if we could compel ourselves to think
first then act. It is no difference to the other fellow if we are
right or wrong, but it is lasting difference to us to be right.

You never told us about wrecking your auto. Were you hurt? Was the
auto a total loss and were you responsible? In thinking of the loss of
our car we consider it a lucky accident, especially in that my neck is
now nearly normal and the pain from the pinched nerve is stopped. That
alone is worth more than an auto. Not having a car makes it bad for
wife as it keeps her at home too closely. I often jokingly threaten to
get another car but wife says she will not ride with me, so it is well
enough as it is.

We thank you for the good, long letter. It makes all the ramifica-
tions of the Standard Oil company as clear as a smoked srystal. Tho the
letters are great, we should like so much to see you and your family.
Wife says that I once met Mary Ann in Seattle but I cannot remember
more than a few minutes, and feel acquainted only thru our letters.

When are you coming west? We realize that it would be quite an under-
taking to bring your family especially in hot weather. You must be the
judge. When you do come, you can count on us for \$100 toward expenses.
Gas money we have saved. Goodbye.

With sincere love to all,

Grand-dad.

8-31-1956.

WALTER HENDRON
617 EAST DAYTON AVENUE
DAYTON, WASHINGTON

Dear John and Mary Ann,

Your were most fortunate in leaving Dayton when you did as you missed the cold and rainy weather which we had for a day or two. We have had no hot weather since you left. On the 24th we had .04" of rain. The next day gave us .05", the next .81" and the next .14". So you see things are quite well irrigated, and the lawn is quite green again. Roses are putting out a good crop of buds for the fall bloom.

The days have been more pleasant, one of them too pleasant as the mercury rose only to 60. Eighty-four has been the highest and the nights are all in the low fifties. It seems like fall but, of course, we shall have plenty of warm weather yet with clear days and cool nights.

Jarvis Strong left Saturday, and we feel rather lonesome as but few have been here in the meantime. I have turned my attention to things outside trying to get the old bulbs up and preparing to plant new ones. We discovered that the gopher had taken all of the Emperor tulips except one. That will mean to buy a new supply but there is a feeling of satisfaction in knowing we caught the gopher, would have tortured him if we had then known he had eaten the bulbs.

Wife had a toilet set consisting of glass, brush, comb, ect. that were given to her several years ago. After you had gone she missed the comb. I suppose it is about the house, but she thinks Mrs. Hawkins took it, though I do not think it likely. We thought you might have accidentally got it mixed with your things. If you have please send it to wife. I think it will be accidentally found about the house, but that does not change the situation for the present.

Another thing, we expect to continue the subscription to the Reader's Digest and suppose arrangements must be made for sending it a-broad. Please inform me as to what to do before you leave for England

I have been advising our friends not to have any great-grand-children as we found them such a nuisance about the house. Since you have been here with the kids, I have changed my mind, slightly, and tell them how your children are trained not to meddle. That training makes it a pleasure to have children about the place. We wish we could have a well trained child about the house all the time, but your grand-mother says "no", so we shall do with out and hope for your return.

In looking for the comb, wife found a coat-hanger used in your auto and some of the beads which were behind the cushion of a chair. We are trying to return them by mail.

Let us hear from you as soon as practicable when you arrive in England. We hope you have a pleasant voyage, and that the whole so-journ is filled with pleasant events that you will be pleased to add to memory's collection.

In a hurry, with love and best wishes,



617 E. Dayton Avenue,
Dayton Washington.
Oct. 23, 1956.

Dear Alden, Mary Ann and Kids,

Some time ago your father forwarded the letter you sent to him. We were delighted to receive it, and to know that you had arrived safe after a pleasant voyage. Crossing would not have been so delightful had I then known what job you were getting me into. I believe you made some remark to your grand-mother about a candy she used to make, using black walnut kernels for a flavoring. She is foolish about you and wants to try a repeat. We have no walnuts, nor do the near neighbors. So I made inquiry of a man who used to go to school to me. I should have known better, will the next time. They still want to get even with me. While we were eating lunch recently an auto drove up to the back door and Hugh Jackson delivered about two apple box fulls of walnuts just picked from their yard. Now they will be to hull, but when I begin is very doubtful. I think too much of my lily white fingers. We may get some to you by 1958.

The most important thing here at this time of year is rain. For two weeks it has been trying to rain but has not done much yet. Recently we had .17", then .16" and .45". Now, for two days the barometer has been falling as if for a hurricane. It is now 29.47", sea level reading. That should bring hard wind but all we are getting is a weak drizzle, and a slight intimation of wind. It is curious how nature changes the paths of the winds. Years ago the rainbearing winds came across this part of the state and the Big Bend was dry with wheat yielding from 10 to 20 bushels per acre. Then the path of the winds swung north about a hundred miles amdking the Big Bend the leading wheat region of the state. Now the winds that usually bring the fall rains have swung north so that British Columbia is getting heavy rains and wind while we get only drizzles. Perhaps the explosion of nitrogen bombs has thrown the earth's axis out of plumb.

We have had a most glorious autumn here, no hot weather since August 23rd just about 75 on the average, with bright skiea. No frost came until yesterday morning. We wanted to save some roses a little longer so covered some of the plants, and slept cold ourselves. Since the weather became cool the roses have done better than ever before. It makes one want a lot of them but it may be better to try onlt what we can really care for. While speaking of flowers I must mention the man's flower, the chrysanthemum. They are in full bloom now and most probably will take the place of the roses when the freeze comes. They are easily protected and last a long time.

Much of the joy of life is gone since the base-ball season is over. Did you listen to the World's Serious. I did not miss a game, in fact, have not for twenty years or more except once when on the road without a radio in the car. To me the Series was most interesting. It looked at first as if Brooklyn would sweep the bases. Then the game that Larsen pitched was a thriller. Since the Brooks have gone to Japan and have been beaten twice to the Japs we don't think so much of them. They got what they earned. It would probably add to the interest in the game if the same team were not allowed to play the secong Series after winning one. Otherwise it becomes a New York specialty.

We have just had an interruption. I had asked the Cannery to lend me a weather shelter and two men just brought it. We have no place here for a thermometer except on the house which always protects from the wind and, we fear, prevents accurate readings. We have just set it up in the rain. The next thing will be to work the Weather Department in Seattle for thermometers and then I can observe to my heart's content without having to make reports.

Your letter mailed some time in September to your father and Jessie just arrived. It must be great to see the new old things and to think you are seeing the origin of much of our civilization. There is much in it to enjoy and probably some to avoid. We will not be likely to recognize you or the family as one time Americans when you get back. America will be to you what England now is; it will need making over.

Nearly forgot to tell you that we are well and enjoying life. Your grandmother was ill for about six weeks. An epidemic was going. Of course she had to contract it, and being old and weak it was rather serious with her. Dr. Day came and administered penicil-

lin and gave local medicine for nose and throat. After a visit to the office and another supply of medicine she began to recover. She is now quite well we think gaining some weight and eating well. My health was never better, tho I tire easily. I doubt if medicine is necessary for me but am still given some thing to relax the hardened arteries. We are getting awfully lazy and lie in bed after seven o'clock some mornings.

Just one month from today will be my ninetieth birthday, if the Lord lives to spare ~~ways from wife's domination~~ say. I can hardly wait for it as it will mean my breaking away from Wife's domination and breathing the free air of life once more. I intend to take up smoking again, perhaps drink a little and act the fool generally. After 66 years of married bliss, one should have a little real enjoyments.

as said before, that week in November in which come Thanksgiving, our wedding anniversary and my birthday is the most strenuous week of the year. I always thing that if that week is survived I am good for the rest of the year. It has worked, so far, and here is hoping for the future. The fact is that wife and I have far outlived all our people except mother. Carroll likely would have lived a long time were it not for the accident, but I should prefer death to long life with some women of our acquaintance.

For some time now the leaves have been turning and dropping, not because they have been killed by frost but have just ripened, outlived their usefulness as it were. The tall locust trees to ~~the~~ ~~wife~~ of us litter the yard with locust leaves. They have been carefully raked off twice but the present rain and some rain have made a carpet of leaves again. The worst feature is that they stick to the shoes and transfer to the carpet. When it quits raining I shall sweep about the doors at least.

We gather from what you wrote in the letter received this morning that you have on hand a man size job. Most like ly other tanks have been built, tho perhaps not so large. What man has done man can do and you are the man in this case. You can do what any one else can do. It will require all your strength perhaps. The success of your work will depend upon the moral qualities rather than on the physical knowledge. The latter can always be acquired by any intelligent industrious man but the former must be born in him and developed by his parents and surroundings and further by his own effort and prayers. I believe in prayer made in secret and sometimes in anguish of soul. If you are not led aside by some temptation, your common sense will pull you thru. It is just a matter of using to the full what God and your parents have given you. Loyalty to your company, fair dealing with your fellow men, with a clean mind and a clear conscience will pull you thru with flying colors.

We were sorry to learn of another arrival in February. That is one thing wrong with the world at present. Since war is not so frequent and disease has been conquered to a great extent, the food supply will be the next question. Unless other sources of food are found birth control is the only apparent solution. Your grand-mother and I are quite successful with it at present. It is best to have the matter under control. Information given upon request.

Some people have been predicting an early and hard winter as the yellowjackets were plentiful and the corn husks thick, We may be due for such but one thing is certain, that it is snowing now. Evidently a cool current overhead is mixing snow with the rain. Mix locust leaves with that and it is nasty underfoot. We can stay in as close as we please. With plenty of books and records we can enjoy life in doors. We think of going to Salt Lake to see the folks there and Harold's new house in Boise. We may not go as wife is afraid of catching things and none of the homes is more comfortable than ours for two.

If you and Mary Ann think of filling that forty acre lot, it is just as well to turn your energies in some other direction. But we hope you will soon, in this country, own a home of your own. Then is where life really begins in making, keeping and filling a home.

Goodbye, and may good fortune, which means the care of God, attend you all.

Grandfather

617 E. Dayton Avenue,
Dayton, Washington.
Nov. 11, 1956.

Dear Alden, Mary Ann and Kids,

We have enjoyed immensely the letters received thru the Seattle forwarding station. The advantage is with us however, as we get to keep the letters, so can read and re-read and even let some of the neighbors read them. Keep them coming if you can. They break up the monotony of a couple of old lives more than any one thing unless it is some thing like yesterday. Before we start, let me remark what a world of contrasts this is, even to the weather, which I now permit to do as it pleases. It is rewarding us for the privilege today, one of the finest that could happen at this time of the year.

One year ago today it was cloudy; an inch of snow had fallen the day before and was followed by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches on the 12th. A year ago today the mercury was 10, Min. rose to 32, fell to -6 and remained cold for a week. This year the Min. was 42 and it is too early to tell what the Max will be, but the sun is shining, the roses are blooming, while the mums are coming on in full vigor. The grass is green and really needs mowing but is a little too wet as we had a shower last night after a solid week of fog. It was low but one day, yet the effect was very depressing. Our spirits generally rebound like a golf ball when the fog recedes and is followed by sun shine. Even the plowed fields, the stubble and especially the sprouting wheat look good this morning. The barometer gives warning of a less pleasant change, but does not depress the spirits like fog does.

Yesterday was a day of surprises. We went to church. I sat the sermon thru without going to sleep which was surprise #1. When we got home we found Robert and his two children waiting for us. He said Harry and Inga were coming. They had got it into their heads that it was my birth-day. Harry arrived in due time with his wife and Jeanne. They brought food, which was fortunate as our supply was a little low. Then, combining forces, and with what we had in the house a good meal was soon prepared and we had the table filled once more, both with food and guests. They thought they were coming to celebrate my ninetieth birth-day, but were mistaken in the time. All the same we had a most enjoyable time.

Your grand-mother and I have been contemplating a trip next week. Harold has just completed a new house at Boise and sked us to visit them for Thanksgiving. Walter, also, has asked us to join them at Salt Lake, where Eugene and family already live and he expects to have Harold join them. We have written to both boys sending each the other's letter. Now we are waiting for the decision, determined to go on a big, final bust when we get the word.

Your grand mother has apparently fully recovered from her illness of the early fall. She does not eat as much as she should but I will not object to that as long as prices remain high. I have not been doing quite so well, have had a couple of spells recently, one recently while raking leaves from the front yard, fell flat on my back in the middle of theyard.

I have probably told you the same thing before but feel a little apprehensive concerning next week. In it come Thanksgiving, enough in itself for any self-respecting stomach, then my ninetieth birthday and our sixty-sixth wedding anniversary, all together a terrible strain for one small system. We have always thought that if that week is survived I am good for the remainder of the year. It has worked so far, here's hoping.

Really, we both realize that the end cannot be far off, so we try to make the most of what time is left. I do not know whether we love any more or not, but we surely become more dependent upon each other. Each is the last of her or his family, not a relative except direct descendents. We often think of doing all our traveling by plane, so that if one goes, the other will go to, at the same time.

Wife worried the life out of me about walnuts to go in some candy she was going to make for you. We had none, but some remark of mine made over town caused a former pupil and his wife to drive up one day with enough unhulled wanuts in cartoons to make half

a bushel of hulled walnuts. I wondered if he remembered some school event and was trying to get even with me. They did not go so badly by spreading them on a concrete floor and tramping them out. When hulled the little things were not dry enough so we managed to find some prepared, and canned at the store. Your grandmother made some candy and sent me to the P.O. with it. Then came the matter of filling out forms, ect. until we concluded that you would have to come here for the next. The package was mailed last week. We hope you get it.

Another thing I want to know about is the Reader's Digest. I do not think your name is on the list of those to whom we send it. I shall ask the publisher to send a copy to you at the address given in your letter earlier this month. It will help you pass the time at home.

Your description of the house you live in, and its surroundings was interesting. It may be one thing tho. for a man who only spends his nights in the house and another for the woman who lives there night and day. I should like the old place, I am sure. What dreams it would arouse to think over the events of the past centuries, and the different people who made them. Here we build a house, move in and think it is great, but it has no history nothing more than a blank page to be filled with the events of coming years. While you get one with its history already made. We know you both will enjoy raising some flowers next summer, for it is probably a custom there, and with real soil it will be pleasure. Speaking of flowers, a friend has just come in with more fine Rayonante mums in four colors than we have house room for. Wife will not have to go to some of the neighbors with the overflow. With the warmth, flowers and sunshine we cannot realize that winter is just around the corner.

I can remember seeing some of the set back houses with private drives in the East, but we have no time for such foolishness in the west. It has always been hurry, hurry but now we are perfectly willing to tarry a while.

Please inform me a little further about the size of the tank you are building. I forget and do not want to have any thing too small. It looks now as if you would have to get oil from the West rather than the East from what the radio tells today. It is a pity that Russia cannot be put in her place. It will come some time, we may not see it but the harm done by Russia in the meantime is some thing fearful to contemplate. Will the destruction along the Suez Canal and the anto-English diversion of oil from the East make any difference in your plans.

I have been trying to think what it is we have or had from the baton of Sir Thomas Beecham, but cannot remember. Any way when you meet the old gentleman, tell him we enjoyed his production but think the Philadelphia orchestra had more kick to it with Stokowski conducting.

I am not sure about your address. Is it Pennington Hants, or are they separate names? Too much for me, only we hope you receive the little package sent, and we shall tell the Digest people to mail you a copy for Christmas.

Your system of getting letters to us is very satisfactory as Jessie is dependable. We hope our letters get thru as well.

You need not be uneasy about your responsibility with your work if you are not led aside by distractions. If any one wants to get you out of the way, he will most likely start in a very pleasing manner. Just use your own good judgment and your wife's advice.

Somehow I feel a little like asking a benediction but will forbear and just say we both wish with all our hearts that the Father guides you in your work.

With love from both to all.



617 E. Dayton Avenue,
Dayton, Washington.
Nov. 22, 1956

Dear Alden and Mary Ann,

Your letter of recent date was received, enjoyed and sent on to your parents. We did not feel sure from the marginal note whether you had sent them a copy or not. We just thank you for writing and Alden, Sr. for forwarding.

What I do want to tell you about is the best Thanksgiving dinner your grandfather ever ate. I am like the minister preaching about Hell. He was full of his subject.

We were alone, tho we had expected to be in Boise for the occasion. For the main piece de resistance, we bought a large, fat spring chicken. It was roasted, natural flavor except what it absorbed from the dressing. It was so tender that we had trouble dissecting it, and better flavored than any turkey I remember eating. For vegetables we had sweet potato and beans flavored with smoked ham. The dressing had just enough sage in it to remind one of camp fires and young squaws, bringing on a mild gastronomic nostalgia. Then we had apples quartered, rooled in sugar and served with whipped cream, cake and fruit cake; all washed down with black coffee. We were alone, but it seemed the best meal i ever ate. There was no misfit every thing just fit its palce.

Tomorrow is my ninetieth birthday, which should be duly celebrated, but wife says we must finish what we started today. I was just looking for some thing in the basement and found the old briar that Carroll had given me. It was nearly full, had not been lighted. I think I shall smoke a pipeful ti him. I do not like the idea of smoking as every thing tastes and smells so much better than when my nerves were blunted by tobacco. I have smoke but one pipe full in three years and do not care to renew the habit. Perhaps you can imagine how I can commune with Carroll with the pipe.

For some time we had been planning a trip to Harold's for Thenksgiving and on to Salt Lake for our sixty-sixth wedding anniversary. We were all ready to go, had engaged Mrs. Webb to look after the house, furnace, ect. The weather had been a little cold, usual thing for the time of year. Then two days before starting a snow storm came with a very high barometer, about three inches in the front yard, but but the snow melted on the road. The mercury fell to ten the first night but now is about twenty-five each morning. We thought of the disadvantages of a long bus ride in cold weather and decided to stay at home. Wife is just getting over the illness she contracted seven weeks ago and I was afraid that she might contract another cold which might kill her. She was equally alarmed about me so we concluded to remain alone at home. Harold phoned saying he would come for us Saturday night and take us home with him on Sunday. We concluded that was too much for him, and postponed the trip until the robons nest again.

We were sorry to learn of the lost baby. That has happened at our house, but not recently. It is not nearly so bad as after a child becomes a member of the family. Wife called my attention to a strange coincidence in our family. We raised three boys and a girl. Our son, Harold, and Cora did the same thing, while their daughter, Jeanne is the mother of three boys and a girl. It is strange and interesting what determines the sex of a child. We know about male and female germs but do not know what gives once precedence over the other. A friend whose wife was expecting several years ago asked Dr. Barnett to attend his wife. Dr. Barnett said, 'John it will be a boy.' John replied that was impossibe as he was the father of five girls by two different wives. They wagered John to pay double if the child should be a boy and nothing it a girl. John paid double. Dr. Barnett then told me that when there is a long space between births, say five years or more, the next child is almost sure to be a boy. If you are interested, notice for yourself when there is a long lapse of time between two children.

When the snow came it was in spite of a very high barometer. It was then cloudy for a day part cloudy for two days, then perfectly clear for the next two and the promise of clear tomorrow. Barometer was 30.73, now is 30.63 with signs of fog around

We were afraid that this winter was trying to follow the pattern of last, but it was too extreme. Winters like last belong to the twenty year cycle. If not too much trouble, keep a record of your temperature and the rainfall that we may compare with some north-west city, say Seattle.

We did not keep the dimensions of the tank you are inspecting. You told us in a letter sent to your father. Please repeat the dimensions and the size of the blocks. Against you finish with that job you will have some gray hairs in your head. The most difficult part will be controlling your own temper so as not to lose the respect of, and the influence over the men with whom you work. The difference between American and English customs and habits will be the big trouble. If you overcome that difference without friction we will consider you a master workman.

I forgot to tell you of a little ride we had the last good day of the autumn. We told Wesley Bowman that if he would take us to Lewiston to see the mums in the fields we would pay for the gas and lunch. He said "Alright". It was the last good day of the season, that is warm enough for your grand-mother to enjoy out of doors. At Fairley's they grow mums by the acre. Perhaps half had been taken up but there were about two acres they were working on. They cut off the tops, then take up the roots of the plant carefully, set them out in the green-house to grow new sprouts for next year's trade, selling the young plants at 35 ¢ each. The ground was strewn with the plants cut off with the flowers on them. We could have filled a hay-rack with flowers, but not having the hay-rack we contented ourselves with an auto full. Our idea was to see what good ones would mature before killing frost in the fall. We still have good blooms in the fire place. All outside are killed.

Please let us know if you received the package of candy sent some time ago. It was so much trouble you will have to come here for the next. We had no walnuts but mentioned the matter to a former pupil. Then, one day he and his wife drove to the back door with enough green walnuts to make half a bushel of hulled ones small and hard. They are drying in the basement while we found some, hulled and canned in the store. Then came an argument with the boys at the post office. I beat them in the argument and they beat me in the pocket-book.

Will the closing of the Suez Canal have any effect on your work with the tank? It is not expected to effect the sale of oil or gasoline here, but evidently will cut the supply in Europe, beside raising the price all over the world. Those English do play the devil once in a while. Of course Russia is to blame for most of the trouble and all the other countries played to her hand. Our President has shown good sense so far. Both parties appear to be pleased with his action.

The next thing here is the maritime strike. He will probably ask for the use of the Taft-Hartley law. We hope he squelches the strike. It is too bad for a Communist like Harry Bridges to rule the maritime affairs of the Pacific coast.

We should like to see your English home. I sometimes think of a dirty kid climbing up the hill at Seattle, smelling of dead fish and needing a bath. Now to think of that same kid with a family and a responsible position with Standard Oil and having man-servant and maid-servant doing things for him! Well, I suppose it is life.

Do the common people have enough money to buy American conveniences? If so I am coming over to sell washers, ect. Goodbye.

With love to all and the wish that you may be as happy as wife and I are tonight,



WALTER HENDRON
617 DAYTON AVENUE
DAYTON, WASHINGTON

I have been dreaming about a trip I want to take, may have to wait until your grandmother is gone. I have read that granite is the oldest rock we have, that it is a foundation rock. The Colorado river has worn down thru soft rocks until it now flows over granite makin the cutting much slower. When on a prospecting trip in the mountains of Montana and Idaho we were on the divide between the Clearwater and the StJoe river. We calculated the top of the ridge forming the divide to be about 8,000 feet in altitude. One evening when on the ridge looking around, I noticed a rocky summit a little to the east of me. On investigating, I found the summit to be composed of granite slabs, and if I remember correctly they looked fresh with the edges and corners not rounded, looking as if freshly quarried.

We remember a large chunk of granite above the Yellowstone river to the left of the road to Tower Falls but it was evidently left there by a clacier and has no companions. When in the Idaho mountains the thing did not interest me much. Now it does. I wish you could go w ith me on a trip of inspection and investigation.

The next time you write, please use white paper. This is a fair day but it is nearly impossible for me to read what you wrote. I sometimes fear that my eyes will get like Mother's. By bein careful and taping one down I can read fairly well but it is on white paper. It makes no difference how many copies you make, so mine contrasts with the ink/

We have not been going out any as we have no way of going and are afraid of running into flu. While it does no amount to much with younger people it might be serious with a small, delicate woman of eighty-three. Wesley Bowman a friend for years comes over for a phonograph seance about once a week. He is a widower, whose wife was a friend and even invites himself to dinner at times. He say he will not do it again but we like to have him do it as we then know he wants to come. He has been away in California for threeweeks, waiting for a relative to die of cancer. She is alive yet and he had to come home. We find that we like the old four-minute records better than the new long playing records. They are not quite so monotonous and give a better chance for conversation between times.

The prescher also comes some times for Caruso records. Since a friend in Seattle sent us an album containin forty-six Caruso songs, it is easy to fulfill his request.

We are looking for your father over soon. The road over Snoqualmie Pass is to be widened this coming summer and that will make it inconvenient for travelers, but much better when completed. Goodbye. Keep up the spirits. It does not help to be glum.

With love to the whole family,

Granddad.

Dear Mary Ann :-

Just a note as Walter is writing. I thank you so much for the lovely Mother's Day card and message, it was sweet of you to remember me and I enjoyed both. I baked a lemon pie this morning and the weather is so hot it takes all the life out of me. I have dinner to get and some house work to do so will close.

With much love,

Grandmother.

1-6 -'57.
WALTER HENDRON
617 DAYTON AVENUE
DAYTON, WASHINGTON

Dear Joyn, Mary Ann and Children,

Your letter of the 24th was quite a lift to us. We get down in the dumps at times when we would like to be with other members of the family. Perhaps I told you that Harold wanted to come for us take us to Boise for Thanksgiving and then ship us to Salt Lake by air to visit Walter and family. Wife was not well at the time the weather was foggy so we declined the offer. The way things turned out, it was one time we were wise. Your grandmother kept improving in health until it is quite possible to live with her. Her complexion is good the wrinkles show less and two embryonic dimples are showing.

Yet we felt lonely as Christmas approached. Then Mrs. Woolson asked us to eat with her. A younger couple was there too but they were friends so we had a pleasant time with them. In the meantime the fire place had been quite well filled with presents sent by children and grand-children. You certainly did let your self out in buying jacket for wife and the muffler for me. They are the most delicate and yet practical things of the kind we have seen. Walter and Howard specialize on cheese which is made in Wisconsin. There are some good sized pieces and many triangular samples. They are delicious and last a long time the way your genadmother doles them out. It is the same way with candy and fruit cake. A neighbor gave us one which we finisjed 1st night. We have another small one sent by Robert. Lucile is the main source of candy and sends a two-pound box of the finest. I fear my weight is increasing and know wife's is. For my birth day, your father sent me a Schick electric shaver. It is something great. It does not really get down to earth with a close shave, but it gives the face a good hair-cut and has other advantages of much greater importance. I remember that when a boy my bare feet would crack until the blood oozed out of the cracks on top, yet I had to wash the m every night in hard water. That produced an adversion to washing, even my face. The directions with the Schick say "Shave dry". That suits me. I have not washed my face since the Schick came to this house. The only drawbacks are that my face has considerable unnecessary skin on it and I often forget to remove the guard.

We too have had a touch of the Scandinavian in food brought to us by our Danish friends and some Germans. Also on Christmas eve a neighbor Mr. Kurth, brought us frozen asparagus and strawberries. Even the weather was good to us and gave us the second clear day of the month tho the fog rolled in later in the day.

Forgetting Christmas for a moment, I had a hard time getting over the 90th birthday. As a rule, if I survive that week in November, I am good for the remeinder of the year. It worked once more tho it was a close squeak. I don't know what is the matter, but just feel tire and lazy all the time. I trued smoking but it was not worth the trouble and throat irritation it produced. We have a bottle of 100 proof in the house but the cork has not been removed tho often suggested by wife. Perhaps the system needs work which is done only under compulsion. Conditions will improve when the ground is ready to spade and the lawn calls for trimming. We have had no cold weather yet, yet working in the ground has not been possible. we had some snow in November. It las ed but a day or two. $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches fell one night last week and whitens the country generally tho the roads are clear. Our specialty this year has been and is fog.

For ten days in November we did not see the sun for continuous fog. In places it made the roads dangerous, It froze on the wires until they broke from the weight or on the rebound when the frost dropped off. This month has been doing well in that respect tho we have a glimpse of the sun today. The fog means atmospheric stagnation, the barometer is high, no wind, just a most depressing and bone searching chill. Today is cloudy and the barometer falling, so we should have a change soon. January is the month for winter if we are to have it. So far, the symptoms are not too good for the coming season, not enough moisture and very little snow in the mountains. We hope it will not affect my pension.

Talk about your fruit from different places. We have the expensive stuff right here at home. In the Safeway store Delicious apples are 19¢ per lb. Rome Beauties 17, and if that is not enough, turnips, parsnips and carrots are three lbs. for 25¢. Of course we can get common stuff like oranges, good ones, too and figs and dates, all sorts of tropical stuff, but it is cheaper than the Touchet apple. We eat prunes, but they are sweet not like the Italian variety which move the bowels.

We are glad the candy arrived in time. We have the walnuts in the basement for next year. They are smaller than we had on the place, but are hard to get when one wants them.

I was surprised in what you said about the Reader's Digest. I have no idea that there was any restriction on what is published. Of course it will not do for the common people, the workers, to have the same information, the same ideas that the ruling class has. One thing we are very likely to forget is that most European nations are homogeneous mass, while here we are all mixed up. We can trace our own genealogy back two hundred years and find un-mixed English, Scotch, Irish and Swiss. Take that with the fact that we are from the mixture, naturally rebels and show-me people, and you see some reason for the difference, and the difficulty in thinking in the same lines about the same things. If you have not read Mark Twain's Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court, read it carefully. It is one of the best educational books ever written, whether intentionally or not I do not know but it goes to the bottom of things, especially English things. If you get the book, let me know that I may point out its beauties. Most people think it is just a funny story.

Man is his own worst enemy. If we can control ourselves we can control others. Most men want some one else to think for them but we must do it along their line. You have a pretty bad man to control in yourself. You get it honestly it has been my worst fault, still is; and the worst is that I resent it when wife tries to help me. Now, at ninety, I am beginning to realize what she is worth to me and our lives are happier than ever before and I get on with other people as well. People say Old age softens one. It is just common sense coming into its own. I have had things to occur that would send me to my knees asking help, not realizing that the Lord could only help me thru myself. Don't be ashamed to ask God for help and talk matters over with Mary Ann. She is close enough to see your side and far enough away to realize how the other party feels. Only do it first. We wish you well with all our hearts and will pray that you may see the right and do it in the wisest way.

More might be written. Digest this first. It is difficult for me to write as I get tired, my eyes cause me to hit the wrong keys and some times the wrong bars. We hope you can make it out. Goodbye.

With best wishes and prayers for you and yours
Ernest

2-22-157.

WALTER HENDRON
617 DAYTON AVENUE
DAYTON, WASHINGTON

Dear Alden & Family,

We were more than pleased to receive your letter of the 3rd. I should have written sooner but have never caught up with letters written sooner and have been feeling too lazy to keep up with the march of time. I wish we could get it to back up a little, or at least to stop a minute. We feel that it is running out on us and have many more things to do if only to live.

The calendar tells us this is the 22nd, a day on which we are supposed to celebrate the birth of George. We may well do that for it is to his independent spirit, courage and determination that we owe the fact that we are an independent nation today? He won a war without ever winning a battle.

As you know, George was a surveyor for Lord Fairfax, a big land owner in Penn. Md. and Va. George knew the land well and when it was confiscated by our government, he purchased a large chunk of the best. Some of it was in Fayette County, Pa. Mother's eldest sister married John Rist in 1876. They then settled on what was known as the Washington Farm, about a mile from Perryopolis. I had the pleasure of soending a summer with them/ George made a good choice when he bought that farm, with goof brick and coal mine on it. Running thru the farm was Washington Run, on which was located a grist mill run by power fro the stream. Grand-father lived on the river, and many a time have I had to take corn to the Washington mill to be ground into meal for mush or corn bread. It was the struggle of my life to hold the sack on the old mare while going up the hill. I anchored my heels between the old mare's ribs and held onto the mane for my life.

Alden, there is not a thing to write about here. I cannot even imagine things to write about, so will talk about the weather, past and present. Our winter began factually January 16th with successive minima of 0, -2, -1, -7, saw it was not doing much and stopped to expectorate upon its habds and then came back with -5, -8, -19, -18, -17, -14 and 5. King Boreas was working in collusion with Standard Oil in spite of canal closure. It was difficult to keep warm in old houses without danger of fire. We got thru on an average of four gallons of oil per day for the month. Thyge Schmidt burned ten gallons per day during the cold. Many houses were without water several days on account of frozen pipes. The City had scraped the snow on the streets to the muddle making a track on each side of the four foot ridge in the middle. That left bare road on each side, which allowed water pipes tp freeze before getting to private property. It was a bonanza for people who had thawing machines.

All the time it was freezinf it was snowing, not a real snow just a vapory imitation every night. It was so fine and dry that we could see it only by looking toward the fir trees across the street. Sweeping the walks was as regular every morning as milking the cow. It kept on until we had 12 in on the ground, 24 days of it, then moderated. The ground being well covered with snow thawed under it, so every drop apparently went into the ground. The snow kept the wheat from freezing and gave it much needed water.

We then had a few days of warm, cloudy weather, followed by two clear days, which made us think spring had come. It would have, except for the groundhog which saw his shadow on the 2nd. As a result it became cloudy

and cooler. As a result we had an inch of snow on the 19 and the mercury fell to 4 last night. Weather men said a storm was half way between Hawawii and the coast and would bring snow. It brought just a little but warmer. It is just another imitation. All the time we had cold or snow we had fog. Sometimes low sometimes high but hiding the sun and preventing extreme cold. We have had 26 foggy days since Dec. 1. Our snow drops by the front porch have lived and bloomed thru it all.

We are both well I think yet seem to be failing stradily. Wife has not had even a cold since early fall yet she is too weak to do much work and is always tired. She will be 84 in May. I never felt better in my life tho tire easily and catch it for being so short of breath. What bothers me is that I am beginnin to shuffle my feet on starting out. It must be that I am getting old yet have bet that I will attain 95 and be here to collect the bet.

Do you see many Englishmen or women who are fat in the American sense, There may be method in their madness concerning eating. Dr. Harri forbade me to use hoe or mower or walk up stairs. or to exceed 140 in weight. Recently I removed hat, coat and rubbers and weighed when over town. I weighed 142. Last week it was 143 under the same circumstances. There is only one way to reduce, especially in the winter, Yet food never tasted so good. For breakfast I had grape fruit, oatmeal, toast, bacon and coffee really half portions of all; food never tasted so good, but I had to tell the tempter to get behind me. The next time a little arterie bursts it may mean paralysis or a widow. So when you tell me of how you eat, it may be well to begin now what may be enforced later. I att ribute the good taste of my food to nonpsmoking and my shortness of breath to a heavy layer of fat between navel and ribs. Wife is really alarmed about Walter. He is sith-three and has quite a paunch. Having seen four members of our family die suddenly, I don't want to join them while wife lives. Get the idea? Wife is not supposed to eat beef, so we generally buy mutton if we can. The last meat was a big tongue. It was well boiled and, with a taste of mustard, is not bad eating.

We are interested in the two pear trees you had removed and set out. Old trees generally require heavy prunin when changed. Basels took two locust trees from our front yard last spring. We fear both died, tho partly from want of water. On the other hand, the Cannery presented the County with a fir tree 25 Ft. high, moved it to the Court yard, set it up, and it never knew it was moved.

A few years ago I saw at the green house at Clarkston a dahlia bloom 12" in diameter and 4 " thick. I inquired about it and found that it had been treated as you treated the trees. I wanted to try the experiment but could not get first class bulbs.

We expected your relations with the English could not remain very pleasant. You have two of the great forces in human nature to contend with, envy and habit. You cannot blame them for feeling envious. They are the victims of environment. Being helpless in the matter only makes it worse for them. Habit becomes first nature, not second. The only thing is to imagine yourself in the other fellow's place. We hope you prove an exception to them.

Tell us all about Mary Ann and the children when you write. We enjoyd your letter so much and think of you all very often. We hope to live until you get back to the U.S.A. In the meantime, try to see thru the other fellow's glasses.

With love for all and best wishes for your success,

Handwritten signature

3-21-57.

WALTER HENDRON
617 DAYTON AVENUE
DAYTON, WASHINGTON

Dear Alden and Mary Ann,

Firstlt,I sincerely beg your pardon for not writing sooner. Of course I have an excuse my eyes,and the cloudy weather. The only letters written this month have been those written to the boys. They write on the first of the month while we write about the middle. My eyes have been troubling and the weather has been cloudy most of the time. I tried to write to Jarvis Strong recently and was unable to confine my efforts to the right bar to say nothing of the right key.

The first day of the month was clear. All the rest have been part clear or cloudy with more or less rain on 14 of the remaining days. It is a little hard on a person who can not read as much as he likes and has nothing else to do. That rain came in the best possible way,a little at a time or it would wash the country away.with its fine volcanic soil.

No spring work has been done yet except to haul fertilizer. They moved into the field back of the house yesterday with various high powered machinery and went one round with the gang plow when more rain sent them to cover. No farming has been done yet except it may be a little on some of the light soil near the river.

We have been trying to do a little here but am so soft that very little work goes a long way. The garden ground west of the house is nearly spaded. One hour more would have completed the job,but it rained. We have the yard clean,and when trying the mower,it started with the second pull of the string. We and the neighbors are eating spinach.volunteered in the garden. We sow it in the fall,but some came up in the old bed and is delightful now,if one likes the stuff. I eat it for the liver's sake.

Some of the winter was a little hard on plants,with three successive days of 19,18,and 17 below zero. We had some leaves about our plants and the snow helped. Most of the roses show signs of life,look as well as those professionally cared for in the Court House yard. If any of ours is dead it is the Peace rose. We have bought four of them for ourselves and friends.None has lived unless Thyge Schmidt was successful. about half the mums were killed but it was my fault in not caring well enough for them when small. We now have the lily bed east of the house, but the bed only,no lilies yet. With the foregoing,you can tell we are going to have another summer,but it seems a long time coming.

The boys,Walter and Harold have had a trip planned for us since last summer. Harold says he is coming for us to go to Boise and see his new house. Then we are to be sent to Salt Lake by air to visit Walter and Robert and families. Somehow,we do not feel so anxious to travel as we did twenty years ago. There is much flu in the country now.so your grand mother may conclude to remain at home. She is not going to church until the epidemic is past,but visiting may be different.

We are in good health,have not had a real cold all winter. I nearly taking the nicotinic acid with the result I passed out in church,but no one knew it except myself. I did the same thing at home in the evening and have been faithful with the medicine since. With sufficient exercise my strength will probably return and then I can do something worth while

We want to have the flowers,as usual.They make us feel better as they are beautiful and they seem to have souls. We can look into a flower

and imagine we are closer to the Creator. They never cause a bad thought

Some thing else has caused some bad thoughts recently. As said before the ground west of the house was spaded and raked, ready for planting. Yesterday morning it looked as if ~~elves~~, yearlings, has played all over it. A young family has moved into the Basel house next to us. They have a small dog that has struck up an acquaintance with a German Shepherd and they visit and play just like boys. Actually the ground looked as if cattle had played in it. The big dog went to the bottom of things.

We are not surprised that things do not go right at times. The American workman and the English workman are two animals of different species. It was my luck to work a year in the coal mine under an English pit boss and with English, Scotch and Welsh miners. As I was a hauler, that is, took the loaded coal from their rooms, I came into rather close contact with the animals. A few of them were reasonably intelligent, but if others were, they very carefully concealed the fact. They are but little changed from their ancestors of several hundred years ago. Then the recent difference between our two countries over the Suez Canal affair will make quite a difference. Also the attitude of the laboring class as indicated by the tendency to strike as we get it in the papers. The chances are that your superiors in the business know that better than any one else so you will not be blamed. You will be doing yourself more good than you think if you do succeed in getting thru without too much expense or what is more, defective work that will cause trouble in the future.

Try to divorce your business trouble from your family affairs. Of course it will be necessary to let Mary Ann know about your troubles so she will understand your attitude when depressed. In years to come all the trouble you have now will seem trivial. It is not worth while to take the cares of the day home with you. You owe it to your family not to do so. The lives of others would have been much happier had I not taken home worries from the school room, and my latter days would be happier were it not for recollections of my former foolishness.

Getting the piano was an excellent idea. I am not well acquainted with the Moonlight Sonata but have the story of its composition well in mind. It is very interesting to read about Beethoven improvising the sonata to please a bling girl. Read it if you can find it. When you go home worried and discouraged don't depend upon some one else to cheer you up, but do your part toward making wife and children glad you came home like I don't.

It seems strange that your season is so far ahead of ours. Yet the Gulf Stream is to blame for it I suppose. I never believed what the books said about the influence of ocean currents, but if you a hundred miles or more north of us have all the spring flowers in bloom while ours are barely up, I shall have to change my mind.

We are interested in espelied pear trees. I have often thought of trying that, thinking they might be protected in the winter by hanging an old horse blanket of the branches during a cold spell. They would be unusual any way.

How do the forest ponies live thru the winter? Is the climate mild enough for them to find forage during winter months. I think it might be a good idea to move to England when I get old as the cold is not so pleasant as when I was a boy. Then, the colder the better as we enjoy the skating and coasting but not now. Yet I have an idea that any more cloudy weather or rain would be very depressing.

5-27-57.

WALTER HENDRON
617 DAYTON AVENUE
DAYTON, WASHINGTON

Dear Alden & Mary Ann,

This end of the line has fallen down badly, partly on account of having gone on a trip, and partly on account of bad health. Since returning from Salt Lake I have not been well, nothing in particular wrong but weak and tired all the time. Then we had a good case of the flu, but sent for Dr. Day very promptly and got thru better than expected. Wife is not much better off but keeps at me to lie down more and rest. Why, I even get tired resting. Again, the eyes bother so much that I dread doing any thing that requires their use. I cannot look up from the jey-board and read what is just written. Now, to work.

The boys, Walter and Harold took a notion that they wanted us to visit them. They must have been sincere about it as Harold and Cora came to Dayton for us. After they got tired of us they shipped us to Salt L. by plane. Walter said it would take him two days to drive to Boise and back, but only two hours to make the trip by plane. The boys even provided the tickets, the first time they ever were so generous. One reason Harold and Cora wanted us to visit them was to see their new house. It is three miles from the business part of the city, in fact, outside the city limits, but in a desirable location. It is some house, too. It is one story, rectangular, and faced with brick. Every thing about it is of the best and all most convenient, with the latest improvements and inventions.

We went to bed one clear, quiet evening. Later we awokw and heard the strongest wind blowing. When we made some remark about in the morning they informed us that it was the air conditioner. We found it to be a machine that cools the air if too warm, heats it if too cool, moistens it if too dry, and dries it if too moist. If there is a particle of dust in the air it is automatically removed by electric tweezers and placed in an electronic garbage can. Think of all that fuss for just two people and for all the house at that. I wonder how his mother and father ever attained the ages of 84 and 90 with kind of air we breathed. Had it been purified we would have been twanging harps in a celestial band now.

All inside woodwork is mahogany, part of it Phillipine and partly Sin. Inside doors are sliding, even the glass doors in the sahvng case. It was so far beyond us that we are still filled with wonder. The house lot is 100' by 200' perfectly level. Harold was making a lawn when we were ther and Cora was setting out plants. The plants got more time than the cooking so the meat was generally under-done. When they sent us to S.L. it was raining, so we were in the clouds or above them all the time until descending to land. In other words, we saw nothing. Your grandmother lost two nights sleep for the trip, one because she was afraid to make it and the other because nothing untoward happened.

We went to church the next day, Easter Sunday. One of the good things we noticed was an ample paved parking lot. There was balconu around t three sides of the auditorium. It had holes in our ceiling about ten ft. apart. They were part of a very perfect sound system. The word of God came straight down to us. It was the first time in years when I could get every word of the sermon without ear strain or missing links. The minister's voice was good and the choice of words most artistic, so with a good choir it was a most enjoyable church service.

I forgot to tell you that in Harold's house there is a big clothes closet in their bed room and in the closet is a large triangular box on the wall. We did not see what is in the box but on the wall of the adjoining sitting room is the face of a small radio. At one end of the closet is a record player, and all sound from it passes thru the radio without scratch or blemish. It is really a perfect system.

People in S.L. were praying for rain. That was just up my alley. I invoked the powers that be and the rain came, 2.41" in twelve hours a record for Salt Lake. The last part of the storm was snow, 4 or 6 inches of it, wet and heavy, breaking power lines and tree branches all over the city. We went shopping the next P.M. and saw a man standing at every corner with a shovel trying to get the water down the right hole when a car or truck changed the stream bed turning the corner. We left on Thursday and they were still hauling brush off the streets and Walter wrote that the snow had melted so he could mow his lawn on Saturday.

We had a wonderful trip home. Walter spoke to some one, so we were the first ones on the plane and had our choice of seats, taking one in the small room between the main room and the pilot's house. In passing over the irrigated country it was difficult to believe that those little rectangles and squares and lines were farms and roads. We were up pretty well as we could look across and over the Wasatch Mts. which are more than 12,000' high. We passed over one group of mountains in which there was not a tree or animal of any kind. There was not enough level ground for a goat to lie down to sleep. They do not sleep standing like a horse. We used to wonder why the first settlers did not get back from the river when coming west. We found out. The top of the ridge is just a series of little gulches running into larger ones and they augment until reaching Snake River. My hat is off to those old timers. We owe them much.

We left S.L. at 7:20 A.M. lost half an hour at Pendleton and 15 minutes at Walla Walla and were standing on our front porch at 11:15 A.M. I am now in the market for an airplane. Your grandmother ate the first full breakfast I had seen her eat in twenty-five years. Now, if we had a plane I would put it in the back yard and put your grandmother in it to feed her. It might increase her weight. She was so light she came for half-fare.

So far, we have had a cool damp spring. April gave us 3 clear days, mean average temperature 50.06, and .99" rain. Last three days were warm. May followed the same pattern with six clear days, 2.19" rain, and the last three days 75, 77, and 78. It looks as if it might be pleasant weather now. Our garden has not done much good, partly because the young trees make too much shade and partly because cold and damp. Fortunately the roses that were so thoroughly killed down, have come well from above the ground and are showing color. We had a wonderful run of tulips. Now the job is to get them separated so as to have each kind in its place next year. The early peonies have just begun to fall, while the later ones will not be in bloom for another week. In the meantime we can look across to the neighbors's gladioli. Mr. McCully must have 50 varieties and all good. We do not have the land for many flowers.

I did intend to write you a real letter but am tired and the eyes running, so shall not preach this time. Just wish all of you good health and happiness. That is about all Heaven can give. Make use of it. With thanks for the letter and card,

P.S. Had no trouble reading on the blue paper. Your father and Jessie came Saturday and returned Sunday. All well at Seattle.

8-13-1957.

WALTER HENDRON
617 DAYTON AVENUE
DAYTON, WASHINGTON

I got this far with this letter yesterday when a friend came to offer me a ride to the funeral of a friend whom I did not know was dead. He, the deceased, was a highly esteemed pupil years ago. He was in the sixties and died of diabetes. It seems strange to me to see so many of my former pupils going before I do. I don't feel a bit like going this morning, but may change my mind before night.

Alden, something about your latest letter tells me that all is not just right with you. There are so many things that could go wrong that I am not guessing what, but feel uneasy until you tell me what it is. Don't let the allurements of your position lead you from the path to success. We count more on your making the name Hendron known than on any of the other sons or grandsons, so it would be a severe jolt if you should fail to make good.

In your latest letter you did not mention your wife or either of the children, Do you have them yet? It may be well that you have your mother there, but the wife is the one that can make or break a man more quickly than any other person. You have a good one now. Let her make a big man of you

It strikes me that I have not done my old hobby, the weather, justice in this epistle. This summer is a delightful contrast with last summer, when we had much hot weather, many days being over 100. Ninety-four is the maximum so far this year and we have had no more than three hot days in succession, then several days in the low 80's or 70's. Only one day this month has made 90. Several times we have made fire in the morning to make the house warm enough for comfort.

Your father and his present wife left yesterday morning for Banff, He had been here a week. We enjoyed his visit very much and got some work out of him which makes me feel very much ashamed. The paint was off the window sills in places. I asked him to touch them up for me as I know nothing about painting. He went to work, bought a scraper and then scraped the old paint from the sills and repainted them. He did a thorough job though it required several days. Jessie would not let him paint their house for fear he would fall. He was not quite done here when she came. Wife thinks she did not like the idea of our working her husband, Really, it makes up for some of the times he did not work when he was a boy. Any way, we hope they have a good time in Canada, and unless they have a warmer climate than we have, they will be glad to back to God's country.

Please forgive this scrappy letter and have a good time in Europe. It will be interesting revisiting some of the places you saw during the war.

Good luck to you and yours. Tell a little more fully about the family next time you write. We still remember the good ride you gave us last summer and hope to be here when you return.

With sincere love and best wishes,

Grandfather

8-12-'57.

WALTER HENDRON
617 DAYTON AVENUE
DAYTON, WASHINGTON

Dear Alden, Mary Ann, and Kids,

The clock has just struck seven in the morning, the time we usually get up. The reason for the untimely early hour is that your father and mother, Jessie, wanted to get off on an early start for Banff and other Canadian points. Your father was with us for a week. Jessie's vacation began a week later, so we had the pleasure of a visit with your father for a week without interference or interruption. It was most enjoyable. Jessie joined us Saturday night, spent Sunday with us, and struck out for the north this morning.

I am ashamed to acknowledge that I spoiled part of your father's vacation by asking him to do some work which kept him busy until he left. I noticed the paint had peeled off the window sills and casings and asked him to touch them up a little. Instead of touching up a little he got a scraper, sand-paper and went to work scraping the wood clean to make the paint stick. The job kept him out of mischief the rest of his stay. He found so much that needed retouching that it made me ashamed for having him to do the work. The trouble was that the first painting had not been thinned enough. Now, I suppose the next thing will be to paint or re-stain the shakes next spring. I have done nearly every thing about building a house but have never painted, but am not too old to learn. Doing is what gets me.

We are sorry to learn that you have been ill, but shall not say that we did not expect it as your wife, no matter how good, could not watch over you all the time and that is what some people require. It sounds to me like a stomach spell brought on by injudicious eating or drinking. I do not know if we Hendrons have more than our share of stomach trouble or not but do know that we all have to be careful or trouble comes. Your father does not eat any fat, has to be most careful in his eating, and your grandmother lived once, about eight years ago, on nothing but prepared baby food for two years. It is best to be your own doctor, only before it happens.

We find it difficult to write from here as we never go any where or do any thing except eat, sleep and do the little chores about the place. We have reached the age when we do not require any great amount of excitement to round out our lives. Should we try exciting things, we soon find ourselves run down like an old clock. We sincerely hope that you and your family keep well and return to the land of labor unions in good shape.

Wife and I went on one little whiz the 29th of June. We made some mention of the wedding of Robert and Mrs. Ileen Fisher. She was a widow, who lost her husband in the war. Wesley Bowman was at the house when wife made some mention of the approaching ceremony. He offered to take us to Spokane for the ceremony. We accepted his offer especially as he drives a Packard car. We started in time to eat an early lunch at Colfax, then arrived in Spokane at about 2 P.M. The wedding was to be in a church on the hill. We began to look for the church but had no success until wife fished from her pocket the address. Then the next thing was to find the streets mentioned. The search took us thru the new part of Spokane from west to east, and pretty well over the south hill. We found the place almost too soon but spent the time pleasantly talking with new acquaintances. The church was filled with guests and it was the most beautiful wedding I have seen. Afterward we attended the reception in a downtown apartment building. There was quite a time there and plenty of champagne

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but they offered me none. Wife did not like it and Wesley emptied her glass for her, as well as his own. He wanted to get home before dark so I let her out. We arrived at home in two and a half hours tired but happy. We rested the next day. Robert and wife made a trip to Las Vegas. Then gathered up their three children, she has a boy of 12, and came to see us. He was transferred to Helena. Ilene is a small woman about the size of your grand-mother. We hope they make out well but fear for them. Combining two families to make one requires much patience and wisdom.

Your grand-father has been acting the fool, too. When unable to get enough blood through the small arteries to maintain consciousness, Dr. Harri prescribed nicotinic acid, which is next to alcohol in effectiveness. I was to take three tablets per day. After taking for a year or so. I tried to reduce and got on very well, even after reducing to one per day. Then I tried to drop it for a while. The result was passing out spells, three per day. I then went to the Dr. but Dr. Harri was on vacation and his old partner, Dr. Day, took me in hand. He pronounced the heart good, very good for my age, took my blood pressure, and found it 124. It used to run from 112 to 120, then got up to 180. It now looks like a new lease on life if the nicotinic acid continues to do its work. Dr. Day says I will make 95, barring accident

It seems strange to hear and read of so much rain in places distant. We had no rain from June 6 to August 6 except eight showers varying from one to eight hundredths of an inch. August 6 gave us hope and .37" of moisture which was badly needed for lawns and gardens but not for general purposes. What rain we had came just right for crops this year. The early spring was cold with normal moisture, just enough to make a good crop of peas and wheat. Harvest is at the middle now, so rain would be a disadvantage until grain is all in. Some parts of the U.S. have had severe floods this year while New England has suffered from drought. Part of the southwest had 32 inches of rain in 24 hours. Floods have been disastrous in the south. Some people think the excessive rainfall in places is caused by the detonation of atomic bombs of various sorts. That theory is generally abandoned, though and we take what comes and thank God for it. We have been having trouble keeping the lawn looking well. There appears to be some disease in the roots of the grass that makes it spotted, though the late rain improved the condition.

I sometimes feel like giving you large doses of advice but what is the use. We learn only by our mistakes not the mistakes of others. That would imply inherent wisdom, something so rare that the possessor does not need to work for someone else. Other people work for him. All wisdom is the result of experience. If it has to be our own experience it may be unpleasant, but is likely to be permanent. I would suggest taking Mary Ann into your confidence, and asking her advice. Women have an intuitive faculty that often beats all the results of a man's reasoning power.

Every evening we hear a passenger plane go over about eight o'clock, and think what a pleasure it would be to be on it and even plan a little for next summer. Then hear over the radio of some terrible accident that may cast gloom over the lives of many, and then think better try some safer way of travel. We are getting to the point where we do not fear the grim Angel much, but neither one wants to be left alone hence the airplane may be the best thing after all.

We are glad your mother is going to be with you, for your sake and hers. She can do for the children what no hired help can do, and the trip with its new scenes, people and experiences will be an everlasting joy to her and she deserves it. We wonder a little, does it mean an increase in the family. We hope not as we should like to see a boy when you are ready for him.

617 E. Dayton Avenue,
Dayton, Washington.
Oct. 29, 1957.

Dear Alden and Family,

We enjoyed immensely the cards sent us while you were on the continent, but the letter that came a few days ago was still better tho some of it not quite so pleasant. Yet the poet says "Too much of joy is sorrowful. Some cares must needs abound. The bush that bears too many flowers will trail upon the ground". My plan has always been to make it a little sorrowful for the other fellow. That may not be the best plan but it surely is the natural way. Just at present the weather worries me more. This is late in October, the month of fall flowers, autumn colors and frosty nights and bright, sunny days with hickory nuts and chestnuts waiting to be gathered by the kids. Instead it has been cloudy or foggy nearly all month, and probably the coolest October in years. People here think in terms of agriculture. During September they were worrying about rain whether it would come at the right time and in the right quantity. It did both, the last week in September and the first in October to the tune of nearly two inches. That was sufficient to set every one but me to work. But since then we have had four clear days and one killing frost. For the last seven days the sun has been concealed by clouds or fog with the exception of two hours yesterday. It is depressing and disappointing, but we still have some roses and plenty of mums in bloom.

We hear a lot of talk about Asiatic flu. It seems to be a rather bad epidemic where people are congregated as in schools. Wife and I had some kind of flu. It was genuine but we do not know what kind. I suspect South African. The acute stage lasted but a few days, then we thought we were well, but a little work made us so tired that we concluded we were not well. A little coolness or too much heat starts the nose to running like a sugar tree in a spring thaw. We put our names on the list for vaccination when the Dr. obtains vaccine but doubt if it is worth while. Some doctors say it is only 50% effective, tho telephone companies and the like vaccinate their employees.

October would not be so bad if it were not followed by November the month which brings my birthday Thanksgiving and our wedding anniversary. The birthday will be the 9th, the anniversary the 6th. There should be a law preventing a couple from living together more than fifty years: they become too dependent on each other. I always think that if I live thru that last week of Nov. I am good for the rest of the year. It has worked so far, so here's hoping.

We suppose you know about Harold. He retired from the Forest Service and has built a very modern house near Boise. He has an acre of land, old alfalfa ground that raises the best garden ever. When he and Cora came to see us last summer they brought melons, squash, the best ever, egg plant and tomatoes. It was the finest egg plant we ever saw. When Walter and Gladys came north they stopped one night with Harold. They brought from Boise prunes pears and peaches and more egg plant. All were delicious especially as prices were so high in Dayton we could not afford fruit. Now when any of our friends comes here we direct them to come by way of Boise. Harold did the wise thing as he has work he enjoys, working in a television and radio store within five minutes walk from home. If he lives as long as his father, he will enjoy about thirty years of the country gentlemen life with lawn mowing and gardening on the side.

We should have something done here, but thanks to the flu I have an excuse for being lazy. We have Emperor tulips stuck in along the front of the house, a bed of tulips west of the house and a row of jonquils back of the house. We have a little ground back of the house to spade. What we used for garden belongs to Mrs. Basel. She wants to sell and I should dislike very much to have part of the ground already spaded when she does sell, but think I shall risk it as the sun is coming out for the second time in eight days. Another duty in good weather is to walk over to the Farm Bureau office to smoke a pipe full of tobacco. My declaration of independence includes smoking when I want to which is about once a week. Victuals taste so much better than when I was smokin that I do not care to become an addict again.

It is most interesting to hear that you have bright children. They must take after their mother. Yet go a little slow with their progress. It is probably all right as long as the child enjoys it but very harmful if it becomes work for the kid. In the fall of 1892 two boys from Oklahoma taught me a most valuable lesson. That was when Oklahoma was Indian Territory and no provision whatever was made for schooling the children of squatters who were in the territory. Two boys aged 10 and 12 came to Washington and to school to me. I had not sense enough at the time to know what a chance they gave me. Neither knew the alphabet nor a thing about books or school. They were pure virgin territory. They were with me three months and a half. Starting from scratch the older boy was half way thru the third grade in the 2½ months, while the younger was as far thru the second grade. They had the proper maturity and the desire to be in the classes with others of their size and age. They set me to thinking what foolishness it is to put pupils in school at five, six or even seven.

Walter started to school just before six. I saw he was learning some things we did not want him to learn, so took him out for the year. Next year he just ate the stuff, it was play for him. So cut it short, he graduated from high school as valedictorian and the youngest of the class. When he was in college the reports always came to me "passed with distinction. He also took three extra half years of work during his course. Since then two parents have taken my advice and kept their children from school until they were seven. They were outstanding pupils all the way thru school. For the average child six is too early for school. They are not sufficiently mature. On the other hand, any thing is better for the kids than the home some of them and sending them to school is a great relief to the parents. School work is all right for children at any age if they enjoy it like play. You know, of course, that Mozart was a musical prodigy who conducted an orchestra at five. Yet he died at 35. I should prefer bein a living dunce rather than a dead genius. Don't send your children to an early grave.

Your problem is not so easily solved. As probably told before I used to work with Englishmen and under an English mine boss after teaching one winter in Pennsylvania. so I know something of the mentality of the animals. We hope you do not have to contact the laborers. You might make out better with the next higher grade. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad". Our tempers are our worst trouble. Mine is nearly worn out so it does not trouble much more. I wish I could tell you just what to do under certain circumstances but cannot. The best thing I can suggest is to talk matters over with Mary Ann. A woman's intuition is generally better than a man's judgment. I thank you for telling me what you have about your worries. That helps some, and your mother being there may help also. She never was any body's fool and has probably acquired considerable wisdom since she was a pupil.

You are so far ahead of me that I hardly understand about records and recording. We had a pleasant experience last summer when a friend in Seattle drove over to tape record some of our old records. He taped as many as he could reproduce in 2½ hours, and says he is coming back for more next summer. We still enjoy very much some old records more than fifty years old. We are told that they can not be bought now, and the voices that produced them have long been silent. I doubt if the world will ever produce another contralto like Schuman-Heink, another tenor like Caruso or another bass like Plancon, and if any woman can beat Tetrazinni for range, purity and flexibility of voice we should go a long way to hear her. We have some old fashioned record music every night. It makes pleasanter dreams. Try it. It is well, too, to know some thing of the story of the opera from which the song is taken, and to recognize the emotions or passion portrayed by the singer. It is about quitting time. You are tired of this. A friend who thinks he is ill came in before noon and succumbed to wife's invitation to lunch with us. If he is not ill now, his stomach is well lined. It amuses us as he is wealthy enough to indulge in allergies and never eats wheat bread, but he drives a Packard and takes us places at times. Did I tell you of going to the wedding in Spokane? Goodnight and good luck. Aren't you smarter than any Englishman??

With love to all, and best wishes for the future,
Granddad

617 E. Dayton Avenue
Dayton, Washington.
Nov. 23, 1957.

Dear Alden and Family,

I sit me down with typewriter in hand on this most glorious morning with the blinds half drawn to keep out the terrible heat of a November sun. I think it is a special dispensation of the weather man to help me celebrate my 91st birthday but more of the latter later. October was not a pleasant month but could not have been better for farmers, the life of this country. The summer had been quite dry, the last real rain having fallen June 6th. The first week of October gave 1.93" of rain which mellowed the ground and set the wheels of agriculture turning. Then for the remainder of the month we had 4 clear days, 14 part cloudy, 13 cloudy, 7 foggy and 8 rainy. The cloudiness kept the ground from drying and the newly sown grain came on nicely. We had no killing frost during the month. November came in clear and frosty. The first ten days were clear and from 30 to 22 at night. Then came 1.86" of rain and then more good weather with minimum from 20 to 32. It snowed in the mountains when it rained here. It was the elk season here and more than 1500 men went in thru this station and came out with 284 elk. The snow closed the road from Godman Springs to Tollgate in Oregon, thus making plenty of trouble for hunters. Some abandoned their outfits and walked out. It was not much better where the hunters went in from Garfield and Asotin counties. The luckiest man was a Dayton grocer. He too his two brothers from Pasco with him. They came out the first day with three elk. Harold went from Boise to the Selway but did not get his elk. He had fallen down in marksmanship. Two men were shot and killed in our mountains.

We have been havin considerable flu here, and were warned of the Asiatic flu which is not supposed to yield to treatment. Wife and I registered for shots to prevent the flu but have heard nothing from the registry. In the meantime I got the flu, South African variety, and had quite an interesting time with it. It was just an extreme irritation of the respiratory tract. My nose ran like a sugar maple in a spring thaw. It splattered on the floor before I could get the dish towel to my face. The coughing madw my stomach so sore the belt hurt, but it was of short duration. Wife got it too and blamed me for giving it to her. I did not; she took it from me. She had been complaining of neuralgic shoulders for some time but forgot about them, took two bottles of aspirin and got well, better than for some time. The minister was at the house recently and said there were three varieties of the flu going, so wife is afraid to go out until they have all run out. However she could not resist the temptation when invited out to dinner. Mrs. Schmidt knew the birth day comes in November but forgot the day. We had excellent roast beef and the blackest and best gravy you never ate.

Your fox hunt reminds me of some where I taught in Pennsylvania. If a fox was caught by fair means or foul, they preserved it most carefully until a suitable day. Then all the interested people in the community gathered with their hounds, which were shut in a stable or barn. Then the fox was turned loose. After half an hour the foxes were let out. They had a fresh trail to work on, and they worked. The riders did not have red coats nor horns but they did some cross country riding in the day of rail fences. Not much style but real riding and jumping. If the hounds got the fox before he holed he did not lead any more chases.

Why do your gypsies drive horses? Don't they know about the auto. We have gypsies in this country but they are modern, and some of them drive very good cars. Try to modernize your country a little. They might feel bad if they knew how far behind they are.

It must be great to roam about the haunts of old timers whose exploits entertained us in childhood. Did you ever read the Robin Hood stuff. If you want the original and best Get "Maid Marian", written by Thomas Love Peacock in 1822 I believe. I was once the owner of the book, bound in blue silk. I loaned it to a friend. He is a friend no longer, have even forgotten his name but still miss the book. I think Gilbert and Sullivan made a light opera out of the story. Hear and see it if you have a chance.

Alden, at this time of year I always feel uncertain, even that I may be here another year. You may have been told before that in this week come my birthday wedding anniversary, the 67th, and Thanksgiving. I have always thought that if I survive this week

I am good for the remainder of the year. It has worked so far, so here's hoping. As intimated at the beginning we are both in good health. My life is insured for the next four years, barring accident. So I may live to a respectable old age. What a difference! When we were boys we liked for some one to slao us on the shoulder and call us 'Old Man. Now, that age has whitened the hair, we are pleased when some says 'Well, how's the old boy today?'" Most of the time I feel as well as at any time in my life, yet if the nicotinic acid tablet is neglected, the blood does not get thru the cerebral arteries and I pass out. Maybe some time for keeps. It is much the same way only a little different with your grand-mother. Her heart leaks, so we may both go the easy way.

I am going to try to have a law passed forbidding people, when married, to live together more than fifty years. They become too dependent on each other. One cannot come into the house without calling for the other if not in sight, and if we throw an arm across the bed without its coming in contact with some one, no sleep until found. Also, when people grow old together they are likely to be come helpless together. Now, if they have to separate and each one is compelled by law to take a mate at least twenty years younger, that one can take care of the older.

It would be difficult in this country to find an adult suffering for food, yet, I suppose it does occur. I sometimes think that our government, both state and national are too lenient in the way of help given to the needy. It makes me feel ashamed to think that we have been living on a pension for twenty years, maybe not for another twenty, tho.

In your latest letter you did not say any thing about the progress of your tanks. Please keep us informed about the work, especially about the unpleasant items. I can imagine some of the unpleasant, I think as it was one time my misfortune to be a mule driver in a coal mine where several english worked and we had an English mine boss. It was necessary for me to join the Knights of Labor in order to hold my job and then my uncle, the superintendent of the mine, tried to fire me for joining the union.

We are beginning to wonder if you will be back in the supposed eighteen months. Perhaps you will be so in love with England you will remain there forever. Some cards have been coming today. I enclose one which is original and written by a man 82 years old. I prize it for we have drawn some corks together. Please return.

We think things in Seattle are O.K. as we received a box of candy yesterday and a card from your father and Jessie this morning.

Alden, I dread trying to write a letter. You know I have lost my mind but now my right hand cramps. I get the letters of words mixed. From my chair I cannot see what is written, and hit the wrong keys. Sometimes words are reversed as post for stop or tops. Let us hear from you and the family, that included your mother for me. Keep well and busy. The latter is whar keeps the hair from graying. Goodbye.

With sincere love and best wishes to all,

Granddad.

617 E. Dayton Avenue,
Dayton, Washington.
Dec. 10, 1957.

Dear Alden & Family,

Your humble servant has not been writing much recently because he had the silver maple tree removed from the front yard and while helping, fell down and hurt a finger. It is strange that it is always a finger that gets hurt when I fall. Two years ago I did the same thing in a friend's yard, struck a finger against the concrete, and now have an enlarged joint and still a little sore. I used to do better, with head, shoulders or back to say nothing of neck; but now in my old age it is only a finger.

Alden, it is most difficult to write from here. We stay at home all the time, so nothing happens. I might invent something to write about but being naturally so truthful it would be most difficult. I never was a good liar, even when it would have been to my advantage. I used to have a friend that was so good at it that he could make tears of sympathy roll down his cheeks while lying to save a friend. I may have to resort to the weather for a topic.

In October we generally look for some thing fine in the way of weather, sunny days with frost at night which brings down the nuts and gives the kids an even chance with the pigs for the nuts. October was a complete disappointment this year except in the way of rain which is always welcome here. The entire month gave 4 clear days, 14 part cloudy, 13 cloudy, 7 foggy, and 8 rainy. The average temperature was 50.37, but no killing frost. It was a long month and disagreeable. November, which is usually disagreeable, tried to make up for the preceding month, came in with nine clear days in succession, and frost every night. Only one foggy day and 2.09" of rain, the best November for a long time. Now, December is trying to emulate November, so we may expect some thing later on. An old neighbor says we shall have a warm, wet winter because there were practically no yellow jackets last summer. Last winter we had four successive days of -19, -18, -17, and -14, cold enough to freeze yellow jacket eggs from which the jackets come. I have noticed over many years that we never have two extreme winters or summers in succession. We are entitled by the law of averages to a good winter and have it, so far.

As you know, November is a strenuous month for me, as it brings a birth-day, a wedding anniversary and Thanksgiving. They all come in one week. As said before, I always think that if I survive that week I am good for the remainder of the year. Not so sure now as have not been feeling so well recently and had four spells recently. But to return to the big week. Mrs. Schmidt, a good friend of long standing did not remember the date and invited us to her house a Sunday too soon, as if such a thing were possible. The widows of two of my former friends were there, a good dinner was served and we spent an enjoyable afternoon as memories would permit. Mrs. Schmidt got the date straight and at the proper time brought us big angel-food cake. She makes but one kind of angel food cake, not taking into consideration that his Satanic Majesty has angels, too. It was big and good and provided the main topic for a very pleasant party at our house. Two former pupils, now married, brought a cyclamen plant. It is white and the biggest, most prolific bloomer we have seen. I share it with wife,

For Thanksgiving we had a small turkey. Last year we had a large one, but a friend cooked it to help wife. The result was unsatisfactory so we wanted another this year cooked by your grand-mother. We had the widow of a friend with us, so had a good day of turkey and reminiscences. We were full of both and hope to repeat the occasion.

The anniversary was the 67th and the birthday the 91st. I have never paid much attention to birthdays, couldn't help them, any way, but had such a good time this year I think of making them a habit. We would rather have some of our own family here but having gone through the same experiences can get very close to some of our neighbors at times.

We both had the flu in pretty good shape. Most of it is said to be Asian but think mine was South African. We had it hard enough but seem to be over it completely. Some told wife there are three kinds going, so she will not go anywhere, even to church, for fear she contracts the other two kinds. We are as well as can be at present.

Last Sunday, our friend with the Packard was here for lunch and then suggested that we take a ride. He took us thru Waitsburg, down to Bolles, then up Whetstone and back by the northern route. It was really a delightful drive as wife had not been out for months except twice to church and once to Schmidts. All the country is green. The fall rains have revived the stubble fields and the winter wheat is up green and even. All around us there is much fog but this latest attack has spared us so far. We read of its interfering with air-plane travel all over the west. It is also the cause of many auto accidents.

You were extravagant with your compliments. My brother Carroll might have merited them but I have just been lucky; do not myself see how I have lived so long. Of course, Mother is to blame for my longevity, as far as it goes. We have no ancestors who have lived beyond 85, except Mother's father who was found dead by the road after riding a horse that had a bad reputation. Yet, there was the seed of longevity somewhere as Mother was nearly 100 years old when she passed, and might have lived much longer if she had pleasant surroundings at the last. Our tribe has been plagued with tuberculosis. Three of Mother's sisters and some brothers died of T.B. Father's mother died of the same disease. Neither father nor any of his folk were long lived. He gave me the hardening of the arteries which I have been fighting for several years. From Mother I inherit the eye trouble which blinded her, but have controlled it fairly well for the last ten years. Our local physician gives me four more years, barring accident. I am going to try to beat that, but know that I may go at any hour if the blood does not get thru the cerebrum better than at times. Of course, we live quietly and simply which helps keep going. If my life were to be lived over, knowing what we do now, it would be very different, and perhaps much shorter. We both enjoy life and are glad that neither will be alone long.

That reminds me of a piece of legislation that should become law. No couple should be allowed to live together more than fifty years. They become too dependant upon each other. One cannot leave the house or go into another room without the other wondering what has become of him or her. Then, both may become helpless at the same time; so a change of mates becomes necessary. Each should then take a mate at least twenty years younger. That might be arranged by a pecuniary consideration from the resigning husband.

I used to think how delightful it would be to visit historic places and places made famous in history, but now have a desire to travel where I have been before to observe the changes that have

taken place in the meantime. Then, some of the places we have seen have become friends which we should like to see again. Even the old things in Yellowstone would be welcome, and we would have to add to the natural charms, the memory of those with whom we first saw them. It is just possible that I may have a chance to retrace some of the trips made in 1889 next summer. Of course, it would be by auto, and not the whole trip at one time.

The books tell us that granite is the oldest rock. It is the foundation of the Grand Canon. Yet in middle Idaho there is a mountain in the divide between the Clearwater and the St Joe that is covered by granite slabs at an elevation of about 8,000 ft. They are as fresh looking as if quarried within the last few years.

Another thing that interests me is the weather, after putting down figures for more than fifty years. The weather is made by the winds. They are supposed to be caused by unequal heating. Why should it be unequal when it is the same sun shining or refusing to shine on the same surface these thousands of years? Some time I may get a clue to the mystery, then you will see an almanac that is worth while.

Forget us this Christmas. I have been trying hard to get a little ahead so if illness comes or the pension is shut off as it may be, we can survive a little longer. So, we are poor this year, not trying to go further than the Reader's Digest which has ordered long ago. In fact, to look out of the window, Christmas is a year away. We hope yours is good. If you want to live long, begin now. Sprain your ankles, blood-poison a knee and an elbow. Break your neck, fracture your skull and shoulder blade, etc. Then you will begin to be careful of the body God and your parents gave you. Enough foolishness.

With real love and best wishes toward all,

Grandfather

We are sorry that your work worries you so much at times. We suppose it cannot be prevented at times. Yet if you will consider that worry is a state of mind, and that we can control the mind to a considerable extent if we practice it. It makes me angry at myself to think what headaches and unhappiness I have suffered because of worry, that could have been prevented by training and practice. It never did any good either.

We used to have a physician in this town whom we liked very much. He seemed to know things and would talk very freely with me. He told me about a mutual friend whom we will call "Tom". Tom went to Dr. to secure his services for Tom's wife who was pregnant. Doctor said, Tom, it will be a boy. Tom's reply was that it was impossible as he was the father of five girls by two different wives. Doctor said "Well, Tom let us say if it is a girl, you pay me nothing, but if it is a boy you pay me double. Tom agreed but I know nothing about the paynebt. It was a boy, born thirteen years after his youngest sister. Doctor told me that when a long time elapses between births the next child is almost sure to be a boy. I have known where five years was sufficient.

If a person thinks of it he may notice many cases where a child, especially the last one, is born a long time after the predecessor whether it is male or female. Much can be learned by observation if one thinks of it and asks some questions.

We are glad to have the hope of your coming back in the fall confirmed. I read the story of a physician making his evening call upon a very ill patient. As he left he said, "Well, I'll see you in the morning." "Yes" said the patient, "But will I see You?" The years are treating me very well and Dr. Day insures me for nearly four more years, barring accident, but the end may come like to most of our family, suddenly.

I have lived so long that I have few enemies, having outlived the sons-of-guns. Really wife and I get lonesome especially for our own folks. Yet we make out quite well and I think enjoy life more than most old people. We just wish that we could see our own more often. This is tomorrow. I did not get to complete this yesterday, having to go to the store, ect. and then it was too dark to see well. This morning is just like a spring morning, the sky clear, the sun shining and the minimum 34 with just a little ice of some of the puddles. The peony shoots are showing in the back yard. I fear later frosts or a real freeze will play the mischief with us this year.

Those pesky remains have not come yet. We have no idea what they will amount to, perhaps a few gallons and may be a few bushels. If there is too much to care for I know what to do. The Patit is convenient and high, and we have no state law at night.

Now, Alden please be sensible and don't abuse your stomach to please the gang or your palate. Your parents gave you a fine healthy body, perhaps the best in the whole family. We are proud of it and don't like to hear of its being abused. Come back next fall with sound body and mind. Worrying is not a sign of intelligence. The successful man is he who can manage without worrying. Plan but do not worry. You might find in one of the early books sent you some thing that would help if heeded. Try it.

You hardly mentioned Mary Ann. Do you have her with you yet? We like to hear about the kids and are interested in your character analysis. All that tends toward jow in ones character also means capacity for suffering, but some sorrows are sweet.

Try to get home next autumn with all healthy, happy and rich. We shall try to be here. I will, barring accident, but do not feel too sure about your grand-mother. She is frail but I shall do my best to keep her. Goodbye.

With love and best wishes for all,

Grandfather

617 E. Dayton Avenue.
Dayton, Washington.
Mar. 2, 1958.

Dear Alden,

A man in Dayton, a few years ago had the reputation of knowing less and being able to talk more on any subject than any other man in town. Because I stay at home so closely I resemble that man. Now I can think of three subjects to write about, Jarvis Strong, the weather and your grand-mother. The other matter mentioned in your letter provides another topic but too much said is worse than nothing.

Jarvis was living in Detroit with his daughter Betty. She evidently was working, and when she returned in the evening she could not get in. They broke the door open and found him lying on his bed, dead. Supposedly a heart attack tho he had been examined two weeks earlier and pronounced in excellent shape. He had been up, taken a glass of milk, laid down and was reading some thing written by Mrs. Roosevelt. We do not know whether that killed him or the fact that he had carried fifty pounds of excess weight for fifty years, as you are beginning to do.

Strong had been married twice, was cremated and wanted his ashes divided and part placed beside each wife. That was easily done with the Ohio part, but our undertaker found that according to Washington law the ashes represent the body and cannot legally be divided. The urn containing the ashes was sent and received. Our undertaker was afraid to handle the urn, so came over for me. We went to the cemetery left the urn with the sexton and arranged to bury them the next day. When it came, our minister came over for me. We went to the cemetery. The sexton had already buried the urn so Rev. Fenner read the 13th chapter of Corinthians and delivered a short prayer and came home. The burial certificate used in Ohio was sent here that it might be used again if necessary.

Your know that our part of Washington is noted for beautiful wpmen and mild winters. The winter nearly past is more so, due to the spring like February just past. The average temperature for Nov. was 41.35; for Dec. 40.81; for Jan. 38.41 and for Feb. 47.71. Both Florida and California had colder weather then we whose minimum was 22 two times. We suppose the soft fruit like apricots and peaches are killed by the frost of the last week. This morning was 27, yesterday was 26. Wheat fields have been green all winter. Snow-drops bloomed in January, while crocuses and jonquils have been in bloom for two weeks.

The last of February the barometer fell to 28.85, sea level reading. It brought some thing of a storm. No damage was done here except some trees blown down and our lawn littered with locust pods. I had to rake the entire lawn again after mowing once. Wind reports ran from 50 miles per hour to 82 on the Sound.

Your grand-mother is what worries me. I fear she is just wearing out, and that it will soon be necessary to get another wife tho I do what I can to help her. We had the flu in November. Wife took so much aspirin there was not much room for flu. It was light with her, but she appears not to have recovered completely. She seemed to have the sleeping sickness. For instance, she would fry the bacon, make the cereal and coffee for breakfast while I made the toast. Then we ate and I dried and put away the dishes. By that time she was so tired that she would have to lie down and sleep until time to get lunch, when the same performance was repeated. She slept very well at night too. Then she had pain in the abdomen. We had Dr. Harri come twice. he diagnosed the trouble as inflammation of the colon and high blood pressure and prescribed medicine. She has been improving very slowly but has difficulty in getting up when lying or sitting down. People tell me that new wives are very expensive and that the upkeep is worse than an auto.

Going back to my friend, the weather, the forecast for today was clouding in the afternoon and rain Monday. It did not wait until afternoon to cloud. Before noon the sky was evenly covered with clouds that foretell snow tho the mercury has fallen but from 50 to 44. It may be that we shall have a taste of winter but the coldest March weather recorded is 8 once in sixty years, and 11 in second place.

How can you expect me to write a letter of recommendation for any one who would crawl under an auto and get his clothes as dirty as you did when you came from Seattle to spend the summer with us? Masonry teaches cleanliness, especially of morals. They did not have autos when Masonry was given to mankind, but if they had existed then, there would be fewer accidents and fatalities than are fashionable now.

Enclosed you will find three or four cards that may convince Mr. Kitcher that I am a Mason. In fact, it was sixty years ago this spring that they gave me the first degree. Just a few years later I was given the degrees of the Royal Arch Chapter. I have my fifty year pin from that organization, and have been a member of the Knights Templar for about forty years. I did belong to the Shrine in Spokane, but it was distant and expensive. I felt that hard luck was coming and demitted. The next year we buried our daughter and a little later, her husband. I am proud to belong to Commandery No. 1 and Chapter No. 5. Our local lodge was No. 53 but combined with the other lodge in Dayton and took their number, 26, which was lower than our 53. They assumed the name of the younger lodge, making the present appellation Dayton Lodge No. 26.

I send the cards as evidence of my Masonry. Please show them to Mr. Kitcher and return or bring them with you when you come back. I was Master of No. 53 one year High Priest of Dayton Chapter R.A.M. for three years. I have held no office in the Knights Templar because I cannot attend in Walla Walla often.

I hope sincerely that you may be admitted but the rules are not often broken without good and sufficient reason. I would like very much to see our family solidly Masonic. All our boys are Masons and some of the grand-sons. Your father has received the 32nd degree in the Scottish Rite, and Harold has gone to the top in the York Rite. If the next generation does as well I can die happy.

We were interested in your account of making tape recordings of music you hear in England. We also like to look at pictures. Last summer Mr. Gamon came over from Seattle to make tape recordings of some of our old records, which he said cannot be bought in music stores now. He made what required two and a half hours to run. He said the male voices were good but the lighter voices not so good. He got some sounds that were unexpected. Your grand-mother in passing thru the room made some remarks not intended for reproduction. Mr. Gamon said they recorded beautifully. Wife was ignorant of the pick-up power of the tape.

We are anxious for you and your family to get back to America so we can see you. We have the feeling that we might not see those who tarry too long. It is a little like the very ill man whose physician said after the last visit of the day, "Well, I'll see you in the morning". The patient replied, "Yes, but will I see you?"

Your grandmother in her present condition cannot last long. A year would be my guess. My hardened arteries make life very uncertain but I am going to enjoy what there is left of it.

an anecdote Mr. Kitcher might enjoy. One night several years ago Judge Sturtevant attended lodge for the first time in a long while. W.W. Ward, Senior Deacon, challenged the judge. During intermission Judge Sturtevant walked up to Ward and said "You impudent pup, to challenge me when I was wearing an apron while you were wearing diapers."

The necessary stamps to mail this are not in the house. I will get them tomorrow, send this and a note to Mr. Kitcher. Good-bye.

With love and best wishes to you and family.



617 E. Dayton Avenue,
Dayton Washington.
April 17, 1958.

Dear Alden,

I believe your latest letter was written on the 23rd of March. Things have been in such a mell of a hess here that I don't know any thing. That I do know. Since your grand-mother had the flu in Nov. she had been ailing more or less, generally more until a mouse got in the house. There are two drawers in the sink and two in the stove into which a mouse might crawl and evidently did. That meant that every drawer in the kitchen had to be cleaned, by removing the contents, cleaning every dish or pan, then the drawer, and putting things back as before. Wife was able at first to do one drawer per day, later two. Then when started she could not stop until every drawer in the house and basement had been cleaned. It was a long process but her strength gradually came back until she was feeling fairly well. The mouse had long since been caught. It was the second to get into the house in eight years. It was caught in the electric stove.

The weather has been rainy since the middle of March. Easter Sunday was a beautiful day, warm and sunny. Your grand-mother felt impelled to go, I think to display a dress she bought for Easter in Salt Lake City a year ago. She did look quite well; I was proud of her. Mrs. Bruce took us in a new-looking auto, so we were quite puffed up. The meeting house was full and we were conducted to a front seat, the only one not filled. A gentleman got up and took his place between his wife and mine. We found later his wife had a grave-yard cough. The service was most interesting. We had not been at church for months, not since wife got flu in November. To our surprise we noticed on the rostrum two boxes, one about 38 x 5' and the other about 38 x 3'. In each box was an axis about which some thing revolved. We could not see well but thought they were trained monkeys to amuse the children. One trio would revolve rapidly while the other revolved slowly, then they would reverse the order of speed. The choir sang a very long anthem and at the end of each and every strain some thing in the box would say "Purple Pup" until the collection was all in. After the service some one told us that the boxes contained amplifiers for the new organ they were trying out. It seems members had been paying up better than usual, so some thing had to be bought. They are much like a school district.

After church we had to stand around for some time admiring each other's clothes. The breeze was a little cool and the car was a block away. Your grandmother seems to take cold and has been quite ill since. On Thursday my nose began running like a sugar tree in a spring thaw, one nostril at a time. After 18 hours the other nostril took over. It just was like tending camp in maple sugar time. After three days the symptoms subsided and I was well but a little weak. At this time your grandmother's nose began acting just like mine. She had never worked in a sugar camp so did not know what to make of it. She also had an attack of sinus trouble. Any way the house cleaning is stopped for the time being, tho this morning things are quiet. This morning wife changed the program from cereal, toast and bacon to buckwheat waffles, bacon and coffee. The change was welcome, the waffles were good, tho a little rich, and the margarine and maple syrup made them quite acceptable, but required an extra cup of coffee. I helped with the dishes and now wife is sleeping. I forgot to tell you she has the sleeping illness. She gets up, fries the bacon and cooks the cereal while I make the toast. Then we eat and do up the dishes, then wife is tired and lies down and sleeps until time to prepare lunch when the same program is repeated, and she sleeps most of the afternoon and all night from 9:30 to 7 A.M. I have been very uneasy about her for some time. At time it seems that she is just wearing out and I will soon be compelled to get a new one. Neighbors tell me that the new models are quite expensive and rather difficult to keep up. Your grandmother comes from a family of good-sized people and has lived five years longer than any of them and kept a clear mind, which some others did not, so we have much to be thankful for. Sixty-eight years of joy and sorrow together is not doing so bad, and that is what the next anniversary means.

Climatically do you have much rain in England? This year January gave us 3.31" of rain, Feb. 2.65", Mar. 1.34" and for the first half of April, to date, 2.48". We had one inch of snow which remained over night and another time about two inches with rain which took it off before night. We planted some garden just before the wet spell set in Mar. 15, and supposed the seed had decayed. Today we notice that the peas came up, the spinach and the radishes and spinach. Shinack planted in the fall did not come well. Also we have rhubarb and as-

Last week I received a letter from Mr.Kitcher who said that your application would be voted on April 11th. If it was, you know your fate. You must have some good friends there as the setting aside of a law or rule is not often done. In your case the application had to be considered by the local lodge and by the Grand Lodge of England. You must have some influential friends some where.

Of course the acceptance of your application does not signify that you will be accepted. One adverse vote would kill the whole thing, so it may be wise to be good until you are raised.

Mr.Kitcher informs me that the Brockenhurst Lodge #7040 does no work during the summer months so if your application is voted upon favorably this month it will probably be Sep. or later when you get the Third Degree. You would probably receive it in September. My application was made in the spring and I received the 3rd degree on Sep.16.1898. If all goes well with you we shall have Masonic birthdays in the same month. My fifty year diploma says Sep.16 1898 / I will write to Mr.Kitcher soon and thank him for letting me know about your application so soon. I like that man and would like to meet him.

There is some thing in Masonry that is difficult to define. I could feel it in the letter from Mr.Kitcher and have felt it when among strangers and in visiting in Seattle, Salt Lake City, Spokane and Helena. It has saved my job for me when the children were small and I did not know until years afterward that a brother had put in a good word for me when necessary and where it would do the work. If I were caught in many of the mean things I do, I should feel ashamed first for the lodge, then for myself. I try never to be found out in any thing discreditable to Masonry. It makes its members better men.

I am having a miserable time with my eyes. Their condition is one thing I do not thank my mother for. From her I inherit trichiasis, an incurable inflammation of the lining of the lower lids. I can find no cure for it and very little relief. Fortunately, this is a cloudy day which lets me off a little easier than usual. Otherwise, my health is good and I throw off indisposition as quickly as years ago. I notice some symptoms not apparent in years gone by, a feeling of fatigue after really working a while. It may be the symptoms of age, but I shall not complain as long as I retain my sight. I do not get to lodge often as the brother who used to drive by and pick me up is now dead, and I fear a fall if walking over to Main St. and I do not like to leave your grand-mother alone. Our family is in the habit of quitting without any previous notice as Father, Ray and Mary did. They did not suffer. I don't want to be away from home if your grand-mother takes a notion to leave suddenly. I hope we all go that way, but not just now.

It rained gently all night and until after noon today, and now we are having a thunder storm for the finale. It makes a person feel sorry for the Cannery. The ground is so wet they cannot plant peas for the summer harvest. They cannot stand the hot weather of summer, which will soon be here. It is reported that the Cannery has many cases of last year's peas yet unsold. By the way, the Cannery here claims to be the biggest canner of peas in the world. They confine their efforts to peas and asparagus. The Mexicans come here for asparagus cutting and remain until after pea harvest. They do not seem to enjoy the present weather.

We think often of Mary Ann and the children. Tell us of them when you write and I will write when I can see. Good-bye.

With love and best wishes for all,

W. M. Kitcher

617 E. Dayton Avenue,
Dayton, Washington.
May 22, 1958.

Dear Alden and Family,

Perhaps you have noticed that it is some time since I wrote. Things were rather cloudy for a while but are clearing now and probably will be back to normal soon. I forgot to mention that your father had sent us the tape recording. ~~Bombardier~~ was a producer at the drug store and enjoyed a full evening of the recording. Some of it was more natural than life but the part we enjoyed most was the singing in the first part. We have the recording in the book case and may try it again when some one we like is here.

Wife has not been real well since she had the flu in November, but since the weather is warm she is much improved. She is entirely over the cold which she says I gave her, but she took it from me. It was an acute head and throat epidemic which made her sinus trouble worse. She is really better than since last summer.

You, of course have heard of what the doctor called a light stroke several years ago. He made me stay in bed for several days, then do no work for a long time. I like that kind of treatment. About three weeks ago, we had eaten breakfast and I got up and passed behind wife to get my medicine, which I had been neglecting for a few days. It seems that I fell over the flower shelf and landed in the dirt from the flower pot, with bleeding head and entirely unconscious. Wife was scared as I did not respond to her calling me, and ran for the neighbors. I revived before they got here, but the doctor had been called. He came promptly with my favorite nurse, said I had got up from the table too suddenly, and sewed up the cut on my scalp. He said I could go shopping if I felt like it. I did. I have not been of much account since. It was worse than the first spell, as it weakened me more, but there was practically no paralysis. My mind is not just clear but will do for all that is necessary at present. In writing my fingers often hit the wrong bar and often I reverse the letters in a word. That is of no importance; let the reader beware.

Dear Alden, it is tomorrow now. I was interrupted when writing yesterday. The Secretary called to see if he might take me to lodge last evening. I was not much acquainted with him but found him to be an intelligent, well informed man, who likes good music. We spent most of the afternoon with conversation and records. Then he returned about six P.M. to take me to dinner. It was down stairs in the hotel. When I got there Roy Cahill took me into the bar room where we indulged in a Scotch and water. In the meantime they were clamoring for me in the dining room. I then found that it was an evening for fifty-year members. A Canadian brother who had worked in the U.S. for many years and joined the lodge here was given his fifty-year pin and diploma. The old boys were also photographed then seated at the head table of the U and had their dinner without charge. It was the fifty year night, and nothing else. I was then brought home, surprising wife at 8 P.?

We have had some hot weather recently, one 88 and four days in succession running from 90 to 95 and a N.E. wind with them. Today is cloudy and cool after some thunder. agriculturally every thing looks good with plenty of moisture in the ground. We depend upon June rains to make the crop. But no two years are alike, and since last year was cool this will likely be hot. April gave the 3rd heaviest rains in the weather history of the state, 3.93 ". if the reaction comes in June it will not be good for crops.

We had a good run of bulb flowers this spring and the native peonies are in full bloom following closely and the roses beginning to bloom. Not a twig was frosted last winter and they started new growth early. I had not the heart to trim them, back as should have been done. Then the aphids struck them, the sparrows and spray clear them away only to have the mildew strike the bushes. I have sprayed for that twice and we are getting good roses now. The bush by the front porch is higher than the railing and loaded with large red roses. The others are doing well, too, so the place looks very good with the old silver maple out and a little red-leaved maple in its place.

Your father and Jessie made us a short visit just before Easter. They spent but one day with us but we enjoyed it. Walter and Clady's were here in May. Walter complained of spending four days on the road and but three here. I think he was uneasy about his

mother and I surely was. When walter comes he has to run back and forth to Walla Walla to take Gladys and to go fishing with Wilbur. He like plane riding,so I tried to have him leave his auto in the shed here and go home by plane,but he's getting old a nd contrary.

Harold and Cora have been trying to get us to repeat the trip of last year and offer to come for us at any time,but we have thought best not to tempt fate too far. Neither of us is in condition for a trip yet. We may be when the melons are ripe in Boise. They do produce good melong and egg plant there

I do not think I even said thank you for the things sent me last Christmas. I wore the embroidered neck-tie last night. It was the best looking one in the room. I appreciate the things given me but for get to show my appreciation as I never give any thing myself.

As stated before your grand-mother was a shur-in all last winter. The thought she could stand going to church on Easter Sunday. When we want to go to church,we phone Mrs.Bruce,a wealthy widow and she comes for us. We phoned;she came;we went in our best. The church was full when we arrived,so we had to sit on the front seat. Maurice Rowe and wife were there and Maurice arose and took his place between Mrs.Roe and wife. We knew when Mrs.Rose coughed,a regular grave-yard cough,but it was too late to escape.

We noticed on the rostrum two large rectangular boxes,one about 3 x 5.and the other about 3 ft.square. They were about three feet deep. The light was poor so we could not see what was in them. I thought it might be performing monkeys to amuse the children. When the organist began to play,the supposed monkeys began to turn. By that time we could see that the supposed monkeys were large whirling cups. It was interesting to watch them. The choir sang a very long anthem and at the end of every phrase of music something in the boxws said "purole pup2just as plain as the preacher says amen. We made inquiry after the service and found that the appararus was part of a new organ on trial. They called the supposed monkeys amplifiers. If the organ is kept they will be out over head,out of sight.

Last year we attended Easter service in Salt Lake. The house was full and it is a large house with balconies around three sides. We noticed little round windows in the floor of the balconies. But when the minister bagan to talk,we knew at once what they were for. It was part of an excellent sound system so we could hear every work spoken without effort. It is easy to be good in a Salt Lake church. I really like to go to church on Easter Sunday. Also,there is usually some thing good to eat when we get home.

The aftermath of the Sunday service was not so pleasant. Wife got an awful cold,we think from Mrs. Roe. She gave it to me and I gave it back to her. She is nearly well now.

Alden,I am getting proud of myself in my old age. You know weather has been my hobby for a long time. I keep a record for private satisfaction. I paid eight dollars for a registering thermometer. It was not satisfactory. The float would catch in the mercury and the two sides did not read the same,so I knew one was not telling the truth. I wrote to the Seattle office asking where I could get a reliabe instrument. No reply;then one day the inspector from the state office stopped to see us/ He brought me a pair of the finest made and installed then in the shelter. He sais they discussed the matter at the office and thought a pair of thermometers was little enough pay for forty years' service given long ago,

When Mr.Kitcher told me of the result of the letters your father and I wrote,I fe lt so proud I nearly opened the bottle your grand-mother keeps for emergencies. Before any action could be taken on your applicatio,it had to go to the Grand Lodge of England for consideration. Then the lower lodge migh act upon it. You may feel proud of yourself,too. Nor many applicants receive such attention. I congratulate you and am proud of you.

As intimated on the other page this letter was begun yesterday. I buy the groceries of Fridy,goinf over to town with Mr.McCully. Today when we got home your letter was here. Take good care of the Jafuar. The engine is built like a good watch.

With love to the whole family,

J. McCully

617 E. Dayton Avenue,
Dayton, Washington.
Sep. 16, 1958.

Dear Alden & Family,

It is some time since the arrival of your letter of August 29th. I thank you for sending me the copy most easily read. We have become such stay-at-homes that we know nothing of the outside world except what is in the papers and you can get that more quickly and in better form by reading the papers. Neither of us is any too well and stay at home very closely. Your grandmother has not been well since she had flu last fall. She has been doctoring and limping around all summer without much improvement.

She imagines she is the Sleeping Beauty. We get up and prepare breakfast, I making the toast. Then we wash the dishes together and then she lies down to sleep and may sleep until time to get lunch. Then we repeat the program of the morning except that she does all the cooking. She then takes a nap during the afternoon and goes to bed at 9:30. She had an attack of nerve trouble in the right leg. Now she has arthritis in that knee that makes it difficult for her to rise from a chair. I think her general health is improving but it is slow.

I am about as useless as wife, but have a different variety of ailments. My principal trouble is arthritis in the right wrist. It looks like a bunion on a woman's foot and is so sore I can seldom tell the truth. To keep the wrist company, I have a toe in the right foot that has become so sore that walking is a burden. The toe is not to be blamed as it is the first time it has bothered me. It is a corn that I cannot see and wife treats a thing about once and thinks that should make it well.

If your English summers are too wet you should send them over here to dry. We are just concluding the hottest summer in the weather history of the state. We call a day hot if it is 90 or more. May gave us 7 such days, June 10, July 27 August 23 and September so far five and one of them 100. The rain came normally thru the spring months, tho not too normal. April gave 3.93", May 1.03, June 1.55" and then it quit. Since then July gave us .20" and August .08". The pea crop was cut about 20% and the barley crop was light but the wheat crop was good, many yields exceeding 50 bu. per acre. We also have the promise of a good apple crop. The June rain was in just the right time and quantity to save the day. Really, we do not need rain during the summer. It would interfere with work and delay harvest. Of course we should like to have things washed and the air cooled for the time, but it is really better to save the rain for fall seeding.

We have managed to keep the flowers thriving and the lawn green. It required some extra money for irrigating, but was well worth it. Today is cloudy and we have the promise of showers tonight. The days are cooler now, in the seventies and eighties. Nights are always cool but three this summer have been as warm as 60 and four have been 39

Last summer, this is almost fall, Harold thought we needed a change so he drove up from Boise for us, took us to his house, kept us there a week and then brought us home. It was a delightful change as their house is new and very modern. It is air-conditioned. Their climate is a little cooler than ours, so we sometimes had to go out of doors to get warm. Their hottest day, while there was 99, while the same day at home was 100.

Harold and Cora have a wonderful garden. Part of it, the corn was already in cans when we went there, but what struck us most favorably was the supply of watermelons and muskmelons. The latter were of large varieties, more than a foot long, with flesh two inches thick, sweet and juicy. We never saw such melons before. Harold and Cora did not eat bread, just melons. Their tomatoes were so thick they piled on the lower ones. We brought home melons of both kinds for ourselves and the neighbors. Harold brought us home the 30th. Cora came with him and went on to Spokane the next day to see their latest grandson. Harry and Inga said they would not have any children because they both had the same blood type and were afraid of deformities. The baby took things into his own hands and arrives a fine large boy, greatly to the surprise of parents and friends.

Norway would not be a good place for me. Dr. Harri limited my weight, dressed to 140#. He then said I should reduce more. Wife took charge. She cut off the oatmeal. Limited the

sugar and took general charge. At the end of a week the scales said I had lost 1 pound. At the end of the third week all loss was regained and have lived happily ever since.

Boise is a city of 65,000 half of whom live outside the city limits. It is an old town for the West having been settled in the early sixties by miners trekking from California to Idaho and Montana. The only manufacturing sites I saw were a saw-mill, a brick-yard and a steelworks. The valley is said to have been a part of the Lake Bonneville which covered southern Utah and is not represented by Great Salt Lake. The hills north of Boise are a thousand feet high and run back to timbered mountains. People are now beginning to build houses on the lower hills and points. One of the high points is just north of Harold's house. A road is being built to the top of the first ridge. I walked up it, about a mile and a half. A bulldozer was working on the road, so the surface was loose and sandy. When I got to the end of the Z I found a leveled place and a lot of cut stone from old, rich houses built years ago and torn down for more modern structures. The whole mountain was apparently sand, but in one cut I saw what looked like rock. When cut with my knife it proved to be clay in the process of hardening into rock. There are several layers of impervious clay in the mountain which stop and divert the rain water and make a few springs, which insure water for the homes built above the city.

A letter from your father says they have sold their house and give possession the 24th. He had not found a new place when he wrote and said they might live in an apartment for a while and build. We liked the house and the view from it, but it had become unpleasant on account of the neighbors' children. They were over here last spring and again during the summer.

Your grand-mother and I have been married nearly 68 years. The golden wedding is a thing of the past. We are now thinking of the diamond wedding as we have but seven more years to go. The idea looks good to me but might be like the ill man in the hospital. His physician was making the last call of the day and left saying, "Well, I'll see you in the morning." "Yes," said the sick man, "but will I see you?" We may not be here to join the celebrants.

This month marked my sixtieth year as a Mason. We have been thinking a great deal about you and your application. We have never received and direct word that you had applied for the degrees and had been accepted. Please let me know as soon as possible when you receive the first degree. Yours is an exceptional case. I never before heard of a Grand Lodge suspending a Masonic law to admit a person not legally entitled to consideration in and particular jurisdiction. If the action is favorable, you should feel very proud about it.

In your latest letter you never mentioned the Standard Oil Company or the tank you were working on. I have always felt interested in that tank and want you to keep me informed as to its progress. I even forget the size. Please re-inform me and speak of the progress. Does the rain stop work in England, or are the workmen amphibious?

We understood that your time in England would expire this fall. When will you be there? Have you any idea what the next work will be? We are anxious to see you and to sit by the fire and talk and talk some more.

Being away and having the sore wrist have put me far behind with my correspondence. I am now trying to catch up and will write to John Kirchr as soon as I know positively that you have been initiated.

During the summer Mrs. Payne said Mata and Mata's daughter, and the other Payne girls were going to have a family reunion in Dayton. That meant for Mrd. Payne to stay here. Your mother dreaded it and welcomed the visit to Boise during the week they were to be here. After we got home Dorothy Wilson, Jarvis Strong's daughter came here to look after their farming interests. She stayed with us instead of her mother's relatives. The Paynes had been delayed and came the same week. Our house was full and they just made a pleasant and brief call. The prayers of the wicked are NOT an abomination in the sight of the Lord.

With love and best wishes for you and yours,

Granddad.

617 E. Dayton Avenue
Dayton, Washington.
Oct. 11, 1958.

Dear Alden,

It is very difficult to write when one knows nothing of interest to write. Here we just stay, doing what is necessary to remain alive and enjoy life a little, and it has been little enjoyment we have got out of life for the last two months. Your grand-mother had an attack of what appeared to be sciatica. Then it turned into

old-fashioned arthritis of the right knee. It was very painful almost disabling her. She had to be helped from a sitting position. Mrs. McCully recommended a medicine which working some in the year. Her general health is quite good for an old person, so she has been taking for several weeks and it seems to be doing the work. She has even been able to live thru the winter if no epidemic takes her off.

The little toe on the right foot got to quarrelling with the next larger and seemed to get the better of the fourth toe. I think it was infected and it made me quite lame but is all right now if I wear the correct shoe. What has had me worried was the right wrist. Arthritis, of course, but more painful than it used to be. It rendered the right arm useless. I got medicine from the physician but it did no good. Then I asked Mrs. McCully and she said to take sodium salicylate in ten grain doses. I have been doing just that for two weeks and am able to use the hand almost as of old. It is still a good idea to soak the wrist in hot water first thing in the morning. Otherwise, I am in good health and entering the winter in good shape. All I need is a job.

This morning made us think of winter. It is not cold, just 33, but foggy, the first of the fall. It has been a very good fall so far: dry of course, but with rain enough to let people, even the farmers, work. The month has already given us .92" of rain and no general freeze. The 24th of September was 23 here, and the 9th of October was 25, here. We are colder here at the mouth of a long steep gulch than any where else in town. The coldest must have been but for a brief period as nothing was killed except such things as melons, squash and tomatoes. Rain was sufficient to let farmers seed and yet not prevent apple picking. The apple crop is good, estimated at 65,000 boxes for the two commercial orchards of the county. Neighbors recently brought us a box of Yellow Delicious for \$1. It is good to have a change from prunes to fresh apple sauce.

We have given up our garden ground as the lot has been sold, and the purchaser wants to sell or build next summer. We would rather have the vacant lot on the west but have enjoyed the present situation for eight years, so cannot complain. What we really hardly pays for the water during a dry season any way. Wife had me spade a little more in front of the east windows for bulbs and we shall take the strip back of the house for garden. We may not raise much, but in case of necessity will go to Boise and eat from Harold's garden. We have been there the last two years and consider making it a summer habit. They are excellent gardens and have their own well in one corner of the lot.

Altho it is cold and foggy this morning we have some roses blooming and the snapdragons and geraniums are not yet killed. My regular fall job has begun, raking leaves from the lawn. The leaves come principally from McCullys' locust and Webb's maple trees. They provide exercise until Christmas. I served notice on the neighbors yesterday that I would just let their leaves lie until they came for them. It did not seem to disturb them much.

Now, that the World's Serious ball games are over, our minds are at ease and we must look for other means of diversion. We might take up foot-ball, but that is too immature unless professional. Of course the professionals are paid for playing, and that takes the fun out of it for listeners. Most of us were sorry that Milwaukee did not win this year, but the Yankees are certainly the better team of the two. We always sympathize with the under dog tho it is most frequently his fault that he is the under dog, and does not deserve sympathy. The idea of sympathizing with the weaker side leads to poor government and inferior service generally. No good in this modern world.

Alden, I sincerely thank you for writing so promptly when requested. I was anxious. There are many uncertainties, and any one person can secretly stop the advance of an applicant at nearly any place without its being known who it was that objected. I have known a candidate to be stopped after receiving the first degree when further information was obtained or when a candidate could not learn what was necessary.

Brother Kitcher wrote to me recently and said you lived thru the first degree and would receive the second on the 10th of October. It was not quite so interesting as the first but more instructive. You may live thru the third, but remember that "Pride goeth before a fall." and please write again and give your impressions of the Third Degree.

When you get back to America I would like to see you as soon as convenient, as it may be possible to give you some help for future work.

Your application and its reception have opened my eyes to what Masonry should mean to every one who receives the degrees. In this country it is too often a matter of going with the crowd or taking the obligations for business advantages. With too many it is plenty to be able to say that they have been honest with brother Masons and have not violated some of the obligations. The action of the English Grand Lodge, and your local lodge have shown that it was to a great extent a matter of the heart, purely unselfish and for the good of the candidate and the fraternity. My hat is off to both of them. I honor and respect them for their exhibition of the true spirit of Masonry.

Alden I used to want a Jaguar. Harry has his second Jaguar and has given me a ride in the same. The engine is a finer piece of work than I have seen in an American car. If you get yours here with both of you in running condition I shall be pleased to have a ride in it. I think I know just where to go for a trial. When going to Boise last summer we saw some new road being built along Snake River. It was built of the best material and four lanes wide. It is on No. 30, the road used by the first immigrants, but they drove their ox teams away back in the hills as the gulches were too numerous and steep for roads near the river. I can't go along that river without thinking how the early settlers and their teams must have suffered in the heat and dust and the river sparkling away below them, beautiful but unattainable.

Now the fog has lifted; shadows begin to appear and it looks like autumn once more. That means that some of the chores of life must be resumed, like raking leaves off the yard, putting out a few more bulbs and looking after the furnace. It needs cleaning and soon will need oil. We get about three tankfuls of oil each year and try to have deisel for fall and spring. It does not flow in well when the mercury is in the neighborhood of zero. We look for some cold weather this winter as last was so warm and the summer was the hottest ever, for the northwest.

I shall try to write to Mr. Kitcher soon, but dread it as the eyes are failing so that I cannot see what is written without bending over the machine.

When you write tell about the family especially the girls. I am still interested in children. We heard that another little one was expected in the Walberg family but have not heard of its birth. We are getting quite a family mostly on your mother's side, about thirty great-grand-children altogether and only one death in the lot, and that accidental. They must get their vitality from the great-grand-mother.

We lost a neighbor recently, Mr. Hixon, an old timer just across the street. He was found to be diabetic, and needed a prostate operation. He went to Walla Walla for the operation, received it and died promptly of old-age pneumonia. Good-bye. Please write after the Third.

With love to the whole family,



617 E. Dayton Avenue,
Dayton, Washington.
Dec. 5, 1958.

Dear Alden,

Writing to you is most difficult as there is not a thing to write about. Not having a car, we never go anywhere and consequently hear nothing except over the radio, and much of that we wish we did not hear. But we still have weather and wonder what it is going to be when winter really comes. I believe that 24 is the highest number of hot days in any previous summer. This last summer gave 77 off 90 to 105. Last winter was exceptionally mild, the coldest being 20 and that in November. February was the warmest on record, 47.71/

Now, what I am trying to get at is, does Mother Nature try to even things and make up for the deficiencies one year with surpluses the next. This coming winter may partly solve the problem. September usually give a frost, enough to spoil the flowers. This year we had 24 on the 24th, and 26 on the 30th. October was a delightful month. Rain was needed, so it came, enough for seeding and then the latter part of the month was clear and bright with freezing nights for the last 11 days of the month. That was unusual. After the first of November we had warm nights until the 16th when we had two of 10 and 7 respectively. Then the nights were cold the remainder of the month. We have had warm rainy weather this month, with night temperature up to 45. This morning it was 23, with a forecast of much colder. A short distance east of us they have had to zero spells. We generally have our cold weather in January and wonder what it will bring. November and December, so far have given more clear days than usual. How does this compare with your weather in England?

I somehow overlooked what you said about the letter you dated the 13th. It came to me when I looked it over this morning. I had been wondering a little why you did not tell me you had been raised. Oh but I am glad I was never so interested in the progress of our own boys. My overlooking the hint you gave shows to what depths I have fallen mentally. Every time I have a spell it brings me a little closer to imbecility. Really though we have no cause to complain about health. Wife and I had quite a siege of arthritis last fall. Hers was in the right knee and mine in the right hand and wrist. We think it was caused by our eating too many tomatoes last summer. I went to Dr. Harri got a prescription and took all the medicine without any effect. By that time the bone in the wrist was enlarged. I then asked Mrs. McCully what to do and she prescribed sodium salicylate. That did the work and we are both in better health than for several years, except my arteries. I think Dr. Harri does not like me as he condemned me to take nicotinic acid for life. Then he prescribed some vitamins that retail at 12½¢ each and are to be taken for life.

At any rate, we are getting along this winter better than usual. We have quit bothering friends about going to church as it prevents taking cold. We get on very well with the radio for some music and the news. Say! I am not quite so gay as I thought as I have just had a spell while sitting here. It may be because I have tried to get along with less nicotinic acid.

Much later: I have been playing the mischief since starting this letter. Have been having a passing out spell every day, so just quit doing any thing and rested without being tired. This morning, Sunday I feel normal. Wife tried to make open the bottle kept in memory of a friend, but I told the tempter to get behind me and resisted temptation.

The whole world had changed appearance too. Friday night two inches of snow fell coinciding with a cold wave from Canada. It is still on the ground, though it is raining this morning. We have been fortunate that the northern cold waves give us only a sample and the effect goes east.

It is very provoking to me that I cannot do any thing just at this time. Mrs. McCully says it is because I try to work or walk too fast. One morning I helped rake the leaves off the vacant lot west of us. Next I swept snow off the walks and then went over town. By the way, the City street gang came along one morning last week and cut off the slope on our front yard. I could never have done it perhaps

but it will be much more satisfactory to have a regular durb put in.

Christmas time is here and we don't feel a bit that way. Wife is always worrying about me. We have three boxes of cards to send out and some private presents to our own family and will have to let it rest at that. You had better see to the change of address of your Reader's Digest. We would but do not know what your address will be. Your name was included in the list this year. We will let other things wait until you come to America . Please don't be too long in getting to the west. We are anxious.

We enjoyed the tape sent us as we do every thing that breaks up the monotony of life when we go nowhere. Besides some parts of the tape were worthy of notice in themselves.
grand .

Harold, when here, tried to put a make-shift belt on your mother's radio. He did not succeed and left the phonograph so it would not run well. I got a man who came to Dayton from Missouri and works for Montgomery to come up and see to it. He seemed to know something about it, by hints he dropped, so we sent the machine to him. They brought it home two nights ago and it seems to be perfect. The phonograph is much improved . We would rather have it in its present condition than any hi fi or other improvement we have heard. It is more natural and generally pleasing. The songs are more as if they were being sung.

A letter from your father this week says all are well in Seattle and the new house is progressing very well. We shall be glad to see them in a new home. The old one was good enough, but if one does not like a neighborhood, it is best to move. Again, they will not always be young enough to climb stairs.

While I think of it, please give us some hint as to what to get for the children's Christmas when they arrive in the U.S. Has your company given you any idea of what your work will be in the U S or where you will be located? We wish you could be located where you can buy or build a home or rather a house. The home is built also, but it takes a long time to make a home while a house is a matter of a few weeks.

We are so anxious to see all of you that we are hardly rational. Please let us know when to expect you here. If you are here on a lodge night I will try to get them to naturalize you. In the meantime may good luck attend you all.

Sincerely, Grand-dad and Grandmother., 207-11-66

617 E. Dayton Avenue,
Dayton, Washington.
Jan. 28, 1959.

Dear Alden and Family,

Do you notice that I have not written for some time? I would defer still further if it were not coming spring which will make doing other things necessary. The way things look this morning winter is over and spring is here with nothing much to do nor much to do it with. It has been cloudy and rainy for several days. This morning the sun threatens to come out so we think winter is over. I really do with sufficient faith my opinion to bet on it. We notice that the forecasters say it will rain or be clear when just the opposite is what comes. We have come to the conclusion that some plants know more than some forecasters. For instance there are some snow drop bulbs in front of the house. They are in full bloom and have most of the month. They tell us we shall have no more winter, maybe snow and some cold nights but no real winter.

We expected a hard winter because last winter was the mildest on record and last summer was the hottest on record. November gave us a few days below 20 and December gave some cool weather near the first. In the first week, December gave us 7-0--5--45 and 9. All the remainder was above 20, except two nights near the last of the month.

We had a most enjoyable Christmas this year. Your father was with us tho Jessie had to work. The weather was warm and not too rainy nor foggy. Furthermore, we were in good health at that time which is more than can be said of any period since. I done re, e, ber just when we were hit but it was early in the fall. We both had arthritis so severely as to cripple us. It was probably the result of eating freely of tomatoes in the late summer. They were just lying on each other in Harold's garden and just had to eaten. We were both crippled with the disease. Your mother had it in the right knee and was really laid up with it. It started, with me, in the fingers of the right hand then went to the wrist, where it enlarges the end of the larger bone. I went to the doctor for medicine. Dr. Harri always gives a prescription, so the price of the medicine added to the cost of the call makes us aware of the expense. We got steadily worse while taking the medicine and asked Mrs. McCully what to do. She said to take sodium salicylate which we did with favorable result, in time. Being ill once in a winter is enough for me. Not so with wife. As soon as possible in the new year she became ill with a pain in the left side of the back. She was really ill but did not want a doctor. I got Dr. Will, her favorite doctor to come to the house and make an examination. He came made the examiantion but did not know what was the matter, so just called it neuralgia and prescribed a tonic tablet and an anesthetic. She has slept most of the time since and is now becoming alarmed about so much anesthetic. She sometimes sleeps 16 hours out of the 24 but is getting better slowly. Will went to Nevada or some other immoral state, so we think wife may get well if he stays long enough. She is very thin and very weak but not suffering so much. She rose to the barber shop yesterday, but has put her hair up yet,

Our friends changed the program for Christmas this year. Usually we have received things to wear nice things that we liked to show. This year nearly every thing was to eat. We are still eating some of the presents, which ran from bacon to maple candy. We thank you for sending us something to wear. They were the only articles of clothing we received this year. The slippers you sent me were the finest ever to come my way. I thank you for them sincerely. The thing to wear on wife's head was most appropriate and was one thing she needed. We sent practically nothing at Christmas as we were in no condition to get and send. Tell me what to have for the girls when they arrive here and I shall make an effort to have them ready.

We had about 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches of snow the 5th of January. I swept it off the front walk, the east walk and out to the rain guage. About that time Mr. McCully appeared to be having some trouble with his car. I went over to help if possible. He put the jack under to get the chains on. The jack slipped throwing the auto to one side so he could not get it out of the shed. I did practically nothing and than we went to

the house to warm our feet. Mrs. McCully jumped at me, grabbed my wrist, and started counting. The count was too high to suit her and she made me promise to see my doctor. I did the next day. When I went into the house my face was very white, my pulse was over a hundred and my breath was coming too fast. They would not let me put my overshoes on - did it for me. When I got to the doctor next day, he said the heart was weak, probably from age. He gave me medicine and told me to report at a certain time. I did but the doctor was ill at that time. I got back at the end of a month. Dr. Harri went over me in good shape. Blood pressure was 130, pulse 73 and every thing in good shape. He sent me home telling me to report in a month. Of course I had a time with your granf-mother for a while. She wanted to spoon-feed me, but is over it now.

I just mention this to give you some idea what a pleasant exciting time we have had here since Christmas. Now I have nothing to complain of except the eyes. Yesterday I tried to write but could not. I fear there is no doing any thing with the eyes.

The P.P. & L. Co. is putting up what they call a power station up in the field just northeast of the house. I do not know why and have not asked many questions for fear they might ask me to pay my bill. Harold thinks it may make radio reception worse but I don't think that possible. They are putting a lot of machinery put in the field and seem to have it all tied together. I think it means heavier wires for Cannery power.

One day last month the City grader came along the street in front of the house. They kept getting in closer until they had the front yard scraped off as far in as the curb below us. We were really pleased as it will make the front look better and make the mowing easier. The only bad feature, we cannot get a curb put in until danger of freezing is over.

We probably will not have any garden to fool with next summer except the little strip back of the house. The people who have bought the Basil house say they are going to build a house between us and McCully's. If they do it will be pretty close to us but we will be as close to them. Of course we shall have to look to you for tomatoes. You can ship to us by the box. I guess that I am out of my mind. We just received a letter from Harold and I thought for a moment that I was writing to him.

Have you made any arrangements about where you will live or what you will do when you get back to America? We hope you will make a visit to the west before settling down in the east. I should like to talk to you a little before you do any thing further in Masonry.

It will seem strange to you after living in sunny England two or more years to see such cloudy rainy weather as we have here. Of course we may have real cold as we sometimes have extreme cold in February but only once in four or five years do we have real cold. Every thing surely will be brighter when the days lengthen a little.

We should like to have some idea when you will be here. We think you leave England Feb. 21st. and wonder if you will come west before finding where the Company will put you. We are very anxious to see all of you but travelling and every thing else will be more pleasant later. We are so anxious to see all of you that we can hardly act rational about your coming. Please drop a card to us when you arrive in N.Y.

With love and best wishes to all.

Grace McCully

617 E. Dayton Avenue .

Dayton, Washington.

June 17, 1959.

Dear Alden & Family,

I dread like the mischief to try to write to any one as I am so ineffective in every thing that I try to do. That spell of pneumonia nearly finished me, physically and mentally. I cannot do any thing. It seems that my strength never will come back. I am well enough now but have no strength. Yesterday I was trying to put an attachment on the water outlet so the hose could be attached or detached quicky. I did not succeed but it made me so tired that I had to lie in the grass to rest, and then could hardly get up by myself. I have not yet tried mowing the lawn or doing the washing. The only thing I can do is walk if it done slowly enough.

This year is so different from last that we seem to be in an entirely different climate. Where, last year, we had 7 days of ninety or more in May, 10 in June, 27 in July, 23 in August, and 5 in September, we have had the opposite this year. We may have had two days when the mercury rose to 80, but not more. We have been making a wood fire in the fireplace each evening and often all day. More than the usual amount of rain has fallen this spring and the crop prospect is good. The asparagus crop was not so good as usual as it requires warm weather to do its best. We think they concluded the asparagus harvest yesterday. The viner for the pea crop were set up in the field behind the house some time ago and this afternoon we saw two headers going in. That tells us that the Canning Company will stop canning asparagus and go to work on the peas.

Last Saturday Mrs. Clara Armstrong stopped with her auto and asked if we cared to go up to her farm with her. We did; the ride was short, about 3 miles up the Patit, but it was long enough to give us an idea of how the country looked. It was beautiful with but few fallow fields along the way and every thing green and thrifty. Even the hillside coves were beautiful, so different from what they will be in a few weeks.

The second of the X-rays Showed very little change in my lungs, especially the right lung. Dr. Harri gave me all the penicillin they dare give in one session and then changed to sulpha and gave the full course without much change. Finally the right lung began to clear up but is not entirely clear yet. Of course I am much improved, but the improvement is due to a small package received thru the mail. It was a small bottle of clear liquid which was said to be genuine water from the Fountain of Youth which Ponce de Leon searched for in Florida. The bottle was from St. Augustine but no name accompanied it. We suspected Cousin Gertrude because the address was to W. H. Hendron. She always uses an "H" for the second W. My recovery began as soon as I had smelt the contents of the bottle. The doctor stopped at the house for some peonies one evening and we told him about the bottle and contents. He was doubtful about it.

I have had an awful time about the eyes and spectacles. The first trip to Walla Walla, Dr. Schneller told me that a Dr. Bond could repair the left eye so it would not be necessary to hold it open to read. I went to him and he cut a triangular piece out of the lower lid, sewed it up and sent me home. Dr. Schneller said that would make a change in the left eye and he could not prepare the spectacles until the eye had healed. I was ill at the time and Wife sent me to the hospital about the next morning. I did not like the situation there and begged to be allowed to come home. After a week Dr. Harri gave permission on condition that I absolutely obey wife. I was ready to promise any thing. My bill for the seven days was \$164.50 just hospital bill. That would soon have eaten up my pension. My improvement began when I got home and continues, but oh, how slowly. Dr. Harri took the stitches out of my eye and we forgot about spectacles until this month. The operation was a complete success, and a friend took me down to be fitted with spectacles. He had to glasses for both eyes. I paid him \$30 asked him to send the glasses by mail and came home. The glasses came last week and are aight but my eyes are not. I fear I am going blind, but cannot complain for my eyes have given good service longer than most eyes..

617 E. Dayton Avenue
Dayton Washington.
Dec 6 1959.

Dear Alden & Family,

For some time I have been trying to write to you but have been kept from it by annoying little things and the dread of telling you the truth. Again, it is very difficult to write without some thing to write about. Here we just exist, do nothing, nor is any thing done by others at this time of year. About the only thing that occurs is the weather, and that is mostly bad, or threatens to be.

The summer of 1958 was the hottest on record. I believe the number of days with the mercury between 90 and 105 was 72. We thought it would be followed by a hard winter. The winter was so mild that it did not kill the mums or rose canes. The summer of this year was cool, not half a dozen nineties all the season. The first part of the fall was unpleasant with cool weather and plenty of rain. It was such a crop season that grain was piled out of doors for want of room under shelter. It was just right for seeding so next year's crop is up and growing. In November, 1955 on the 13th we had 3" of snow and the thermometer said -2. The next morning it was +9 followed by two more cold days. This year, on Nov. 13th the mercury stood at -2, the next was -11 and followed by more cold with 3" of snow on the ground. We consider this a climatological coincidence only the 13th was Friday, this year.

I sent for a chinook. It came, removing the snow and another Indian summer. The buttercups came out and we lived happily ever after, but the chinook played the mischief west of the mountains. Snow was deeper there and all was removed quickly, making floods in the low land and slides in the mountains. One man who owned 18 acres of garden land had all the soil washed away, nothing but rocks and rubbish left. I must have prayed too hard, but will tell you the reason why.

We have been burning diesel oil in the fall and spring because it is a little cheaper and has more heat. Early in the fall we had the tank filled. "Filled" is used advisedly as he put 213 gallons in a 200 gallon tank. We got along very well even on the zero night, but when it came to 11 below, it was different. The oil thickened in the pipe leading to the house. The fire went out; wife got up; she said it was cold. I then got up, went to the basement and lighted the fire several times, no good. Then, put something on my feet, went out, swept the snow away from tank and made a fire under the pipe. Soon all was well and we have lived warmly ever since. We learned the freezing point of diesel oil. If stove oil is mixed with it, it works well.

Since the cold spell we have had but little rain. The sky is mostly clear, with days pleasant and nights from 10 to 20. One thing I never noticed so much before is that the sun does not rise very high during the day. In the summer it would get to the tops of the tall fir trees across the street. Now, it gets only half way to the top. Recently I took my exercise walking to the west end of this street. I could see nothing because the sun was so low and shining in my eyes. Never noticed it before.

We feel so glad that you have a good position and a good home for your family. You have obtained them more quickly than we did. You may have most of the air-plane and auto transportation for me. I have become afraid of any other means of getting from here to there but my own legs. They are not much good any more, but are sure not to run away with me. I have become so lazy that I do not want to do any thing. Wife says she feels the same way and I believe it from the way meals do not come at times. I think she is doing remarkably well for a woman as small as she is and 86 years old. She does not care to go any where so not many people come here. We have some of the best neighbors in the world but they have their own families and relatives, so they do not mean much to us except to help some times.

Recently we had my birth-day, Thanksgiving and our 69th wedding anniversary to celebrate. We celebrated all, but some times by resting up from the day before. Wife was so anxious to celebrate my birth-day that it aroused my superstition. I'm sure we both thought the same thing That it may be the last one.

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With love and best wishes to all.

Grace and Bob

617 E. Dayton Avenue .

Dayton, Washington.

June 17, 1959.

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This is tomorrow, did not get done yesterday, could write much faster with pen but you could not read it. This morning the sky is clear and it is warm. Also the pea harvesters are at work in the field back of the house. That makes it lively here, with trucks passing to and fro east of the house. The city put up a stop sign in our yard yesterday, making Dayton Avenue a main thoroughfare. It makes no difference about crossing the street but adds to the appearance of the street and yard.

What kind of flowers do you have on your place? We have had quite a variety of tulips on front of the windows in front of the house but they do not look so pretty now. There are fall crocus mixed with them. The roses and peonies have the right of way now. We have one peony that is almost black and another that is pure white no pink even in the center mixed with one of one color in the center they make striking bouquets. The Red Emperor is the tulip for early bloom. Here it is the earliest of all and is a good large flower. My principal occupation from now on will be cutting off roses that have bloomed and trying to make the vines bloom more.

A neighbor gave me a couple of poppy plants. One of them died but the other this year is as large as a rhubarb plant and full of bloom. I had sent for some advertised three for a dollar, supposing they would be different colors. They are the same color as what we already had. So we now have four poppy plants in a row, all the same color. They will make people think we are growing our own heroin, but it will be different next year.

Sunday evening I heard your grand-mother chattering away in the kitchen like a magpie. Going to investigate I beheld Harry, Inga and little Lars. They had gone from Spokane in the morning on a trip to Richland where Harry is going to work for a while at least. Going home they chose to go by Dayton, which was very pleasing to us. Harry insisted that they had to be in Spokane early in the morning and would not stay over night. We suppose you know Inga is a pure blood Dane. While they were here Thyge Schmidt and his wife, who are also Danes, came to see us. It was quite a party for a while. That Lars kid is some boy. He promises to be at least six feet tall. He is not fat, just in good condition good natured and strong. They would not let us keep him for a while. Wife dreads their return as Lars will be walking then. That kid would be a good pattern for any one who wants a boy. They were not going to have any children as both are of the same blood type. Inga had worked in a hospital and knew much.

When you write again tell as much about your work as is allowed. We are very much interested you and your work always. The same is true of the other grand-sons, but they are pretty well settled in their jobs. You were most lucky to find such a position so quickly. We congratulate you on your success and on finding such a place to live. For some time I have not cared whether I lived or died, though I did want to make a trip to where my boyhood was spent in Pennsylvania. It is not likely that the trip will be made but I might get into California, I have been only in the extreme northern part of that state a couple of times to attend lodge on Prisoner's Rock, where Captain Jack and his warriors were confined for a while after the Modoc War. Mother used to read to me about that war when I was a small child, living in West Virginia. Some time when driving north take the Shasta route and come by Tule Lake and Klamath Falls. We are anxious to see your new home and more of California. I think wife was born in that state and moved to Nevada afterward. I must stop now to get this in the mail before too late. Write when you can and tell us about your new home. There is nothing like having a home that belongs. We hope you take good care of it and enjoy it a long time as we did the home up the Touchet Goodbye,

With love to the whole family,
Grand-dad.

617 Dayt on Avenue,
Dayton, Washington.
Oct. 00, 1959.

Dear Alden,

The man you took to Walla Walla last February is now non-existent and is now replaced by a doddering, totterin old man. That attack of pneumonia made a different person of me. It made old, and real old all at once. I cannot wlk straight on the street or do any work to speak of. People do not tell me how much my mind is affected but I suppose it has deteriorated as my body has. The technicians improved my eyes a great deal by the operation and the new spectacles, so that at times I can read ordianry print for an hour or two at a time, yet there is no denying the fact that I am losing my sight, often cannot tell what is in a dish on the table. Fortunately, there is not much work to do here. We think that yesterday's mowing the lawn was the last for this year. The big job of the season is to clean the lawn. Our three young maples make some raking necessary now, but the bulk of the exercise is caused by the big locusts to the west of us and the maples across the street I used to cuss about them but now they afford much needed exercise. I have not been exaggerating my physical condition, but am now able to do the family washing and can walk to town and back if going slowly and once mowed the yard without stopping. We cannot see why strength does not return.

Dr. Harri has me to report to him frequently and when I do he makes me strip to the waist and goes over me thoroughly with the stethoscope. I do not know which he is going after, the lungs or the circulatory organs. I take medicine for the heart and nicotinic acid to relax hardened arteries. I shall try to find out definitely next time and the visits are never mor rhan a month apart. He asked me if I could breathe well when lying on my back. That made me think. Passing out or off is not so bad, but I dread the idea of lying helpless on my back for a long ttime as three of my friends have done.

One night last month a Masonic friend was honored by a good supper and the emblem of 50 years as a Mason pinned on him. We were not required to go to the lodge room, had the supper at the hotel. It was a very enjoyable occesion and the first time out for me since you were here. Those stairs are too much for me and wife makes a fuss about them

This has been an excellent year for eastern Washington. The spring was cool and wet, just what the crops wanted except apparagus which was just an ordinary crop, but the peas were the best crop even I think the entire crop for this cannery counting Pomerow and Waitsburg was over three minnion cases. They had to pile cases of canned peas outskde dor want of room inside. The wheat crop was ditto. Some yields were as high as 85 bu. per acre. The ware houses were full like the cannery and Dayton had three big piles of wheat on the ground. I think some of it was caught by the fall rain. The fall rains came early so every thing is green this fall and the next crop is coming up well. The only bad luck was a hail storm which spoiled , any apples. in a few cases. the entire crop. Last week a neighbor and we bought some Golden Delicious for \$1.25 per box. The apples are good but nearly every one is hail-marked.

We have had some good weather but it has been a cool fall, so far with many cool cloudy days and frequent rains some of them heavy. We have not yet had any hard freeze, just enough to kill tomato vines and some of the roses. We notice that those about the Court House have not been frosted yet. Take it all around this Walla Walla valley is a good place in which to live,

one thing I should mention is that while you are young you should have your wife give you a boy or two. We have found our boys so useful this last year that we feel it our duty to encourage young folk to produce more of them. Walter and Gladys were here early to inform us that the auto season was on, and that summer was coming. They did intend to return this fall but we do not know if they will come. Walter does not like long trips so weal as of old. Harold made a trip early to see how I was making out. When his mother needed help, just aster I was out of the hospital, he came again and again when melons were ripe. he brought up a load for us and the neighbors. Your father was here a couple of time and then came over just to paint the walls and ceiling of the living room. The walls are a pale green and the ceiling white with a little tint in it so it looks like sun-rise when the light is right. The room is much lighter and looks darger. Every one who notices the work re,arks upon the quality.

This is tomorrow. An interruption occurred. This is a sifferent day in that it rain- yesterday and some in the night, and now looks like more rain. We fear it is November weaeter in advance. It makes little difference to us as we have nothing urgent outside and find things very co. fortable inside. It would be pleasant to be lazy if one could read, which I can do about half the time.

That was a splendid account of your trip to Washington, D.C. We should like to have as much information as you can legally give about your work. We could keep perfectly quiet about your work, but do not want you to break any pledge. We can still live with- out the information.

The locust leaves are coming down now so that there will always be some thing to do for quite a while. We get mad about them sometimes as all our leaf work comes from the neighbors' trees, but it is good exercise .

We had tulips olear across in fron of the house last summer. There were some fall crocus also. Now we want to have enough of the crocus to make a row just back of the tulips. The crocus come up early in the spring and just make a bunch of leaves. They die doen later leaving the ground bare. Then about the last of August or in September the flower comes up without any foliage. It is very delicate, of a bluish color and about eight inches high. We have enjoyed the flowers very much this summer and still have roses in bloom. The flowers about the Court House have not been injured by frost yet. But that is too good luck for commom mortals.

Have you bought a house in California? There is nothing like having ones home but a home is sometimes inconvenient when the work is not permanent. But then a person should always keep a place so that it will sell for more than he gave for it. I do not know that will be the case here, but we have improved it considerably and feel that it will sell for more than we gave. We don't like to leave the place but know that we must leave it soon - getting too old.

Alden, there is not a thing to write about here. I may have to teke a trip some where to have some thing to write and talk about. Or I might take an imaginary trip some where which woul d if the other fellow did not take the same trip. One thing I would like to ask of you if it is convenient. We have lost some of our best old phonograph records. Are you near a place where they might be replaced. They are red seal records of many years ago. If you know of a store that might have them I will make out a list with the names and numbers. Goodbye. This will let you know we are a live and well, but no good.

With love and best wishes for you and the family,

Granwood

Neither of us has had a real cold this fall, and are well otherwise excepting old age. People who meet me remark about my looking so well. I tell them that looking well or good is my strong weakness, and that is more true than they realize. Just now and when resting generally, I never felt better, but when it comes to doing any thing I am just no good. That illness last February just after you were here nearly finished me at the time and took every thing worth while out of me. Where it counts most is the heart. My breath is shorter than a rabbit's tail. The least exercise makes me pant like a lizard, tho I don't know just how a lizard pants unless he does it the same as we. I have lost any desire to work tho it is often necessary. My mind is gone and I can just sit and think, or sit without thinking more easily than any thing else. Some times it becomes enjoyable, especially in the sun or the hot corner of the room. I walk over to the store when necessary. Some times walking that far plays me out. Then, again, the trip is made twice in one day without affecting me much.

Dr. Harri watches me quite closely. Six weeks has been the longest time between examinations since the pneumonia. His object appears to be to keep the heart going. The last time or two I have been at his office, he seemed much pleased and said I had done much better than he thought possible. The last two times at the office he has asked me if I could breathe easily when lying on my back. I did not ask him what he meant. It was plain enough. Shortly after leaving the hospital my feet began to swell. A hypodermic and some tablets reduced the swelling, but it is worse now, tho still confined to the feet. It is much worse with the right foot and ankle. Last night when undressed I noticed that the calf of the right leg was swollen hard. I had a friend to die that way a few years ago, and much prefer a sudden end instead of the long drawn out hospitalization and just being a burden.

It may be that I am too pessimistic and that the condition may improve but I don't see how it can. Fortunately we have enough to lay me away and take care of wife as long as she lived. I gambled some a few years ago. The result is we own 564 shares of stock (P & L) worth \$35 per share, have \$10,000. in the bank and the home is paid for, nothing to worry about except lying around useless.

Here at the dining room window with the sun shining in like spring it is hard to realize that Christmas is so near. Some people have asked me for snow for the occasion. I could not promise it tho forbidden to sweep it. My part is about done. It consists of sending subscriptions for the Reader's Digest for the grand-children. I cannot well do more as the tribe is becoming too numerous for consideration. We know the number of great-grand-children is over 30 how far we do not know.

Charles, Harold's youngest son, living on Long Island and working for the Sperry Gyroscope company is soon to move to this state to work for Boeing. It seems foolish to give up one good job for another, but he and Marcia are both anxious to get back to the West. They have two little girls. I blame his wife for it and don't see why you young fellows do not provide more material for the defense of your country. I think you have received a hint from us. If not let me give it. In the meantime when you see a family of children with one much younger than the others, notice the sex of the youngest one.

We should like very much to see you or any of the family for that matter. If you come north be sure to make Dayton a stopping point. I may be like the patient to whom the Dr. said "Good-night, I'll see you in the morning." The patient replied "Yes, but will I see you"? Good-bye.

With love and best wishes for all,

Granddad

617 E. Dayton Avenue,
Dayton, Washington.
Feb. 7, 1960.

Dear Alden,

About all I can do is tell you why I do not write. We had a quiet happy Christmas all by ourselves then were surprised by the arrival of Walter. He came by air-plane after having Christmas with his family in Salt Lake. His brothers-in-law brought him from Walla Walla. The next day his mother was ill. We sent for Dr. Harri but the senior partner, Dr. Day came. He advised taking wife to the hospital where he could attend her better. We took her at once. The trouble was weak heart and blocked kidneys. The latter trouble was stopped in a few days. Dr. Day said at the end of five days that we might as well take wife home if we could care for her there. We took her home and told Harold. Walter had to go home and Harold had offered to come if needed. He came. We found him to be an excellent cook while I tried to do the nurse stunt.

and Harold had to go back to his job, and got a woman to help with wife and housework. All women here are spoiled by the Cannery. They work by the hour for not less than a dollar per hour. The woman employed came at eight in the morning and went home by taxi at five P.M. That meant for me to get up attend to wife, get her breakfast and then mine and do up the dishes and other small items demanding attention before the woman came. Then do the same things at night after she went home. Harold is a great manager for some one else. We stood it nine days, then told the woman we could do the work ourselves. Since then Mrs. Woolson comes over and bathes wife and looks after her while I continue the old role. It is not so bad if wife can sleep at night, otherwise it is quite wearing on both of us.

The kidney trouble has subsided. In other words it is in obedience, liable to repeat at any time. The heart trouble is critical. The doctors do not expect her to live, and say she may be able to get up again but never will be able to do any thing. Just yesterday and today she is able to go from bed-room to bath room. At times her pulse is fairly strong at 48 per minute. Sometimes I cannot feel it, the respiration is two or three times as rapid as the heart. She could not eat because breathing so fast. Dr. Harri gave a hypodermic which seemed beneficial. Dr. Day went on a trip to Hawaii, leaving his patients to his partner, Dr. Harri. Harri says that if wife ever improves, it will be very slow. Day's action says he does not expect her to live.

Your letter of the 1st written at Pittsburg was the greatest thing that has happened to me recently. I would gladly give a day in Heaven to be with you on such a day as you had at Whitsett. I am sorry to be unable to comply with your request for the deed. We thought we put it between book leaves to straighten it. We have looked for it for years and have come to the conclusion that some one must have taken it. I asked cousin Gertrude to send me the old deed, which I used to play with as a boy. She said it was in such shape that it was not safe to transport it and that the Historical Society of Pennsylvania wanted it for their records. Mrs. Kipp had two facsimile copies made, on parchment, sending me one and keeping one copy herself. I feel sure Mrs. Elmer Kipp, 125 S. Ridgeway Avenue, Daytona Beach, Florida would give you any aid possible. Mrs. Kipp was uncle Harry's only daughter, Gertrude. Uncle Harry was but 15 years older than I. He moved his family to Florida about the time the Whitsett coal was mined out from Grand-father's land. Harry and I corresponded until his death. Then his wife, Aunt Belle took up the writing until her death. Mrs. Kipp then took up the job and still writes to us. The latest is dated Jan. 25, 1960. She is about 15 years younger than I am. My last memory of her is a little golden haired girl of five standing on the back porch at Whitsett.

Had you gone about a mile from Perryopolis, I think S.E. you would have found the Washington farm, which John Rist bought about 1875. I spent that summer there. It has another brick house that I'll wager is standing. The Pittsburg vein of coal crops out above the level of the valley on that place. I think Alexander Hamilton laid out Washington City and that Perryopolis is a copy of the former city, and nearly as old.

That old house is remarkable in that nearly all the material for it was found on the farm. In making the bricks the clay was taken from the basement as it was dug. The sand for the mortar was from the river shore in front. The lime was made from stone found in the hill behind the house, burned by coal taken from lower in the hill, while the sand stone for the foundation and all the window and door sills and caps was taken from the quarry at the top of the hill across the gulch from the mine entrance.

The William Whitsett buried with the others was a young Irishman who came to the colonies and fought in the Revolutionary War. Old records tell of his wife being captured by the Indians. I would blame them for my dark complexion except for the fact that mother's father had red hair as did William. When William Whitsett died he was buried in the corner of the orchard a little north and east of the house. When the P & L.E. railroad was run thru the orchard his body was taken up and moved to what we called the Redstone Cemetery. A singular fact is that when he died his hair was short and white. When the body was taken up only the outline of the coffin remained but the hair had grown several inches and had become an Irish red. All Whitsetts were buried formally in cemeteries after the death of great-grand-father.

Rainbow Island was an old camping place for the Indians. We used to find many arrow heads on the ground when working it for corn or hay. The house was built after 1840 when Mother was a girl. I think the founder of the Christian church was Alexander Campbell who lived about one mile west of Bethany West Virginia. I remember the old man quite distinctly and used to play with his brother's son while a small kid. The name Whitsett is not the true name of the family. It was Whiteside and was changed by the insistence of Mother's sisters. They were not so proud of the Irish as I.

There is nothing strange about the Walter Scotts. They came in honestly on the female side. Grand-father Whitsett married Rachael Estep whose mother was a Scott. The name was given to one of mother's brothers who was indiscreet enough to die of measles at the age of 16. Mother named me for that brother. If the Kentucky relative has the name Scott, I think it is merely coincidence. In your last two letters you have not mentioned your wife or children. Have you severed all connection with them? We should like to know if they are still living.

It is getting a little dark and my eyes have given out, so it is best to close. I am sorry not to have complied with some of your requests but will write to Gertrude and request her to help you if she can. Goodbye.

With sincere thanks for the letter,

Pittsburgh, Pa Feb. 1, 1960

Dear Grandfather,

Talking to you Saturday night gave me an interesting weekend which otherwise would have ^{been} a tiring continuation of business or lonely boredom. Your directions to the Whitsett House at Whitsett, Pa. were as accurate as they would be if you left yesterday. And the interesting aspects of the place were probably more than you imagined. I have in the car, for example, pieces of a human pelvis and femur which were unearthed by a clay removal operation last week about 100 yards south of the house.

Since they were found 2½ feet below the surface, along with some sea-shells, I presume they were Indian bones. If it was a family custom to bury my ancestors with shells let me know and I will send them to you for proper interment. An anthropologist has been making frequent visits to Whitsett to collect occasionally unearthed Indian remains so I feel that I have robbed only him. The family seems well accounted for in the cemetery at Mt. Washington.

Steve Chuboy, a man of Austro-Hungarian extraction, is the owner of Whitsett House since 1950. It is rented, until a few weeks from now, by an engineer at the Clairton Steel Mill whose name is John Adams.

(2)

The house is moderately well kept by the Adams family several of the 11 rooms are vacant, though.

Mr. Chuboy made ^{me} his guest in Perryopolis and tried to sell me the house for \$18,000. Near New York or Philadelphia it would easily bring \$50,000 but Whitsett is now a ghost town of less than 100 coal town type company houses occupied on the north side by Hungarians and on the south side by negroes. Employment in the area is fitful and unattractive. Industries have been proposed there but the steep hills out of the river valley inhibit trucking.

I went through every room in the house from the third floor to the cellar. It is in remarkably good repair. The slate roof needs work and some plaster on the stone walls of the cellar needs patching. Chuboy has done the basic maintenance and painting. He is hoping to arrange a sale for it as an old age home. I encouraged this but doubt that it will happen.

During the evening he took me to the VFW club in Perryopolis. When I said that I thought the house was probably 150 years old I was challenged by a local not only as to my veracity but also in regard to my intelligence and family connection. I accepted the challenge as far as my veracity goes and agreed to determine the age of the house. Would you therefore

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please have the Dayton photographer copy your copy of the deed signed by Benj. Franklin, plus any other pertinent documents and send me one copy and the bill. Also will you please give me the date of origin of the present house to the best of your knowledge. I have taken the liberty of promising to obtain these because I was immensely impressed with the house as an outstanding example of Colonial American architecture.

The current citizens there lack both the intelligence and ancestry to appreciate it. Its' lines are clearly Georgian and English in character. With its well laid stone, brick and slate, and its hand-adjed oak beams, straight-sawn oak joists and turned oak banisters it is twice as sturdy as anything built today. With proper care it will be there 1000 years from now.

The main thing I did there was to tell everyone I met about the history of the place as I know it, taking care not to risk fancy. The general reaction among these sons of Attila was amazement. Their people were running around in sheep-hides when the house was built and since their ^{ancestry} is given little attention, particularly if they know it which is probably seldom beyond the mother, they have trouble believing in a family history such as that of the Whitsett's being intact.

Mr Chuboy took me directly to the two large

Whitsett monuments directly on top of Mt. Washington. In front of one was a bronze flag holder stating that a Revolutionary War veteran was buried there. The tattered flag is enclosed in this letter. Mr. Chuboy and I went up last night and replaced it with a fresh new one that the VFW gave me. It will be replaced again on Memorial Day by the VFW.

I copied the inscriptions on the stones which are glossy granite monoliths about 7 feet high. They read:

Grand Father William W. Whitsett 1752 - 1840 Father Ralph G. 1801 - 1891 Mother Rachel Esop 1808 - 1891	David E. Whitsett 1838 - 1838 Emily D. 1850 - 1851 Dr. J.E. 1828-1907 C.B. Wife 1838 - 1912	Walter Scott Whitsett 1841 - 1857 Kate N. 1843 - 1873 Drusilla Miller 1833 - 1861
WHITSETT		

The second stone across the road had a verse on the bottom of Belle's inscription. It was as follows:

A. H.
 Belle
 Wife of
 A. H. Whitsett
 Jan. 27, 1855
 Mar. 1, 1892
 Whitsett

Harry
 Jan. 19, 1874
 Feb. 19, 1874

"Kind angels watch her sleeping dust
 Till Jesus comes to raise the Just.
 Then may she wake with sweet surprise
 And in her saviours image rise."

The outlook from the Whitsett plot is a sweeping view in every direction, including Perryopolis and the river valley. Perryopolis still has the 8-spoke lay-out from the "diamond" which they say was laid out by George Washington. The stone house at Washington's Mill is occupied and still beautiful. The walls of the old stone mill are standing but the works of it are tumbled into a mossy jumble since it stopped operation in ~~the~~ 1918. The D.A.R. has erected a plaque stating that G. Washington had it built and that it is one of the oldest mills west of the Alleghenies. I told some men about you wrestling grain bags up the hill on horse back and then holding the meal on as you rode down the hill. They solemnly agreed that you had a problem due to the steepness of the hill.

Mrs. Whitsett in Florida still owns some ground and houses in Whitsett and visited there not long ago. She is said to have been rapturous about the old house. The ground 100 yards north is covered by coal slag. South it is being ravaged for clay. The garden ground behind the house still produces sweet corn that is so large that purchasers would not believe it wasn't field corn. The dead tomato vines show that the ground is rich. The top is black, probably from generous manuring.

The house, painted bright red with white trim, is the outstanding feature of the dreary town that grew at a respectful distance. Its dignity across the road from the big but quiet river is immediately recognizable. No one could have built a more impressive monument to a prosperous but modest family. It inspires me to attempt a crusade to get the people of the community to recognize it for its real worth.

Only you can help me do this. Please get me the copies of your documents. I will have multiple copies made to send to Mr. Charboy in the belief that he will try to sell the house with a knowledge of its history.

He is a prosperous owner of 7 pieces of property with a good eye for a dollar. Possibly Mrs. Whitsett would be interested in my project. I would like to have her address. Thank you very much for your information. It was one of my finest experiences.

With love, John

617 E. Dayton avenue,
Dayton, Washin ton.
March 28, 1960.

Dear Alden,

Last Saturday evening, On going to the front porch to look after the milk bottle, I saw a small package lying on the porch and could not imagine what it could be. Imagine our surprise and pleasure when we found what the package really was. The first picture, under the circumstances was a little gruesome but we soon forgot. I did not know a thing about the camera but Mr. Kurth soon showed me how it works. I have gone over the pictures several times. The house looks just as it always looked except for the porches. The old front porch was a few inches above the ground with the steps leading down to the porch. I remember the pet toad kept under the broad lower step, and also getting my feet wet while standing on that step when the river was high as the ice was going out and gorged a few miles below. That gorge never moved. It was there to stay which I did until the summer sun melted it. I am a little sorry you did not turn around and take the rock cliff on the other side of the river. There is a big stone in the river about half way over which makes one of my earliest memories. One summer evening mother and aunt Kate wanted a bath. They carried me, two or three years old, out to the rock placed me on it while they took their bath. Bath robes were unknown in that part of the country then.

The pictures were prepared to send today. It is not necessary for you to go to any more trouble about them as we have a large photo of the house. And you can bet that the whole thing is well fixed in my mind. We have no camera for reproducing that kind of pictures and are so old that any thing of the kind would be very temporary for me, and your grand-mother is trying to beat me across the river.

When you wanted a copy of the deed to the Rainbow Island farm. I wrote to Cousin Gertrude Kipp in Florida and she promptly sent it to me. Several years ago when I asked her for a copy or a loan of the original, she had two copies of the original made, saying the original was in very bad shape. Also some patriotic society wanted the original. So she had two copies made, one on parchment, and kept the other copy for herself. I either put my copy away so well that we cannot find it or it has been taken. It was stubborn about unrolling and my idea was to press it out flat. We have looked most thoroughly for it, thinking it is in some large book but cannot find it. A letter from Gertrude says to keep it, and as I will not be here much longer, please do the keeping for me. I shall send the parchment copy to you if it is ever found. The marginal signature is that of Ben Franklin himself, and I think the whole deed was written by Ben himself, as secretaries in those days were employed to write. Even the boss worked.

We were surprised Christmas evening by having Walter walk in. Their time is an hour faster than ours. He had dinner at Eugene's, then caught a plane for Walla Walla and was here before dark having the Bateman boys bring him on to Dayton by auto. We had a very pleasant Christmas evening. Without Walter's coming we should have spent the day alone. I think it was the next morning that Wife complained of being ill. We sent for the Doctor. He came promptly and was just as prompt in ordering her to the hospital. The trouble was found to be a blocked kidney, the liver and the heart. She improved a little and after five days Dr. Day said we might as well bring her home if we could take care of her. Walter had to go back to his job, so I asked Harold to come up. He came and he had to start a hospital for one. I tried to take care of his mother and he was the cook. He is a good one too. He had to get back to his job the first of the next week, and in the meantime tried to get a housekeeper for us. The women who work in this community are badly spoiled by the Cannery and demand a dollar per hour for their services. Harold secured a woman for us at the established rate, and went home. The weather was cold and the ground covered with snow. The woman has her own home. Her children are gone and her husband has quit her but she would not stay here. She came at nine and left at five. It fell to me to look after wife in the morning with the bed-pan ect. Then get her breakfast, then mine and wash the dishes. About that time Mrs. Hays arrived by taxi-cab. She did her work well until five and then went home the same way, leaving me to get the

the evening meal get Wife ready for the night ect. She even charged a dollar per hour for eating the dinner we gave her. Beside getting very little for our money, we found the old girl rather extravagant in every way. We had somw new potatoes. t the red-eyed kind. I hated to peel them as the eyes were deep. They did not bother Mrs. Hayes at all. She cut under them. I did not leave much potato for us but they were peeled. It was the same way with our last box of apples. We had some good sauce but the garbage man got the most of the apples. Our toilet was not working just right so I took the top off the tank and left it off until I had time to adjust some thing. Mrs. Hays thought to put the lid in place, dropped it in the tank breaking it so we had to put a bucket under one end until we could ger a new one. We had to buy the whole new outfit, cost \$60.

Wife was beginning to improve and I thought I could do the woman's work Cheaper if not so well. Wife was to sit in the kitchen and tell me what to do and thus make a cook of me as well as a dish-washer. My scheme did not work very well, but Mrs. Woolson came to the house to take care of wive, which she still does and it is done well at a reasonable charge.

Really we have a cery serious case on hand. We were allowed to bring Wife home because there is no hope for her. The Dr's, both of them said she might get better but would never be able to do any thing again. After six weeks her pulse was only 40. Now it is 48. At times the heart nearly stops and she gets cold as death. Recently we notice a change for the better in her breathing. Recentlu it improved so it is not nearly so rapid and the heart does not make the loud murmur it sid. She is now up several hours each day but has yo be careful or overdoes. We cannot expect much improvement in a woman nearly 87 years old but it is hard to see her suffer, which cannot be prevented at times ng Newough. c. S. Mesha's hnt haülhetoecat and stays up an hour or two if she feels strong enough. She has not had her day clothes on since Christmas day. Some days she says she is better and if she exerts herself the least bit she is worse the next day.

I am not much good myself, have not been since the pneumonia of a year ago when you were here. I have not walked to town and back this year that I remember. One way is about all I can do safely now. It is a joke that we should have the same trouble with the heart, but cannot complain as they have done pretty good work longer than most hearts do.

We had some late warm spring weather for the last week or ten days. Last night the storm foretold by the barometer came with a good rain and hard wind. The weather had been like summer and brought the Emperor tulips put in a hurry. It was not so warm today but very good for March.

We were glad to hear of Mary Ann and the girls. We fear you have not summer fallowed long enough to insure a boy but will do all we can in the way of good wishes and prayers. Your father and Jessie came over Saturday stayed one night and returned yesterday. All seems to be well with all the Seattle Hendrons, ot family rather with the exception Of McKay. We suppose your father has told you about his misfortune. We hope he recovers completely. In case Alden has not told you he was down to a depth of 220 feet, was brought up too fast and suffered a swves attack of the bends, still hospitalized. but may escape paralysis. Good-night.

With love and best wishes for all.

617 E. Dayton Avenue,

Dayton, Washington.

Oct. 18 1960.

Dear Alden and Family. It has been a long time since I have written you or any one else except our own boys. For several years they have written about the first of the month and I have tried to reply about the middle of the same month. This last year has been different with us and no Rules apply. Your grandmother has been the first consideration and we think it has paid well, so far.

She is not well nor never can be but we enjoy having her here which is more than we expected the first of the year. When she had been in the hospital five days both Doctors, Day and Harri, said we might as well bring her home if we could take care of her. We knew what that meant and brot her home at once. Harold came ans helped the first week. Then he got a woman to come and went home. The women in this community are spoiled by the Cannery. They demand a dollar per hour or more. They get it or live on the money they earned in the Cannery the summer before. The woman stuck strictly to the eight hour system. It was my duty to get up in the morning, warm the bed-pan and do what was possible and necessary to make wife comfortable, then prepare breakfast and wash the dishes afterward. About that time Mrs. Hayes would drive up in a cab. There was snow on the ground. She was a good worker but broke many things. She got the noon meal and then mourned because there was so little for her to do, until five o'clock when she went home leaving me to get supper and do the evening work. I stood her for nine days in which time she broke the tank in the bath--room, costing me nearly \$60 Mrs. Woolson helped some with wife I have done the rest of it and we lived happily ever since but, am I busy?

Wife has improved but very slowly. For six or eight weeks the pulse was 40 per minute then it rose to 48 which is the regular thing unless she does something that brings a back-set. She does some house work, generally prepares some thing for lunch. One time she prepared two things, a potato a piece. We really ger on very well but the recovery is so slow. Of course we live in the shadow all the time. The heart is likely to quit a at any time. When she sleeps in the day time I often have to see if she is still breathing. Some times at night the lower part of her body and her limbs become as cold as death. That calls for rubbing. She walks out in the yard and has had a few short auto rides.

We are having the most ideal autumn. The summer was hot but I kept no record of weather. I clip the weekly report from the paper but it is not very complete nor really accurate. It was a hot dry summer but not nearly so bad as two years ago. About the last of September we had a good rain. One day gave us 1.10" Since then the weather has been perfect with day temperature about 75 and at night from 32 to 50. We have had some light frost enough to kill tomato vines but not enough to kill the rose bloom nor the fall crocus which have become a favorite flower. We have not used the sprinkler this month, but may have to ressurect the hose, judging from the succession of clear days in spite of weather forecasts.

This seems to be a bad year for old women in this community. A little more than two weeks ago Mrs. McCully went to the basement for things for supper. Mr. McCully heard a noise and went to investigate. He found his wife lying unconscious with an ugly cut at the base of the skull and three broken ribs and crushed chest. He thought at the time she would not live. It seems that a light stroke was the cause of the fall. Mr. McCully said this week that it is just a time of waiting.

Then last week Vesta Payne called one evening to tell that her mother, who had been living at the Savoy hotel in Seattle was ill and that her mind was normal only for short periods at a time. One daughter, a widow, is living in Seattle, but ten miles from her mother's place of abode, so they thought it best to bring her to Dayton and put her in a nursing home. A son and family live here and another daughter in Walla Wall. I hope the Lord forgets the old men for a while longer. I have never really recovered from the pneumonia that followed the eye operation. Have not regained strength or weight. If it is at all hot it worries me to walk over to the store and back. My heart is getting a little like wife's, but I think will keep going to the end. My feet have nearly quit swelling but I cannot do any real work for shortness of breath. I think of practicing on the hill back of the house. The lawn mower is inadequate

This is tomorrow one page is all I could write yesterday, as I do not get started early and had to mow the yard in the afternoon. Also, we had company, a former pupil who now lived in Oregon. We seem to like each other better than some times when she was a pupil. Generally, it is a real pleasure to meet pupils of long ago.

You seemed rather pessimistic in your latest letter. What would we be if every thing ran smoothly? In a short time we would become self-satisfied, selfish and looking only for our own good and pleasure. We should think this is pretty good and be satisfied with it and cease to make any effort to improve ourselves or our surroundings. All progress would soon cease and we would start wars for mere enui. It is probable that the Creator did the best that could be done in the first place that He knows what he is doing now, and it is a pretty good job, considering the material He has to work with. You remember what a fine layout He gave Adam and Eve. But, if the Creator ever made a mistake, it was with the first humans. Perhaps he was just testing them to see how much prosperity they could stand.

If we did not have sickness and suffer from disease, what would become of our bodies in a short time? The burnt child dreads fire because he has found it painful. Why? That he may avoid that which destroys, and use that which is naturally destructive for the good of the human race.

I often wonder if our study and education are of any use to us in the final analysis of life. Will we use what we learn here in another life? Is our schooling and development just for this life and the preservation of our present bodies. I some times think it is to better fit us for life in a better world where human knowledge is but the a-b-c of a better life? Maybe we just pass out like our live stock, or do they also have a future life? The fact is that we know nothing about it. The only thing to do is to be prepared for the worst and then perhaps be disappointed.

What would be the advantage in having my long life behind any one, I dread leaving what little time I have left for fear I might miss the World's Series or some other important event. No matter how long one lives he wants to live a little longer if he retains his faculties. You know I pass out once in a while. While out I do not dream have no consciousness whatever. Is that what the end means, if so we are wasting a lot of time, money and energy to make this life better and to prepare for another.

Things could not be going better in the way of weather here if we made it ourselves. Enough rain for the present, temperature just what we would order if buying it. But it is making the grass grow too fast. No flowers have been killed yet by the frost, only the tomato vines and such things. The tomatoes that the frost missed seem to ripen in the house so we still enjoy them. Weather could not be more enjoyable if we made it ourselves. Good-bye. P.S. The time of waiting for a boy was in the case I know, , thirteen years. Write when you can and I shall try to do better.

With best wishes and love for you and yours,

Granddad.



617 E. Dayton Avenue.
Dayton, Washington.
March 9, 1961.

Dear Alden ,

Last month I could not write more than notes to the boys as my eyes were in such condition that writing was impossible. The keys were on the wrong bars and the letters were all mixed up. The eyes are better now. I was able to read much of the paper yesterday and read an hour or two in the Readers' Digest . I may be able to write some today tho it is slower than a child learning to write.

This is a beautiful morning here with the sun shining, the birds twittering and every thing saying Spring is here. We have had no winter yet. I do not know just how cold it was but do not think it was down to 15. The former part of the winter season dry and ever one was afraid that it would be too dry for wheat, peas, ect. They have changed their minds as some times it rains every day in the week. The rain has been plentiful but not enough to wash the soil. Some places on the coast had seven inches or more in a week. Farmers are getting ready for work but the ground is too wet yet.

With the family the news is also favorable, excepting myself. Wife thinks I am ill and has taken upon herself more of the work than I like to see. For a long time, months, she has been getting the noon meal. I got the breakfast, consisting of coffee cereal, toast and fruit, and she prepared the noon meal. I was dishwasher all the time, and for supper we always have bread and milk or soup perhaps fruit with it. Now, wife thinks I am ill and insists on doing all the kitchen work. I try to do the carrying from and to the refrigerator as the kitchen is a little long and she is very weak. She is getting a little stronger but no heavier. Her pulse is in the forties and the respiration twice as fast. She has not been out of the house fall. is afraid of colds.

As you know, I have been taking nicotinic acid for years to prevent my passing out. Recently it became ineffective so that I had a few light spells. I went to Dr. Harri and he gave a substitute, remarking at the time that it was inclined to make a person fall forward. I have not been well for some time, thin it is just old age and lack of exercise. On the 2nd I walked over to see Dr. Harri and get some medicine. Coming home I got as far as Webb's house and could not manage my right foot. The left foot could not keep up with it, so I had to fall or split. I chose the latter alternative and went down on the side walk. Having in my hand a paper bag containing four pint bottles of liquid, another of medicine and a lamp globe. I tried to save them, held them up and threw out my left hand. It struck the side walk, taking off the skin in several places and running the stump of a snag into the first joint of the little finger. My head struck the pavement and my back was twisted; but the sack and contents were saved. All is well enough now for work, but the finger will have to be trimmed some where the flesh bulged out to heal. We were afraid to use the scissors at the time.

I think I am well now and that my infirmities are the result of old age. I would not advise any one to exceed 90 years of age, no matter how well he feels on the 90th birthday. A fellow gets all sorts of things wrong and is unable to account for them.

I am not attempting to reply to your letter of January 12. I have about run my course for the first in several weeks. I remember you said something about a change of positions. You even asked my opinion about it as if it would make any difference. When a man has a family, his first duty is to them. First, they must be clothed and fed. We will say nothing about that as you are, no doubt, doing that in first class shape. One of the important things is to make a home for them. We lived in several places when I was a boy. Only one of them was owned by us. Others were rented. When I think of boy-hood events, with one exception, only one place in the world stands out in memory's indelible photo. That was grand-father's place. You can see why. It means so much to me today that my eyes are now very moist just thinking of the only home I ever had. The others were places to stay. (Over.)

If you change your occupation and dwelling place can you find as suitable for your family? If one has a good home and is making a little more than enough to pay all living expenses. I think it best to stay with it. Again it is not how much we make but how much we save that counts in the end -where it is needed. For example, In our own family we have had plenty of bad luck and sickness and never received more than \$152.50 per month, and that for but nine months in the year, yet we are worth about \$40,000. now counting the home. Light stock and cash in the bank. Of course one has unpleasant things to contend with wvery where. You just have not met the others yet.. Goodbye. It may be that I shall get better. If so will try to write more.

With best wishes to you and yours. *E. Arnold*

617 E Dayton Avenue
January 30 1962.

Dear Alden and Family,

We are having such nice spring weather that i thought it necessary to try to write and tell you about it. Would you believe that we have flowers in bloom in the front yard? We have - two of them. I do not remember the name but Thyge Schmidt gave me some plants when we moved here. It is a small bell-shaped flower that blooms when the sky clears and the days get warm. Our nights are quite frosty but the flower ignores frost and smiles gaily at us every day.

Alden I cannot write much but have such an accumulation of unanswered letters that a beginning must be made some where. The reason I cannot write much or do any thing else much is that paralytic stroke that hit me last June. It was quite severe, tho principally felt in left foot and leg. We soon found that the eyes were affected, the memory gone as far as recent events and names are concerned and every joint in my body is stiffened. ~~This makes writing difficult for myself and it is impossible to do so without the machine.~~

I have just committed one of my common error. I have walked over to town four times since June 13 and was hauled back three times. I hobble around with a cane. Dr. Harri says it will be no better because I am too old. They are likely to repeat in six months and he does not think I can stand another like the first..

I don't suppose you have heard any more than we about the terrible tragedy that has struck your family. We know nothing more than we found in a short news-paper article that appeared in the Spokes man January 8. Your father has written one since saying that they obtained the body of the baby from Canadian authorities and buried it at Seattle. The others may never be found. They are as well off with the blue water rolling above them.

Things are not so gay here. Your grand-mother is quite poorly. We took shots to prevent flu which is rampant in the Dayton school. Mr. Kyrth across the street from us had it and still has it. I fo over there to watch him making block tables. I thought I had a cold not a bad one, and felt bad all over. Wife got ~~the same but she sent her back to the hospital and she is not to blame for her con-~~ heart. He was back this week trying to allay some of the painful symptoms. She gets up every day so as to keeo in the habit. We have had some help in the house but the woman left the last of the week and I try to do what she did. Wife tries to do some cooking for the noon meal I set it on the table and then clear the table and wash the dishes. I think that wife is gradually failing and may go at any time as she has great difficulty, a very low pulse and no strength to sustain her through illness.

We have had quite an interesting winter. We usuallu have one cold spell in January, sometimes the winter comes in December and some times waits until February or March. This year we had snow and cold weather in November. The cold spell went to -10 ;asting about a week. Wheat was protected by the snow and no harm was done. The snow melted and the weather was just mixed then it got cold in December with more snow than in November but not quite so cold. we had good sleighing weather and roads. no good for autos. Then in January came another spell of real winter lasting about a week, tho with less snow. It cleared up last week and since then the sky is clear the sun shining and the mercury 60 in day time and frosty every night. Altogether it has been a good winter.

We than you very much for the fruit sent for Christmas. Most of our friends sent fruit this year. You sent more than any one else and it was enjoyed to the limit. It has led to our buying more fruit for the table. It makes us feel better whether we are or not. We have become quite fond of olives and nearly always have oranges. I have promised myself to write a short letter each day until caught up. Write when you feel like it. With sincere thanks for the past and hopes for the future I remain, your friend and grand-dad, *W. G. H. 22*

617 E. Dayton Avenue,
Dayton, Washington.
April 3, 1962.

Dear Alden and Mary Ann,

Your letter of the 28th of March arrived promptly and was something of a surprise to me. I thought you could handle such cases well yourself. I have been out of the business too long to be of any assistance to any one. The fact is that the stroke of nearly has rendered me incompetent in every respect. My memory is gone, My sight is so nearly gone that I cannot read a newspaper without reading glasses. Reading the letter you typed was the most difficult thing imaginable. Wife is not much better than I. We cannot help each other very much in any way.

Some people are wiser than they look; you are one of them. You do not need help, even if we could give it. The way your teacher has made out the reports shows that she knows her business and is proceeding in the most conscientious way. You did the same thing. There is nothing like a good natured and sensible conference between teacher and parents. If school affairs cannot be solved that way they cannot be solved. The trouble is with the school regulations laws and rules. Children are not supposed to be in school until seven years of age. This is an arbitrary ruling or custom. Of course setting an arbitrary rule for the ages of pupils in the various grades is right if they are enough alike, otherwise it is but a guess and an effort to make schools workable. When teaching school in a country district in 1892, Two boys came to our school at the third week of the term. At that time no provision whatever was made for the schooling of white children in Indian Territory.

neither of these boys had ever been in school a day. I doubt if their parents had. The parents in the district were a little above average in intelligence. It was a wide-awake school. The preceding teacher was a good one and it was in good shape. I was in the school but three months before the term closed. in that time the 8-year boy advanced from nothing in book knowledge to the latter part of the second grade. the brother, two years older was as nearly thru the third grade. They wanted to catch up with pupils of their age and size. It was not the teacher's fault. The boys had a good incentive before them all the time and wanted to make the most of it.

Once I was placed in a similar position. We thought Walter was smart He being the first boy, we were proud of him. He was mischievous and when ready for school, was not quite six. His teacher was normal trained and thoroughly prepared for the work; but what I knew of the teacher made me fear trouble with the boy, so we kept him at home that year. In fact he never went to school to his father, not guilty there. The next year he was moved up with the preceding class headed the class thru grade and high school, and was valedictorian. His grades from college were straight A's.

I had about the same experience with two other children, not related to each other. The parents had gone to school to me; and I recommended delaying the start in school. Upon making some inquiries of their parents two or three years later, I found the pupils who started school a year before the others could not keep up with the later starters.

Children are allowed to go to the public schools at six because their mothers have duties, perhaps with younger children, perhaps to help make the family living. Or often for social reasons. The schools were organized and given but parents wanted a $\frac{1}{2}$ place for small children and the Kinder garten was established for then the $\frac{1}{2}$ parents. So if the five and six year olds do not make a shining success of the kinder-garten, what is the difference? It may show weaknesses in time for their repair before going to real school. A good handler of children in primary grades is a blessing to the children, their parents and subsequent teachers. Don't expect too much from the kid's garden. Just watch the children, try to strengthen the weak places and watch development.

Actually, I cannot read a word of this letter from where I am sitting. Eyes are some better, but life is not too bright at present. Wife is near the end. Rather discouraging but we are making out fairly well. Goodbye,

3901 Catalpa
Boise, Idaho
Feb. 13, 1962

Dear Jack & Mary Ann:

I have had intentions of writing to you long months before this, but here goes. Please forgive the long delay. I just returned last evening from a weeks stay at Dayton and while I was there Dad received a good letter from you and I became ashamed of myself.

Dad has tried to get someone to help out there with the cooking and house work for several months now and he has found it to be impossible. In my opinion there are two reasons or at least one paramount reason. Aside from personalities and environmental conditions there, I am forced to say that the chief reason is because of Dad's mean stinginess. He had two women who probably were not too good and lately one who was really a good woman but they will not stay long unless he would pay a premium wage and he will not consider even paying a minimum wage. It is a shame that he will not consider things that any of us would think ordinary and necessary for comfortable living, not to mention special conditions which have arisen with them, when Mother is the chief one who is concerned and would be benefitted.

Dad will not consider giving up the home there to come and live with us here and Mother, of course, will not consider leaving him there to come here. He will not consider the expense of a nursing home though it has been considered with them and the advantages are admitted. He still wants to be independent and cannot be considered incompetent enough to try to do anything about it. They now are going it on their own with scarcely any help from anyone there. One of the incompetent? women they had is going to do the washing for a time and Mr. Schmidt still takes Dad to town once a week though it is somewhat of a strain for him to do so. In the beginning while they were more able themselves several neighbors and friends were willing and did help out considerably in different ways but for good reasons they have retired from the scene actively.

Dad gets up about 7 and gets some breakfast and usually Mother gets up a little later and usually dresses and eats and then has to lie down and rest. She says she cannot get dinner alone but Dad can help so they will be able to get along that way with only sort of a lunch for supper. House work will suffer. Dad cannot walk well but gets around the house and also outside slowly with a cane. His eyes are not good and he will not spend the money for a check on the condition. He can read fairly for a time some days and some days they bother too much for reading. His pulse is high and breathing rapid and short. Mother suffers a great deal from pain in the stomach and sometimes in swallowing as well as in the back. Sometimes she cannot sleep for it. However, the doctor has improved the heart condition which caused short breath. She is weak and is losing weight though they both eat quite well. Mother will always do all that she can within her strength and that is very little now. I tried to take the dirty clothes to the laundry for them but Dad said NO they always rob him. He never spends a penny but what he complains to whomever it may be. I've told them to call me whenever they need help and that will, no doubt, be whenever either becomes sick or materially worse. I think Mother is going down the more rapidly, but, of course, anything could happen suddenly to either.

Well, enough perhaps for a picture without going into details which are not very pleasant. I feel that you are honestly interested and also that you can interpret the complete picture from the above. Both Walter and your father are fully informed but not in a position to help out as quickly as I.

6117 E. Dayton Ave.
Dayton Washington.



Mr. John Hendron,
Route 2 Box 2224,
Hidden Valley,,
Loomis, California.

Last October Cora and I made a trip to Seattle and came back through Oregon and then we considered going on down to see you but thought it better to wait possibly until spring. We visited with Dad & Mother, Harry and Jeanne and their families at Richland and Spokane and your folks in Seattle as well as some friends near Chelan and Portland. We spent Christmas and New Years with Charles and his family on Long Island where we made the acquaintance with a granddaughter we had not seen before. They seem to be doing fine. Long Island is a very nice place to live especially on the more or less wooded tracts such as comprise those old estates which are still very much in evidence. The climate too is much like here but with more moisture and, of course, much greater humidity. We took a jet plane from Salt Lake City to Idlewild and they met us there with the car as they are at Sea Cliff out 15 miles. That kind of a trip was worth while but is too expensive for us to be repeating very often.

Coming back we stopped off at Lexington, Kentucky for a day and two nights. We took a bus to Harrodsburg and enjoyed that Blue Grass section of the country and the Kentucky River scenery. Harrodsburg is the oldest town in Kentucky and is the county seat of Mercer County where grandfather was born and reaised. His father, Nimrod, first acquired land there in 1841 and I am told that both he and his father, another Nimrod Hendren, are buried out near Duncan not too far from Harrodsburg. While there we happened to meet a second cousin we did not know of before. She is Mrs. Hattie Mae Hendren Yates living out near Duncan. Nimrod Hendren was also her great grandfather. I am told that the former of the two Nimrod Hendrens was a son of a William Hendren who was born in Ireland in 1736, but I have not yet made any substantiation of this. He was listed in the first census of North Carolina in 1790 and I have it that eight of his sons went to Kentucky, first to Madison County and I have three of them (apparently) on the 1800 tax list of Kentucky which substitutes for their first Census since the records of it were burned with the Capitol at Washington in the War of 1812.

While in New York I went to the city library and looked up a book written by ex-judge Calico on the history of Garrard and Boyle Counties. In the part on history of the churches a few Hendrens were mentioned, especially Walter Scott Hendren who wrote a few times to Dad and whom I suppose is now dead. Dad gave me a photo of Walter Scott, his wife and a son and I am thinking of writing to the son at Nicholasville to see if it might do some good. I have been told that a brother of William Hendren settled in Virginia having also come from across the pond. I also have it that the Hendrens crossed from Kentucky to Missouri, Oklahoma and Arakansas and then spread more from there. Ran across one in the 1880 census of Mo. and while he and his wife were born in Mo., his father & mother were born in Kentucky. The Hendrens here came from Oklahoma but do not know much of their line.

If we should happen to make a run down your way this spring when would be the best time to find you home for a day or two? I suppose the days of the week make some difference to busy folk like you. If there is a good bass pond near by I might get a little experience at that kind of fishing if it is permissible within reason. It just seems to me that we may have been through Marysville before but not out your way, however, I still have the map of your location you sent us a long time ago.

Say Hello to the girls and here's luck to you all,

You have our sincerest sympathy in the loss of James and his family.



3901 Catalpa
Boise, Idaho
March 7, 1962

Dear Jack & Family:

Your letter of last month was a real pleasure to us. It is good to know that all of your family is well and busy. We keep hearing occassionally from our children and they and their families seem to be getting along all right. They all keep plenty busy but that is as it should be I guess.

Now to our first consideration - we are tentatively planning on leaving Boise on the 12th of April and arriving at your house on the 13th for a visit. However, if another date would suit you better, just let us know. We would like to stay with you about five days and feel that while it would not be too long, it would suit our circumstances now. From what you say I know we will enjoy seeing your part of the country as well as visiting with you. I will also be very glad to have a talk with Hi Hendren as he may be of some assistance in tracing back our family connections.

That makes me think; a little while back after I had been to Dayton I wrote a letter to Marion Hendren at Nicholasville, Ky. by way of trying to get together a little more of the Hendren history. I included on the envelope 'or Mrs. W.S. Hendren' but the other day I received my letter back. It was marked moved and left no address and next to my second name was marked deceased, so it means that both Walter Scott Hendren and Minnie are now deceased. The years are certainly creeping up on my generation to say nothing of those in father's generation.

We have been having quite seasonable weather in our part of the country this winter. It was one of the colder winters as they come here but moisture is normal and there has not been much of the cold windy type of weather which I do not care for. By having the usual amount of winter weather in the winter season I figure that we should have a real spring when that season arrives without it having to relapse into winter again. If it is like it should be we will have a good fruit crop on our young fruit trees and also a good crop of English walnuts. The last two springs we have had late frosts that took the walnuts and the apricots and some of the peaches and cherries.

Even so our growing season is long enough here for all of the garden crops. I especially like the corn and melons and they do very well. I have had melons like I have never seen anywhere. I suppose you are where you can have anything you want in the way of garden and fruit. I kind of got used to it when I was a boy and I always missed those things in Montana and was glad to get back to the kind of a place where we can have those things as we want them. I see that our roses and some other things are killed back to the snow line this year. The snow was about ten inches when we had the coldest weather so I look for them to come out alright. Next month will tell the story.

We have been putting in an easy and kind of a lazy winter but we have been enjoying it as it is the first time we have ever done it. We were over to Seattle and around last fall and then to Long Island this winter and a week at Dayton beside a trip last fall to Helena and these trips have served to keep us from getting cabin fever. I find hobbies interesting and always have something to do even if it is only reading. I like to do some of that, more than I have in the past. Walter and Alden are both figuring on about a couple more years of work at least before they retire. I believe that retirement is all right if one has enough to do of interest to occupy ones time.

Well, the way time goes the next thing we know we will be seeing you if things work out as planned.

Sincerely,

Harold

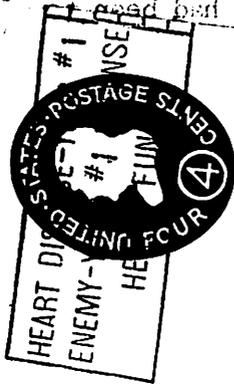
March 7, 1962
Boise, Idaho
3901 Catalpa

Dear Jack & Family:

Your letter of last month was a real pleasure to us. It is good to hear that all of your family is well and busy. We keep hearing occasionally from our children and their families seem to be getting along all right. It has been a long time but that is as it should be.

How do our first considerations - we are tentatively planning on leaving for the West Coast in the fall and arriving at your home on the 15th for a visit. It would be another year or so before we would get to know you better. We would like to stay with you about five days and feel that while it would not be a long time, it would suit our circumstances now. From what you say I am sure you would be glad to have us as well as visiting with you. I will be glad to see you and have a talk with the children as a way of some assistance in making back the family connections.

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Just makes me think a little while back after I had been
letter to Marion Hendron at Nicholaville
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Mr. John A. Hendron
Rte 2, Box 2224
Loomis, Calif.



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H. H. HENDRON
3901 Catalpa
Boise, Idaho

3901 Catalpa
Boise, Idaho
Aug. 13, 1961

Dear Jack & Mary Ann:

Well, at last here is to tell you that because I have never written to you is no sign we have not thought of you often. I am sorry for not having written long ago. Things have changed with us some now from what they have always been. I joined the ranks of the retired the last part of June this year. We have another good garden in this summer and that and the yard keep us around pretty closely as yet. However, we do feel freer than before and expect to be able to get about and do more visiting than heretofore. We enjoyed your visit here with and wish you would come back any time.

It has been good knowing you have been so fortunately located and of course, busy. I keep busy after ~~after~~ a fashion but do not see any sense in pushing myself now. I suppose you are more or less acquainted with the situation with Dad and Mother at Dayton. Cora and I saw them last on Mother's Day when we were over and your Father and Jessie have been over since then. Dad had a sort of a stroke and now only gets about the house with a cane or to town with Thige Schmidt in his pick-up once a week or so for groceries and such things as they need.

Mother has rallied wonderfully considering how weak she was and her heart condition. She is able to get a meal or two a day and do some of the little things about the house. Mrs. Woodson does the washings and a good many things for them right along. I have told them that they can come with us in Boise when they wish and I know they have given it some consideration but they want to go along together as they are as long as they are able to. How long that will be is a question no one can answer now. Whenever they get sick or another stroke comes along may tell the sad story. We are not trying to force any issue with them as that is not what they want and would do no good.

We are having a long hot summer with 110 the hottest and 37 days of 90 or more consecutively now and without any rain. We are lucky having our own well with plenty of water for our lot and house. Water is quite short in all of southern Idaho this summer and, of course, in many other places as well. The Forest Service is having a terrible time with fires in the northwest this past month and I hope conditions improve that way shortly. I wonder how such things are with you.

I talked with someone in your general section of the state on radio some time ago but he was not familiar with Loomis. Conditions on the air are lousy these days and I do not spend much time on radio now. I will be ready when conditions improve again as they will eventually. I have been busy repainting the wood on the outside of our house lately and have two thirds done so should finish in about a couple more days. I am glad the walls are brick and do not need painting. I also put in a sprinkler pipe along the front of the house so as to water away from the house instead of towards it.

Since seeing you Cora and I have both become somewhat interested in geneology. She is interested in her folks and I am interested principally in the Hendrons which were Hendrens up to about the time my grandfather Hendron was married. I read a microfilm for the 1850 census of Mercer Co., Ky. and ran across about 40 Hendrens. Grandfather was then 12. I have nothing from that record to connect up the different

families as listed by the census. Most were living on farms in Ky. I also read an 1880 film for a part of Mercer Co. but am sure it did not include all of the area listed on the other film I have available. It showed several Hendrons and Hendrens without anything to connect up the families. One thing was a negro named Nat Hendron, a negro 23 yrs. old who I suppose was before the war one of a slave family probably belonging to Nat Hendren, a brother of Grandfather's who was listed in the 1850 census.

There is a family of Hendrens at Kooskia, Idaho and there is also one here in Boise. I knew a Jeff Hendren and his son (one of them) and one of his sons at Kooskia but the two elder ones are now dead. I am slightly acquainted with the Robert Hendrens here who own a furniture store. He told me that Jeff Hendren was an uncle of his and that he has another old aunt in western Oregon who might know something of their people. He says his folks came up from Oklahoma, Missouri or Arkansas into this country and that they spread out down there. I have a census record in 1880 of a S. A. Hendren in Nodaway Co., Mo. who was then 37 yrs. old and whose father and mother were both born in Kentucky. It may be a tie to all of these Idaho Hendrens back to those formerly in Kentucky. I also have a record of a Drexel Hendren in the Ky. National Guard in 1938 and one of a Mary Hendren having married Stephen Noland in 1785, I think in South Carolina.

Father used to get some letters from a Hendren, I believe, William, in Kentucky but he was quite elderly and stopped writing and Father supposes he must have died and he did not save any of those letters. That was not too many years ago either. I know you were interested in something of this kind along the line of grandmother's family, the Whitsetts, is why I am mentioning this here. I think you stopped at Rainbow Island in Pa. where her home was before she married and where I think Father was born. I have a diary grandfather wrote for the first about nine months of 1869 when he taught school in Kentucky and later started a drug store in Bethany, W. Va. They were then still connected more or less directly with the Whitsetts rather than with the Hendrens in Ky. though grandfather visited his mother and brothers after teaching and before returning to Rainbow Island and from where he went to W. Va.

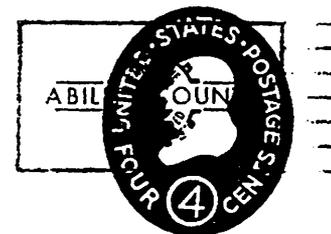
Well, would it be possible for you to make us a visit say before school starts this fall or any other time. We are going to have some good melons ripe in due time. We are just standing on the last of our corn right now. We certainly are looking forward to a visit with you there yet this year sometime. We need to get away and circulate some to make up for lost time. It is really a shame we have not done more as we went along, but we never found it possible to do nearly all of the things we would have liked to do and maybe never will.

We hope this finds you both and the girls well and happy.

Love from us both,

Harold Hendron

H. H. HENDRON
3901 Catalpa
Boise, Idaho



Mr. Jack Hendron
Rte. 2, Box 2224
Loomis, Calif.

W. W. Hendron, Educator, Succumbs at Age of 96 Years

Walter W. Hendron, 96, Columbia county's pioneer educator, passed away early Wednesday afternoon November 28, at Pleasant Valley Rest Home in Dayton where he had been living since October.

He had been in declining health for the past two weeks.

Funeral services were conducted at 11 a.m. Saturday, December 1, from the Congregational church with the Rev. Charles Knapp officiating. Interment was at Dayton City Cemetery.

Born in Kentucky

Mr. Hendron, who taught his first class in Columbia county in 1891 at Covello, was born November 23, 1866, in Kentucky. Before he was two years old, his father, John H. Hendron, moved his family to West Virginia and when Mr. Hendron was about five years of age moved to southwest Pennsylvania.

Mr. Hendron grew up in Pennsylvania and prepared for his teaching career there. He taught his first class in Pennsylvania when he was about 19 years of age.

Came West in 1887

On March 17, 1887, Mr. Hendron and his father came to Spokane to make a new home. Mr. Hendron taught in Whitman county before coming to Columbia county in 1891.

During his teaching career in Columbia county, Mr. Hendron taught in rural and city schools and in both grade and high school classes. During his years of service, until his retirement in 1935, he missed just one winter in the classroom. During this period he served on numerous occasions as county superintendent of schools.

Mr. Hendron and the former Minnie Buckley were married November 27, 1890, at Palouse. They lived in the Star district from 1894



W. W. Hendron

until 1950 when they moved into Dayton. Mrs. Hendron, 89, passed away October 17.

Joined Masons in 1898

The pioneer educator joined the Masonic lodge in 1898 and had received his 50-year membership jewel. He was also a member of Order of Eastern Star.

Members of the family are three sons; Walter Hendron of Salt Lake City, Utah; Harold Hendron of Boise, Idaho; and Alden Hendron of Seattle. An infant son died at the age of two years and a daughter, Carol, died several years after her marriage.

● LETTERS...

TO THE EDITOR

This past week Dayton and Columbia county lost its dean of educators...but apparently few cared enough to pay last respects!

I am speaking of Walter W. "daddy" Hendron, who taught three generations in this community before he retired. While "Daddy" would not be considered an educated man as the world considers educators today, I think, through the school of hard knocks and endless reading, he earned degrees in philosophy, psychology and the humanities as well as education.

Too, I think one and all of his pupils would agree that his pitching arm would be an asset to any of the big league teams today...they throw only baseballs, but Mr. Hendron was just as accurate with a piece of chalk as he was with an eraser or ink bottle. How many of you can truthfully say you did not learn good fundamentals from him which you use in everyday life?

Isn't it too bad that less than 20 of the many, many pupils he has left in this community (who no doubt have a great love, admiration and lasting memories of Daddy Hendron) didn't take time from their busy lives to pay a final tribute to such a man. A lifetime given to the youth of this community was rewarded only by a large group of Masonic brothers.

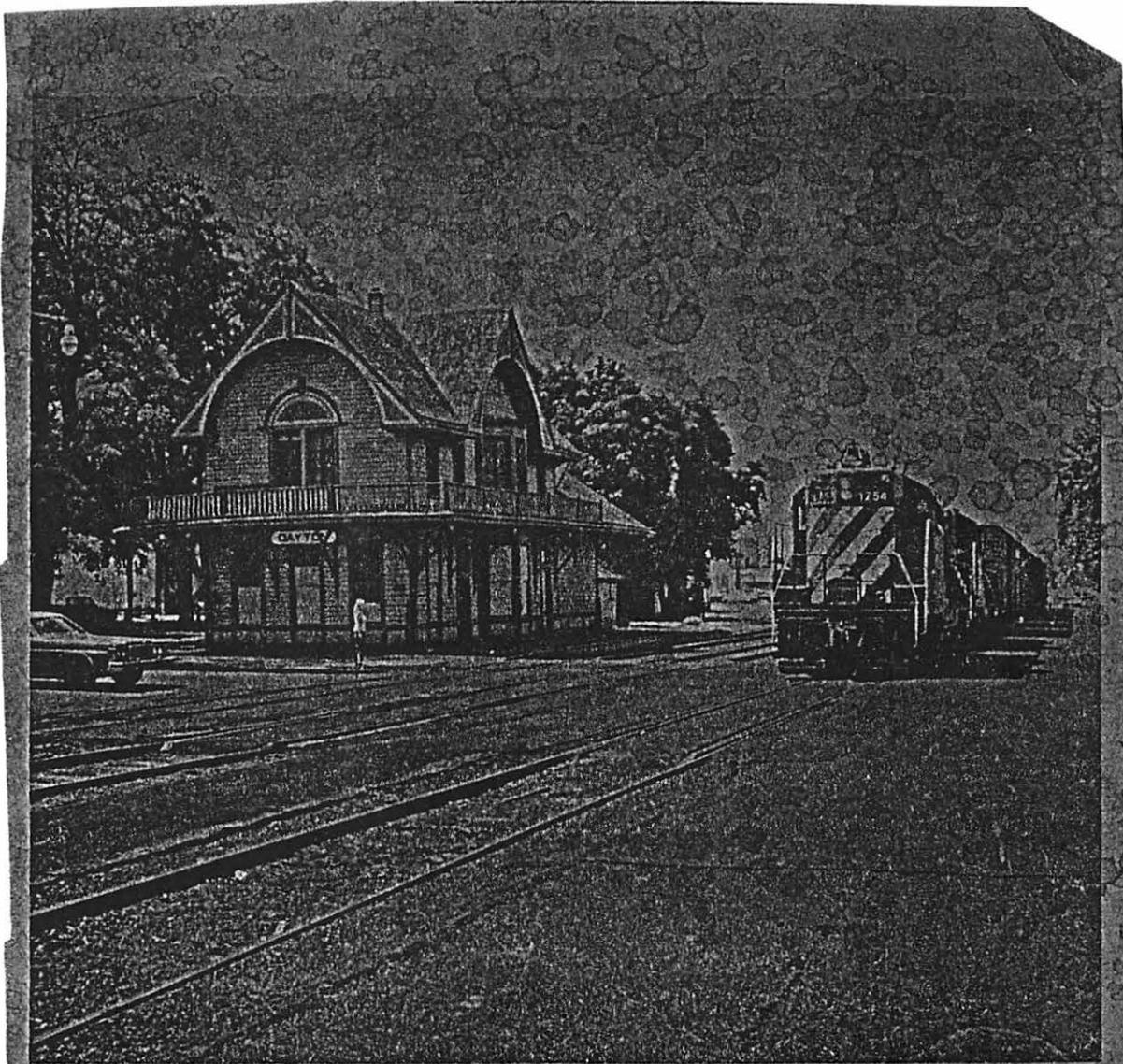
I, for one, would love to wield those paper hanger scissors with which he was so deft!

Frankie O'Neil
Dayton, Wash.



Oct 1958

Minnie & Walter Hendron
in Dayton, WA



Dayton's historic railway station is now being considered for historic recognition.

Union Pacific Depot, across
tracks from Northern Pacific Depot
where Dad worked for Grandfather
John Alexander Muirhead



Grandfather Walter Whitsett Hendron's
Office is on the left side of the 2nd floor,
Dayton Courthouse.

Eli Postcard

Mission of Education to Teach Students to Reason, W. Hendron, Dayton, States

DAYTON—Looking back over 50 years of teaching experience, W. W. Hendron, 84, retired school superintendent of Columbia county, recently observed that the true "mission" of education is to teach students to reason.

"Learning to reason is the thing that really counts in education—not just a mere memory for facts. I feel education should mean mental development," he said.

"We should not put off the development of reasoning in students until they come to algebra or geometry in the 9th and 10th grades—we should start with the grade school pupils," he said.

"One of the finest compliments I ever had paid to me was by a graduating senior girl. She told me that she felt she had learned to think in school," said Hendron.

Trouble Is Analyzed

Hendron, who taught in Columbia county from 1891 to 1936 and served six terms as school superintendent, points to what he considers a prime fault in today's school systems "The education is too expensive for the taxpayer and too cheap for the students."

He explained, "We value only the things we pay for, and if a student must pay for his education, he is going to get his money's worth. But, how many get their money's worth in today's 'well-appointed' school systems?"

Hendron was born in southern Kentucky in 1866, and spent his boyhood years in West Virginia and Pennsylvania.

"The only break in my 50 years of teaching came after I had taught my first year in Pennsylvania in 1885—and I'm a bit proud of it. After one year of teaching school, I found it easier to drive mule teams in the coal mines. After my first six weeks on the job, I was promoted to 'boss hauler' because, I think, I had the language the mules and the other haulers could understand. I told both the boys and mules where to go—in more manners than one."

"I value my mining experience because I was working with all nationalities—and learning their varying viewpoints was extremely interesting. My affiliation with the old Knights of Labor (pre-A.F. of L.) was also educational," said Hendron.

Came West in 1887

In 1887, the Hendron family chartered a railroad car and moved to the Northwest. Hendron was married in Palouse in 1890, and came to Columbia county in 1891.

"Another experience I value highly," said Hendron, "... was the first year I taught school in the Northwest. It was in Whitman county, and the previous year there had been some type of dispute which they attempted to settle by burning the schoolhouse down. All that year I taught the school in the old woodshed."

The salary was \$33 per month—for three months. I spent the money in a hurry, but I'll never spend the experience and friendships I made while rooming and boarding with the various families of the students," he said.

is infecting the rest of the group with mischievousness. So, many teachers decide to use the extreme measures at once. Then too, corporal punishment is necessary in some cases because some persons take kindness for weakness.

"Some students like to be spanked—perhaps not when it is happening. But, in later life, many have come to me to thank me for spankings that put them on the 'straight trail,'" said Hendron.

Besides his career as an educator, Hendron has been the semi-official U.S. weather observer for Dayton since 1903.

"I had an uncle here who had the weather habit, so when I came here I acquired it from him," he said. Hendron has kept the weather records for Columbia county since 1892. He explained the work is on a voluntary basis without compensation. "My records are compen-

sation enough," he added.

"In this territory, there is quite a rivalry for rainfall. I pride myself on outdoing Lloyd Vaughan, (U.S. weatherman) at Walla Walla, on amount-of-rainfall figures—providing I see his figures first."

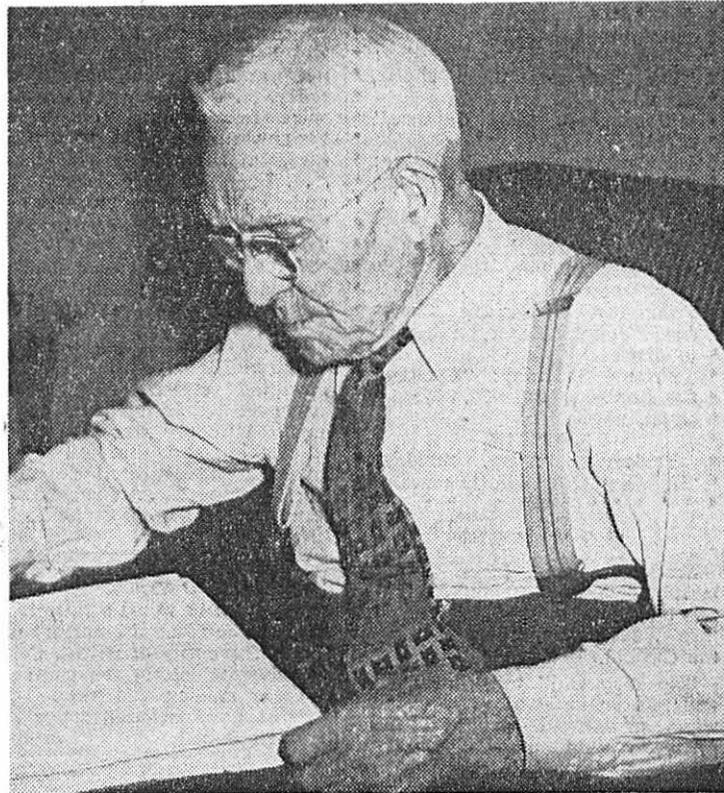
Weather Has No Pattern

Hendron keeps daily records on amount of rainfall, snow, temperatures, wind, and condition of the sky. Copies of the reports go to the U.S. weather bureau at Seattle and Washington City, and he keeps a copy himself.

"I've tried many times to see if there is any trend in the weather over the years—using 7-10, etc., numbers of years as combinations—but, there just isn't any. The weather seems to have little consistency.

"One thing seems apparent, however. I would be willing to bet that rain will fall between the first and the tenth of September each year. It has since 1883 here," said Hendron.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hendron now live in Dayton. The three sons of the family, John Alden, Harold, and Walter, live in Seattle, Dillon, Montana, and Salt Lake City respectively.



REASON FIRST—W. W. Hendron, retired Columbia county teacher with over 50 years in the field, states that the prime goal of education should be to teach students to reason. "Students don't deal with subjects that teach reasoning until they reach the ninth and tenth grades," said Hendron. "We should start with the grade school pupils." Hendron, 84, acts as a semi-official weatherman for Columbia county, and his records date from 1901. Here he checks over early records from his "private weather bureau." (U-B photo, Davison engraving)

Hendron began teaching school in Columbia county in 1891. "You might say the majority of the students I had became representative citizens. The students certainly followed diversified trails. For example, one is now a congressman in Idaho, and many are in the state penitentiary. As guards," he explained.

Some Pupils Learned Much

"In the early days, we taught all grades in the same room—so it was progressive education before the term was invented. When there were 50 or more from all grades in a single room, we ran them through the mill and hoped they picked up a little of the grist. The pupils did what they could—and good ones did a lot."

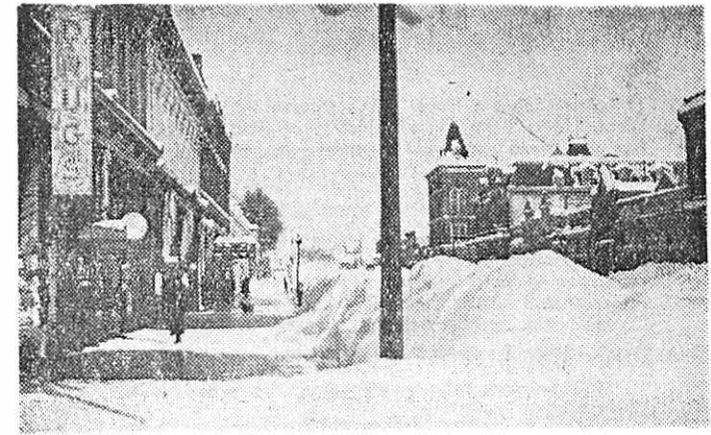
"Some of the present day teachers in the lower grades must be amazingly efficient. They handle classes of 40 to 50 sometimes for a whole morning. I could do all right if I had 10 to 12 clustered around my knee, but I don't know what I would have done with 50."

"As for spanking... Corporal punishment in the schools is a sign of weakness on the part of the teacher. I have levied corporal punishment, but I believe if a teacher has sufficient strength, he can overcome difficulties with pupils."

Punishment Is Helpful

"However, occasionally when a teacher is trying to correct a child short of spanking, the 'bad' child

Dayton's Weather Recorded By W.W. Hendron Since '03



RECORD DAYTON SNOW—More snow than he wished for fell during a 54-hour period early in February, 1916, to mark a high point in the recollections of W. W. Hendron, volunteer observer of Dayton weather since 1903. (U-B photo, Davison engraving)

DAYTON — If you visit W. W. Hendron, 86-year young old-timer and make random remarks about the weather of any past date, you'd better be sure of your facts, for Hendron, weather observer since 1903, has the day-to-day records, most of which have been recorded by himself.

This was illustrated readily when a recent visitor chanced to remark how cold it was riding back to the homestead following her marriage in Dayton November 27, 1919. Hendron quickly referred to his voluminous record book to find the following: "Temp. 6 degrees, weather clear."

"Yes, I'll bet they did get mighty old that day, driving all the way out to the farm in a Model T which I'm sure didn't have a heater," chuckled Hendron, in recalling the date-checking happening.

Avid Hobby

Observation of weather phenomena has been an avid hobby of Hendron's since 1891. As volunteer weather observer for the Dayton area, he holds the longest record of continuous service over his pre-

decessors which have included the late Dr. S. B. Penrose, who moved from Dayton to become Whitman College's president.

Hendron figures things in units of fifty in school work for 50 years; married 50 years; a Mason for 50 years and now he wants to round out 50 years as a volunteer weather observer. He'd almost have that one now if he hadn't moved from town a couple of times on teaching assignments.

He was honored in 1950 when the weather bureau, which operates under the Department of Commerce, paid tribute to Hendron in a publication on the occasion of his having served 40 years in the work.

One of Five

Of the 49 observers listed from the state, Hendron was one of five with 40 years on the job. Of the Dayton volunteer, the book said:

"Although 84 years young, Mr. Hendron is still an active weather observer. A desire to have really accurate weather records, and an inherited tendency from his father and uncle, both close observers of natural phenomena, influenced him to begin observation March, 1903. Because of absence, he relinquished observations from 1914 to 1922, but in the latter year resumed cooperation to round out 40 years of service this year (1950). "Born in 1866 at Lexington, Kentucky, Mr. Hendron became a teacher in public schools, serving 16 years as superintendent of Columbia County schools. Raising and providing for his family have been his great incentives in life, yet he always found time for his valuable 40-year record of weather."

Army Checked Weather

Observation and recording of weather in Dayton goes back to



CHECKING WEATHER—W. W. Hendron, volunteer weather observer at Dayton since 1903, checks an afternoon reading of his thermometers for the photographer. The 86-year old weatherman is one of five in the state who have over 40 years service with the weather bureau as volunteer. (U-B photo, Davison engraving)

What's New This Week in the Blue Mountain Region

By H. V. Orchard

"Really Got Wish!"

I remember remarking that I wished the snow would keep falling 48 hours," Hendron said. I really enjoyed snow. Well, I sure got wish—and then some! It started snowing at noon on Monday, p. 1, and when it quit at 6 p.m. Wednesday, 54 hours later, 42 inches of snow lay on the streets of Dayton.

The heavy snowfall fouled up roads drawn and auto traffic for several days with the white stuff piled off sidewalks and piled higher than a man's head on Dayton's Main Street.

"It went off gradually, though," said Hendron, "and we escaped the water and possibly floods." The volunteer weatherman came to Washington with his father and uncle from Dawson, Pennsylvania, living in Spokane March 17, 1887, just in time to vote for statehood.

Sought Farm Land

Seeking prime farm lands, the old drifted south and in 1890 Mr.

1879 when the job was performed by the army—in the person of a Colonel Green, a Signal Corps man who was stationed here as weatherman, said Hendron. The colonel was on the job until 1885. Dr. Penrose took over as a volunteer when the interior department established a station after a lapse of six years.

Dr. Penrose acted as weatherman until his departure to Walla Walla to become president of Whitman. At this time, Hendron said, the job was taken up by Homer Richardson who had it until succeeded by A. P. Cahill, who operated a grist mill at Long Station. Cahill was observer until Hendron took over the task in 1903.

The heaviest snowfall recorded during the many years occurred in February, 1916. Hendron was teaching school at the time and recalls glancing out the window as the white flakes started drifting earthward.

and Mrs. Hendron were married at Palouse. The couple homesteaded on the Touchet River "two and a half miles from Dayton's Main Street."

The Hendrons moved to their present home at 617 East Dayton Street in November, 1950.

With them came, of course, the thermometers, rain gauges and record books, the weatherman's "stock in trade", prepared to put in another ten years to reach his "charmed 50" years of service keeping track of Dayton weather.

Dayton's depot days captured in sculpture

DAYTON — In 1890 the first train chugged into the Union Pacific depot in Dayton.

And residents from the town rushed to the site — then located near Rock Hill.

It was the beginning of hundreds of such occasions

when the town's rank and file turned out every time they heard the train whistle.

A Pasco artist, John Goulet, has captured the excitement of that era in his recreation of that first train, the picturesque depot and a board walk panorama of the town — the railroad house, the postoffice, bank, water tower, church, homes.

His metal sculpture is on display at the Rainier National Bank.

An 8-foot, 3-dimensional, lifelike replica of a segment of the town is an attractive blend of grey and brownish hues.

A horse drawing a milk wagon roars wildly in the foreground, frightened by the train, as his

owner fights to control him.

Goulet, former truck driver in the area who has been sculpting for six years, found the old depot especially interesting, according to Mrs. Robert Butler, 207 S. 6th St., whose niece is Goulet's wife.

The sculpture took Goulet six months to complete.

Goulet worked from on-site sketches and used earlyday photos from the collection of Liz Ankeny, Ankeny Lane, to sculpt replicas of the background buildings.

Goulet displayed the mural at the Pacific Northwest Indian Center's Fifth Annual Western Art Show in Spokane before bringing it here.

Walla Walla Union Bulletin



Metal sculpture on display at Rainier National Bank in Dayton recreates Dayton in 1890.

Hendrons Have 65th Anniversary



Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hendron, married 65 years November 27 last. Here looking at some of the many, many Christmas cards received from former students of Mr. Hendron, who until he retired a few years ago, had been a teacher since he was 18. They were married in Palouse.—Pix by Pat.

"Just to put a bug in your bonnet," comes word from Oberlin, Ohio, "Walter and Minnie Hendron celebrate their 65th wedding anniversary this month. They have done a lot for Dayton and Columbia county over the years." (From Jarvis Strong).

The Hendrons celebrated their anniversary quietly and only a neighbor or two knew of it and they had promised not to tell. Such modesty for those "who have done so much for Dayton and Columbia county."

When Photographer Pat caught up with them they were looking at Christmas cards sent them by former students. When the reporter caught them they were bandying their usual wisecracks at each other but the "old master" has had to yield ground to the weaker sex, we learned. Mrs. Hendron declared I have never tried to influence his activities or desires until he had that recent "spell" and since then I have used determination to see that he obeys the doctor's orders.

And along during the conversation she declared "He never got over being a boy." This declaration came after it was brought out that Walter hadn't smoked for three years and he had said, "They say it will be just like starting all over again, and that it will make me sick. I'll have to try it."

The Hendrons were married November 27, 1890. On this November 23, Walter was 89. Sunday he said, "I always figure if I can get through the birthday celebration, the wedding anni-

Walter was teaching there. "We weren't financially fixed to be married, but we didn't want to be separated so we just up and got married." They've never been sorry for their haste, they both declare.

Walter was born in Pennsylvania and came to this territory with his father and another man who were looking for a new location, in 1887. They came to Dayton after taking a look around Spokane. The other man stayed here, but Mr. Hendron and Walter went on to Palouse. Walter took a job of teaching school. He was 19 at the time. Later the senior Mr. Hendron returned to Dayton to settle.

Mrs. Hendron, then Winnie Buckley, was born in California; lost her mother when she was 9 and after moving to Palouse with her father, lost him at 10. Mr. Hendron "had typhoid when we were married but we didn't know it, and later he had to go to bed and we came to Dayton in 1891, to be at his parent's home." Walter was severely ill with the disease for many weeks but he survived whereas many others who had typhoid that year died.

They have since made their home in and around Dayton.

Walter began his teaching career in Pennsylvania when he was 18 years of age in 1885. There were many of his classes in which he had pupils older than himself.

The Hendrons have three children, Walter of Salt Lake; Harold, recently of Dillon, Montana but

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The Hendrons were married November 27, 1890. On this November 23, Walter was 89. Sunday he said, "I always figure if I can get through the birthday celebration, the wedding anniversary and Thanksgiving, I'm good for the rest of the year. But this year I haven't been so sure."

The Hendrons were married on Thanksgiving Day. It was either that or be separated indefinitely. The people with whom Mrs. Hendron lived were leaving Palouse City (the city part of the name has since been dropped).

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The Hendrons have three children, Walter of Salt Lake; Harold, recently of Dillon, Montana, but now of Boise, Idaho; and Alden of Seattle. They have an even dozen grandchildren and two dozen great grandchildren—to use the Hendron's own figures.

They are excited because one of their grandsons, Harry, son of Harold, has recently gone to Denmark to marry a girl whom he had met while she was in this country on a visit.

Daytonites Wed 68 Years Ago Thanksgiving Day

DAYTON (Special) — It was a Thanksgiving day that the Walter Hendrons were married in 1890 and again, on a Thanksgiving day, 1958, they will be celebrating their 68th anniversary. As a matter of fact the week has been an auspicious one for the couple. Sunday, Mr. Hendron reached his 92nd birthday.

"There are many nice things about growing old," he declares. "I can read a book, forget all about it, reread it and get the same enjoyment again."

Wed in Palouse

The Hendrons (she was Minnie Buckley) were married in the Palouse country but for many years they have lived in the Dayton area where Mr. Hendron is a veteran school teacher and administrator.

Born in Lexington, Va., the nonagenarian taught a year in Pennsylvania, then quit to work in the coal mines where, he says, "I got my MD (mule driver). I learned more about handling people from driving those mules than I ever learned from people themselves."

An aunt asked, and was granted, the privilege of adopting Mr. Hendron's youngest sister on condition that the two families not be separated. The uncle had come West several times, lured by gold and for health reasons. Through his suggestion, the two families came to the coast, via the Northern Pacific, landing in Tacoma about 1887. Before long they had located on farm land in the Palouse country.

From California

Mrs. Hendron, a Californian, moved with her parents to Reno as a small child. Her father started a store, which proved unsuccessful and the family started out in a covered wagon for Washington. They reached Dayton in the fall of the year. That winter, the mother died and the family moved on to the Palouse country. Before the year was out, the father, too, had died leaving nine-year-old Minnie alone. Foster parents kept her with them until she was 18. Then when the family decided to go to Salem, Ore., young Hendron, adverse to the idea of pretty Minnie Buckley moving so far away, persuaded her to become Mrs. Hendron.



MR. AND MRS. HENDRON

An epidemic of typhoid fever swept the community and the young bridegroom, struck down by the fever, emerged from the bout weighing 118 pounds. He taught in the Colfax school before the couple moved to the Dayton area where he taught a year in Covella district. They rented a house in town and the schoolmaster walked the nine miles to the school on Monday mornings, returning Friday evenings.

It wasn't long until a teaching job opened up in the Pine Grove district, nearer home. Still later, he was hired to teach his home school, Star. Here, the Herndons rented a house which they later bought.

Served Two Terms

Eventually, he joined the faculty of the Dayton school, teaching both in the high school and eighth grade. He served two terms as county superintendent; then went back to the eighth grade job where "some problems of discipline had to be worked out."

"When I visit the local cemetery," he says in reminiscing, "I

read names of my former pupils and friends—more than any roll call I ever had in a classroom."

Through the years that the Hendrons lived at Star their home was a haven for their children and friends. Later, when the children had established their own homes, the Herndons continued to enjoy the flower-gardened retreat until eventually, they gave up the place to move to their present home on Dayton avenue.

Have Three Sons

Of their five children, three sons (Walter of Salt Lake, Harold of Boise and John Alden Hendron of Seattle) are still living. One child died as an infant; a daughter as a young woman.

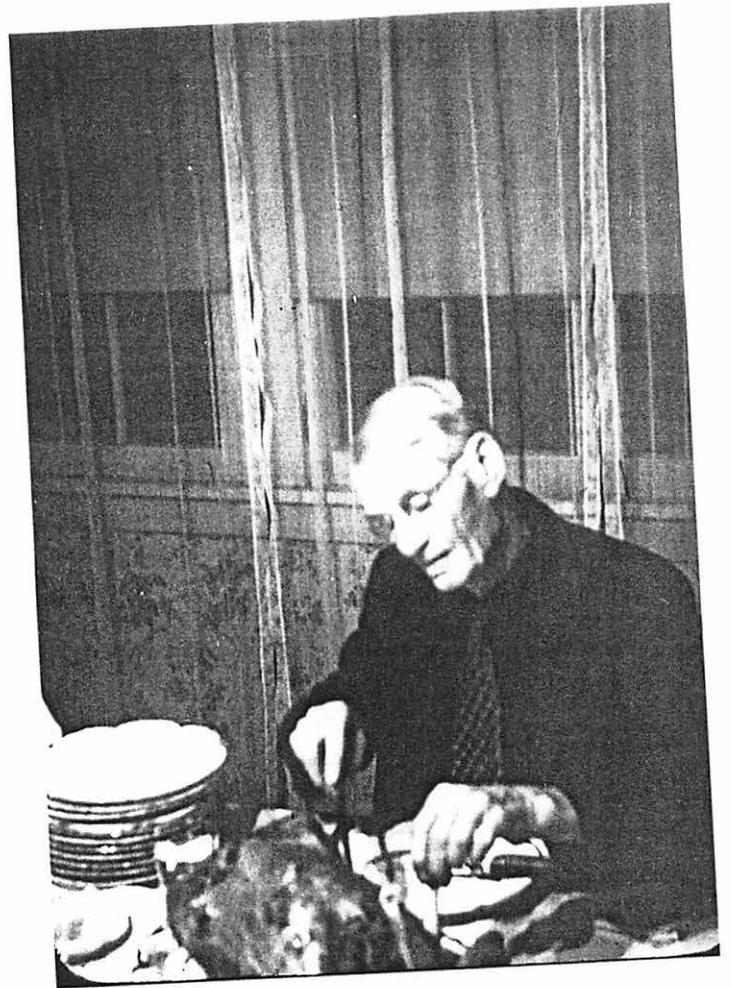
One of their pleasures now is their fine collection of recordings, ranging from an early-day rendition of "Silent Night" by Madame Schumann-Heink and Caruso's unforgettable voice to the latest long-playing records of modern artists.

Thanksgiving and the anniversary will be quietly observed. The Hendrons plan to have a couple of friends in for dinner for which Mrs. Hendron is preparing the turkey and all the trimmings.



Thought may be given would enjoy this

CONSIDER CAREFUL



DAYTON

The only security for all is in a free press... no government ought to be without censors; and where the press is free, no one ever will.

—Thomas Jefferson

Chronicle

of OUR 85th YEAR

Dayton, Washington, Thursday, December 6, 1962

W. W. Hendron, Educator, Succumbs at Age of 96 Years

Walter W. Hendron, 96, Columbia county's pioneer educator, passed away early Wednesday afternoon November 28, at Pleasant Valley Rest Home in Dayton where he had been living since October.

He had been in declining health for the past two weeks.

Funeral services were conducted at 11 a.m. Saturday, December 1, from the Congregational church with the Rev. Charles Knapp officiating. Interment was at Dayton City Cemetery.

Born in Kentucky

Mr. Hendron, who taught his first class in Columbia county in 1891 at Covello, was born November 23, 1866, in Kentucky. Before he was two years old, his father, John H. Hendron, moved his family to West Virginia and when Mr. Hendron was about five years of age moved to southwest Pennsylvania.

Mr. Hendron grew up in Pennsylvania and prepared for his teaching career there. He taught his first class in Pennsylvania when he was about 19 years of age.

Came West in 1887

On March 17, 1887, Mr. Hendron and his father came to Spokane to make a new home. Mr. Hendron taught in Whitman county before coming to Columbia county in 1891.

During his teaching career in Columbia county, Mr. Hendron taught in rural and city schools and in both grade and high school classes. During his years of service, until his retirement in 1935, he missed just one winter in the classroom. During this period he served on numerous occasions as county superintendent of schools.

Mr. Hendron and the former Minnie Buckley were married November 27, 1890, at Palouse. They lived in the Star district from 1894



W. W. Hendron

until 1950 when they moved into Dayton. Mrs. Hendron, 89, passed away October 17.

Joined Masons in 1898

The pioneer educator joined the Masonic lodge in 1898 and had received his 50-year membership jewel. He was also a member of Order of Eastern Star.

Members of the family are three sons: Walter Hendron of Salt Lake City, Utah; Harold Hendron of Boise, Idaho; and Alden Hendron of Seattle. An infant son died at the age of two years and a daughter, Carol, died several years after her marriage.

● LETTERS...

TO THE EDITOR

This past week Dayton and Columbia county lost its dean of educators...but apparently few cared enough to pay last respects!

I am speaking of Walter W. "daddy" Hendron, who taught three generations in this community before he retired. While "Daddy" would not be considered an educated man as the world considers educators today, I think, through the school of hard knocks and endless reading, he earned degrees in philosophy, psychology and the humanities as well as education.

Too, I think one and all of his pupils would agree that his pitching arm would be an asset to any of the big league teams today...they throw only baseballs, but Mr. Hendron was just as accurate with a piece of chalk as he was with an eraser or ink bottle. How many of you can truthfully say you did not learn good fundamentals from him which you use in everyday life?

Isn't it too bad that less than 20 of the many, many pupils he has left in this community (who no doubt have a great love, admiration and lasting memories of Daddy Hendron) didn't take time from their busy lives to pay a final tribute to such a man. A lifetime given to the youth of this community was rewarded only by a large group of Masonic brothers.

I, for one, would love to wield those paper hanger scissors with which he was so deft!

Frankie O'Neil
Dayton, Wash.

HENDRON FAMILY TREE

William Wirt Whitsett (fought in Revolutionary War)
Hadessa Crawford

Whitsett PA
1791

Sarah Walter Scott	Elizabeth William Means	Amanda (Mr) Baily	Ralph Crawford Whitsett Rachel Estep
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6 KY
1791

↓

Margaret Hadessa Whitsett *Born 1839*
John Hayden Hendron *Born 1839*
D. Dayton

↓

Born 1866
1873

Walter Whitsett Hendron Minnie Buckley	Mary Jarvis Strong	Carroll (male) Dixie	Rachel George Atkinson
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↓

Harold	Walter	Caryl (female)	John Alden Hendron <i>Born 1897</i> Grace Muirhead <i>Born 1896</i>
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↓

John Alden Hendron, Jr. <i>←</i> Mary Ann Wick <i>Born 1920</i>	Ruth Ben Engel	Margaret (Margo) George Wahlberg	James Francis	Virginia (GeeGee) James MacKay
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Mary (Susan) Gregory Potts	Gail David Myllenbeck	Heather Donald Valencia	John Ingrid Stitzer
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Andrew Eli Nathan	Kristin Heather	John Christopher (Bo)	Erika Peter
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Wm Wick

Walter

gentlemen former
you actual

wrote letters

photo CD

Email:

gailmyllenbeck@gmail.com

For information on

Walter Whitsett Hendron

Family pictures

526-1747

Dayton's Original Plat Filed 100 Years Ago



Jesse Day, Founder of Dayton

By NADINE GERKEY

DAYTON — One hundred years ago a "forward-looking" couple — Jesse Newberry and Elizabeth Forrest Day — traveled by team and buggy into Walla Walla on an errand destined to chart history.

They were going to create a town

beaver. Captain Bonneville gazed upon the same site in 1834. Oregon Volunteers and Indians fought at this point in 1848. H. M. Chase settled at the site in 1855 but abandoned his claim that same year purportedly due to fear of hostile Indians.

First Permanent Settlers

been frequented by a gang of "rather desperate" characters, some of whom met death at the hands of vigilantes. That same year "Uncle" Billy Stribly opened a blacksmith shop on the Hearn homestead. Henry C. Ricky opened a hotel in 1863, leasing Schnebly's store into a stable for the stage stock. The saloon was closed.

In 1864 Day purchased the Schnebly property.

To Oregon in 1850

The town's founder, born in Virginia on May 21, 1828, had emigrated to Wisconsin in 1848. He settled in Oregon's Willamette Valley in 1850. He later followed mining in Eureka, Calif. He turned to farming and stock raising in the Umpqua Valley in Oregon and, in 1855, married Elizabeth Forrest, daughter of Judge Forrest of Yamhill County. After two years in Leavenworth, Kan., the Days located on a homestead on the Touchet about two miles below Dayton on the old Danskin place.

In the severe winter of 1862 the Days lost all but 65 head of stock. Two years later Day purchased the Schnebly property, including 160 acres. He soon added another 250 acres to his holdings.

By 1870 population in the valley had swelled considerably, encouraging Day to petition the territorial legislature for incorporation papers for the townsite — granted on that fateful Nov. 23, 1871.

First Plat 21 Blocks

The original plat included 21 blocks of property, all donated by Day, extending from Spring to Birch streets east and west and from Second to William

couple — Jesse Newberry and Elizabeth Forrest Day — traveled by team and buggy into Walla Walla on an errand destined to chart history.

They were going to create a town.

The town was Dayton. The date was Nov. 23, 1871.

They "looked up" the county auditor, H. M. Chase. And they filed a plat denoting themselves as proprietors and named the town "Dayton." Witnesses were Auditor Chase and S. M. Wait, founder of Waitsburg.

The name was only fitting. The land encompassing that first plat was donated to the town by Day.

History tells that settlers were arriving as early as 1959 to homestead on the Touchet River — pioneers such as the Hearn, the Days, Gilbreaths, Pings, Chases, Starrs, Pollards, Fudges . . .

There had been earlier travelers. A well-marked Indian trail crossed the Touchet River where Dayton stands. Lewis and Clark had stopped at this crossing as early as May, 1806, where records tell of at least one hunter catching otter and

Indians fought at this point in 1848. H. M. Chase settled at the site in 1855 but abandoned his claim that same year purportedly due to fear of hostile Indians.

First Permanent Settlers

The Schnebly brothers, Fred and Freelon, located on a portion of the Chase claim in the summer of 1859 as the first permanent settlers. That same year a Mr. Nash settled nearby and, in 1862, two brothers named Bailey homesteaded. Other early claims which became a part of Dayton were said to be those of John C. Wells, Lambert Hern and Elisha Ping.

Freelon (Stubbs), building a cabin on the north bank of the Touchet early in 1860, traded with the Indians and built a log store that fall in front of the site of Wait's mill. The store was thought to be the first business house in the county.

In 1861 G. W. Miller and Ping raised oats and wheat on three claims covering the original town of Dayton. A Mr. Holman erected a saloon 75 yards northeast of the Schnebly store in 1862, the saloon said to have

fateful Nov. 23, 1871.

First Plat 21 Blocks

The original plat included 21 blocks of property, all donated by Day, extending from Spring to Birch streets east and west and from Second to Willow streets, north and south.

The official description placed the new town in: "part of the west half of the northeast quarter and east half of the northwest quarter of Section 30, Township 10, North Range, 39 east."

Mill Street on the original plat is now known as Washington, and Birch is today Patit. The plat sets aside Days Block and Waits Block in the western and eastern sectors. It also pictures an extended river bed with three fairly large islands not visible today.

The story told is that Wait, passing through the area in the fall of 1871, encountered Day, who began talking about his hopes to build a town on the site. Wait told Day he'd build a mill there if he could be assured of sufficient trade. Shortly, Wait and William Matzger erected a flour mill at the west end of Main Street. Day donated five acres of land for the enterprise.

Dayton Mushrooms

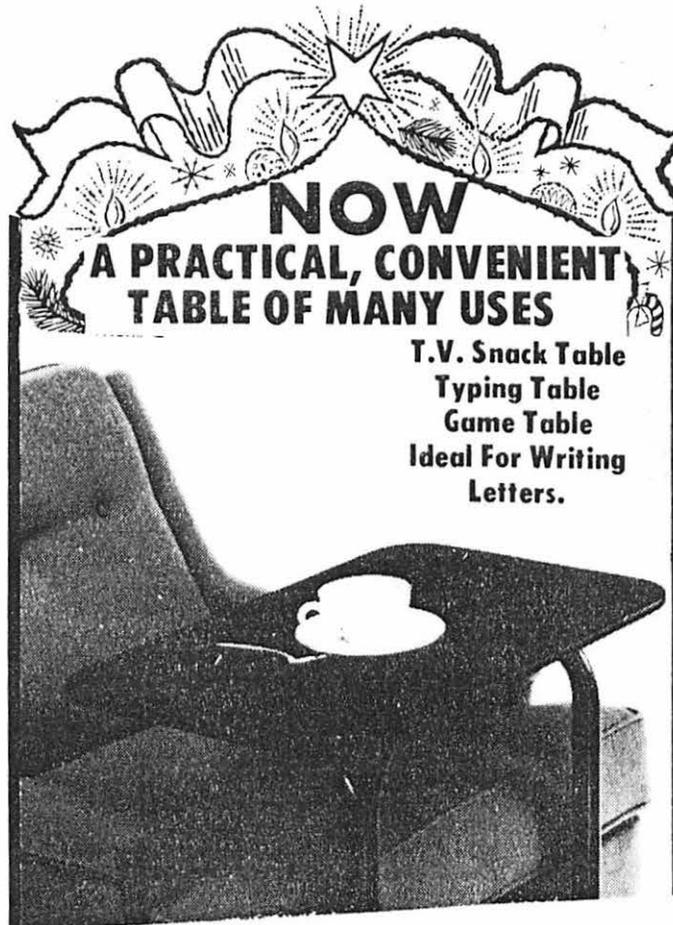
And so the town began to grow with addition after addition hinged to Day's original plat until Dayton became one of the area's most prosperous and thriving centers.

Meanwhile, the Days built a "handsome" home on Day's Block and a two-story brick building on the corner of Main and First. The couple were parents of three sons and three daughters. They continued to "assist the various enterprises of the embryo city by donations of land and otherwise, but always judiciously and with proper discrimination," described one spokesman.

Mrs. Day died Sept. 12, 1888, according to county records. Day later married Nellie Gilliam.

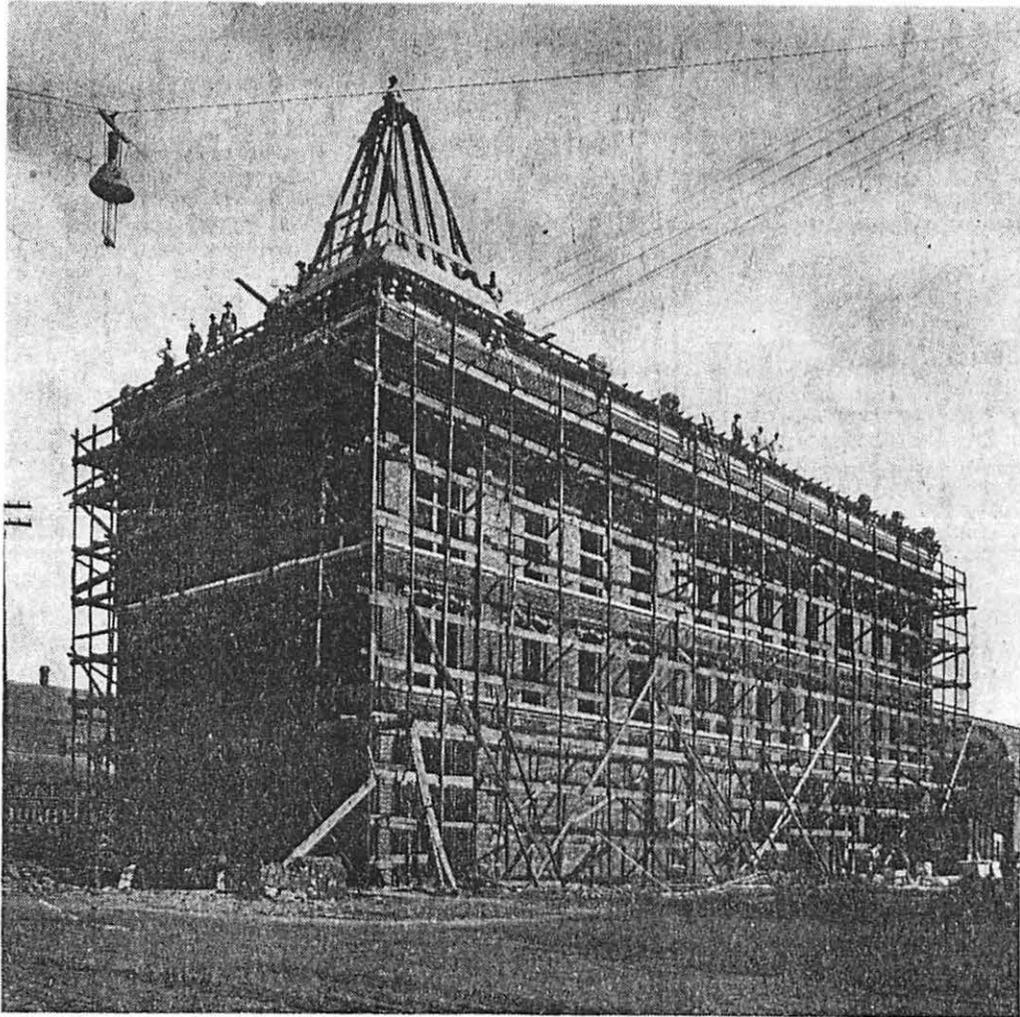
At 4:30 a.m. on Thursday, April 20, 1893 — about 22 years after he and his first wife signed Dayton into being — Day died. He had suffered a fatal heart attack.

"His faith in Dayton was of the most stalwart kind, and he lived to see his hopes realized," was a parting tribute. "The town is his best monument."



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Letters.



Remember When?

Dayton's "skyscraper," the three-story IOOF building will soon become the location of a new facility for the Dayton branch of the Seattle-First National Bank. The property was recently purchased by the bank, along with adjacent property. The picture above shows the building under construction in the early 1890s. The photo was loaned by F. M. Norris.

Dayton Has Oldest Courthouse in th



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always warm i
recalled Norris.

Above stands the Columbia County courthouse as it appeared shortly after its construction in 1886. Note the goddess holding the Scales of Justice over the front gable and the barely visible American bald eagle above the rear gable, the smokestacks at the side providing ventilation for the wood-burning stoves in each

room, the giant cupola, the ornately griled widow's walks fashioned by the old Pringle Ironworks at the corner of South Main and Fourth, the original entryway to the sheriff's office, the embellishments. Today the structure stands semi-modernized and shipshape after 85 years of handling county business.

By NADINE GERKEY

U-B Correspondent

DAYTON — Eighty-five years ago the Columbia County courthouse in downtown Dayton — the oldest courthouse in use in the state today — waxed its first cry.

That first cry resounded from

came, the vote was 418 for corners and basement exterior have been smoothed over with concrete plaster. The wooden fence, sandblasted to prevent whittling, once enclosing the entire courtyard is but a memory.

Courthouse Aging Well

retaining Dayton and 300 for establishing Marengo as the county seat.

When the county was formed, a number of people doubted whether it would survive. But the population grew; the county remained solvent. In fact, Columbia had 70 more residents

was thumbed down because voters felt the plan, which called for a \$7,000 structure, was inadequate or "not much better than no building at all."

So commissioners continued to keep records in their own business houses. Their meetings lasted for several days running



By NADINE GERKEY

U-B Correspondent

DAYTON — Eighty-five years ago the Columbia County courthouse in downtown Dayton — the oldest courthouse in use in the state today — waxed its first cry.

That first cry resounded from an edifice somewhat different from today's modernized structure. There was a bi-level cupola towering about one story high above the roof with an ornate grill widow's walk at the base and another at the top. Round shuttered apertures decorated the upper section. The American flag waved majestically from its very top. The Goddess of Liberty balancing the Scales of Justice in one hand perched on the courthouse's front gable and the American bald eagle at the rear. Carved wooden widow's walks topped the columns guarding both entrances.

Today the cupola has been removed. Only the widow's walk at its former base is a reminder of its past splendor. The wooden walks above the porticos have been replaced. The graceful goddess and the eagle were removed during World War II and sold for scrap. The embellishments over the windows and on the pillars are no longer visible. The ridged

came, the vote was 418 for corners and basement exterior have been smoothed over with concrete plaster. The wooden fence, sandblasted to prevent whittling, once enclosing the entire courtyard is but a memory.

Courthouse Aging Well

Yet despite the changes, the vintage building stands largely as it did 85 years ago — handsome, secure, well-kept.

The struggle involved in making the courthouse a reality is worth telling — especially in 1971, the centennial year of the founding of the City of Dayton. Jesse N. Day, prominent businessman, filed the plat incorporating Dayton Nov. 23, 1871.

And Dayton has been the seat of Columbia County government since the county was founded Nov. 29, 1875 — 11 years before the courthouse was built. At the time the act creating Columbia County was passed, Dayton was named the county seat until the next general election. For a time it looked as if she might be de-seated. A number of citizens in the eastern part of the county were agitating for a different location. Accordingly, private land was given and the town of Marengo formed as a potential county seat. But when elections

retaining Dayton and 300 for establishing Marengo as the county seat.

When the county was formed, a number of people doubted whether it would survive. But the population grew; the county remained solvent. In fact, Columbia had 70 more residents than Walla Walla County by the 1878 census or a population of 5,820. It was the most densely populated county in the Washington Territory with Walla Walla running second and the now populous King County third.

Named county commissioners on that fateful Nov. 29, 1875, were F. G. Frary, Eliel Oliver and George T. Pollard. Frary was selected chairman and D. C. Guernsey clerk of the board. Commissioners accepted the bid of James M. Hunt to furnish rooms for county proceedings at \$15 per month for 1876.

Voters Nay First Plan

By 1882, the year of the infamous murder of Eli H. Cummins at New York Bar on the Snake River, the movement to construct a courthouse in Dayton grew to such proportions that a vote was taken. The resultant tally was 255 votes for and 447 against the proposal. Some say the venture

was thumbed down because voters felt the plan, which called for a \$7,000 structure, was inadequate or "not much better than no building at all."

So commissioners continued to keep records in their own business houses. Their meetings lasted for several days running — five days said to be the average.

But the move to build stayed afoot with voters returning to the polls in 1884 and shooing in a "yes" vote on the second round.

On Feb. 4, 1886, the Territorial Council passed a bill authorizing Columbia County to build the long-awaited courthouse at a total cost not to exceed \$40,000. That same day the House of Representatives ratified the council's action by passing the bill per se. The governor signed the bill into law.

In the words of the March 6, 1886, issue of the Chronicle, "Columbia County wants a courthouse and jail and wants them badly . . . Let us have a courthouse as soon as possible by some means."

On April 14, commissioners did hold a special session at which they stamped their approval on a decision to build. Contacting Washington's territorial delegate Charles S. Voorhees, they requested that the U.S. Congress act favorably on a bill authorizing the county to erect a courthouse.

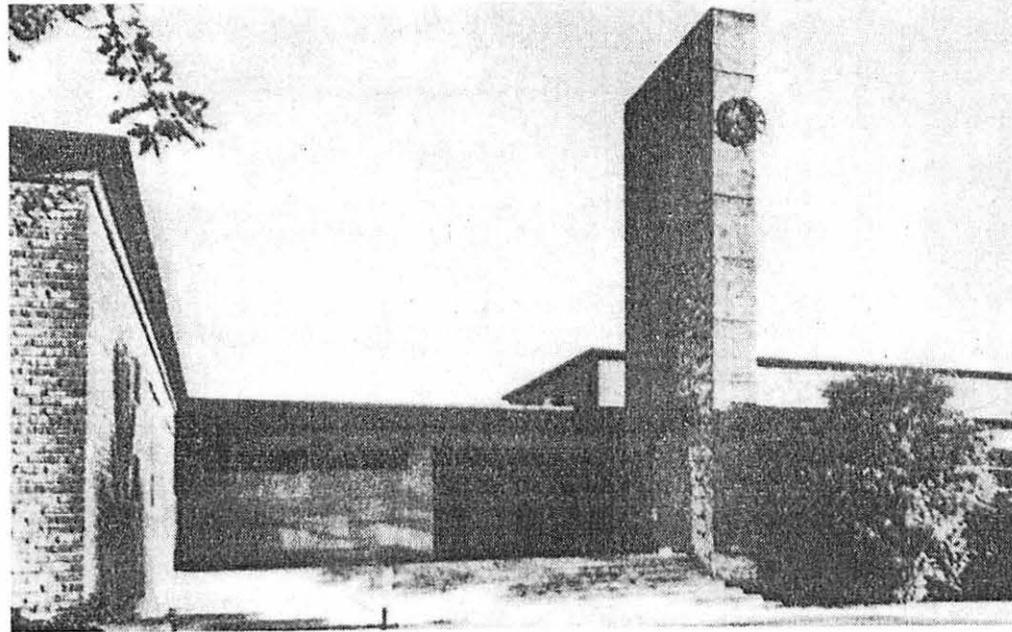
Meanwhile building bids were opened May 24, 1886, and the low bids of A. J. Dexter — \$10,745 for doing the stone, brick and cement work — and of A. W. Krebs, A. H. Bishop and J. N. Arnold — \$21,987 for the carpentry, ironwork, plastering and painting — were accepted, for a total bid of \$32,732. W. H. Burrows (distant relative of the present Jim Burrows of Dayton), architect, was employed as superintendent of construction for a salary representing 5 per cent of the contract price of \$1,637. Vying bids can be seen on file in the county clerk's office today.

Commissioners at the time were John Fudge, chairman, W. R. Marquis and J. W. Fields. J. H. Hosler was sheriff and J. A. Kellogg, county auditor.

Bonds up to \$40,000

Work was to begin on the structure as soon as the Senate passed the act permitting bonding by the county. The House had passed the act May 1. The Senate followed suit June 19. The act stipulated that building bonds up to \$40,000 could be issued payable in 5-15 years at 8 per cent per annum.

The first shovel of sod was turned by Dexter. And late that year the edifice was completed at a cost approximating \$38,000. It was officially accepted in July, 1887.



Crow Island School's design wins architects' 25-year award. (AP)

School's Design Finally Honored

CHICAGO, Ill. (AP) — "It was the original concept of the school on the inside," says Michael Tremko of the architectural firm of Perkins and Will, which collaborated in its design after it was

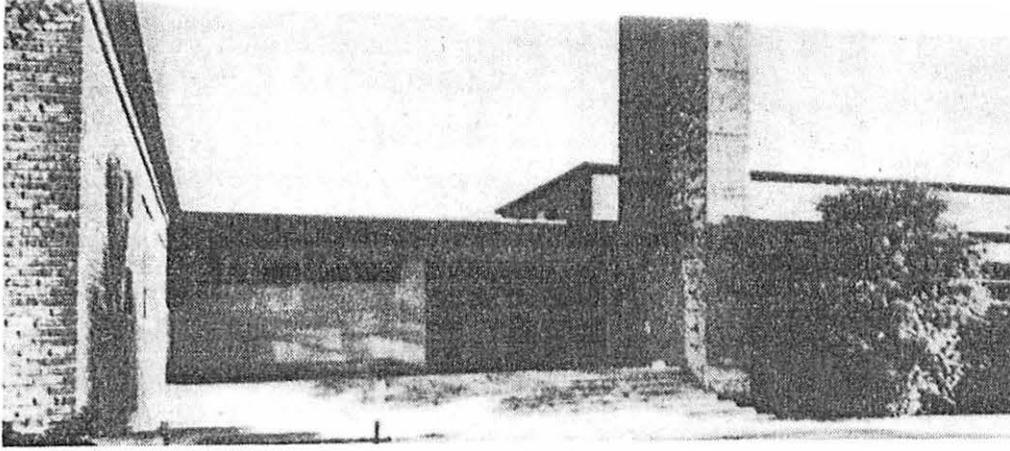
The one-story brick building with pine paneled walls and huge windows was built in 1940 in this high-income north Chicago suburb. It has 510 pupils age 4 to 10 attending classes from prekindergarten to fourth grade.

The American Institute of Architects recently made it the second recipient of its 25-year award, recognizing architectural design of "enduring significance."

"It was an extremely unusual school at the time of its construction," says William Brubaker, a partner in the architectural firm of Perkins and Will, which collaborated in its



THE DICTIONAR



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"It was an extremely unusual school at the time of its construction," says William Brubaker, a partner in the architectural firm of Perkins and Will, which collaborated in its design. "It was a major break away from the classic mold."

Some of the innovations included a huge fireplace with chimney soaring into the air and modern lines with classrooms astride a wide corridor.

Each L-shaped classroom had independent access, its own restroom and huge windows that covered almost two walls.

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The brick, plaster-surfaced walls were two feet thick. The basement jail accommodations housed women as well as male prisoners with the sheriff's office confined to quarters under the front entrance. The intricately carved red mahogany stairwell and newel posts leading to the upstairs court chambers and other offices provided access from both



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in the State Still in Use Today

building entrances. Recently the rear stairwell was removed and restroom and closet facilities installed. Windows were adorned with cedar shutters. The flowing-locked Greek God of Justice guarded each entrance as he does today. The picket-sized board fence with rounded tops was erected in 1887 for \$847.50. Large airtight wood-burning stoves provided a separate heating facility in each room.

Fred "Ole" Norris, county auditor from 1919-1926, who worked with Judge Miller in landscaping much of the courthouse grounds, remembers the janitor carrying wood on his back up the stairs and to all the courthouse rooms to refuel. He'd bank the fires at night and recharge the coals early the next morning. Often the prisoners would help pack in the fuel as well. "It was always warm in the morning," recalled Norris.

Wood was hauled in from the mountains in the winter by men needing work, further described Norris. It was one of the first forms of relief in the county. Wood was stacked the full length of the grounds from Main Street to Commercial. Prisoners, dragging their balls

Wood was hauled in from the mountains in the winter by men needing work, further described Norris. It was one of the first forms of relief in the county. Wood was stacked the full length of the grounds from Main Street to Commercial. Prisoners, dragging their balls and chains, would clear the mud off the streets and saw and stack the wood and fill the many courthouse woodboxes. All rooms were heated by wood until 1926.

For a time the city jail was located where the present county engineer's office is situated. Confiscated liquor was stored in the engineer's vault

during prohibition. Prohibition was passed in Dayton the same year the courthouse was built by a majority of 103 votes.

Records include one interesting bit of miscellany — an invoice of furniture and record books transferred to County Auditor Oliver C. White in 1877, the numerous items including such period equipment as a set of pigeon holes, lamps, candlesticks, tin dipper and dusting brush.

In 1915 the courthouse lawn was accoutered with two howitzer Civil War cannon, due largely to the efforts of one George Wick, night watchman. According to April 5, commissioner minutes, the U.S. War Department had notified the county that discarded cannon were being offered for display purposes. The county in turn was to pay transportation expenses from Rock Island, Ill., to Dayton. The cannon arrived May 19, the touchhole of one

worn considerably, indicating that it had been heavily used in battle.

History recalls that shortly thereafter during a patriotic celebration Wick thought it fitting to fire the cannon, but his attempt to do so failed. A few nights later three high school boys decided they'd try. However, a young man employed in a local hardware store furnished them the wrong type of blasting powder. When the cannon was touched off, the roar was heard for miles around, and the cannon leaped about 20 feet into the air. Nearly every windowpane in the front of the courthouse was broken.

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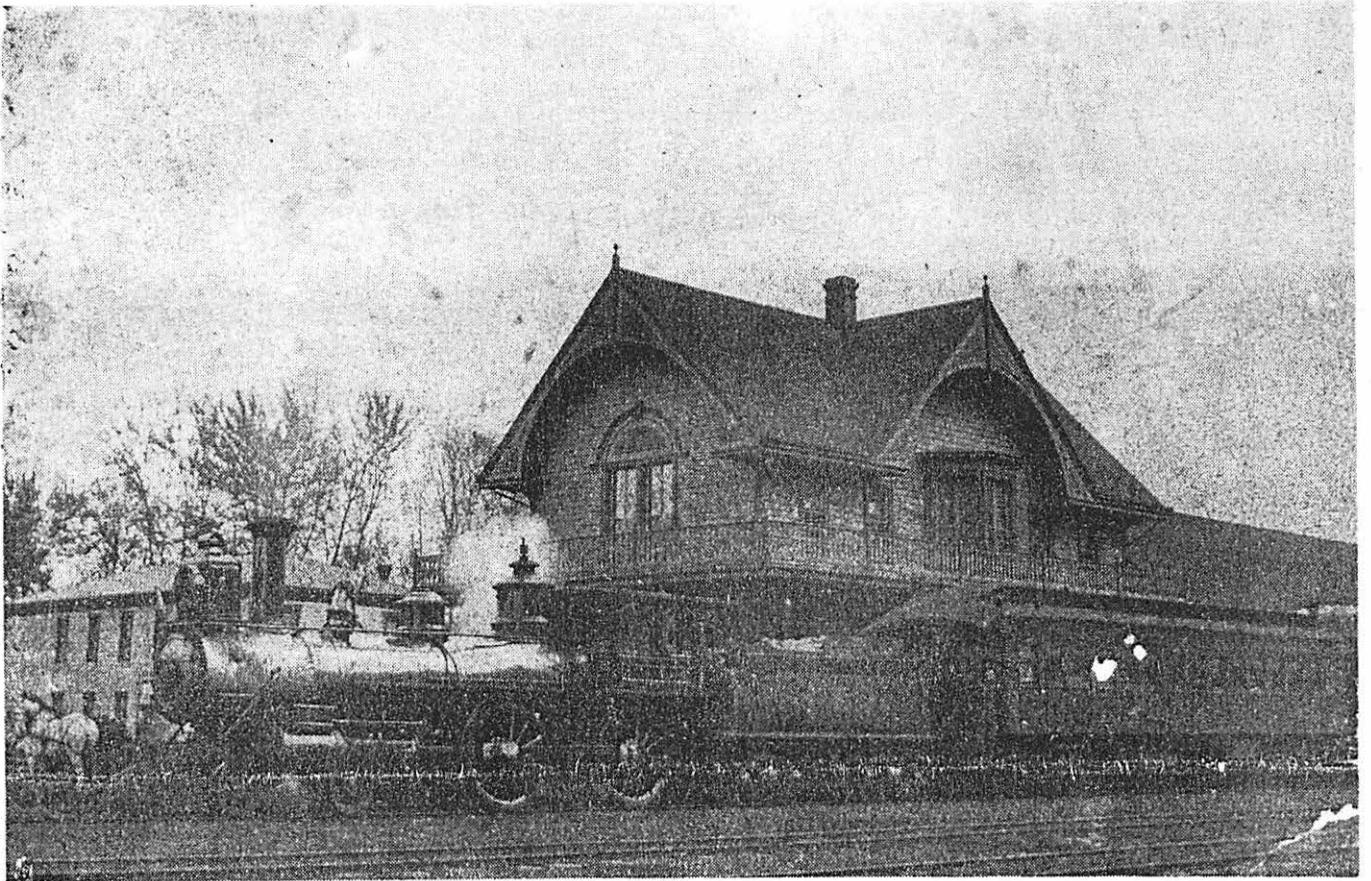
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U-B Correspondent
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Dayton Played Important Role in Ea



First train arrives in Dayton in 1881 at depot located near Rock Hill.



The 90-year-old depot, moved but used, then located near UPRR House (Cameron House). Photos

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The 90-year-old depot, moved but used, then located near URKK House (Cameron House), moved from collection of F. M. Norris.

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By NADINE GERKEY
U-B Correspondent

DAYTON — Whoo-who-who! Whoo-who-who!

Jim, contentedly resting at the hitching post alongside the Dayton Hotel (now the site of Elk Drug), pricked up his ears. By golly, the train was coming in. It was time to get to work.

In answer to the shrill whistle, he turned around and headed towards the depot. All business, Jim backed the luggage wagon next to the loading platform. When the

fellows finished piling it on, he smartly cantered the load of luggage back to the hotel.

The drummers (salesmen) were waiting for him, taking their baggage — filled with merchandise — and setting up store in quarters provided for them in the hotel. Soon local merchants would be over to take a look and select wares for their own shelves — mostly ready-to-wear and notions.

Jim was a horse. The era was circa 1896 when this bustling town clocked its activities to the timetable of passengers and freight arriving at the Union Pacific depot on the corner of Second and Commercial streets.

"When that old steam whistle blew, everybody closed up shop and ran down to the depot to see who and what was arriving," remembers Fred "Ole" Norris, local historian. "Especially the chorus girls who'd be playing maybe that night at the theater."

And that's the express reason the depot — one of Dayton's most picturesque buildings with its widow's walk and unique gingerbread trim — was moved from its original location on Cameron Street near Rock Hill: just so all the folk in town could easily drop everything and run over to meet the train.

Thinking the town would develop in the direction of Rock Hill, the depot was built about 1881 on Cameron, which runs behind the 410 Restaurant. Vestiges of the old right-of-way can still be seen there.

It was a complete operating unit, what with the roundhouse above the depot at the foot of Rock Hill equipped with a turntable to direct the three engines in and out of their storage stalls, coal sheds for fueling nearby, a section house, a home for the workers, a freight shed, an ice house, a water tank, an elevator and other facilities needed at the time to operate a lively railroad.

Many was the time that circuses unloaded from the cars on Cameron and paraded down Willow street and up and down Main to give townsmen a taste of what was in store for them when the big tent was pitched.

"It was a big event, I'll tell you," recalls Norris.

"In those days the fellow who saw the train first would get a free pass. So all of us kids would run like the dickens about the time the train was supposed to

pull into view out towards the edge of town to be the first to spot it."

But the town didn't move up towards the depot. And so the depot moved towards the town.

Again the town thronged out to see the high, period building stodgily make its way on stilts across the Touchet river, inched across by a winch turning round and round powered by straining mules.

In similar fashion came much of the remainder of the rail operation — the ice house, the home for the workers (Cameron House), the section house, water tank, elevator, freight shed . . .

The train was always loaded in those days, recalls Norris; sometimes with two coaches, sometimes with three, and always with a baggage car hauling in provisions for the town. The coaches and diners were beautiful — plush.

A one-way ticket between Walla Walla and Dayton was \$1.50. But a ride on the gondola to Walla Walla was but 50 cents. And Norris' father would take his eager youngster and others in to see the circus on the 50-cent ride many a time.

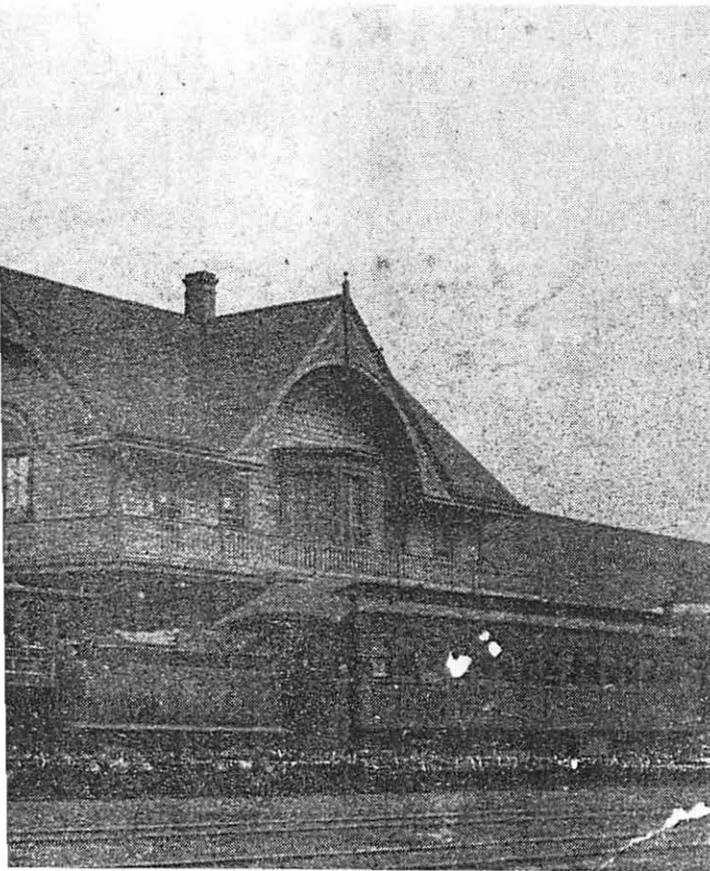
It was the Union Pacific routed from Portland to Walla Walla to the depot then at Bolles Junction. From there the main line chugged to Starbuck and Spokane, crossing the river at Riparia, with a spur en route to Pomeroy. Dayton was on a spur line from Bolles. Bolles boasted a water tank for water refueling at the time and a candy store and other items for weary travelers in the depot. The old steam train was coal fed with water storage alongside to generate steam.

Norris remembers the old Irishman who helped build the right-of-way for the new spur out to Turner to serve that rapidly developing wheat area. He utilized a certain kind of wide scraper mounted on axles and two wheels.

A wooden platform ringed the depot where passengers might promenade while waiting. Everyone in those days would come and sit and wait for the train and whittle.

"Finally, it got so bad that the railroad came in and sandblasted the outside boards of the depot up as high as one could reach," told Norris. "That put an end to it. The sand dulled the whittler's knife."

Important Role in Early History of Railroads



at depot located near Rock Hill.

But as times and modes of communication changed, fewer personnel were needed, and the Cameron House was moved behind the Baptist church and used as a general hotel.

The freight shed, a one-story high approximately 20x70-foot building, was moved back of Dingle's and a spur built from the depot to the shed. It was a popular spot with the kids when word spread that one of the sacks of candy unloaded had broken. The youngsters would have their own heyday filling their pockets or their caps with candy — mostly hardtack.

The older set had their share of the fun when whiskey barrels would arrive, perhaps boring a little hole in the side of a barrel and siphoning out some of the brew.

"Someone could take out a half-gallon of whiskey, and no one'd know the difference," said Norris.

Today the depot looks much

as it did when it was built 90 years ago. There's the same yellow paint with contrasting trim, the broad widow's walk ringing the second story level, the generous gables on each side with embossed scrollwork flanking the aperture, the complimentary scrollery over the upper windows, the picket trimming the lower exterior.

But closer inspection shows the paint flaking, the wooden platform removed and the area filled. Only a sign prohibiting bicycle riding on the platform reminds the passerby of the former promenading along the boardwalk.

And there are other changes. The passenger waiting room stands silently, used only at times by the three-man section crew employed year-round to maintain the track. Passenger service is thought to have been discontinued during the early 1930's. The freight shed has been dismantled and only the

unloading platform remains, used today for unloading heavy equipment.

In the depot's heyday, the building was primarily a passenger terminal. Freight was secondary. Today carload freight only is handled, according to Earl Llewellyn, agent for the past 12 years. Frequency of deliveries vary according to equipment orders with business in this heavily agricultural area especially brisk during the summer months.

The line now runs from Walla Walla to Dayton plus the 12-mile spur run to Turner for grain shipments. The old main line to Starbuck is out. The depot at Bolles has been removed.

And, although the railroad is still using the depot, the people of Columbia county — especially those with a yen for preserving the lore of yesteryear — are keeping a

concerned eye on the future of the structural heirloom.

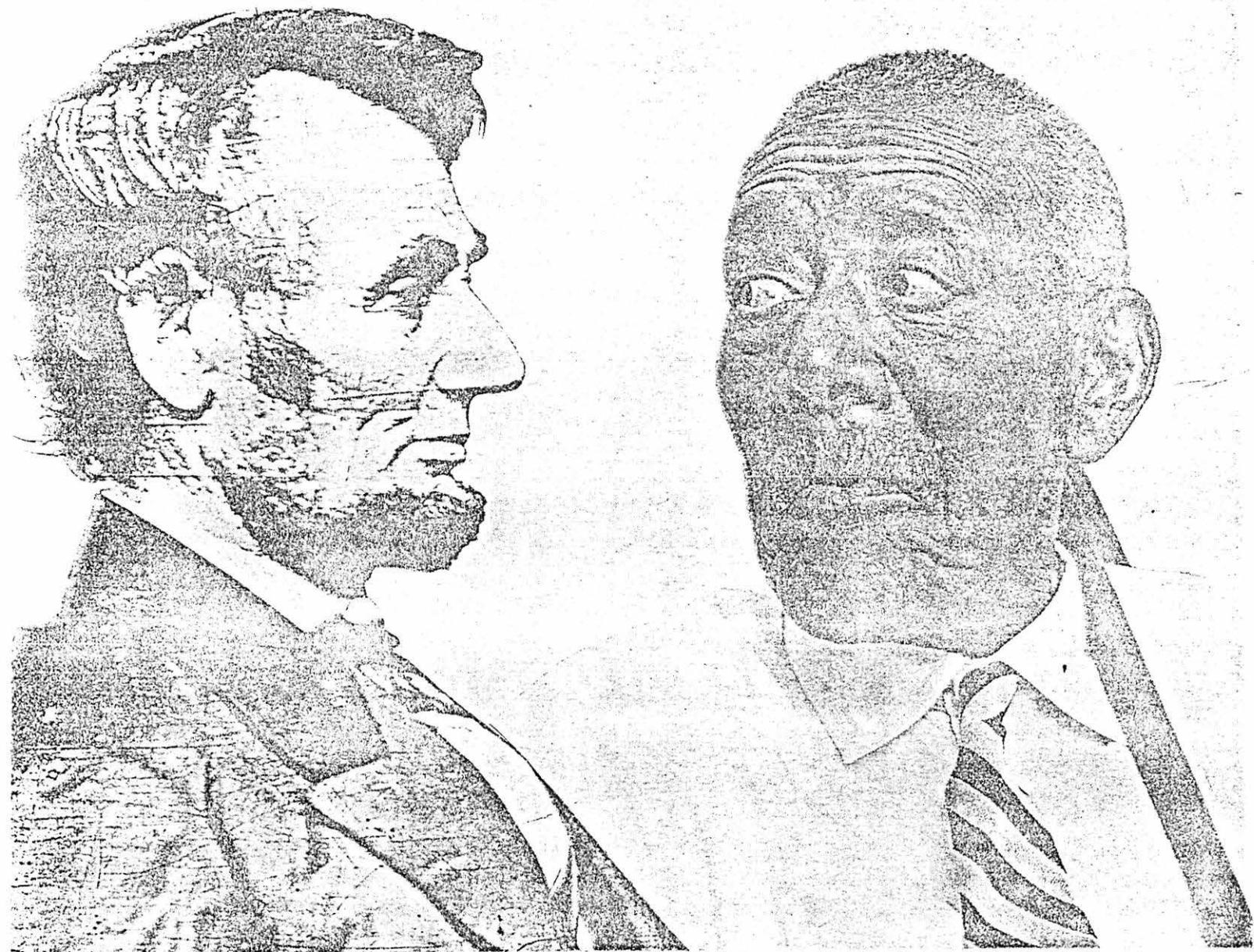
About a year ago the Chamber of Commerce contacted the railroad company, asking the company to let the Chamber know if they should decide to sell or dispose of the dept. In the event that they should wish to sell, the Chamber indicated they would be interested in some type of restoration of the building.

Suggested uses — in case — are varied: a pub for skiers, a combined museum and restaurant, a museum only, a rest and meeting facility with a caretaker to use the 5-room upstairs apartment, a skiers' lodge . . .

As one Daytonite expressed what seems to be a general sentiment — "It's a relic from our past that shouldn't be destroyed. It'd be a shame."

Home Loans . . .

First Federal Savings and
Loan Association of Walla
Walla. JA 5-8520



Left, 114-year-old Henry Hendron (r.) lives happily at Valetie, N. Y., nursing home amid cherished memories of pre-Civil War encounter with Abraham Lincoln (l.)

THE MAN WHO SPOKE TO LINCOLN

Ark's oldest citizen recalls meeting Emancipator more than 100 years ago

"LINCOLN visited our farm one day," recalls Henry Hendron, thoughts wandering back to that day more than 100 years ago. He was on horseback with some other men. I was a young boy

The aged old gentleman, stooped by an incredible 114 years of life, has a twinkle in his eyes and a mind as sharp as a well-sharpened razor. Now living out his years in the Barnwell Nursing Home in Valetie, N. Y., a small town not far from Albany, he was born in Orange County, Va., and it was a memorable day, indeed, when Abraham Lincoln paid a visit to the plantation. It happened on one of the Emancipator's several good-will tours to the

South. I believe what happened that day so long ago in the "sunny" South.

There is another, much more recent event that stands out in Hendron's mind. On his 114th birthday, last Sept. 2, the old man met Governor Nelson Rockefeller at the Columbia County Fair in Chatham. The governor had been told about the reputedly oldest living citizen in his state and wanted to meet him. Rockefeller presented him a birthday cake that had been baked for him by the nursing home and later, when one of the waiters was looking, slipped him a \$20 bill. Then the two sat side by side for more than half an hour, chatting like old friends as they watched the horse show at the fair.

"I can't get over the fact that I've actually shaken the hand of

ber especially my going up to the President and shaking
to me. "I don't remember exactly what he said to me,
member him saying that he wanted to meet all of us. He
do I was, so I told him my name. He was a very gentle
was tall. I didn't think a man could be so tall."
has an uncanny memory for details of the past. He re-
for instance, the first snowstorm he ever saw. "It was
1855, just outside of Roanoke, Va.," he said. "I'd never
before. It came down on me in barrellfuls. Whew, what
but one was!" He shook his head as if he still couldn't be-

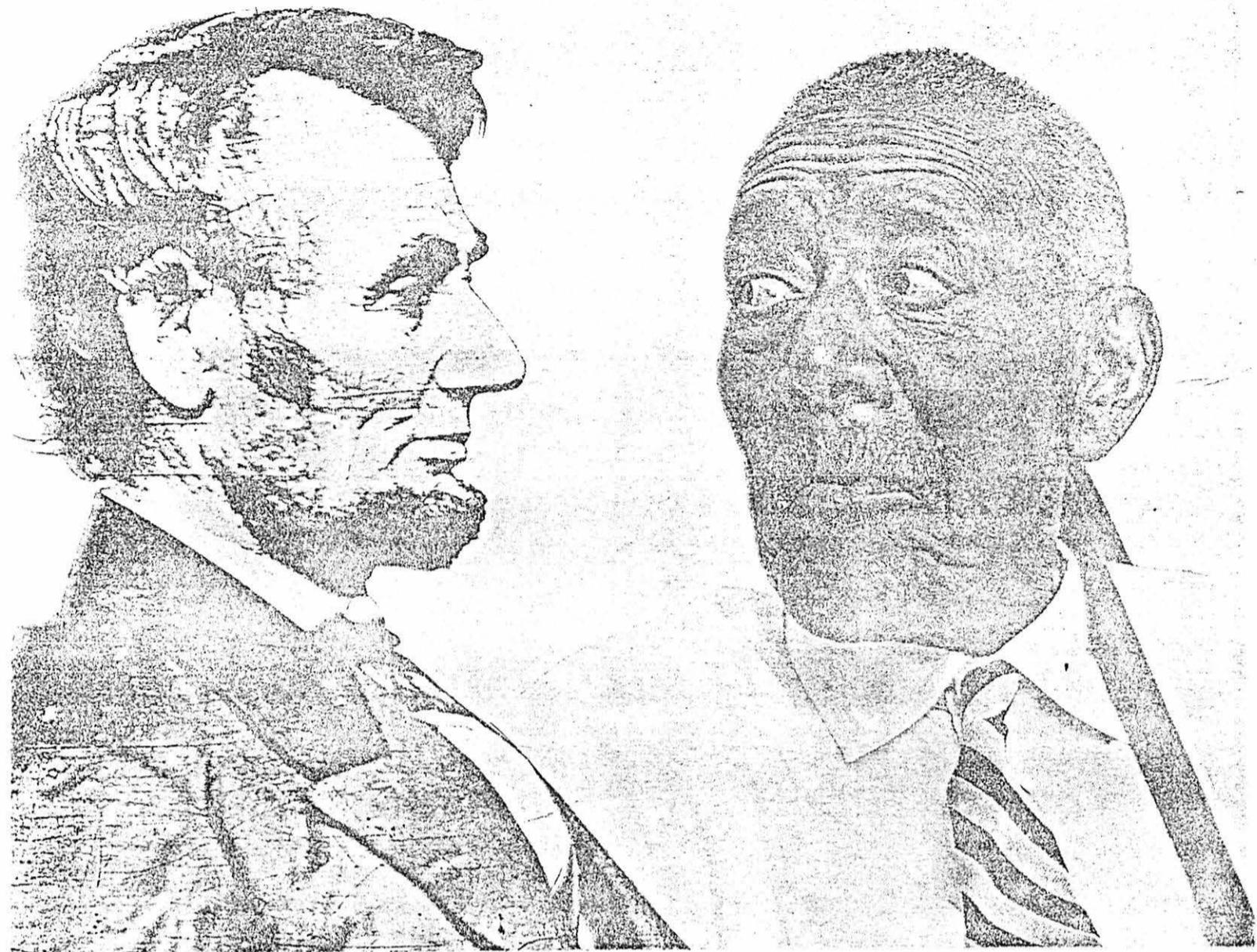
shook hands with Abraham Lincoln, Hendron quoted the govern-
as having repeated several times. "I just can't get over it."

The centenarian displays with great pride a photo autographed by
the governor, showing both on the memorable day. It was mailed
him by the governor's secretary along with a letter (incorrectly ad-
dressed to Mr. Henry Herndon) of appreciation for having helped
Rocky to a "wonderful time."

Not having had the benefit of formal education and thus unable
read or write, Hendron does not worry about the typographical er-
take, but regrets that he lacks the qualifications to vote. "If I could
he said, "I'd go right down and cast my vote for Jim Cook-fel!"

Continued on Next Page

From "Ebony" magazine



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Remember especially my going up to the President and shaking hands with him. "I don't remember exactly what he said to me, but I remember him saying that he wanted to meet all of us. He was so tall, I didn't think a man could be so tall."

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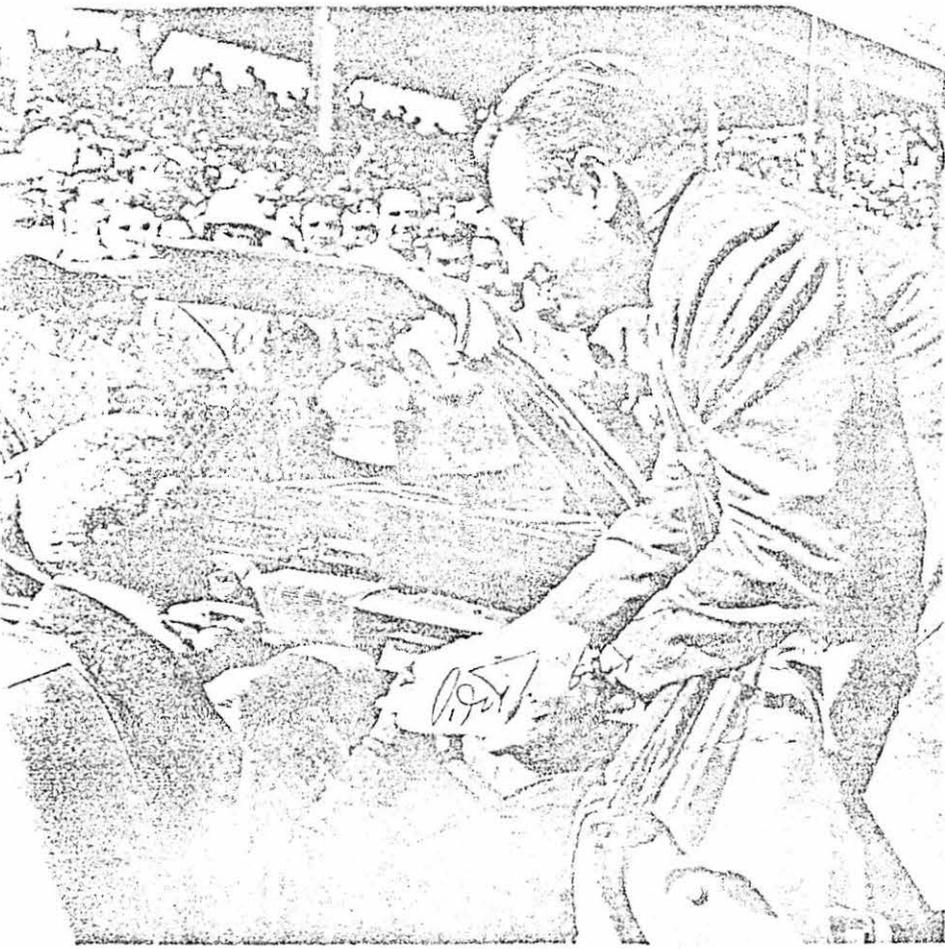
"I can't get over the fact that I've actually shaken the hand of the man who shook hands with Abraham Lincoln," Hendron quoted the governor as having repeated several times. "I just can't get over it."

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Continued on Next Page

From "Ebony" magazine



STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

September 4, 1957

Dear Mr. Hendron:

The Governor had a wonderful time at the Columbia County Fair and he greatly enjoyed the opportunity of meeting you.

As a souvenir, I am enclosing one of the pictures taken at the fair.

Sincerely,

Nelson A. Rockefeller

Mr. Henry Hendron
Valatie,
New York

enc.

This memento of Hendron is photo showing Gov. Nelson Rockefeller handing him birthday cake at County Fair. Photo, autographed by governor, was sent to him in a letter from Rocky's aide, stating: "The Governor had a wonderful time at the Columbia County Fair and he greatly enjoyed the opportunity of meeting you."



Mrs. Nellie Law, proprietor of Barnwell Nursing Home, enjoys being tussed over by Mrs. Nellie Law, proprietor and expert dispenser of crewcuts. Used to farm routine from early morning until noon. Still rises each morning around 5:30 a.m., goes to bed at 9 p.m.

OLD-TIMER OUTLIVED FAM

WHEN Henry Hendron was about 50 years old, he made the move to the North and finally settled in upper New York State. By that time he had a wife and six children. He reflected sadly that all are dead and that he has completely lost track of his grandchildren.

Asked whether he had any lady friends, aside from the pin-up girls on his bed, Hendron replied that he did not—"at least not for the moment." When someone kiddingly suggested that girls will be chasing him, Hendron quipped: "I'd trade 'em all in on one good pint of whiskey."

Actually, he claims, he never drank much in his life except for a "nip of spirits" now and then. "I'm fond of a little *cafe royale* on certain occasions," he explained.

"We all love Henry," said Mrs. Gladys Bownes, proprietor of Barnwell Nursing Home. "He keeps us all laughing with his wonderful sense of humor." All at Barnwell agree with her that the place wouldn't be the same without the man who talked to Lincoln.



In his room, old-timer chuckles in anticipation of his meal as Mrs. Law serves tray. Amazingly spry for his age, Hendron, who has lived under 24 U. S. Presidents, starting with James Knox Polk, still shaves himself and bathes without assistance.

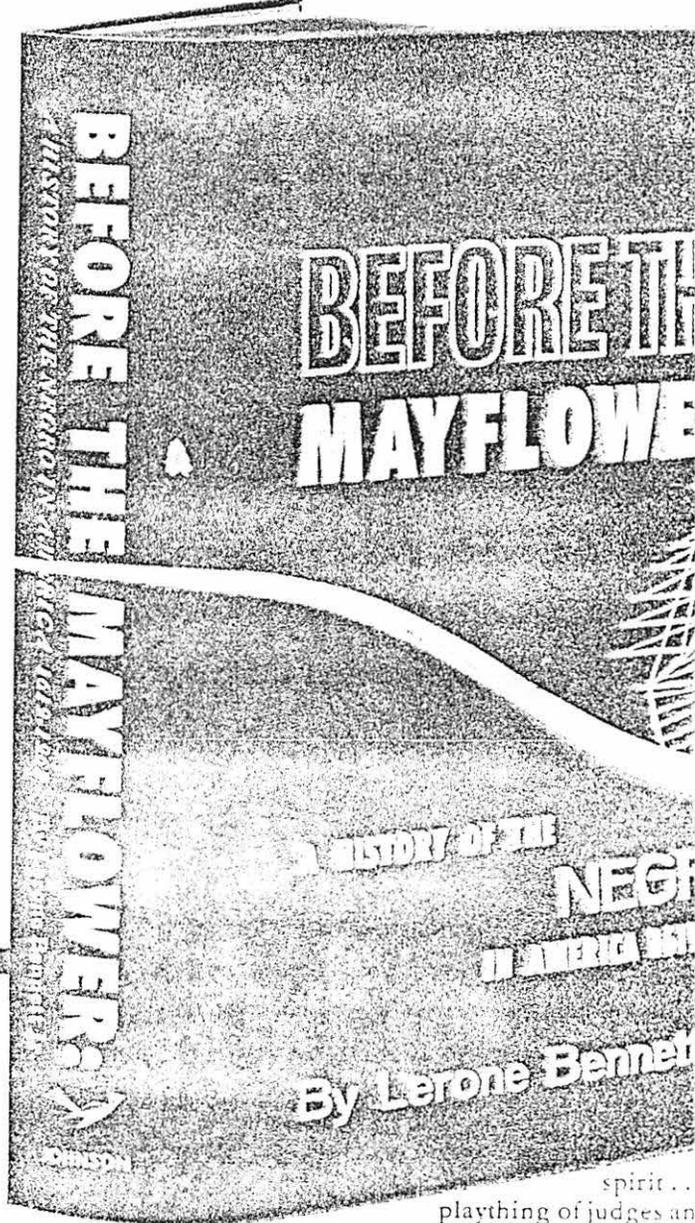


right and witty centenarian holds his own in discussion of current affairs. Indignant about James Meredith's treatment at Ole Miss, he said he could not understand what all the fuss was about, why anyone would want to keep him out of school.



This is how it was:

"... to be powerless and to curse one's self for cowardice, conditioned by dirt and fear and shame and signs, to be a part of these signs and to feel them in the deepest recesses



Lerone Bennett Jr.



spirit... playing of judges and policemen, to be black in fire and to believe finally in one's unworthiness, to be without words and pretty pictures... with rationalizations of psychology and sociology... to give in finally, to scrape, to grin and to hate one's one's servility and weakness and mess..." from

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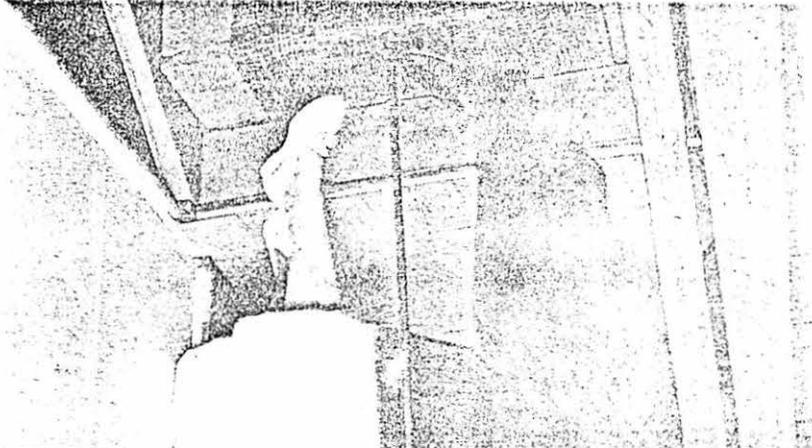
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Looking stairs, Hendron is helped by attendant Mrs. Edgar Knight. "He's amazingly
 by for his age and usually insists on doing things for himself," says home's owner
 Mrs. Gladys Bowyer, explaining that except on stairs, "he gets around quite well."



Continued on Next Page



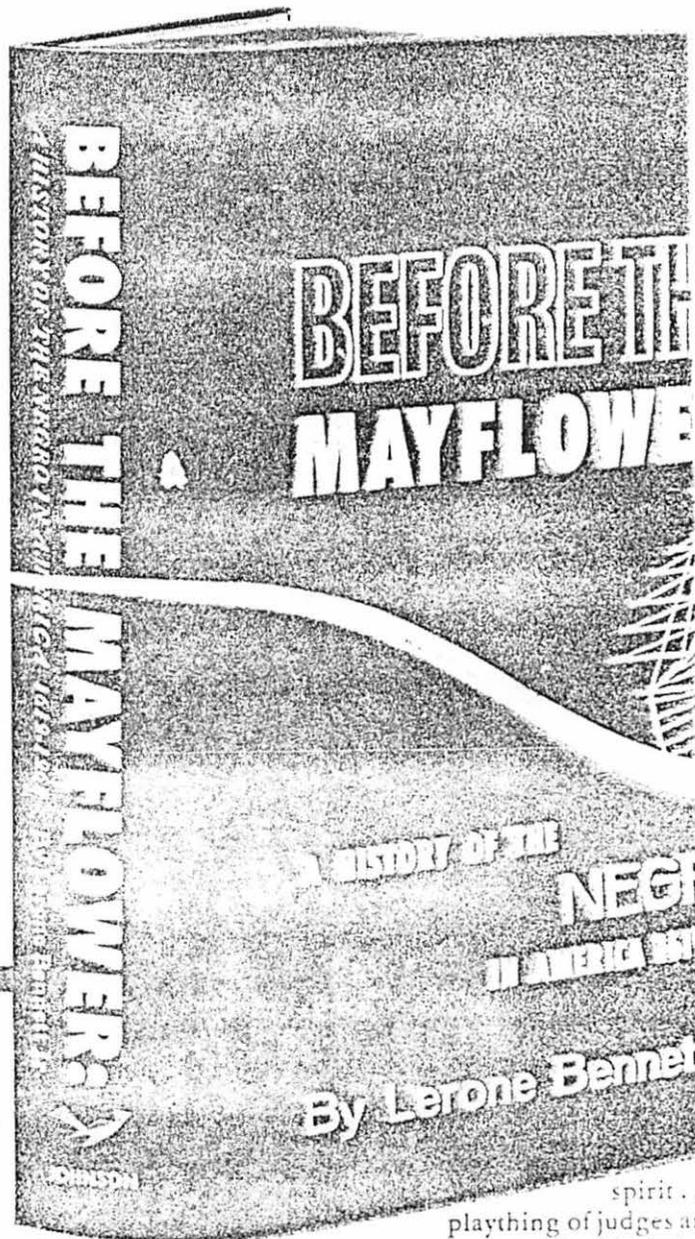
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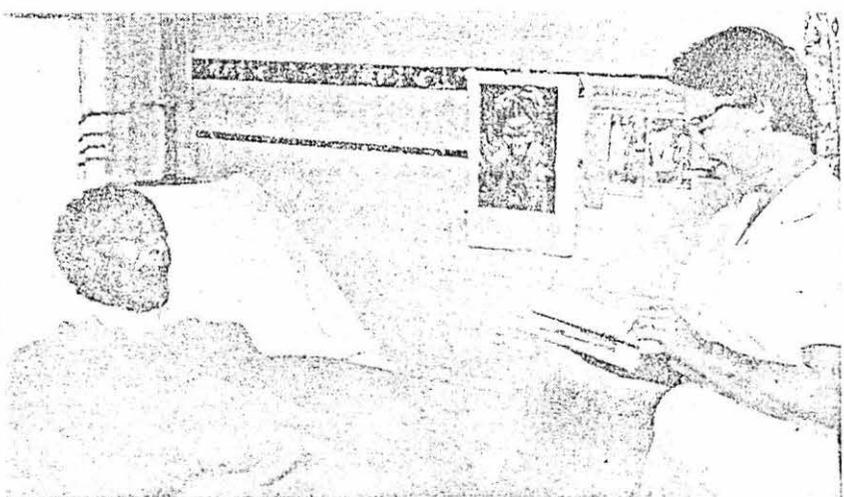
the (Juice of one). Cool, green,
 tender with the perfume of the

ugar (1 teaspoon powdered),
 and sweet as a gentle tropical

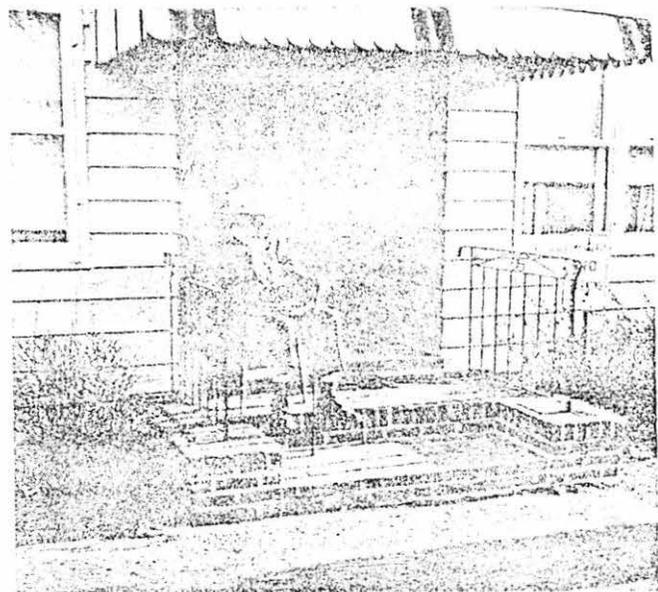
lashed Glass (3 oz. cocktail),
 with lime then dipped in granu-
 gar for the Carioca touch. Shake
 . Strain into the glass. And relax
 al splendor.

who will have nothing less
 te genuine always ask for...

CARIOCA
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 PROOF, SCHENLEY IMPORT CO.



Before retiring, patient has bedside story read to him by Mrs. Knight. Recently, when asked to reveal his secret for having lived so long, he snapped: "I have no secret—just hard work, staying home, no running around, no drink, only soft stuff."



Reflecting about past, rare survivor of pre-Civil War days enjoys sunshine on home's porch. Not particularly impressed by globe-circling feats of astronauts, he says: "I feel they are all crazy."



In sunset of his life, Hendron—unbroken by slavery—typifies dignity of man. Asked how he feels about a "youngster" like JFK at helm, he said: "Young folks know what they're doing."

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Sex and Your Perspiration



Here are two types of perspiration?

Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

Physical, caused by exertion; the other caused by emotion. It's the kind of perspiration that causes the most offensive odor.

A. Doctors say that this "sex perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and this is the kind of perspiration that causes the most offensive odor.



How do you overcome this "sex perspiration"?

Q. What makes ARRID CREAM the most effective deodorant?

You need a deodorant formulated to overcome "sex perspiration" here... ARRID gives you PERSTOP... ARRID is so effective.

A. PERSTOP®. ARRID CREAM with PERSTOP® gives you the extra protection you need... protects your pretty dresses. In over 5,000 tests doctors proved the new ARRID CREAM Deodorant the most effective deodorant tested.

For more effectively than leading deodorant tested

Formulated with Perstop®
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Deodorant today!

Safe!
To Be Sure!



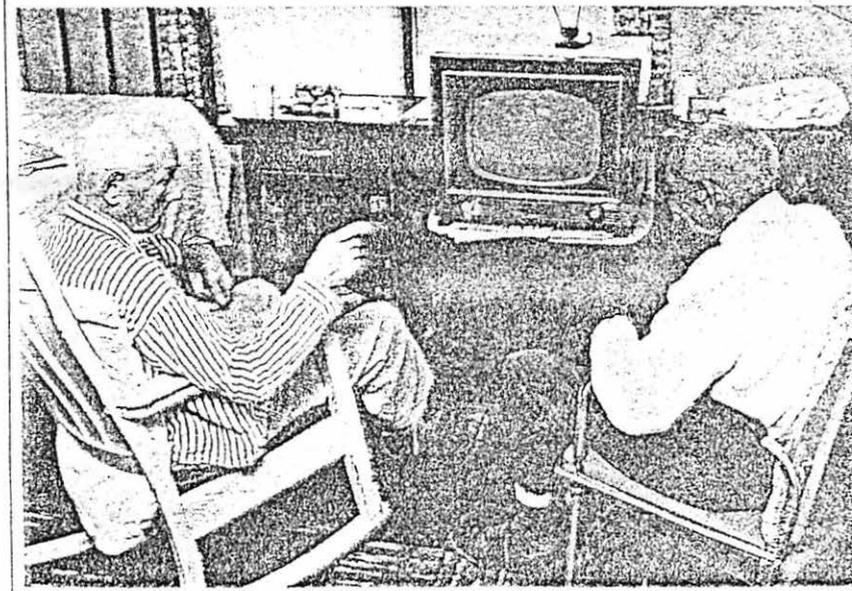
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*Carter Products Trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants



Without aid, veteran takes daily stroll in front of nursing home. Says home's owner: "He is very independent and accepts help only when absolutely necessary. He is at all times a gentleman."



Closest buddy of Hendron at nursing home is his roommate, David Barringer, whose mere 90 years make him a "youngster" from centenarian's point of view. Like Hendron, Barringer spent most of his life on farms. Both are home's earliest risers.



TV companion Ward Dunspaugh, 78, makes critical comment on television fare, which is main source of information and entertainment for home's occupants. Hendron, an inveterate TV buff, speaks with authority on most programs, misses only late shows.