

## DORO'S STORY

Late in 1985, when I was in my late fifties and my marriage was in jeopardy, I sought counseling and was told that the best road to recovery would be to reestablish myself as the independent, self-motivated and self-responsible person of my youth. A start to achieving that goal was to record my feelings about my past and present relationships, and to write about them in detail. "Just write, write, write – everything that comes to mind – both the good and the bad."

I took that advice and during the ensuing tumultuous months a large volume of paper was produced. There were many scribbled snatches of anguish on any handy scrap of paper, as well as long typewritten journals that recounted my life history. That stack of dialogue with myself, my counselor and the empty air is the basis for this story of my life. In an effort to write a realistic and honest biography, I'll include some of the darkness as well as the light.

I know that the break up of my marriage caused immeasurable heartache, not only for me, but for my children. Now, many years later, I'm a different person. Life is good, peaceful and often very exciting. I'm grateful for the good things that came from my marriage, especially my four precious children, and for the fact that they're moving in good and praiseworthy directions. And I'm grateful for each little one who has joined the family since then. My hope is that in their adulthood they'll think of Dorothy May Pettijohn Johnson with the same affection I have for my own dear grandmother, Bertha Christina Christianson Moore.

Will my decision to write the story of my life make a difference to anyone besides myself? Will baring my soul damage anyone else's soul? Will it be an exercise in futility or a monumental waste of time? Can I cram the writing of the significant details of eighty years of living into the remaining productive days of my life? There are many questions and no obvious answers. But the fact is that I'm driven to do it while I'm still able.

If there's a lesson to be learned from this story, I'm not sure what it is. Perhaps a grandchild will read it, ponder on their grandmother's successes and failures and glean something from them. Hopefully they'll affirm that one's happiness should not be dependent on someone else; that unbroken happiness is not guaranteed; and that one can and must recover from calamity. We all make constant choices and decisions and we should be prepared to take responsibility for them.

May the journey you take with me be at least interesting and at best enjoyable.

1927

And so starts the story of the life of Dorothy May Pettijohn Johnson which began on March 22nd in the bedroom of my parents' home in Melba, Idaho. I was the fourth child of Ross J. Pettijohn and Hilda E. Moore -- their first girl. Brother Bob, was two, Dyer five, and Ross seven. We lived in a nice little frame house on a corner, across from the grade school. Dad built it, originally without a bathroom, when he and Mom were to be married.

My memories are dim of pre-bathroom days, when we used a scary and cold outhouse at the back of the lot or the "pee pot" under the bed. When indoor plumbing was installed, it was at first necessary for Dad to manually pump the water from the well into a tank in the attic. The access door to the pump room was outside on the other side of the wall of the room where Martha and I slept. One night he accidentally locked himself in the pump room and alerted us to his plight by shouting and pounding on the wall. I was the one who first heard the pounding and shouting and was so frightened by the event that I had occasional dreams thereafter of scary and mysterious monsters living in the pump room.

I recall the pedestal sink in the corner of our bathroom with just enough space between it and the wall for a skinny young girl to squeeze herself into it. I recall the built-in cupboard at one end because I once tearfully watched mother look through one of the drawers for my "big apple" dress which I'd outgrown but wanted to wear again. It had evidently gone into a quilt block rag-bag. I also recall the wonderful big bath tub, which eliminated the necessity of our filling a galvanized wash tub on the kitchen floor.

In the beginning the house was lit by carbide, a system that bridged a short gap between gas lights and electricity. It was both dangerous and expensive. I have dim memories of the pretty fixtures of that gas lamp era, which were replaced by the uglier, but cheaper and brighter electric bulbs.

## 1928

Aug 26 - My sister and lifelong best friend, Martha, was born in a hospital in Nampa when I was eighteen months old, so I don't remember life without her. We were almost like twins, but quite unlike in temperament. She was a high strung "worry wart." I was imperturbable and adventurous.

She, especially, loved dolls and one of our favorite childhood activities was playing with paper dolls, most of which were cut from newspapers and magazines. Among them were the cave people, Alley Oop and Oola, and their pet, "Dino." Shirley Temple was probably our favorite. We shared a few regular dolls, as well, and had a two wheeled push cart in which we gave our dolls rides, but unfortunately it was hard on the dolls. A few of the more fragile ones bumped out and broke. Here Mama took a picture of us in front of our house. That's me on the left.

Martha also loved cats. I was more attached to frogs and turtles. She was sensitive and intellectual. I was adventurous and a bit scatterbrained. Martha began to write poetry in her young age and I, in my old age, have taken her poetry, which is almost as much a story of my life as hers, and fashioned it into a book. See

if you can find it elsewhere. It tells a lot more about our childhood and the environment in which we grew up.

When we were older, we played a game of high adventure in which we took turns leading one another, blindfolded, all over the yard and surrounding neighborhood. At the mystery journey's end, the blindfolded one would try to guess their location. It was amazing to be blindfolded, because the imagination would have us traveling through an unfamiliar wonderland, instead of our shoddy half acre of garden paths and ditches. One area we had to traverse very carefully was mother's rock garden and fish pond.

The grade school across the street was an extension of our yard. We were able to play on the swings, teeter-totter, slide and a wild piece of equipment that would never be allowed in the school yard of today. It was called, the giant stride and consisted of a heavy black iron pole to which eight metal squares (swings) were attached by heavy chain to a ring at the top that could rotate, probably on ball bearings. A child could grasp a square and run the circle until the circling swings took on a power of their own and carried them by centrifugal force through the air, with an occasional whipping of the feet to the ground to increase the momentum. When every swing was occupied with a vigorously pumping child, it was an exciting and scary thing to watch. There was always a danger of a child being struck with a swing, or being flung to the ground if they lost their hold.

I became a victim of playground equipment when I was about six. A classmate, Rosella, scooted off her end of the teeter-totter when I was at the apex, crashing me to the ground and breaking my right arm. I went crying home to mother across the street and was taken into Nampa for an xray. The treatment was simply to wear my arm in a sling for several weeks and then begin to use it by carrying around a little pail of ever increasing amounts of sand.

Mama and Daddy (as we called them when we were children) were good parents. With five of us to manage, with just eight years between the oldest and the youngest, they were remarkably level headed about child rearing. In my early years I saw Daddy kiss Mama every day as he went off to work. He was the Postmaster of Melba, a political position in those days. Among my early memories are ones of trotting along at his side as his long legs strode the four blocks to his work, and then of sitting on a stool and watching him handle the mail. During pauses in his work, he often practiced his handwriting, making beautifully formed "push/pulls" and "ovals" on lined pages. Or he might clickety-clack away on an old Underwood typewriter at impossible speeds, even amazing me more by shutting his eyes as he typed.

He was also the school district clerk, and his ledger pages were picture perfect and beautiful, setting an impossible but longed-for standard for me, who can barely read my own writing unless I seriously try to emulate my dad's writing discipline. I may have acquired my love for office supply stores from watching my dad, and I think he was an influence in my election to go to business college.

## 1934

When I was seven, Dad lost his job at the post office, and in an attempt to make an

income he began to "ride ditch," which means that he was employed by the state of Idaho to be in charge of the local Melba area irrigation system. Farmers would sign up for water release onto their lands, and he would drive along the canal banks to open and shut the head-gates that let water from the canal onto the farms.

Soon he decided to try his hand at farming and purchased a small farm a few blocks up the road. We moved into a meager little farm house with one small bedroom, a living/dining room, and a small primitive kitchen. It had a smoky fireplace and the house needed immediate remodeling to accommodate our family of seven. In the beginning the older two boys slept in a bunk house nearby. Bob, Martha and I slept on the living room floor in front of the fireplace until some walls were pushed out and a bedroom for my parents was made from the former kitchen, and a new kitchen was built on the back of the house. Martha and I then moved into the one small bedroom.

After our move to the farm there was little show of affection between my parents. I remember once seeing Dad kiss Mom as he left to go into Nampa, and it warmed my heart because I hadn't seen that for a long time. Only once more do I remember a romantic moment between them. Mother was very ill and had been in the hospital for a hysterectomy. Dad had finally been able to bring her home, and when I came home from school (I was a senior) I found him holding her hand as he sat on the floor by the couch where she reclined. Again, I was very touched.

The hard life on the farm took its toll on Mom and Dad. There were occasional harsh words between them. One night in my downstairs bed I heard, through the furnace grating, the muffled sounds of quarreling. I couldn't make out what they were saying, but I heard Mom's footsteps go into Ann's room and Daddy's gruff voice calling her again and again from their bedroom, as my heart shrank in dread. Unaccountably, he was unusually nice to her in the morning. I now realize that life wasn't easy for her at that time. Ann had been born a few years after we moved to the farm, when mom was forty. There were five other kids to mother, from eight to seventeen, and no modern conveniences. Mom wasn't in very good shape. She had a bad back, hay fever, varicose veins, and raw nerves.

Soon after moving to the farm, Daddy began building a cement barn and digging out underneath the house to make a furnace room and fruit cellar. When it was completed, Martha and I moved into the basement and Ann acquired our little bedroom upstairs. Our basement room was just big enough for two beds with a narrow aisle between them, and a built-in dresser and closet that separated us from the furnace and laundry area. There was an unfinished ceiling and one small, high window. We tried to cheer it up a bit by papering the cement walls with wallpaper swatches from a sample book Mom got from the town lumber yard.

Grandma and Grandad Moore lived nearby and played a big part in the best memories of my childhood. Grandad had been working on the railroad in the Salt Lake area when they met, and though Grandma sometimes rued his disinterest in things religious, she dearly loved the 'ornery old coot' all his long life. My memories of him are of a very old, white haired, bearded blind man with a very bent back from a high power line injury.

Grandma was the daughter of Mormon pioneer parents who came from Norway and Denmark. She had little access to her religion after she and grandpa moved from Salt Lake to Boise and consequently by the time the church was established there she was unable to influence

the older children to join. My mother was one who did, but she too married a non-member and had her own struggles with balancing a religious life and a completely non-religious husband. I'm a third generation Mormon to marry out of the church. You would think I would have learned a lesson from Grandma and Mom.

## 1938

June 12 - I was baptized by Bishop Wilde in an irrigation canal on the Wilde farm south of Melba. Though it was June, it was a cool day and the ditch water was chilly. I was eleven years old. I'd been bugged by the other Mormon kids for several years because I wasn't a *real* Mormon. Mom hadn't gotten around to making arrangements for it and I wasn't concerned, but when Martha turned eight she began immediately to pester Mom to arrange it, so we were baptized at the same time. The Mormon kids were in a minority in our town, but it didn't seem to make a difference to anyone. Some of the more popular kids in school were in the church, and when we were old enough to enjoy dances, the church provided a place for it. The non-member kids felt as free to come to our dances as they did to the ones held in the Odd Fellows hall next door. A few of my most cherished life time friends are from that small congregation in Melba.

## 1941

December 7<sup>th</sup> - *the day that will live in infamy* - struck our family very hard. The Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor! It was a bleak, winter day and Daddy, who was fifty, was up in the cornfield picking the last of the crop. Brother Ross was stationed at Pearl Harbor, so it was a double shock to our family. Ross was engaged to a Melba girl, Ruth, and we learned of the Japanese attack from Ruth and her mother, who came to the house to tell us the news. I was sent up to the cornfield to get Daddy to come comfort mom, and he didn't believe it was true. He thought it must be another "War of the Worlds" Orson Welles type production. After I went back to the house, a nearby farmer saw him in the field and convinced him that it was true. It was several weeks before we heard that Ross was o.k.

The world changed for everybody after that. Every family, without exception, was affected by the war. Every young man, unless he were exempted for health or dire family circumstances, went into the service. We were issued ration booklets for certain items, like sugar, gas, tires. Other things were either very scarce or unavailable, like silk stockings (it was before nylon) and chocolate.

Everywhere one went there would be men in uniform, so the teen aged girls formed temporary attachments to them easily and became "pen pals" with them as they went off to war. I wrote to several service men whose names I got from a pen pal list. I even went into Nampa once to meet a train carrying one pen pal to a different camp. He was probably twenty-two or three and I was sixteen, so he seemed like an old man to me, but I wrote to him quite faithfully for the duration of the war. Once he sent me a box of chocolate bars which he could easily get at the p.x. (Post Exchange), and which were expensive and scarce elsewhere.

I was in Nampa at the train station when Uncle Jim came through and I took a picture of him standing at the train door in his uniform.

## 1942

January 21<sup>st</sup> - Baby brother, Victor, was born . I was a freshman in high school. I adored the baby and mom said that if I were older she would give him to me. When Victor was old enough to sleep apart from Mom, he had a crib in the furnace end of the basement where Martha and I slept. When he would wake at night and cry, I'd try to comfort him, but he was always inconsolable until poor Mother would take him into her arms. He wouldn't even allow anyone besides her to spoon the breakfast porridge into his bowl.

Life was even harder for Mom then, with her two eldest boys in the service, and Bob was living with Aunt Mabel and Uncle Dean Mickelwait in Kelso, Washington, while he attended high school. Martha and I were in our early teens, Ann was five. Mom didn't recover well after Vic's birth. She was 45 years old with two teen aged girls and a five year old to manage and she was constantly worried about her boys in uniform. Having a new baby thrown into the mix was almost more than she could take, but from the perspective of today his birth turned out to be a very good thing as he is a wonderful man, and the one who lived near our parents in their old age.

## 1944

October 15th - I received my Patriarchal Blessing from Patriarch Wm. H. Edgley, Nampa Stake. I was amazed that it said that I would teach in the public schools "in this and other states." I had no intention of being a teacher at that time. I was a senior and had taken almost every course our high school offered, so it was planned that I would finish high school at midterm and go to live with Mom's sister, Aunt Vera, in Spokane, Washington, and attend Kinman Business University.

However, Mom needed a hysterectomy and when she went into the hospital I stayed home from school and tried to take her place in caring for Ann and Victor. She was very ill, and we almost lost her, but she gradually regained her health and was able to come home after a few weeks. It took several months for her to really get back on her feet. By that time, things had changed in Spokane. Aunt Vera was no longer there. She had gone to Connecticut to live with Uncle Woody and care for his three children, Tom, Nadine and Rod, after his wife, Lila, died.

But before leaving she made arrangements with an LDS family, Alva and Ruth Greene, for me to lived with them and relieve Ruth of some of the work load of young motherhood. She had three little girls and in exchange for room and board, I did the laundry, baby sat, and did some house cleaning. Alva was the manager of the J. C. Penny store in Spokane.

## SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

## 1945

April - I was eighteen years old and my journey to Spokane was my first experience in traveling alone. I went by bus with my few belongings in a little suit case and a "foot locker." It was a hinged, wooden box that mom helped me paint and decorate. It must have been a bit scary for Ruth having to meet a strange country girl at the bus depot and take her into her home. She was not so old herself, a small pretty woman with an understanding and kind heart. Her children were Mary Alice, Marjorie and baby Caroline. The Greenes lived in a little two story home on the south bench, requiring a bus ride down to town. It was possible to walk by way of some residential areas and a very large park, then down the steep slope of the hill on wooden steps built into the hillside.

I loved the whole atmosphere of Spokane – the tall rustling pine trees in the back yard - the long city bus ride from the south hill into downtown where I went to school - the new friends I made at school and church - and the weekends when I'd take the children in a wagon down to the "Sunken Dunken Gardens" park for a picnic. I was naive enough to get friendly with everyone I met, even strangers on the buses.

This is the first letter I wrote home from 31 E. 28<sup>th</sup> Street, Spokane, dated **April 5, 1945**:

"Dear Family, How is everybody by now? Has spring sprung yet? My trip up was uneventful. They had snow plows out in Baker City. We had a three hour layover in Pendleton. I rode with a lady who came clear to Spokane. She was a lot of fun and a great help. I couldn't sleep very well and got plenty tired.

Up here it's rather cold and windy. We have pine trees all over the place. Everyone has pine trees in their yard, and any time you step outside, you can hear them roar. We live in a nice house in a beautiful section of the city. I have a big room of my own upstairs, with davenport, desk, radio, a couple of lamps, rug on the floor, dresser and small table. I know I'm going to like it here. Such a beautiful city. It's built on hills and the streets curve through pine trees and hills.

Greenes have a dial telephone. Ruth has gone to a funeral today. Margie is asleep and the baby too. Mary Alice is standing here talking and being onery. She is supposed to rest for a half hour. She just told me that a man used to call Margie "Margie Ann spot bottom Greene" because she has a big mole on her bottom. Margie is a doll. In fact they are all very cute. Mary Alice looks like Mary Lou (our cousin). Big brown eyes and dark skin.

Yesterday I caught a city bus down to Uncle Bob's. (Uncle Bob was Mom's brother .) Of course I was a little scared to try and find them, as they live clear across town, but it wasn't as difficult as I thought. I had to transfer in the middle of town. I asked the driver which bus to take to Yard Ave and he said he never heard of it and maybe it was York. So I tried that and found their house just two blocks from the bus stop.

No one was home, and I was so cold I just went in and waited. They have the biggest house I've ever seen. The living room has two couches, seven easy chairs, some tables and a fireplace. I felt very small and scared in that monster of a house. I sat down in an easy chair by the fireplace and would have had to yell at anyone across the room. Then cousin Mike came home from school and was surprised to see me there. Later Uncle Bob and Aunt Beryl and cousin Joan came. Poor retarded Joan. They were all very nice and I had dinner there. They brought me back home about nine o'clock.

I'll have to ride the bus to school. That will be fun. I haven't gotten my big suitcase yet.

I'm getting tired of that skirt and blouse. I'm wearing one of Ruth's house dresses now, as I mopped and cleaned this morning. We are going to have Mr. Greene's boss for dinner tonight. Ruth says they have soldiers and sailors here for dinner sometimes. Boy oh boy. With regular rates, it would cost 15 cents a week to ride the bus and I don't know how much for student rates. I still have about \$16. Hope you can get my money to me from the bank by Monday. Love, Dot"

I hadn't been there long before I wrote home, "I have to do the washing every other day, as Caroline wets like a water faucet and I have to keep her supplied with diapers. I've taken over the kids for a few days while Ruth and Alva have gone to Seattle. They didn't want to leave me with them very long, but I told them they might as well have a good vacation while they are at it.

They'll be gone for five days. I had a heck of a time getting the baby to sleep tonight. The school (Kinman) called up and said they missed me. I can't really get behind in anything because there's no one to keep up with. I am just on my own, more or less.

My hair has grown quite a bit and is sure easy to keep curled. I have only curled it about four times since I've been here. I was surprised to hear about F.D.R dying. Mary Alice said that coming home from school the little kids sang "Yah, Yah, Roosevelt's dead." I thought she was kidding, so I turned on the radio to see if it was in the news, and 'bingo.' Well, I tried to tell them they should put Dewey in, but they wouldn't listen."

My first letter from mom reads: "Dear Dotty Mae, We were very happy to get your letter today, and glad to know you are getting on so well. I knew you would get on fine when you got on your own responsibility. You're a good girl and your sometimes cross, impatient mother misses you very much. I hated to see you leave, but I wanted you to have the ways of a bigger life than you could ever hope to find here. I know you will be a good girl and do fine. I won't have to worry about you. When you need money, let me know and I will send you some.

We put in a water softener. Boy it is sure fine. Like Martha says, it is just like silk. I did quite a big washing today and it sure looks whiter than usual. We listened to the radio all day Saturday and so I went to Sunday School with Martha and Ann! Vance (my high school boyfriend) was there. He smiled so sweet at Martha. Well, I have written several letters and am about run down, so will close for tonight. Best love to you. from Mother"

I loved Spokane and was excited about the daily bus ride from our home on the south 'bench' into downtown Spokane. I never tired of watching the beautiful Spokane residential scenery go by and I was a friendly country girl and often talked to fellow bus riders.. At first I didn't like school very well, because I was a little shy and had a hard time getting acquainted with the other students. There weren't many boys at the school, since most young men were in the service, and the ones who were there were "sissy." I did make friends with two girls, Eleanore and Lavinia. I wrote home:

"Eleanore and I walked to the famous Manito Park where Sunken Duncan Gardens are. It is just a few blocks from Greene's house. We went all through it and picked huge armfuls of lilacs. I can't begin to explain how beautiful it is. The Duncan Gardens are sunken and it is laid out in geometric designs and planted with geraniums. They have a large greenhouse there.

I don't have the very first letters that I wrote home, but do quote here from one I sent a little later.:

"I went to Nat Park and rode the roller coaster, Rollo plane, bumper cars and everything else there was to ride. It would take a week to tell you all the stuff that I've seen and done. I also

work good and hard. I have these kids to look after a lot and I wash every other day. I do the mopping and dishes, upstairs work and wood-work, and try to get in a little studying and a few letters written now and then. I have a full course at Kinman - law, business math, dictation, transcription, bookkeeping, machines, typing, business English, fundamental of business, and another period of typing, so I have no study periods and have to do a lot of home work. Ruth wants me to go to Sunday School and D and C. (*that was the young people's group, similar to today's "Mutual"*) every Saturday night, and church every other Sunday night. Monday night is my night off. I usually stay after school and work like heck until they close the doors and then go home. I used to go to a show now and then on Monday nights, but I've decided to give that up and study like Judas to get out in four months. With Saturday and Sunday and extra things like weddings, etc., I have plenty of recreation. "

### Correspondence From Home Begins

The Greens lived in a little two story home on the south bench, requiring a bus ride down to town. It was also possible to walk to downtown by way of some residential areas and a very large park, then down the steep slope of the hill on wooden steps built into the hillside.

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Living in a big city was an exciting thing for me. I loved the bus rides to school, and never tired of watching the beautiful Spokane residential scenery go by. I was a friendly country girl and often talked to fellow bus riders. I don't have the very first letters that I wrote home, but do quote here from one I sent a little later.:

" I went to Nat Park and rode the roller coaster, Rollo plane, bumper cars and everything else there was to ride. It would take a week to tell you all the stuff that I've seen and done. I also work good and hard. I have these kids to look after a lot and I wash every other day. I do the mopping and dishes, upstairs work and wood-work, and try to get in a little studying and a few letters written now and then.

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Sunday and extra things like weddings, etc., I have plenty of recreation.

I addressed and stamped this envelope about a week ago and so I'll use it for a three-fold purpose. I am way behind on my letters. I'm so busy with school work that I don't have much time anymore. I went in and talked with Mr. Pierson and he convinced me that I can get out of here in four months, so I'm working like sixty to do it.

It's funny that you kids (I was writing to Martha and Irene) are in town and working at the old dehydrator plant. [a word of explanation - I had lived in a little apartment in Nampa with some other Melba girls one summer so that we could work at a potato dehydrating plant over in Caldwell. We used to take a bus over and work all night, standing at a revolving belt that carried wet potatoes that had been machine peeled. We were to pick out those that had remnants of skin, or 'eyes' on them and pare it off with a little knife. It was a tiresome and stinky job, but it was war time and the end product was sent to the Armed Forces mess halls around the world.]

I wonder if any of the people I knew when I worked there are still there. How do you like it? Do any of you ever get sick from the stench? Boy, I did once. I suppose you have stools to sit on now. How would you like to stand up? Do you get to work together? Do you watch the clock all the time? Well don't. It helps to not know how slow time drags. Gee, Belle and Barb (*they were my high school friends*) are making \$125 a month and I *spend* about \$25. It's a gyp!!! Mom sent me 5 bucks yesterday. I was just going to write for some.

This girlfriend of mine, Lavinia, who went to Mississippi with her boyfriend to see his folks, decided they would get married when they got back. She asked me to be one of her bridesmaids at the last minute. Eleanore said she would be the other. We wore formals. It was at a Baptist Church. Lavinia was just beautiful in the most gorgeous satin gown and lace veil. It was really quite an affair. We had corsages. I found a four service luncheon set of cut glass for her at the Payless Bargain basement for only \$1.59. It was really pretty. Lavinia just loves it. I only hope she doesn't ever see one with the price on it. Eleanore got her a pyrex set, 10 piece, for \$1.64. We missed the Minnehaha bus out (it only comes every 45 minutes) so we had to take a taxi in order to be on time. It cost us \$2.00. Leon Wenzel and Lewis Yingling, soldiers from Geiger Field, were the ushers, and her cute 17 year old brother was best man.

We went over to practice Friday night and the boys brought us home in a taxi. I live way out on the south hill and she on the north side, so taxi fare would run about \$6 for the trip, but why should I worry. They wanted to. This Wenzel guy got stuck on me at the wiener roast, but I didn't care much for him, so he sure didn't get any satisfaction out of me. By Saturday night, after the wedding, he didn't have much to say.

The newlyweds, Eleanore and I, and four boys, all came into town in a 9 passenger taxi and walked around town a while advertizing the newlyweds. They finally ran out on us, so Eleanore and I and the two boys went up to a Chinese restaurant and ate and then I was going home. We went up to catch my bus and it was the last one out at 12:30. Lo and behold, I missed it. Yingling had enough money for a taxi and he, Eleanore and I came home. Yingling is from Arkansas and very, very cute. He can sing too. But you know me, where men are concerned. Eleanore took care of him all the time while I made poor Wenzel suffer. They shipped out Monday night.

I got the sweetest letter from Vance (*he was my high school boyfriend*). I'm tempted to

send it to you girls but I'm afraid to. I can't remember what Vic is like at all. It's very late and I have some ironing to do, so I'll just fill this page and go. I walked to school with Betty the other morning. You walk about 18 blocks then come to the cliff and they have built steps going down the side of the cliff. From the top you can see the whole city and it is beautiful. Going down through the forest on these wooden steps is really indescribable. Eleanore and I walked home from school one night too. It is a long, hard walk home and takes an hour or more. We went up to the top of Cliff Park on the way. It is a cliff which has cement steps going up and at the top it is leveled off and grassy. The sides are built up with rocks and it is just a desert island rising out of a sea of trees and beautiful homes. You can also see the whole town from there.

**May 3** - Dear Martha, I got your most welcome letter today and have much to tell you. In the first place, school - Well, I met another girls besides Eleanore, named Lavinia. I call her "pills" cause she is on a strict diet - no flour, sugar, bread, eggs, etc., and she takes pills when she eats. She is rather cute, red headed, has her picture up in a photo studio. Eleanore calls her 'horse meat' because she buys it at the horse meat market because they don't have enough points to keep her in meat, which is one of the few things she can eat. She is a Baptist and rather religious. She is engaged to a fellow over at Geiger Field and is going back out with him when he gets a furlough, but she won't marry him; wants to wait until after the war.

She is having a horse meat fry for him and his buddies next Saturday and wants me to go. I guess I will, since I'll have nothing to lose. They have an outside fireplace. I was going on a hay ride that the D and C was having, but decided to go to Pills' party instead. I went to D and C Saturday night by myself 'cause Betty Carter couldn't. There were more sailors there. The one I thought was so cute at church was the President. They went on a wiener roast afterward, but I wouldn't go because I wasn't dressed warm enough.

There's another girl who started going with Eleanore and me this week - tall, dark hair, bad complexion, cute and a good dancer. We went up to the gym the other day and she led me dancing. We danced to a nickelodeon. She and Eleanore and I have lots of fun together.

I've finished my first workbook in bookkeeping today and bought my Allen Practice Set for \$1.75. I only have \$13 left now. I have been put in advanced typing class. Eleanore came home with me the other day and we went with Greene's to a circus at the Woman's Club to raise money for the building fund.

Tonight Ruth and Alva went to a stage play "Life with Father" and I put the kids to bed and went out in the back yard to talk to Mrs. Doptis, the next door neighbor. They want a girl to come stay with them and she asked if you'd like to come, Martha. I don't know how much they would pay, but they would sure make it worth your while. They have a boy just 3 months older than Victor and a girl, 1 ½. She mainly wants someone to look after the kids. She can't keep track of them and do her house work too. She said you would probably take them down to the park and play with them all day. Soft job, eh? Her husband has to contact Army bases, etc., and is gone for two, three or four days sometimes. She would like to go with him sometimes and that's why she wants a girl. They are the generous types. The dad, said we could even have a car if we wanted to. It would be so much nicer for me to have someone to go to church with, etc. You wouldn't get so lonesome as if you were alone. Come anyway for a while. If you don't like it, you can always go home and have all that extra experience. You could have your nights off the same as mine and we could have lots of fun. We could call back and forth in the evenings. You

know it's the craziest thing. Even Thomases, who live between us and Doptisses and who are Greene's best neighbors call on the phone to ask if their daughter is here. You could easily just talk back and forth on the doorsteps but everyone phones, even next door.

*(I had come from a town where no one had phones. If one needed to phone, they would go down town and call from the drug store. Martha elected not to come to Spokane for the summer, which was a big disappointment to me.)*

The neighbors around here are sure swell. I stayed with Wilkensons' kids the other night and when Mr. Wilkenson was walking me home (ahem - he's cute, but married with two kids) we caught some kids stealing gas from a car. They had a can there, but jumped up and ran when we came.

Wilkinsons are Catholic, Thomases are Christian Scientists and we Mormons. Quite an immediate neighborhood, eh? Surprisingly, they all get along well. Everyone up here has kids.

I am going to try to get up at 6:00 and get on an early bus so I can go up and see Eleanore who has an apartment near town. Last night she called and told me she wasn't coming to school any more. When I asked why she said, "Because I'm going to die." I thought she was kidding, but she said she wasn't laughing, she was crying. "Why would I kid about a thing like that?"

So I got up real early this morning and went down to see her. They sent for Jess, her husband in Guam. She was still asleep with her head on Jess' picture when I got there. She said the doctor told her if she took real good care of herself and didn't work and stayed in the air she might live for two years. She is going to move to Headquarters, Idaho, up in the pines as soon as her check comes. She has had a lot of trouble with her health and although she looks healthy she has one shoulder a little higher than the other. She spent five years in the hospital with T.B. She was calmer this morning and even talked a little sense. If you ever have a friend call up and tell you they are going to die, you'll know what I felt. She told me about her T.B. and where she was going, but isn't going to tell her folks or anyone else.

**May 10** - I went down town with my friends, Eleanore and Norine, and we had our pictures taken in one of those booths - 3 for 10c. I'm going to send a couple to Vance. I've been getting graduation cards from everyone and haven't sent any. I am not going to send any either. I'd lots rather get a letter than a card. Mrs. McClintic sent me a card today and a handkerchief.

I hope you didn't mean that \$80 a month statement, Martha. Do you realize \$80 and room and board is quite a sum for just sitting and watching a couple of kids play. Your bus ticket up and back would be about \$20, say, and you wouldn't spend very much when you got here. You aren't supposed to come up to make a fortune, mostly for a vacation. They said if you come you'll have hardly anything to do but watch the kids and they would love to have you and would be willing to pay \$25 a month or about \$6 a week. Of course that wouldn't be making wages, but with room and board that isn't bad pay for a vacation, more or less. In the daytime afternoons, etc. you'd have to watch the kids but evenings and nights and Sundays would be free. I don't want to argue you into doing something you'd regret.

Tell Mom I could use a little money and if she hasn't decided to use that material for something else, maybe I could have Ruth help me make something. It is getting warm and I hate to wear my wool skirts and sweaters all the time.

**May 12** - Hi Miff, I'll tell you about the two big events of this week. The Boys

Fraternity at Kinman had a dinner dance at the Roundup Room of the Desert Hotel. Eleanore (she isn't going to die, after all), Nadine and I went. They invited soldiers from Baxter for all the un-boyfriended girls. They introduced us to them and we ate and danced with them. Mine was a Sgt. Mickey Weeks. He was a little old for me, but very nice, good looking, good dancer, but short. All three fellows at our table were very good dancers. I sure felt ritzy. My formal looked pretty good.

Saturday night I went to D and C with Betty Carter. They had it at a home out in the country. After the lesson we played games and danced on the porch a little. The boys are sure swell fellows. Most of them have girls but they are nice anyway. Sunday I went to church. They had a small memorial service for Pres. Grant. The big one was at night, and I didn't go. After Sunday School we had dinner for a couple of Greene's friends. It was Marjorie's birthday, 3 years old. We went down to Nat Park and rode on the Merry-Go-Round and had a nice drive through the country and saw a lot of pretty places. Now I'm settled down to another week of school work. Last Sunday we went out to a greenhouse in the country and got our plants for the yard. They call Spokane "Lilac City".

*May 22 Letter from home - "Dear Dorothy, Are you wondering what the score is here at home? Well its mostly work and long hours for me, as you may guess. Dyer is working in the hay. He thinks they may go home in a week or so. Doesn't look like we will get up there (Spokane) - no car in sight yet. We don't feel like putting up the money for them to go. I don't suppose Bob would drive down over the 4th of July week? I just wrote to Ruth to try to hurry them along if they are coming. I haven't been feeling too well. I have headaches a lot and am nervous. It just seems so hot all the time. I have a hard time getting through the day. I suppose Martha keeps you posted on the news. The baby (Christine) is so sweet; she almost crawls now and pulls herself up to chairs. She has two teeth. I meant to tell you - Bob was baptized while he was home. He said just before he left, 'Mother I am sure proud of Dorothy and Martha as sisters, after some girls I have seen and known, and I sure hope they stay the way they are.' Well, really must run. Mom"*

**June** - Dear Dorothy, *Ruth is here and I'm keeping Tiny (Christine) most of the time. Ruth is so thin and looks bad. If there are any of those things you left home in the way of dresses or suits that you don't want, let me know. Ruth could use them. She will stay until after Bob gets home (came by plane). Ross may go to school again for the Army. They seem to think him a top Radar man. We are busy of course, topping corn, and Martha is on the crew all the time. Mrs. McClintok (Ruth's mother) died of a stroke; it was very sudden and she went quickly. Woke up at 11:30 p.m. and passed away at 2 p.m. She had called me at 8:00 that eve and read a letter from Ruth to me. I had been out there Thursday eve and picked cherries - she was feeling fine then.*

**June 11** - Ann was baptized in Melba by my old boyfriend, Vance Leavitt.

**June 19** - Martha was working in the potato dehydrating plant in Caldwell. Mom wrote a letter to Martha with carbon copies for the rest of us: *"Dear kids, I guess I'd better lean on the pencil a little while. I've been leaning on the hoe and lawn mower (since it has been sharpened) pretty heavy lately. I am usually too tired to write at night and hit the ball first thing in the mornings. I put Vic to bed early this evening. The little man had a busy day. He started the day wrong and had to sit in the tool house with the door locked for quite some time. Ann was still in bed, Dad had gone to the field, and there was no one to feel sorry for him and let him out. He*

has been a good boy all day. This evening he began screaming some and I asked him if he would like to go to the shed. His answer was, "I'll just get a bigger hammer and hit the door down," but he proceeded to be a good boy.

I was very happy to get your letters, Dyer and Bob, on the same day, and Dorothy's today. Martha has been gone a week today. I think I will go in tomorrow and see how she likes dehydrating spuds. I do miss you girls a lot - no one to scrap with. Ann helps me quite a bit now - seems to think she should. You spoke of going to Austria, Bob. Give me some idea of where you are. I see in the paper where the 3rd Army will remain in Germany. Well, I can stand not seeing Bob for a while rather than have him go to the Pacific War. Much love Mother."

**June 28** - Ross is commissioned 2nd Lt in Oahu.

**July 15** - letter from Mom: Dorothy, I got your letter yesterday. I'm sorry I neglect writing to you. Guess I have depended on Martha to do it and her board deal and work keep her pretty busy. She wants to go to school so bad and keeps herself all worried about it. I'm afraid Irene is not giving her much encouragement as her folks want her to work a year first. I think Martha might as well go on by herself. Dad is willing to help her - said he would give her what she needed. Love, Mother.

**Aug** - A letter from Mother said, "Vic topped off the day by eating too much Jell-O and getting sick in the night and what a mess. So I am tuckered out this morning. What I had on my mind was canning sugar. Should I have your (food) stamp? It is spare 13. Most people applied on the start and got 15 pounds on their shelves. Now I may not get more than 9, however the application asks about fruit grown on your place and we have 10 trees full, and the berries, so I may be able to get the 15 pounds.

Ruth will be home Monday. I want to try to help make her happy. I am afraid, Dorothy, she is not long for this world. (Actually Ruth always seemed to be ailing in one way or another, but she indeed lived a long time. She is still alive in 2014, though Ross died of Alzheimer's in February 2002.)

Your letter was so sweet. Glad you got the Bible. You said I was the best mother you ever had, well since I am the only one you ever had, it makes me very happy, and gives me a chance to know I could be even better. Much love to you. I will try to write a better letter in a few days,

Dad has an old Ford he bought for \$275 and has already been offered \$400 for it. Well, he says he will take a week off when he gets the new one and we will all come up to Spokane. (They never did.) Dyer and Beth may be here by then. Well I am irrigating the yard and have a dozen other things to do. Sister Davenport died last night. We just happened to go down to the lumber yard in the morning just after Sister Herth found her. I went in and stayed with Sister Herth and the body until Freda came. She sat in her big chair just like she was asleep. The light was on and the radio running. With love, Mother."

**Oct 2** - Letter from Mom: "Am enclosing a check. You must look out for your health, now. Don't neglect to eat as you should and go to bed as early as you can. I have just written to Bob. His furlough in Oct. was canceled. He may be out by Xmas. Dad may go to Lewiston to Grand Lodge. If so, he may go on over to Spokane and Davenport for a day or two (He didn't).

Aunt Era (Daddy's sister) will be here the 10th and expects to go up there and on over to Dayton. She is working on the Family History again. Seems that Clive wants her to make the

*trip. Ruth is expecting Ross just any time now. I just finished crocheting a pink jacket cap and bootie set for Beth. Wish you could see them. Did Martha tell you I got a new black 3 piece suit. I would like to have some kind of a hat to wear with it. Take a look around and see what you can find. They run about \$4 & \$7 here, and that is more money than I want to spend for what few times I might wear it. Well, Dad is here to go for the mail. so I'll close."*

**Oct 23** - *Again from Mom: I had planned to write this a.m. but spent all my time on a letter to Ruth. Now Dad is ready to go, so I am sending all this collection anyway, and will try another time to write a good letter. I was happy to hear from you. Your dream was somewhat true, but not serious, just a stick of pain in my right elbow. Has been there about two months. I hope my dream about you is N.G. You came home to get ready to get hitched. ha, ha! My love to you all. Mother"*

**Nov 5** - *Mom went to visit Ruth & Ross in California to help out in Ruth's final days of pregnancy. She wrote: "Dear Dorothy, We were pleased to get your letter the other day. We could have sent the check right away, but neglected to do so. You have by this time, no doubt, seen Gene and Jim and families. Ross and Ruth are both out of the service. They have an apt. at 4125 Piedmont, Oakland. Beth wrote the 29<sup>th</sup> and said she had four weeks to go (before she has the baby). I wish Ross and Ruth could be as happy on nothing as Beth and Dyer are. Ross seems to think they are so hard up, and he wants to start to school in Berkeley in March. He will get \$75 a month. Ruth and I had lunch and then we shopped all through the Navy stores. Things are a lot cheaper there. I got two boxes of candy bars of all kinds for 80 cents a dozen that will be our Xmas candy - Mars. Forever Yours, Snickers and all those you cannot get at home. We all went to the show in the evening. "2 girls and I". We will take Ruth over to Oakland to the Doctor on Monday.*

*Dorothy, you shouldn't put much stress on Christmas. You spoke of getting towels for Ruth. She has a pretty good supply. Ross had quite a stack of them. She needs a pair of scissors. He has a pair of little ones with black handles that you get at Woolworth for 15 cents. Doesn't have any pictures. As for baby things, she has just about everything. I got a highchair for her. They were on a special in a store where we shopped last Monday. Real nice for \$5.95 - a cushion for it would be nice. I sure like it here. Haven't heard from home yet. Grand-dad was sick when I left. I'm anxious to know how he is. Hope Edna lets me know. Son got the paper and card, Bob. You seemed to have won by much larger majority than any one else. (She wrote letters with copies for each of us who were away from home.)*

## 1946

**January 01** - *My first job out of Kinman was as secretary to the Manager of Easwest Produce. I was making \$115 per month. It was my first office work experience and I made many mistakes. There was no one else in the office except the Manager, who was a very nice Mormon man named Whittle.*

**Jan 8** - *Dear Folks, I am at work so thought I'd drop a line. I come to work at 8:15 and usually Mr. Whittle isn't in. I just received five telegrams over the wire and was putting them on the forms when he called and had me repeat them to him. Now I haven't anything to do. He said*

there wouldn't be much to do until spring and summer, and then we really work.

I haven't been very successful at finding an apartment, but have two or three leads and will see about them today. The living-quarters situation in Spokane is terrible. We will be lucky to get an apartment. The want-ads are full of people wanting a place to live. I told Mrs. Greene that I wasn't going to stay with her after Aunt Vera comes. She said she hated to have me go, but supposed I needed or rather deserved a rest and some freedom. With the added time away from home for work and night school, I won't get much done for her, so I'm going to try to find a place to stay right away so I'll have more time to hunt for an apartment.

**Jan 17** - Letter from Aunt Vera who was staying with Grandma and Grandad in Nampa. Dear Dorothy. - *Your mother and Dad and Vic came into a sale today. Grandma went along so Vic and I are looking after Grandad. I guess that's rather a big job! Well, I had my operation on my toe yesterday and am pretty much on the shelf. It doesn't hurt too much, other than I don't think I can get a shoe on for awhile. I was over to Boise last week and don't think I could be happy there, I pine for Spokane. Bob leaves tomorrow for Camp.*

*I hear you are looking for a bigger place. Hope you find something. If it is like Boise, things will be bad I'm afraid. Well, when your mother returns I'll have her scratch a few lines here too. Best of love and lots of luck. --Vera. P.S. I tried to get your mother to write, but your dad hurried her too much. You might call at 223 W. 5th where I used to have an apartment. My friends, Mark & Jean Pavelick, own a big three story house. See if they have anything coming up.*

Eventually Aunt Vera returned to Spokane and moved into the "Crow's Nest," an attic apartment in an old three-story home at 223 W. 5th Street. She was friends with the owners, Jean and Marco Pavelic, and they agreed to rent me a tiny efficiency apartment built in the back over a garage. The living room was also the bedroom and I slept on a pull-out couch. There was a tiny under-the-counter refrigerator, a small stove, a few kitchen cupboards, a closet, and a miniature bathroom. I didn't spend much time in my apartment, because I was always in the crow's nest with Vera and cousin Ray. Vera liked to cook, so I usually ate with them.

**Feb 24** - Letter from Mom: *Dear Dorothy, Bob's birthday. Well I don't blame you much for telling us off. We are a poor bunch of correspondents. I mean to write more often. It was sweet of you to send me such a nice valentine. I keep thinking every day I will get at a letter. My excuses? Well, bazaar, Primary, Gold & Green ball, Vic outgrows all his clothes. Can't buy overalls. Bob dashes in waving his discharge papers, wants his big long G.I. overcoat made into a short mackinaw and his wool shirts all dyed any color but G.I., then a sudden notion to go to school; wires home for a cot, pots and pans & what have you, and you still have the same old mother who thinks she has more to do than anyone else in the world.*

*Today we had the Kaanagard family all here for dinner. Mrs. K. died Wednesday and was buried yesterday. We went to the funeral and I decided to have them for dinner today. I suppose you have seen Aunt Vera. Sometimes I think maybe you had better stay where you are if you like it there. It may be cheaper than going into an apartment with Vera, if rents are so high.*

*Poor Martha, I'll be glad when she gets through high school. She frets so much, she seems to be a misfit at having a good time, and she worries about what she will do when school is out. Well, here it is almost eleven. I will try to write again soon. Wish I had my pen I lost. We got material to make Martha a shortie coat yesterday. I hope I can do a good job of it. Every coat she tried on, the sleeves were too short. She wants a brown suit. About your savings, I am*

*afraid \$300 won't go very far at college, but the old saying is where there's a will there's a way. Let's hear from you again soon.*

**Feb 25** - My letter to home - "Dear Martha, I definitely do like to get the paper from school. I sit and read it and laugh and read the jokes to Carol and she says, "I thought I'd heard everything." I must compliment you on the excellent job you do. I was sort of perturbed when I read that I was still going to school and that I had a part time job. Didn't you know that I am working full time and only doing night school. I always get the paper before Dot Frisch does and that is good because she usually hears everything else before I do. (Dot was one of my high school classmates who also went up to Spokane to work.)

The other day Aunt Vera and Beryl walked into the office. The boss was gone and I was working at the teletype. I turned around and said, "How do you do" and didn't realize who it was until she said, "How do you do, yourself." I was very glad to see her, but had sad news that I didn't get the apartment that I thought I was going to have. I haven't seen her or called her since. She said that she had some material for you for a coat.

In the meantime I had moved from the Greene's home to a couple of other places. First I rented a room with the Johnstone family who wanted the extra cash. The mother was a rude and demanding woman and they lived a long way from the downtown area where I worked.

I wrote home: "My living conditions at the Johnstone home were very unsatisfactory. They were a poor family and took me in for the extra money, but Mrs. Johnstone never really liked me, nor I her. The daughter, Carol, with whom I shared a room was nice, but there were too many people in the house and not any privacy. The furnishings were meager and it was a long way from town."

In a letter I wrote from there I said: "I see Carol is setting the table and we have tomato soup. Mrs. Johnstone isn't as good a cook as Ruth was. They like lots of pepper, onions and garlic in their food. I have been eating breakfast every morning and also get to work earlier. I see some hard boiled eggs and some vegetable salad on the table also. I'm hungry. There are eight of us who sit around the table. Mrs. Johnstone took the ink out of my grey skirt with buttermilk. It was a little small so I took the pleats out a little and let the hem down."

I left there as soon as I could and Mrs. Johnstone treated me quite rudely when I left. She said I lied to her and told her I was 19 instead of 18. I didn't. What would be the object? I've never lied about my age yet. I may have said I'm almost 19, but I didn't deliberately lie about my age like she accused me of doing.

While I was there, my friend, Norine, from Kinman, had located an apartment in an old, rundown apartment building close to town, and she invited me to live there with her until something else came up. Friday morning I fell on the ice on the way to work and hurt my knee pretty bad. It bled almost all day a little and has been as sore as heck since. I sit for awhile and it gets stiff and then when I try to stand.... oh. I also skinned my arm up a bit and my hip bone, but they don't hurt.

Saturday I got lonesome so went over to Ruth's and visited. I ate supper there and then we sat and talked. She had been skiing and pulled a tendon in her leg and she hobbled around too. We had more fun limping around the house. We talked 'til eleven and then Alva came home and took me home.

Sunday morning I walked all the way to church. They had district conference and the

Primary had to serve a dinner downstairs. I was supposed to bring some spaghetti and meatballs, but had another girl make them along with hers and will pay her for them. They are going to cost me \$1.25. I also took a dozen rolls. We served it cafeteria style across the counter. I poured the milk. Then we ate and I really stuffed - but the heck of it was that we had to pay for our dinner too - 50 cents. Then we went to afternoon session at 4:00 and ate again at 5:00 what was left over. I didn't have to help serve then because not very many people ate. In the morning there were around 200 people. I haven't heard from *Bob*. I hoped he would write and maybe come over some weekend to see the Davenport folks (*Uncle Clive and Aunt Zita*) and all of us here.

Aunt Vera just came in again. She is disgusted with the housing situation too. We are just going to stay where we are until we get something. She is going to go out and see about a place to room and board until we get something. I know a girl who was in the Waves and is going to BYU this March. The more I hear about it the more I want to go to BYU. I sure hope I can save enough money by then. I have a pretty good system of bookkeeping set up now. I keep track of everything I spend. I haven't tried to make much of a budget yet until I get all my debts paid off.

The other day, coming home from work, I had on my boots and was sloshing through the mud puddles and dreaming along... and I thought about when we used to follow up the ditch and catch fish and pretend that we were explorers. Sometime when I am home again and the water is out, I'm going to do it again. It is so sunshiny and peaceful there in the summer. I'd like to go walking up the ditches right now.

**March 04** - *(fragment from a letter from Mom) Martha thinks she won't be able to find something and thinks she can't even try till she is out of school. She wishes Irene would go with her and Irene thinks she should stay here and work in the drug store. I feel sorry for her, she is so miserable. She would murder me if she knew I had said a word to you, so don't mention it. Well it is getting late and I must hi to bed. P.S. Give my love to Vera and Ray. I am so glad you are all settled and happy. Did Martha tell you she had such a nice letter from Mrs. Greene. Is your bank account getting any bigger? Do you be a good girl and go to church?*

**March 21** - Dear Martha, I received the beautiful manicure set and thanks very much. I was so surprised to see a package leaning on the door when I got home this noon and thought it was a cake at first. You couldn't have picked a nicer gift, but you shouldn't have. I also got the \$5.00 and couldn't imagine why I should be getting a registered letter. Don't look for your purse for a week at least. I have one picked out, but I think I'll wait a few days as most of the white purses go out as fast as they come in and the stores will be getting more. Tell Mom thanks, too, for the cute card and dollar. I meant to buy a towel or so with it but happened to see some nylon brushes which I have been wanting for ages and bought one. I like it real well and it cost only \$3.00. I think my hair looks prettier already and have only had it two days.

I received a letter today from Aunt Zita. She says everyone is fine and wants Bob and me to come over when he can. I expected him over last weekend but he wrote and said he couldn't come so I went to Colville with Norine to see her folks. Had a nice time and ate a lot and slept. We have good meals in the apartment all the time and don't spend much either. I eat three meals a day and like it now. I never feel the slightest bit empty any more. I will probably gain a lot.

I want you to take that stuff of mine and put it in my box of junk. I look in the closet to see what I can wear and three coats and five jackets stare me in the face. You said something about sending my school sweater to me. You may as well keep it there 'til next winter now. I

never wear all the ones I have. I sure do wear that grey skirt that I made. It is so practical and I wear the jacket with it a lot too. They look pretty good with my black shortie coat. I think I left a pair of shoes at Johnstone's, but I called her to ask if any mail came and about the shoes and she hollered up to Carol to see if they were under the bed. I knew they weren't under the bed. They must have been in the closet, but we packed in such a hurry that I didn't get them. She had thrown all my others in a box and I figured they were all there. I won't ever see them again I don't suppose. I am just glad that they were an old pair.

I was worried at first because I didn't get any mail but she said I hadn't gotten any out there. I just hope the P.O. catches it all because I don't trust that old hen since she read my diary. Also I don't want to go out there after any mail.

Well, I am getting pretty good at writing "books." Some day I think I'll go over to Moscow, maybe next summer. Mr. Whittle says I won't see much of him after good weather comes. I don't now, so just think of all the time I will have to myself. With Dyer going to school now, that makes the Pettijohns a pretty studious family.

**March** - "I'm glad mom is getting the good of the nylons. I have mine out of the mending shop now so don't have to go barelegged for a while. Last night I cut my hair a little on top and a lot on the sides and it looks simply awful. I left the back long and it's not even on the sides and oh, what a mess. (That was Friday night and now it's Monday and it doesn't look so bad.) I have \$23 left to pay on my suit and coat and then I have them to wear for good. I owe the school \$30 then that's done for. I haven't paid a thing on tithing and feel so guilty. I have about \$20 or more to pay. By the first of April I'll be pretty much out of debt and can start putting money in the bank instead of paying debts.

Last night a dopey old cousin of Norine's called here for me. I was gone., goody goody. Fay answered the phone and she said he sure sounded like a dumb guy. I knew who it was because Norine told me that he asked for my number. I don't know why. He came up to Greene's one time to see me a long time ago. He had met me when I was with Norine and thought I was cute so asked where I lived. She was up to my place one day and called him up and asked him why he didn't come up to see me, but he didn't know that she was there. So here he came. When he saw Norine there, he nearly hit the roof. We were so mean to him. Made him do the dishes, and then we danced. He is quite tall but sort of dopey, like Don Peck. He was at Norine's wedding and sat with me, so I guess he thought he would call me up again.

Later - Norine has been calling about every two minutes. This noon I went and got some hamburgers and went up to her office and we ate them. She works in the Spokane and Eastern Building, just two blocks from here. It is that big tall bank building with the blue windows along the side that we passed on the way to school from town.

**April 12** - I wrote from 107 West 3<sup>rd</sup>, the apartment I shared with Norine. "Norine brought your letter up to the office. The darn old mail man always brings our mail and forgets to leave mine. He carries it off with him and then comes back later to leave it so that when I go home and Norine's mail is there, I always think I probably didn't get any. The first thing we do when we get home from work is look at the floor. She slips the mail under the door. I sat here and read your letter and laughed and the boss wondered what the heck so I told him and then he laughed. I don't see how they figure the grades so close as .15 but still that's nothing to be ashamed of.

I have to give a 5 minute talk in Sunday School class on "Religion of the American Frontier at the Beginning of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century". I don't know whether I'll make it or not.

By the by, I was surprised to get a call at the apartment from Betty Carter and we talked a while and then she said someone wanted to talk to me, so her brother Roy did. He asked me to go bowling tonight. I was surprised because I didn't think he liked me too well. He was so darned impolite, earlier, and I didn't treat him too nicely either. I skated the 'couples only' with some other guy who asked me and I suppose I shouldn't have. But he wasn't there to ask me so I didn't want to sit all by myself. Roy sat by himself when he finally got there and I was gone. I don't mean that he was rude, but both of the boys would just walk off and let us go following along and not open doors for us, etc. Maybe I'll like him better tonight.

We finally got some office chairs. Earlier, to every one that comes we have to say "Draw up an orange crate and sit down." But there were only three orange crates and they are full of office supplies. We haven't gotten any cupboards yet. The cutest little mailman brings the mail up here. Every once in a while I forget to unlock the door when I come in and when he comes with the mail I have to go let him in and he said, "Hmmm - locking yourself in again, I see."

I have my sugar stamp and we have used it already. I'll be happy when I get the apartment at Jean Pavelic's. Norine and I cooked a great big pot of beans last night. We had scalloped potatoes for supper with ham on top. We are pretty good cooks and eat a lot. I'm back up to 150 lbs. It is the three meals a day that does it, I think. I have been saving pennies for a long time in an ink bottle in my desk. You have to use tokens here so you always have to break nickels to get a token or a penny for tax. So I just count the price as the whole nickel and put the pennies in my bottle. It makes my book (I keep track of my money) come out as it should and in the meantime I am gradually building up a penny supply. I am strictly on the floor right now, so had to resort to my tank to pay for having my shoes fixed. I'll bet that guy loved me when I slapped 43 pennies down on the counter and he had to count them out. Hope the rest of them hold me over 'til Monday, which is payday. Yippee. Only my dough is all spent already. I have to budget myself awfully close.

I had begun to think I'd like to go back to my home area and work, and evidently had mentioned it to Mom. She wrote:

**April 18** - *Dear Dorothy, Just how to answer your letter I hardly know. I did call Virginia and Barbara to see if they could give me an idea on the possibilities of your type of work. Barbara has a girlfriend who works in the employment office in Nampa. She called her and said if you had speed in typing and dictation there was always an opening, otherwise it was not so easy. That would probably prove so in Boise also. Why don't you write the employment office and give them your qualifications and desires. Grandma and Martha would be happy to have you with them and have plenty of room.*

*I did want to tell you a sad bit of news. Drina Vea Cline had a nine pound baby boy about 3 weeks ago. No legal father. It is a sad thing. I have not gone over to see her and her mother yet but thought I would. Of course you puzzle me with your romances, but surely know your own mind. I think you are a western girl and do not want to marry the east. Well, I must go and will be expecting to hear from you again soon. Love, Mother"*

Eventually Aunt Vera returned to Spokane and moved into the "Crow's Nest," an attic

apartment in an old three-story home at 223 W. 5th Street. She was friends with the owners, Jean and Marco Pavelic, and they agreed to rent me a tiny efficiency apartment built in the back over a garage. The living room was also the bedroom and I slept on a pull-out couch. There was a tiny under-the-counter refrigerator, a small stove, a few kitchen cupboards, a closet, and a miniature bathroom. I didn't spend much time in my apartment because I was always in the crow's nest with Vera and cousin Ray. Vera liked to cook, so I usually ate with them. My address was 223 West 5<sup>th</sup> Street.

"Bob is coming over from Moscow this weekend and we are all going to stay at Vera's crow's nest. I think we are going to have a big family dinner at Uncle Bob's Sunday with Uncle Gene and Aunt Caroline. I have gotten my suit out of the store now and am going to wear it Sunday, Easter, if I get the skirt hemmed. Of course it was too long and a little big around. I am beginning to take on the appearance of Vivian Johnson (she was a high school friend). I am just reading the Family Circle that my boss brings. Besides being the head of this Easwest Produce division, he is the regional Boy Scout head man."

In another letter home - "Last night I was at night school and was taking my law test and Miss Inman came and said that there were a couple of young fellows downstairs to see me. I said, "Oh, I bet it's my brother." and she said, "Probably is. He looks like you." And sure enough it was Bob with Ray. He had just gotten in town that afternoon. I was sure glad to see Bob. He seems to look thinner than he did in the uniform, but looks mighty good to me. He said Catherine Reese (she was a girl who lived next door to us when I was a young child) wanted me to come over to Moscow some time and stay with her at the Sonority. Bob talks like he would like to have me come and see all the Melba kids there. We went up to my apartment and I fancied up a bit and we went over to the crow's nest and talked for a long time. We are all going to a show tonight at the Fox - Dragonwick.

I have to go home as soon as I can and get my stuff ready to move and wash some things to boot. I wasn't looking too citified when Bob and Ray came last night so I have to put on some heels (I mean wedges) and wear my 'nylons' (only they aren't so long).

I stayed with Ruth's kids Sunday and stayed there all night Saturday night. They had a couple of missionaries there too. Fun. Anyway I was to go skating with the Carters Sunday night and had my skating clothes there with me in my suitcase so I wouldn't have to make them take me down to the nasty old apartment. Well I forgot and left my good black shoes there, so I had to go up there this noon and get them.

I went with Roy Carter again roller skating. I didn't have quite so much fun this time because Roy had some trouble with his muscles and couldn't skate very well, so he sat most of the time. He is kinda Peckish anyway. The kid that goes with Betty Carter is full of fun, though, and keeps the party lively.

Gee, Martha, I sure wish you could be up here and go to the show with us and out to Uncle Clive's. We could have so much fun. We are going to have that big dinner Sunday with all the Moore family and it will be almost like a family reunion, only all the family that really counts with me are home, almost. Bob is here, but I would give anything if Dyer and Ross and all of us could have a reunion soon. Will have to close now and see you again in another chapter of the story of 'long legged Lorthy.'

**April 23** - Dear Martha, I have so much to tell you. Bob came Thursday and he and Ray

came down to school and we went up to the crow's nest and talked. Then I went home and Friday night I went up again and we had some waffles and were going to a show, but Bob and Ray went out to Caroline and Gene's and Bob stayed all night there. Ray came home later. Aunt Vera and I were down in Jean's place and we sewed. I fixed the skirt to my new suit so I could wear it for Easter. Vera cut out a blouse.

Then Saturday I got up real early and came down to the office and did my Saturday's work so I could go over to Davenport with Bob. They don't have any busses running over there, so we had to take a train at 8:00. It was about a two hour ride and Zita met us at the station. We had dinner there and talked and Uncle Clive took Bob over to the court house. We didn't want Clive to have to drive us clear into Spokane Sunday, so we had to take the train back again at about 3:30, so we only had five or six hours with them. We came back to the apartment and the boys called Gene and Caroline and they came up and we sat and talked some more. Little Carol Gene was with them and was the first time I had seen her since before Christmas.

Sunday morning I woke up about 9:00 and asked if anyone wanted to go to church with me, so Bob got ready and went. We found a seat but it was just luck because the place was jammed.

In the afternoon we all went out to Uncle Bob's and had a lovely big dinner. Aunt Beryl had the table set with her rose set of dishes and it was beautiful. Uncle Gene, Uncle Bob and Ray and Bob kept the dinner lively with arguments and stories. They talked about politics and army life and kidded back and forth about the navy and army.

After we did the dishes and went into that big living room, they got on the subject of old Melba people. They would talk about kids they used to know and laugh like crazy. Beryl said she wished she could see some of them because they sure must be characters. They talked about how Gene used to tease old Morgan Paulson.

We took this picture on the front step.

I moved into the little efficiency apartment over the garage/ laundry room in Jean Pavelic's house and know I am going to be happier there than anyplace I have been yet. It is just one room with a small kitchen and bathroom. The couch makes out into a bed, but I seldom use it as a bed - just sleep on the couch. It is comfortable. The stove is a small electric one and there is a little refrigerator under the cabinet. It is really a cute place and so nice to have my very own apartment. I don't spend much time there, however, as I am always at Aunt Vera's "Crow's Nest" or down at Jean and Marco's apartment on the bottom floor.

Aunt Vera gave me a bunch of blouses that were Lila's and I sure can use them, as I'm blouse poor. My suit looks pretty good. I wore that lace dickey that mom gave to Vera, but she said I could have it because it is rather small for her. We took the mattress off Vera's bed for the boys to sleep on. When it is just Ray, he gets out the rollaway bed which is just wide enough for one. It sure was fun having the boys there together. We would all get in bed and then lay there and talk with the boys doing most of the talking, telling about

their experiences in the service. Jean had an old waffle iron that she gave to Vera, so we have been eating lots of waffles. Bob says that I rattle on in my letters, just like I talk.

**May 7** - Dear Martha, I got your letter yesterday, and when I get a letter I sit down and read it real slow so it will last longer. Don't you realize you are the only one who writes me, so how could I know about all the stuff that happens in Melba. I am sending you a slip for graduation. That is some graduation gift, but I can't think of anything else that you would want and can use to such good advantage as a slip. Besides it is easier to buy. I hope it is o.k.

This is the lilac city, you know, and the lilacs are just coming out. It never gets too hot here. Sunday I slept 'til about 10 and Ray came down and knocked on my door and asked if I wanted some breakfast. We had waffles. Vera was going somewhere for the day, so Ray and I went down and helped Jean plant flowers along the fences and by the garage. It was fun digging around in the yard. Some of the flower packages were just dukes mixtures called Surprise or Wonder and we said, "Yes, you plant them and wonder if they will come up."

After we planted, we went in and prepared dinner at Jean's. We all pitched in and helped. I made some muffins where you just put in water and stir, and they were yummy. Jean has one eye gone and wears glasses with the one lens frosted. We spend a lot of time at their place. After we ate and did the dishes, Betty Carter called and wanted me to go skating. My knee is stiff and awfully sore and I was afraid to go so told her to come on down and we would find something else to do. Ray had gotten all spiffed up so we asked him if he wanted to go down town and horse around with us. So he did.

We first went to the Natatorium, Spokane's biggest amusement park. We rode on the Merry-Go-Round and the bumper cars and the Rabbit, or Roller Coaster. Then the three of us rode the loop-0-plane. Boy was it crowded. Ray was in the middle and he was just sitting on imagination. Then we went over to the shooting gallery and practiced for a while. We sure had a lot of fun and acted so silly. We just laughed and laughed. I don't know if Ray enjoyed going with us or not, but he seemed to. He bought most of the tickets. We didn't want him to, but he would insist.

We were kidding before we left and told Jean that we were taking him to Church and the next day she called Vera and said, "Weren't you thrilled about Ray." Vera asked why and she said, "The girls got him to go to church." That's a laugh. I don't think he would be seen in church.

Ray, Vera, Jean and I all went down to the show the other night too and saw "The Seventh Veil" and it was really good. After the show we walked to the Gold Coin and got some ice cream and took it to the crow's nest and ate it. Vera is reading a book aloud to us.

I'm writing this at work. Betty Carter just came from school to see about tonight. I have another whole hour to work. By the way, I have gained weight, now up to 145 lbs, and my skirts aren't even too big around for me any more. In fact, I'm afraid I'm getting a stenographer's \*\*\*\*\*.

After about nine months working at Easwest Produce, I became disenchanted with the work in the small office for Mr. Whipple and went to look for work elsewhere. So from September 1946 through October 1947 I had a job as clerk typist at the Unemployment Compensation Division of Washington State Employment Office. Salary started at \$150 per

month. I enjoyed working in the employment office, as there was always a lot going on. I had a chance to see all the young returning G.I.'s who came in for their "52/20" (which meant that after getting out of the service they were entitled to receive \$52 per month for 20 months, or until they were able to get a job). I worked there for over a year, until I left to go to BYU. The next few letters were written, usually during the noon hour, while I worked there.

**Sept 12** - Dear Martha, A lot has happened to me since I was home. First, I went down to the Employment Office to see about a different job. I had a chance to go to work there in the Unemployment Compensation division, but would have to wait 'til Sept., so they referred me to a job as waitress at the Coffee Cup Café owned by an old couple named Kirby. Mr. Kirby is real crippled with arthritis. Mrs. Kirby is an older grandmother type lady. Everyone likes her real well and calls her "Mom." She has a bad memory and her cook, Lucille, had to do all the planning. I worked there for two weeks at 65 cents per hour from 7:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. It was more or less a small neighborhood café and most of its customers are regulars.

I was quite a lot of fun for a short time. I did everything, including make coffee, do dishes, sweep, cut butter, line shelves, cook some, dish up orders and of course wait on people. We only had two booths and about 12 or 15 stools. I didn't get many tips. One day a coffee percolator tipped over on me and scalded my left arm. Lucille said she could always tell a farm girl by the way they work. Well, anyway, I did my last day of waitress work for good. I hope. It was fun just for the experience, but I wouldn't want to keep at it.

Ray, Vera, and I went up to Sandpoint on the bus on Labor Day weekend. They were having a big three day celebration. We saw the parade of which Uncle Jim was chairman. Very pretty floats. We went around and saw all the window displays. They had a carnival set up in a school yard. We saw an auction where they had a calliope that some guy had made from airplane metal. We went out to the lake and watched an air show. A guy did a parachute jump as a climax and he had intended to light in the beach right in front of us but a wind got his chute and sent him way out in the middle of the lake. Some speed boats went out and picked him up - not hurt, just wet."

I just made up a "5341" on a guy who wrote as a statement, 'I was discharged because the boss said I took too much time on coal deliveries. I just had to go to the toilet and that is the first time and it made me late, but the boss said I couldn't take time out for that or he would go broke.'" Some people are rather unbrained,

Betty and I went ice skating and met a couple of guys. I was skating with Rudy Ruth and he is a good skater. We were going about 100 mph and had a fall. He was going to help me up and stepped his skate on my little finger and nearly cut it off. It must have cut a small blood vessel because it bled like fury. The nurse and instructor were giving me first aid and ho! What a fuss over it. It wouldn't stop bleeding and they applied a pressure tourniquet and put two band-aids on it real tight. He said if it didn't stop bleeding I would have to go to the emergency hospital and have a couple of stitches., but the band aid was so tight it didn't have anywhere to bleed, so it obligingly stopped..

**Sept** - letter from Mom - *"Dear Dorothy, Did you get the peaches I sent? I have canned 75 qts and 50 of tomatoes. I am always so busy or else too tired to write. Homer & Effie will be here soon (Daddy's brother). They were at Davenport and Seattle, are now at Eugene. Did you see Bob on his way to Sandpoint? Lightning struck the water tower, ruined our fences*

*and burned out the thermostat in the water heater. I was without hot water almost a week. I am canning prunes. I will be glad to get through with canning, it is such a drag and a mess all the time.*

*Are you going to be able to join Martha at school in Jan. We could help you some, if you should plan to go. With much love, Mother"*

Bob came to Spokane last Friday and came up to see me. I was surprised. We went down to have lunch together. He has been working down at Gene's and Bob's shop. Sunday we had Gene and Caroline up for dinner. We all went down to the shop to look around. They are making a show room. We all had lots of fun playing the slot machines. They have a drawer full of nickels to use while they are fixing the machines. We kept putting them in. The good part of that is, we could open the back with a key and get them out. Otherwise, I'd never waste a nickel on them.

We have firesides up here after church. Church starts at 6:00. I was made head of the refreshment committee for this month. Betty is helping me. One time we had cup cakes and cocoa and last time we had ice cream and peaches. I don't know what it will be next.

Once a month we go to some other church. They went to a revival meeting two weeks ago. It happened to be the weekend I was in Sandpoint. We are going to a Jewish Church, Catholic and several others.

Last night was the opening social of Mutual. They had a dance at the Wancon's Club. Bob and Ray went with me. I had quite a bit of fun. Ray is sorta hard to dance with at first. He dances the right way I guess, but Bob just dances "Melba" style and does a little jitter bug. We had to show it off, of course. Betty was there in a formal and she dances with Ray and Bob a lot. There are only four boys in our class now.

**Oct 13** - letter from Mom - *Dear Dorothy, To keep my conscience clear I had better write to you. Homer and Effie are here since the 3rd. They are leaving for Buhl Tues. We have had a nice visit with them. They were glad to have met you in Spokane. I guess you hear from Martha. She seems to be getting along fine. Soon as I am alone again, I will try to get your dress fixed and send it and the red earring to you. I never seem to get caught up on sewing.*

*I'd like to go to be with Ruth and Ross the last of November, if I can, but I guess it will be hard for me to do it. I enjoyed the letter you wrote to Martha before I sent it on to her. You always tell her so much more than you do me. I am going to have her send me your letters so I will know what you are doing. We should start another round robin. Maybe we could make it work with a little cooperation. My love to you always. Mother*

**Oct 23** - *"Dear Dorothy, I had planned to write this a.m. but spent all my time on a letter to Ruth. Now Dad is ready to go, so I am sending all this collection anyway, and will try another time to write a good letter. I was so happy to hear from you. Your dream was somewhat true, but not serious, just a stick of pain in my right elbow. Has been there about two months. I hope my dream about you is N.G. You came home to get ready to get hitched. ha, ha! My love to you all. Mother"*

Dear Martha - I hope you haven't gotten so homesick that you stay in your bunk and won't eat. As for Christmas, I'm just afraid it isn't a matter of money. I don't think I'll get more than one or two days off since Christmas comes on Wednesday. I'm not positive yet, but almost certain that our raises start from the beginning of this month. I'll be making \$175.

The leaves are falling, falling, falling, from the trees today. It has turned quite cold - brrr -

and it rains a lot. I bought an umbrella the other day. It is of yellow plastic. I also bought a pair of brown pigskin gloves. Did I tell you I bought a little General Electric iron, too? Cost \$6.10. Really neat. I am going to bring a blanket to school and some luggage. I suppose I'll never save any money as long as there are things to buy. Right now I am practically barefooted. I am going shopping Saturday with Aunt Vera.

I was eighteen years old, living in Spokane, Washington, and working at the Unemployment Compensation division of the State Employment Office. The first paragraph of this letter is typical of the youthful silliness that went on between me and Martha.

Dear Miffis Maffis, I received both your letters at once, tanka bud, and was extremely elated to do so--doncha tink so doe?-- and wish to take this opportunity to thank you kindly, an' I mean what I'mma sayin', which I shall not do, Tank ya kindly.

But that's beside the point. To get down to business, how are you? I hope you haven't gotten so homesick that you are lying in your bunk and won't eat. As for Christmas, I'm just afraid it isn't a matter of money. For a fact I don't think I'll get more than one or two days off since Christmas comes on Wednesday. This letter is being extremely difficult to write as I can't think of a thing to say. I am not positive yet, but almost certain that our raises start from the beginning of this month. Anyway I know that we are going to get them and I'll be making \$175 a month. Mr. Kellough said he thought that went through for this month.

The leaves are falling, falling, falling, from the trees today. It has turned quite cold - brrr - and it rains a lot. I bought an umbrella the other day. It is of yellow plastic. I also bought a pair of brown pigskin gloves. Did I tell you I bought a little General Electric iron, too? Cost \$6.10. Really neat. I am going to bring a blanket to school and some luggage. I suppose I'll never save any money as long as there are things to buy. Right now I am practically barefooted. I am going shopping Saturday with Aunt Vera.

**Nov 5** - *Dear Dorothy, I finally got at that black dress, but don't know if I did it any good. I washed it, hoping that it would not shrink. Maybe you won't even like the sleeves. I was trying to cover up that patch some way. I thought maybe Vera could pin them into place and you could finish the job. I am desperately trying to get things in shape by the 15th. Vic and I are going to California. If I take him with me I will feel more like staying longer. Miss McKimmy is to keep Ann.*

*Poor Pop, he will have to wait on himself. The post will get neglected a little. Martha likely told you about her suit. I made one for myself of the rest of the material with the sleeves like the enclosed sample. Everyone thinks it very good looking. I found a hat (beanie) just the shade of the sleeves. Dad said, "It's the best looking outfit you've had in a long time." Wish I had a brown top coat. I found a pair of alligator street shoes to match my purse, only they were \$8.50, which hurt.*

*Dad sold the car. He is optimistic enough that he thinks ours will come up soon. We are to get the 2nd Ford station wagon that comes in. We will come up to Spokane in the spring. (They didn't.) Dad is sitting on the election board today, so I have a few chores to do. You might write again before I leave. Kids were thrilled with the package. Thanks. Best of love, Mother.*

**Nov 24** - Dear Bon a hay ride? At the moment I am without a boyfriend, which is a relief.

You remember Dale McBride, who I was going with when I came home? Well, he was shipped out soon after I came back. I miss him some as he was very nice. He wrote from

Germany and said he had been thinking a lot about me and wanted to know if I would like to have him "carry" me to Oklahoma when he comes back. I didn't mean to have him get serious, and I don't know quite what to do about it. I just hope it will wear off by the time he comes back.

I have done most of my Christmas shopping except for Mom, Daddy, Vic and Ann. I am not getting anything for anybody except our immediate family and Betty. I got Dyer and Beth and Ruth and Ross some nice bath towels and wash cloths, and Bob a necktie and socks. I thought I ought to get Dyer and Ross something, as I never have much before. I don't know what to do about all the little nieces and nephews we will have by then. I got Betty a blouse. Christmas is a problem for sure.

It is snowing. I rather like the snow as it is a little warmer than just cold wind. I bought a new suit yesterday. It is green, very pretty shade, and has a double row of buttons up the front and a straight skirt. I know I shouldn't, but I couldn't help it. I have to get some new buttons for my blue suit as I broke one on it. I think I will get a set of these new kind that have chains on them.

**Dec. 10** - Dear Martha, I just got through writing to Dale and it as a hard letter to write as he thinks he is in love with me. He hasn't come right out and proposed but only said, "I love you." Dale was a very nice boy and a wonderful friend, I am only hoping I do not hurt him in any way.

I finally got all my Christmas gifts ready to send. Please don't send me anything as I know you have a hard enough time making it stretch as it is. If you should ever need some money, just let me know and I'll wire you some and be happy to. I know how you feel when you think you don't even have a family. I have felt it many a time, but the longer I am away, the easier it gets and the faster time flies. I keep looking forward to college and probably have it built up in my mind and will be disappointed.

I went to a fireside and met a fellow named Jess Barclaw who took me home. He was in the navy and quite a bit of fun, but not too, too, if you know what I mean. He wanted to know if I would go to a AFL banquet some time in January at the Davenport Hotel. I haven't been living my religion very well, and I feel bad sometimes and some times the things I do don't seem wrong at all.

I went to a Gleaner Girl meeting one night and we talked about becoming Gleaner Girls. The requirements are pretty stiff but I sure would like to make it some day. I am going to try to earn it before next year when I go to college. It will mean I have to give up coffee and tea for sure and start paying my tithing. I thought once I was going to start and I got all fouled up and know I have to wait til the New Year and turn over a new leaf, which I have always contended was impossible.

When Howard Harris, the boy who went on a mission from here, left I made him promise he would look you up when he was at the Y, but I guess he didn't make it. He hasn't written yet so I don't know what has become of him. He is just a big over-grown baby and I don't see how he will ever make a missionary. He just insisted on kissing all of us girls goodbye. He thinks he is a wolf, and all he talks about is women and religion. He used to draw compensation and would come into the office every Tuesday and would always stop by my desk and talk for ten or fifteen minutes.

The bell in the church tower down the street just rang 9:00 o'clock and I had to rush outside and listen hard to be sure I heard all the chimes. I started writing at 7:30- and have only

gotten this much and four pages to Dale written.

## 1947

**Jan 10** - Dear Martha, I had a nice trip up, sitting next to a girl from Port Orchard part way, and from Pendleton on with my little soldier friend from Meridian. I actually haven't spent any money foolishly since I got back and here half the month is gone. The other girl in the office has been gone for a week as her father died, so I've really been busy as the dickens. I have another girl from the filing department to help me, but I spend more time telling her what to do and how to do it than is worth it.

I think we are in for a 20% raise some day, but don't know how soon. Also Mr. Kellough asked me how I would like to be raised to Senior Clerk of the office as Leo Pfaff is going up the line. I guess I won't get it until I'm off probation anyway. I was able to deposit enough to bring my account up to \$100 and that makes me feel good. Now I feel like I have a start.

Tonight I was to go to a sleigh ride with the fireside group, but Betty wasn't going and it started raining like fury, so I stayed home and did the dishes and ironed. I just spilled a whole bottle of ink on my rug. Jean will feel like murdering me if it shows. I tried to scrub it out and now there is a dark spot where the water was, so I can't tell if it will show or not.

I started back to Spanish class and for a while I am going four nights a week. I don't think I can keep up with Spanish II very long as I am way behind now and never study.

I just wrote a long letter to Dale. He sent a couple of pictures. Cute. I sorta miss him. I went out with Jess on New Year's eve. We went to a movie and then ate and went to another mid-night show. Then the next day I had dinner at his place, turkey dinner in fact, then we went down town to another movie. I'm glad he likes to go to movies too. I don't think I will go with him any more, though. I really get tired of gab gab gabbing all night and never saying anything. Also, he just isn't my man and he thinks I am too much of an ice-burg. He'll say, "Hey ice-burg, your generosity is overwhelming, indubitably."

**March 6** - Dear Miff, We've been having some excitement as you will see by the clipping. . *(A package containing jewelry had fallen out of a delivery truck. Some kids picked it up, opened it and evidently threw it around our apartment area. One pearl necklace lodged in the branches of a big lilac bush at the side of my apartment. In the spring when the leaves fell it appeared. Jean saw it and picked it up. This tells about a newspaper article about it.)*

It didn't play Jean up much as she didn't want publicity. She found the pearls on the outside window ledge of the hall that goes up to my place. Of course she naturally thought that some kids had lost them and they didn't look like much, so she chucked them into a drawer and forgot them. She didn't even think to mention it to Vera and me. One night a woman came and asked if she had found a string of pearls, so she gave them to her. About an hour later an FBI man came and asked her about them. He told her they were worth \$12,750 and she was flabbergasted. There is still a diamond clip around in the yard somewhere.

*In a later letter I wrote, "They found the other string of pearls hanging in a lilac tree outside the door. They were pretty, but only worth a couple hundred. Still haven't found the diamond clip."*

I made two pair of pajamas out of blue and coral seersucker and am making a yellow blouse. Saturday Jean, Vera and I are going downtown and I am going to buy some black and white check for a skirt and maybe a blouse type jacket and get some warm material for some warm pajamas. Then I'll have two pair for summer and warm weather and two for winter and the cold.

I have to go down town Saturday and file my income tax. I think I will get some back. I'm going to pay my tithing this month too. I guess I started for good this year. I only have about \$7 out of my pay check after I get everything paid and \$60 in the bank. Every month I live the last week on a toothpick and glass of water.

I got a letter from Mother in February telling about my little cousin, Kenny: *"Kenny had convulsions New Year's day. They called the Dr. and then took him to the hospital for Exrays. He had fallen from the davenport. The doctor said to keep him quiet for a week or so, which is almost impossible. In just a week he had four more. Roy had come out after me and I stayed all night the first night he was in the hospital. He had the fourth one while I was there. They kept him there a week and then he was home a week and seemed to be feeling fine. Then last Thursday he had five more in 24 hours. He is in the hospital again. The doctor wants them to take him to Portland to a brain specialist. They may leave about Wednesday. They are going to drive."*

In my next letter to Martha I start, "Isn't it terrible about little Kenny being epileptic. I feel so sorry for Edna and Roy. That is about the worst thing that could happen, as they don't have any cure for it and usually epileptics deteriorate mentally. He may get better and he may get worse and there is no way of telling. I can't see why that had to happen to them when they have never done anything wrong or hurt anybody. That is one problem I can't figure out about God. Why should people that are good have things like that happen to them and bad people can go through life without any trouble?"

I made my yellow blouse and it's very cute. I have to take it down to the buttonholer and get them made. I started the flannel pajamas and we got the black check material. It cost plenty. Vera and Jean are having more fun sending me to school than I am. Every night they go all over what I have and what I can make and how much I will need. I sure hope \$500 will get me through tuition, books and room and board.

Ray's friend came over from Moscow and he and his girl were up all day. We had a lot of fun with them. Ray and I went down and had dinner at Jean's. We eat down there half the time. Bob is coming over for Easter. The other day I had to go down town at noon and it was raining cats and dogs. Some dame that works here took my umbrella down town and I had to go in the rain. I was soaked and sure mad at her. She didn't even know whose it was, just took it and went. It's time for me to go out for a 15 minute rest now.

**April 11** - Dear Martha, - Mother sent me a birthday cake, angel food, packed in popcorn. Betty gave me two pretty little hair clips and Jean Pavelic gave me a good white slip and Vera is going to make me a black one. I have cut my suit out and the skirt sewed together, but not the back zipper or hem. I've started the jacket and it is going to be a stinker. I sure hope I can get it done and look as good as Jean's and Vera's do. I cut up an old coat I have and am going to dye it black and take the color out of the lining and dye it red and make a little jacket, mostly to wear with a formal.

I have been on a diet for about two weeks and am down to where I can get into all my clothes. Vera and Jean envy the way I can lose weight so fast. I have to lengthen everything I have. I dread the thought that I am getting taller, so I lost some of my weight to prove to myself that it was just the weight taking up the length, and in some cases it was.

Ray took Vera and me and his girl to the ice follies held at the ice arena where we had seats right on the ice. The fellow that used to be Sonia Heine's partner was one of the skaters.

I was in the Gold and Green Ball again this year. That's when I started my diet. About a week before they had it, I was told I had to be in the ceremony and I could hardly get into my formal. I didn't eat much for a whole week and boy! did I go down. It fit well then. Vera went with me and as soon as the ceremony was over we went home. They chose the queen by chance, but both May and I had ours marked because we were both queens before.

I've been doing reception work here at the office lately and it is a lot of fun. I am taking my whole noon hour to write this letter, and I have to write Mom 'cause I haven't thanked her for the cake yet. I'm going to the dentist who just filled one tooth with two holes. I have to go again today at 2:00 and maybe one or two more times. He said it would cost about \$24 in all.

It is the first work I have done on my teeth since baby days. He is Ray's dentist too, and a good one. When he went to deaden it he said, "This is going to hurt," and I kept waiting for the hurt and never did feel him stick the needle in. I can sit up there in his office on the 9<sup>th</sup> floor and look all over the town.

The other night I was going to wash the dishes and had some cold water in a pan that I didn't want to put in my hot dishwater and Ray was in the bathroom, so I was going to pour it out on the roof. The darn pan slipped out of my hands and rolled down the roof onto the flat part of the house over my apartment, so last night I had to climb up the latter and get it. I am always doing something dumb.

One of the girls I met at work, Fern Hazeltine, began to go to church activities with me, and eventually joined the church. She lived on the far north side of town, and I often took a series of buses to go out and spend weekends with her and her family.

**July** - Dear Miff, I'm suffocating from the heat, but I hope it stays for the weekend. We did go out to the lake Sunday and swam, etc., but it was a little cloudy. I'm going with her brother Roy now. We have been dancing several times. Once at

the Nat. Park and last Friday we went to Post #200 where Roy belongs. Betty and her boyfriend go with us sometimes.

Sunday was conference. They changed this territory into a Stake and now we will lose our missionaries. We will miss them at firesides. Roy, Betty, Phil (her man) and I are all going somewhere for the 4th, but I don't know if we will go to a lake in Idaho with the folks and take the outboard motor, or if just we four will go to Coeur 'dAlene. We haven't decided.

I am sure getting attached to Roy. We used to go together some when he first came back from Europe, but didn't get along very well then. He has learned to dance and is good! We have a lot of fun together.

Vera and I are going up to Sandpoint Saturday evening with Gene and Caroline. I'm looking forward to seeing the Lodge. Just two months now and I'll be coming home. Eight and a half months is a long time away.

**Oct 21** - from Mom - *Dear Girls, Had a fine visit with Ruth and the baby. Made*

*baby a wool coat and bonnet, also a red corduroy slacks, jacket and bonnet. Fixed up some of the things Dorothy left for Ruth. She was sure glad to get them. Vic has had two boils on his right arm. I am starting to clean house. Have you made the headlines yet, Dorothy? Let me hear all about everything. Love from all. Mother*

## 1947 - B Y U

**Fall** - Martha was a Sophomore at BYU, as she had gone to college directly after high school. Although I had completed a business course and had a reasonably good job in Spokane, I decided I'd like a complete college education. I had banked a little money, so I quit my job and went to Provo by way of a short visit at home in Melba.

**Oct 27** - Dear Old Faithful (this was a letter to Martha, who was at BYU, from mother),

“So glad to get your letter that said Hi to mine on the way. And happy to know you find happiness in joining other tall girls. It makes me see a silver lining in a little cloud that has been gathering over my horizon for some time. But through my mother eyes and mind, I think you are tops. I wouldn't want you any other way than as you are. I just wouldn't want you to grow up wishing you had a short Mom & Pop. I only have about 10 min. to mail this. Next time I write, I have a little story to tell you. I've been painting the kitchen woodwork and making a few changes. Tell Dot to get on the beam and write. Do the wolves bother her much? How is Irene? Haf to go. My love to you both. Mother.”

At BYU I lived with Martha and a long time school friend, Irene, in a building called the "New Dorm" which was still under construction when we moved in. Because of my business education and experience, I was able to obtain a pretty good job on campus as a sales clerk and secretary at the Student Supply Store.

I was very busy that school year, between school work and work at the book store, and only had a few dates. Dorm life was fun, though. One of our room mates was a girl from Chicago, Lenore, who was very sophisticated and artsy. We got to be very good friends, and she and I with Martha and Irene, spent a lot of time laughing and clowning around.

Martha and I joined a 'tall girls' club at school. There were lots of other clubs with Latin sounding names like 'Delta Phi' but they were hard to break into and we considered them a little snooty. We wrote Mom letters and some of the memories I have about those first two years at BYU are aroused by reading them. She worried about us, I am sure. In one letter she wrote: *"I'm happy to know you find happiness in joining other tall girls. It makes me see a silver lining in a little cloud that has been gathering over my horizon for some time. But through my mother eyes and mind, I think you are tops. I wouldn't want you any other way than as you are. I just wouldn't want you to grow up wishing you had a short Mom & Pop."*

**Nov. 24** - (from Mom) *I think it is foolish for you girls to even think about Christmas*

*present buying when you are in school. No one expects you to give gifts. There are other ways to be happy and enjoy the Christmas spirit. To have you girls and Bob home for a little while will be all I want. Martha, if you need more money, let us know. You know better than we what you need. Maybe you can find one of those canvas laundry mailers and send your things home. It would be better than losing things. I hope you are not getting too discouraged, Dott. I will sure be glad to see you again. P.S. mailing the skates today, sox were 65 cents a pair, so don't lose them. & be sure and wear them.*

## 1948

**Jan 15** - - from mother - *Dott, I will try to get your coat soon. Mrs. Hogland said she would take anything I wanted to send. No, I am not pleasantly relieved that you've gone back to school. I always miss you after you are gone. It's just my old jittery nerves that are hard to live with and not you kids. You are all grand, good kids and your faults are very minor ones. I wish I could pat you on the back right now for your good grades, both of you. Well, dad is ready to go. Bye and love to you both. Mother*

Back in those days we hardly ever bought anything to wear from the stores. Mother was always sewing up something for us to wear, often made from other garments. I think we were as well dressed as most kids at BYU. I went to college with quite a nice wardrobe which Aunt Vera and the lady we lived with, Jean Pavelic, helped me put together.

School activities included some off campus things, like climbing up to the big "Y" on the side of the mountain, or going ice skating in Utah Lake. Here is an excerpt from a letter from Mom, written to the both of us:

**Jan 27** - *Dear Joes, Here's that dough again. Bet you are ready to murder me for not sending your coat, Dott. I decided to make some blouses for you all, and send them all together. Two of 'em are in Nampa for button holes and I finished the dotted Swiss last night. Had a hard time finding buttons. Am making them removable. Hope you don't lose them all. Hope the blouses are not too big for you. I used an old pattern. How did the formal take Martha?*

*Glad to know you used the skates. I had a hunch it would get cold. Vic gets quite a bang out of the flash light. He is always hunting in dark corners for things. The jeweler had to send for a part for the watch, two times they have sent the wrong thing -- something in the balance. Said you must have dropped it. It will cost about \$7, but he said it was a good watch. We will send it as soon as it is done. Well, I have to wash clothes. Dott, have you any news, such as diamond rings and things? Lots of love to you both. Mother*

**Feb 19** - *Dear Dorothy, I'm sending two more blouses. They aren't up to much - the white one I made from a remnant I got in Spokane. You may have to sew some more tail on it. The button holes are a mess on the blue one; my eyes are just no good for needle work any more.*

Mother was only fifty two at this time, but she seemed to feel like she was an old woman and she often displayed her feelings of inadequacy in her letters. I think she was suffering a bit of the 'empty nest syndrome' too, although she still had Ann and Victor to care for.

**April 05** - *"Dear Martha & Dorothy, Guess you are wondering why I don't write. I am just N.G., I guess. I meant to get that white jacket through the laundry and starched last week, but missed it, so I sent it anyway. I will get the other one in shape and send it. I seem to be getting stiff in my joints. My feet have bothered me for some time, but I haven't noticed it so much in my hands until I try to write. I feel like I had a fence post in my hand. Have been trying to get some garden trash raked up."*

Martha was always a consistent letter writer, and Mother really appreciated that. I, on the other hand, was considered by the family to be the one who would 'kill the robin' because I would procrastinate writing until I'd get a scolding letter from someone. When Martha and I were both at BYU I had it easier because she included information about me in her letters home.

*Glad to get your letter, Martha, you are such a good scout about writing. I do appreciate it because I always like to hear from you. I enjoyed having you both home and felt bad after you left because I had let the Mr. Hyde side of my self appear so many times. I wish I had a better disposition. Now it is grieving me because I may not see you when school is out. Speaking of the boyfriend, Dorothy, he could be related to Mrs. Leah Brimhall....*

(I had a few dates with a nice young man named Willis Brimhall, and I'm sure that Mother was hoping I'd finally get serious about a boy. He would have been a good catch, actually. His family was quite well known in church circles.)

*Tell Martha her cat has two white and two black kittens, very much angora. Dorothy, I am anxious to see your art book. (I had taken an art class and had saved all of my pictures, mostly ink drawings, for Mother. It is still around somewhere among my keepsakes.) The suits were not in those boxes. Well, dad just came home from council meeting - it is a bit chilly and no fire. My love to you both. I am very proud of you. Mother.*

I had gone to BYU with a little money I'd saved from working in Spokane, but it wasn't enough to take care of everything, so Mom and Dad had to supplement me, along with paying the full cost of Martha's education. The money situation was never an issue between us.

**April 23** - *Dorothy and Martha: Here is a check for \$100.00 for both. Did not know how Dorothy was, financially. We are going to Grandad's 90th birthday anniversary. Expect Gene and Vera. Everything O.K. here. Dad*

A typewritten letter from Daddy: "Dear Martha & Dorothy: Ruth was held up in Pocatello for 3 days, taking six days in all to make the trip. We understand that Teenie's arm got no better on account of the delay, (*Christine had gotten her arm caught in a washing machine wringer.*) and of course Ruth was sick also. It appears that they are faced with skin grafting which calls for a couple of months in the hospital. And a good time was had by all -- because the washing machine was not unplugged when the operator left the room for a half hour. I have been having a terrible siege of the same disease you had, only I can't get rid of it. Throat and lungs. I am lucky to have Dyer to do the chores. Just now he is working on the city water lines which have sprung leaks all over the cosmopolitan area. We have not had any 32 degree weather for a long time now. Martha Walker has come back to roost at the folks' place.

April - "Still cold and miserable here. Well, Dad and I talked things over, Martha, and decided to let you do as you suggested. I surely hope you get a full year in next year. Dad says to

try and get a line up on jobs before time for next quarter and if you don't find anything to do then go on to school. That would maybe be hard to do (jobs, I mean). I'm still making quilts. Dad is still coughing. Now let us know how things stack up and what the score is. No matter how I try, my disposition does not improve. Aunt Martha is ill with sore throat and cold; she got home a week ago this Sun. This sounds terrible, maybe I can write again when my nerves are less jangled. They are healing Tieny's arm without grafting. God bless the little soul. I hope she will be all right."

In 1948 Dyer and family moved to Melba and lived for awhile in the basement of the little farm house. It was an ugly small space, and undoubtedly hard for Beth.

**1948 summer** - Rather than stay in Provo for the summer, I went back to Spokane to work, getting a job in a small men's clothing shop called Bell's Young Men's Shop at \$175 per month. I substituted for a secretary/cashier who'd gone on a month's vacation, but the store owner liked me so much that he let me stay on the rest of the summer, after she returned, and do other clerical duties outside the shop. He was active in a Jewish organization and I often did typing work for that.

I lived in a home on 5th South, in an upstairs bedroom with a private entrance. My friend Fern had gotten married to Wes Meyers, and I had a good time that summer because I became acquainted with Ray Berringer, a friend and co-worker of Wes.' We double-dated all summer. I was tempted to give up college and stay in Spokane, but wisdom won out. I also dated Roy, the brother of my friend, Betty.

**1948 fall** - As a sophomore at BYU, I still worked in the campus bookstore for several hours every day. I moved into a small house about four blocks off campus with Martha and other friends, including Lenore.

My main boyfriend that year was a Provo boy, and though we dated quite a bit I evidently was not impressed enough to remember him, because *forty years* later Martha met a friend of his at a reunion who asked her if she were the sister of Dorothy Pettijohn and explained that his friend had dated me. When Martha told me about it, I was shocked because I'd completely forgotten him until reminded. Then I remembered him -- a handsome, rather stocky fellow with a quiet good humor. I wondered how his friend could remember my name after all those years, when I hadn't even thought of the boyfriend.

**Sept** - *Dear Girls, Rec'd your welcome letters & glad to know you are faring well. It would be fine if you could come home on Thanksgiving. Roy & Edna are planning to come. It might be you could take the bus. I haven't gotten at that sewing yet. I can't seem to get in the mood. Do you need the coat, Dott? or the formal, Miff? Should I send the fur coat? I have ruined three sox lately, two on the car door. Do you still mend 'em, Dot? Guess you have little time for such. (We used to mend the runs in our silk stockings with a tiny hook designed for the job.) Would like to hear how you are getting along and a little bit about the good times you are having. How much money do you want? How soon? Love, Mother.*

**Oct** - *Dear Dorothy, I must get this note off to tell you that the burl you sent is starting to grow, and thank you so much. You should have your typewriter by now. Have you decided to come home for Thanksgiving? I asked your conservative father about you coming home. He did not say, only that it would not be long before school would be out. You will have*

*to do as you like. Sorry we did not get your check off sooner, just didn't think the month so near gone. Give us a line, Dott. Love, Mother.*

*Date? (from Boise) Dear Girls, I'm sitting in the waiting room at the hospital. I came over here yesterday & had a skin cancer treated on my face, left side just under my eye, on the cheek bone. Don't know if you ever noticed the spot. I called Dad's attention to it a week ago. He insisted I go in to Mangum. I went last Fri. and he sent me here to Dr. Putman. I should have come sooner as it will leave slight scar, but I'm just an old lady, so no matter. (She thought she was an old lady - but was only about 52). Dad came with me yesterday. Today Beth and the kids are with me. Jim, Dickie and boys came Monday. They were out to our place last night and brought mother. We had beef sandwiches, cake and ice cream. Ruth and Tiny (Christine) came up so we had a merry time with all the kids. We are getting along fine. There is much to do most of the time. I don't think I'll try to do any more canning; maybe a little mince meat. We butchered a yearling. Dad and Dyer do not have any definite plans yet. Dad is feeling much better. I have the same thing he had -- cough my head off - but am getting better. We had a letter from Bob today. I will send it on later. Guess I didn't tell you Jim went back onto the Army as a Major, and is on his way to Calif. In case I don't get to add a p.s., I will say Bye Bye. Write soon. Mother*

This is a round robin letter from Dyer when he was in Melba, farming with daddy. Jan 12 - Dear Kinfolks, I read the robin today when it arrived here in the 'banana belt'. There were several requests for a note from this outfit and all I can think of is -- nothing ever happens around here. We must do something tho, because we have built a house, bought a tractor, plow, disc, manure loader, harrow, in the past year. We keep busy in the summer time and not so busy in the winter. It costs a lot of money to farm any more, and a fellow has to be careful or he doesn't make much. The kids are pretty big now. Bill is quite a boy. He likes to go with me on the tractor or any place else I go, if I'll put up with him. He thinks he can do anything I can. Last fall he just about had a runaway with the tractor. Hel plays with his cars and tractors all day long. Ada Beth usually runs off. They are good kids, but surely keep us on our toes.

Beth and I belong to the American Legion post here in Melba and spend quite a little time in that. We don't belong to anything else so we get quite a little pleasure out of going to the meetings, conventions, etc. Melba hasn't changed much. The schools run three buses now and the community is considering some new buildings. I doubt if that ever comes to anything though.

I bought another car last Dec. -- traded my old '42' Chev in on the tractor about a yr. ago. This one is a '40' Plymouth; seems like I'm going down hill, but it is a better car. I believe it would last through a short war and if we have a long one I won't need it.

Dad and I milk about a dozen cows, not much to it with both of us. We trade off if we have any place to go. We dug a pit and put up about 80 tons of ensilage for feed. We also have our own grain and hay. I plan to farm Scharbach's place this year and also the Swarhout place. That will keep me busy if I get all the sweet corn I want. We raised the best crop of sweet corn on Dad's place this year that we have ever had, but the corn was two cents less this year and we had only six acres so we didn't make much after all. Good luck to everyone. Dyer

## 1949

**Jan 18** - in a letter from Dad. - *I want Martha to finish school. Both of you plan to finish out this semester, then we can tell more about how we are fixed financially. We would like to see you both through school now, but if worst comes to worst let Martha continue until finished, then she can perhaps find a teaching job. Then Dorothy can finish. We are sending you a Bond which you can cash in. It would help if you would make an estimate of the total amount needed each month. We do not question the items. It is apparent that you had not received the last remittance of \$75 when you wrote. Hope that relieves the pressure some. Let us know how you are. Dad*

I worked at the BYU bookstore, which at that time was in a temporary structure. I was taking a class in journalism and thought that I'd like to be a journalist when I graduated. I had a crush on the student editor of the school newspaper, Ken Pace, and whenever he would come through the bookstore, I'd get a thrill.

One day I decided that I should join the newspaper staff, so I would get to see a lot more of him, so for the rest of the school year I had that extra responsibility. There was a student publication issued once a month, "The Wye Magazine," which published short stories and poems and drawings from things sent in by the students.

One evening after I came back to my dorm room from a music concert, I was inspired to write a poem. I just sat down and wrote it, without thinking about it too much. When I read it to my roommate, Lenore, she said I should enter it in the Wye Magazine contest. Sure enough, to my surprise, it was published.

### Mood

I stood alone upon a hillside  
looking out across a valley  
and the beauty of the stillness soothed my soul.  
Reaching out I touched a treetop  
standing black against the skyline,  
and a sense of great belonging o'er me stole.  
Filled with awe, I blew an eagle  
as a child would blow a feather,  
watched it turn and glide and settle in its nest.  
Then I listened to the rustling  
of the leaves my breath had shaken,  
and I wondered at the power that I possessed.  
I was master of a kingdom  
all the world was there below me,  
but I wearied of my watch as night grew deep.  
I dipped my hand into the valley  
brushed away each light that flickered,  
then turned away to let my valley sleep.

Dear Martha and Dott, Guess I should write once in a while. I really have been working

the past month, too hard in fact. Cleaning up plaster, picking up chips, nails, tearing off tar paper, helping Dad lay the floor, by opening bundles and sorting boards and then I have done all the staining, painting, varnishing myself; helped Dad finish all the floors, they had to be sanded, have filler rubbed in, then buffed and rubbed down with sealer. They are all oak, even the kitchen. The bedroom wardrobes and wood work are done in early American maple stain, then varnished. The living room is in light oak. The kitchen is driftwood blue stain, then varnished with white enameled smooth walls and ceiling. Bathroom all white enamel. Finished up Tues. and the Barretts moved in Wed. They seem to be very nice people.

The men built the front steps yesterday and today have been putting a roof over the basement front entrance - a sort of thing over the upper house door and window. I have chicks and 4 little turkeys I am raising. We put 38 pints of corn in the freeze box last week and so goes my time. Ann is moaning and groaning because her school clothes are not ready. Guess we will go to town tomorrow and get her a dress and skirt so she will have something new to wear next week for a few days at least. Please write and relieve my troubled mind.

## **CHICAGO 1949**

At the end of school in that 2<sup>nd</sup> year of my college, I had to decide where I could get the most money for a summer's work. My friend and roommate, Lenore Hatfield, strongly urged me to go with her to Chicago, saying, "With your experience as a secretary, you will easily be able to get a job in Chicago, and you can stay with us." So it was an irresistible invitation, allowing me to see some more of the country and have the excitement of working in a really big city.

Lenore's parents drove out to pick us up. In contrast with the kids of today who seem to be loaded down with personal possessions, i.e., stereo equipment, computers, t.v..., everything I owned was packed into a couple of small bags. We had a car full, with Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield, Lenore, her sister Nancy, little brother Arthur, little sister, Elodie, and me. En route to Chicago we made a side trip into Colorado and visited Pike's Peak.

The Hatfields lived at 4642 Wrightwood Blvd, near Cicero Avenue in Chicago, in a two story home with very little space between it and the neighbors. I was able to find a spot to store my few belongings and clothes in an upstairs dormer type bedroom, which I shared with Lenore and her high-school aged sister, Nancy. I immediately went down town to look for a job. I stopped in at a small private employment office and the lady in charge liked me enough to find a job for me and waive the fee, getting it from the employer instead.

She got a job for me at \$195 per month at The Creamery Package Mfg. Co., 1243 W. Washington as a Dictaphone operator in the Sales Department. When she asked if I were experienced in dictaphone operation, I said yes. In fact I had never even seen one, so I went to a business that sold them and asked for instructions on their use. They let me sit and practice in a corner of their sales office until I was confident that I could bluff my way through on the job.

In order to get to my job I had to first walk two blocks to a Cicero Avenue street car, which ran on rails and was propelled by power from a metal pole which protruded from the car to an electrically charged line overhead. At Washington Avenue I transferred to a bus which let

me out in front of the big building where I worked. Most of the work entailed transcribing letters from the round tubes of a Dictaphone machine. Once in a while I was called into a manager's office and took dictation. There was quite a large staff of women who were all friendly and nice to me, so I enjoyed the experience.

When time came to return to school in the fall, I decided to stay in Chicago, and the Hatfields were happy to have me live on with them. With Lenore gone back to BYU, Nancy and I shared the attic bedroom and became good friends. Her two big passions were horseback riding and an Italian boy named Tom Felicia. It was during that year that Lenore met and married Ron Deans. My friendship with the Hatfields has continued to this day. While the parents are now gone, Lenore and I correspond and occasionally get together. I visited her and her family in Travers City, Michigan a few years ago.

In Chicago, Lenore introduced me to her old boyfriend, Revere Nelson, and during my two-year stay in Chicago he was a constant companion. Because of him, I probably saw more of Chicago and its environment than many Chicagoans. We went to many stage shows down town, saw a number of ball games (I saw Joe DiMaggio pitch), watched the sun rise over Lake Michigan, went to picnics and took canoe trips, and I even went to my first opera with Revere. He was a sweet guy and we had a lot of fun together.

He'd had polio as a child and, with his one crippled leg, he had a pronounced limp. Even on his good leg he was perhaps four inches shorter than I. He didn't seem to mind, and once asked me why I never wore heels when we went out. When I told him I thought I was too tall, he scolded me roundly, and after that when we went to an especially nice place, like the opera, I did wear heels and towered over him.

Mother wrote to me about all the work she was doing in getting the new house ready to move into. A family named Barrett were moving into the upstairs and Mom and Dad and Vic were going to occupy the lower level. I wrote to them:

"For lack of anything to do right at the moment (I was working at Creamery Package and wrote on company letterhead.) I'll make like busy by writing a letter. I was thrilled to get your letter, the second one since coming to Chicago. I can hardly realize that Anne will be in High School next year, and it makes me remember how surprised you seemed when you discovered that I was getting to be a young lady at the age of 12 when I was in the 7<sup>th</sup> grade. It hardly seems possible that Ann is also that old. To me she still seems like a baby, since she was only 8 or 9 when I first went to Spokane. Kids do a lot of growing up between 10 and 15, don't they?"

As for Vic, when I try to remember how old he is I can't decide if he is closest to little Elodie, in Kindergarten, or Arthur who will be nine in January. Of course it is Arthur, but it seems to me that Arthur is more a baby, like Elodie. She is such a doll - I'd like to kidnap her. But Arthur is sometimes a little pill. I hope if and when I have little boys that they will be brown haired and freckle faced like Vic and not sickly toe-heads.

Regarding your curiosity, Mom, I guess you refer to my letters with Revere mentioned every other word. No, I'm sorry to say I'm no closer to the alter than ever. Revere is just a friend. I used to see him about every night for something or another, but I hated to see him spend so much money on me so I won't let him take me out more than twice a week now. Mostly we go to neighborhood shows.

You asked if I miss Lenore. When she was here I didn't see much of her anyway. I go a

few places with Nancy who is in high school. The other day we went out to the stables and went horse back riding. She is crazy about horses. I thought I'd be afraid, but quite enjoyed it. Now I'm going this Saturday with some girls here at work and Nancy will go along. Nancy is one of those live-wire typical teenagers who is in and out of love all the time and either highly elated or deeply dejected. I get a kick out of all her troubles and romances.

Nancy and I have the whole upstairs of the house. I have drawers and closet space that I haven't even touched yet and it seems like a wonderful luxury to have so much room. I have bought a few yards of material and a few clothes, and am now concentrating on saving money to go back to school. I've decided that I'll major in secondary education and teach business subjects and English. I should get quite a bit of credit from my Kinman and subsequent experience and don't think it will take more than two years to finish. I'll go back spring quarter and take up where I left off as a third quarter sophomore. I wrote to Neal McKnight at the bookstore and he said they would want me back.

I also want to be there spring quarter especially because Martha and Irene should be graduating by then. I'm sure Neal will want me back in the office around graduation time as last year I took care of all the caps and gowns and it was quite a job. I'm confident I'll have enough saved to see me through with the work I'll do until my senior year - when Martha will be graduated and then maybe you and dad can help some, huh? Seems like I have been spending all my life either going to school or working to save money to go to school. Bet you are wishing I'd give it up and settle down on one job. Guess I was just a born gad-about.

I can't see staying here in Chicago on this job, though. I have a good deal for now, but it's a temporary thing as far as I'm concerned, even tho I'm sure the company fully expects me to stay for years as they've promoted me to be Secretary of the Sales Manager and his assistant. I'll get some very good experience and am brushing up on my shorthand until I consider myself quite good. I get a lot of technical work on machinery, engineering, etc., which is good.

Mrs. Hatfield has a fit every time I give her any money and so far I haven't averaged \$40 a month, although I insist on \$40 from now on. She is working at Walgreen's as a cashier and I hardly see her as she works evenings and is gone when I get home from work. She has dinner ready to put on and Nancy and I heat it up and get dinner, do the dishes, put the kids to bed., etc. If she washed during the day I get out the basket and do all the ironing that night.

On Sunday we usually go for a ride in the country after church with Revere along, or else go early in the morning and take a picnic. We went up to Revere's cottage last Sunday with a big ham and picnic lunch. It is Indian summer here now and the woods are beautiful. Revere's dad is working on the cottage. We ate outside on the lawn, played ball with the kids and went for a hike in the forest preserve. Somehow I manage to keep busy and happy - but am a little homesick. I guess I won't be coming home for Christmas. It would cost about \$100 and I wouldn't have enough time to make it worth it.

## 1950

**Jan 4** - ...And of course old droopy eyes has held up the round robin. But here we go again. Christmas and New Year celebrations being over I am trying to settle down to a sensible life again, but find it hard to do here as I seem to be always on the go. At the moment I am being

rushed by Revere and my new boyfriend, Herb, as they both are going away in February and want to see me as much as they can. What a situation, I never felt so popular before. Revere is going on a mission to Norway and Herb is going to work in Toledo, Ohio, for a year or so with Goodyear.

I have a feeling Herb is going to propose to me one of these days. We really haven't gone together much but I've known him since last summer when I met him at church. But he hasn't been to church much because he thought I had gone back to school. Too bad I couldn't fall for him too as he is a pretty good prospect for a husband. He is 26; graduating from Illinois Tech in Feb; has a good job lined up; is quite musically talented; not bad looking; has a real nice family—German, etc. But I guess I'm like Bob, as Martha says, I'm getting particular in my old age. Well, I don't know him well enough yet and may change my mind. Who knows. I don't suppose you are interested in my romantic affairs, though, but that is just about all that goes on here that I can tell you about except my work, which continues about the same as usual.

Tonight I'm going out to Loyola to see the BYU basketball team play. Revere and Mr. Hatfield are taking me to the game. I hope I get to talk to some of the kids, although most of them that I knew very well are all graduated.

People here get a big kick out of my telling about calling home the other night. I heard Dot Gray talking to the operator here in Chicago and she said that the folks weren't home and that she saw them leave for Nampa. They think it's funny that the operator knows everybody in town.

I have the sewing bug again and have a few pieces of material to make up. It seems things are coming down, including material. I got some real nice cotton print for pajamas for 29 cents a yard and wool gabardine for a new skirt. I think I'll start a couple of summer dresses. I'm having trouble getting practice in on the piano, but am pretty well satisfied with my progress so far. It's pretty good amusement for me for \$1.00 a week. Either I spend at least two hours every night at it or else not at all.

I went out New Year's Eve with Herb to a dance at the church. We had a good time. He's a marvelous dancer and I'm getting pretty good with him. Afterwards we went to a party at one of his friends. Everyone here goes in big for New Year's Eve - - pickled herring at midnight and a silver coin in your hand, etc. - all stuff that I had never heard of before. It's supposed to bring you good luck. Maybe that's what's wrong with us, huh? No pickled herring at midnight.

Lenore was home for the holidays and has gone back to school. It was good to see her and talk to her about school. Martha mentioned in one of her letters that Claudia said I wasn't in too good an environment here but she is wrong. The Hatfields are really a wonderful family and they are very nice to me. Lenore may be a little wild, but she doesn't get it from her folks or family. Also the kids I go around with are really nice.

Revere is a wonderful fellow and I think a lot of him. His gang are a tough bunch of kids but that doesn't have any effect on either him or me. They are just a lot of fun. I don't know why I have been so lucky all along, since I got out of high school, in finding living conditions, jobs, friends. I couldn't possibly live anywhere else and save as much as I can here, so I hate to give it up any sooner than I have to.

I would like to go back to school spring quarter, but have decided it's best to stay and make the money while I can. I think then I will have enough to see me through the rest of the way, if I want to finish. Love, Dorothy

- Dear Dorothy, Did you ever get the pkg we sent? I have the other slip and scarf

*almost finished. From what you say of your friend, I think he must be a very nice young man. You, of course, know best what you want to do. You spoke of meeting him at church, but you did not say he was LDS. Of course, I have always hoped you would marry in the church. I can hardly think of you staying in Chicago until next fall.*

*I sure do enjoy the mix master. I use it almost every day. Keep it on the end of the cabinet where it is plugged in all the time. I want to get a cover for it some time when I am in town. I hope you are keeping well. It must be cold and bad getting to and from work. I often think of you so far away. My love to you always. Mother*

**Feb 20** - The Robin flew into Chicago and stayed for a little rest and now will fly on to the home nest with a short note from me. My occupational status has remained much the same with a little extra duty for a couple of weeks when a co-worker was ill. My financial status is leveling off until I get out of hock for the purchase of a new coat. Up until now I've been stashing about \$75 to \$100, but this month it goes on the coat. Also I had eight bucks stolen from my purse at work last week. It's hard to think there are people working here that are dishonest, but everyone says that you shouldn't trust anybody. What is this world coming to?

As I predicted Herb proposed, but I couldn't see myself married to him, so by now he is in Akron, Ohio. About the time he left and Revere was in Salt Lake preparing for his mission, I thought I was going to be fancy free from boyfriends and then I went out with a girl and met a fellow at a dance, Joe Downey, and now I'm going with him. He doesn't smoke or drink and doesn't even drink tea or coffee, purely because of his home training. He is baptized a Methodist, I think. His moral standards and conduct are very Mormonish.

He had never heard much about the Mormons until he met me and was very interested because he thought it was quite odd that I should hold the same principles and have the same ideas about so many things as he. We both feel pretty lucky to have met as we did. He said it is pretty hard to find a girl that doesn't drink or smoke. We met at a Catholic Youth Organization dance, and he asked me if I wanted a drink and I said that I'd like a soft drink if they had them. Everyone else was drinking beer. So that started a conversation and we were friends at once.

A couple of my church friends gave him the Mormon message and the logic and reason in it appeals to him. He is a very open minded fellow that likes to dig into things and find out everything he can. He is a 32nd degree Mason and is a credit to the organization. He comes from a line of big guns in the Masonic lodge in Chicago. His father and grandfather were both Imperial Potentates of the Chicago temple and his father was the Director of the big Shriner's convention that was here last year when Harold Lloyd and President Truman were in town.

**Feb 22** - When Mervin Brown (a Melba boy in the church) was here he had some pictures that he had taken over in England and when he went up to see Vance in Denmark. I sure got a bang out of some of them. He had pictures of all the little Brown kids when we were little. He also had three little records that the church people got together and made for him. I sat and wept to hear all those good old voices. Everyone sounded very natural, and when the Bee Hive Girls said their little pledge, I could swear that I heard Ann's voice, and then right after that she said, "This is Ann Pettijohn." Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt sang together and Tad, Shirley, Frieda, Owen F, Alta, Hugo and all the Browns. I haven't had so much fun in ages.

I went with Joe to the Automobile Show here last night. We had a big snow storm yesterday but had no trouble driving as he had chains on the car. We saw all the new models. Joe is quite impressed with the new Kaiser. Looks like come August we will be sporting a new

Kaiser. I don't particularly like their looks – all completely devoid of chrome and trim of any kind. Of course, being a woman, I prefer the Cadillac type.

Feb 26 - my mother wrote:

*Ann is still struggling with a cough,; she is turning out a page on the typewriter and will likely cover all the news. I am hoping we can drive to Provo when Martha graduates. Era said she would like to go with us. Ann is graduating also, and feels pretty important. I will have to get busy on her clothes as she is outgrowing everythings, mostly in length as she wants everything down to her ankles, and she is almost as tall as I am -- maybe 2 inches shorter. No money to spend on clothes these days. We are always happy for a letter from someone in between times. Martha is "Old Faithful" to us. We can always get a letter from her. God bless you all, Mother.*

**March** - In a letter from Mother: *"Are you still taking piano lessons? It will soon be your birthday - hard to believe you will be 23 yrs old. Mommy is really getting old! Are you going to try contacting your relatives some day? Would like to see your coat, - tell me about it.*

*Did Martha tell you we made her a dark blue taffeta dress and a short white coat, made from a serge suit Mr. Newcomb gave me. The skirt was real full, 4 gore, then she had over a yard of the material 54 in wide and I lined it with a bluish pink silk over white outing. She was quite pleased with it and has worn it some and said she had several compliments on it. Vic is driving me nuts for a baseball mitt. He doesn't want to settle for a cheap one. He says they are N.G."*

March from Dad - *"Greetings all: Mom has finally nagged me into writing a note with nothing to say. Dyer and Beth are too busy. We are starting to farm now. I am just getting over a siege of the flu and pneumonia, I guess. Had it a month. Dyer has rented more land so we will be fully occupied for some time to come. We are having nice fair weather now. Stokes has sold out and will be moving soon. Rusty Rutan will farm the old place (Moore's). Must get this mailed now. Dad."*

**May 1** - The Robin was homesick with measles for a week and therefore a little late on its flying schedule from Chicago. However, co-pilot Pettijohn is back at work today and here goes. First, I'll clear up the measles matter. I came to work last week looking rather splotchy and everyone said I looked like I had the measles - my eyes all red and bleary looking - and I did a little faking so they sent me home in a car and I supposedly had the measles all that week. I knew all the time it wasn't measles but they made such a fuss over me here that I let it go and considered myself lucky to have a legal excuse to stay home.

I got a lot of good spring house cleaning done and enjoyed myself at home. What brought on the rash was some kind of ointment I put on that morning that was prescribed for Nancy. I was evidently allergic to it.. It did look like I had a real good case of the measles, but they all went away after I was home for about an hour. I even got 'get well' cards from the people at work.

I got a card from Vance Leavitt from New York saying that he was driving through Chicago but didn't think he could stop. I had the foolish notion that I would go home with him via his newly purchased car– but guess he abandoned the idea.

In the last letter I wrote home I was thinking of going home to look for a job. I talked to

my boss and he hit the roof. I gave him reasons – not enough money and I wanted a vacation in May instead of the regular vacation time in July and August – and he said that there was no hard and fast rule as far as he is concerned and that he would see that I got my vacation when I needed it and that I would get a raise. The raise went through.

I told him I had a chance to ride home and it might be short notice when the ‘gentleman from home would be driving thru Chicago and he said, o.k., any time. I don’t have to go through the personnel manager as my boss is a bigger gun. I felt pretty good about it after talking to Mr. Lightner. He told me that all three of my bosses liked me and my work and didn’t want to lose me under any circumstances. He said also that there was no ceiling on wages and I wouldn’t have to stay at any particular level. So with that I figured I’d get at least \$200 with the coming raise, but today I found out I’ll be getting only \$195 and now I’m bitter again.

Present plans are: Vacation beginning May 13<sup>th</sup>. Round trip to Spokane, then home, then Provo, and back to Chicago. I find, thanks to Vera’s suggestion, that I can go round trip to Spokane from here for exactly the same as to Nampa and I’d sure like to see Spokane and all the gang up there again after being gone for two years. So I’ll leave Chicago May 12 on the Burlington, going up through St. Paul, thru N. Dakota, Montana, Glacier Park, and down thru Sand Point to Spokane. I think I’ll stay three days or so and then go on home for a week and then to Provo for a week. I’ll leave from Provo on the Vista Dome at 6:00 a.m. and get into Chicago about noon on Memorial Day.

I’m a lone wolf at last. No more dates for me – I’m off men for **life**. I haven’t seen Joe now for about three weeks. These poor broken-hearted men are giving me a pain. Bitterly, D

**July 28** - Round Robin to Ruth and Ross. “As you probably know I was home during the last two weeks of May on vacation, so I got to see everyone except you. Long range plans see me buying a car and driving west next time.

I went to Spokane first and enjoyed staying with Vera and visiting Bob, Ray and the rest. While there I was talked into trying to get into Civil Service and going to Tokyo to work. I came back to Chicago with that idea sizzling on the griddle, but in the meantime I have decided that Tokyo doesn’t look so promising, so I compensated by scouting around for a new job.

**Aug 1** - Tiring of my job, and hoping to get more money, I went back to the nice lady at the employment office, and she found me work as "girl Friday" to three sales representatives for Jed Products Co., 61 W. Kinzie Street, just off the downtown loop. It was a Division of Stanley Tool. I started with them at \$225, a \$30 per month jump up. I was doing somewhat the same work as I did before.

I wrote home: "Our division deals in Stanley Magic Doors, or electric eye doors as I call them. I’ll have the run of the office most of the time with the three men I’ll work for being out in the field a lot. Mr. Ellis, my new boss, said they would practically be working for me after I get to know the ropes of the office. They have been wonderful to me. I’ve decided that if a girl knows her shorthand well enough and has anything on the ball she can pretty well demand a fair salary. I’ve decided not to go back to college for that reason. I can’t believe it would gain me anything and I’d lose two more years and all the money I can make now – and then wouldn’t be able to do as well. Some day, when I’m an old spinster, I’ll finish school and be the traditional old-maid school teacher."

It required a little longer ride to get to work, and the neighborhood in which our offices were located was in a rather seedy part of town and was on the second floor of a building which

housed a bar below us. Unfortunately the “big boss” was an alcoholic, which led to a few uncomfortable circumstances.

That Christmas, for instance, the men talked me into joining them in a train ride to headquarters in Cleveland for a company party. All went well and I was royally ensconced in a large and rather luxurious room in a nice hotel. The party involved a dinner and then a gathering in a hotel suite afterward. My boss was playing dice with some other men and before the evening ended he was so drunk that he got into a fight with someone and ended up on the floor with two black eyes and a bloody nose. He didn't show up for work after that for a few days, and when he did come to work he sheepishly came to me and apologized profusely, embarrassed that I had witnessed the scene.

Revere announced one day that he had accepted a calling to go on a mission to Norway, and he wanted to spend as much time with me as he could before he left. Just a few days before he left, he told me that he had loved me for two years, that he didn't expect me to love him back but would like to think of me as his girl, while on his mission. He said that he would come to see me wherever I was when he got back, but ...“please don't leave the United States!” Little did I know at that time that I would, indeed, do just that.

A few months later, I learned that a recruiting officer for the U.S. Foreign Service was interviewing in a downtown hotel. I was 24 years old and thought that foreign service would be an excellent way to travel the world, so I made an appointment for the interview.

**Sept 11** - in a letter from Mother to Martha, - *What do you hear from Dott? Gertrude called me today and said she was going to send Irene a night letter. They had not heard from her for over a month. Guess Dott is bad company for her. Maybe Lenore is keeping them all in a dither over her coming wedding. We were so happy to get your letter and learn about your new job and all. I felt certain you would find something deserving of your ability. What I remember of Seattle was very beautiful, I do not blame you for wanting to stay there. Your own happiness and independence is what you should have. Nice that you were able to find a good apt. You were indeed lucky. I did think of you on your birthday and felt guilty that I didn't do something about it.*

*We are over the hump on the house now. I've been digging out all the dirt accumulated in three months down here, with basement windows open, running electric cords through them, screening sand, outside them throwing plaster out the upstairs windows and all. It really had collected in corners and under furniture. We had a day of rain, settled the dust and cooled the weather; makes me feel like I might want to live awhile longer. The Barrets pay us \$70 a month. It will include heat and water and the hot water is on our meter. I am glad I did not have to move up there. It would be so much work and a big job to get this ready for some one else to move into. We are very comfortable and it will be heated from the furnace this winter. I will try to get a picture taken of the house to send you all in the Robin that we haven't gotten yet.*

**Oct 01** - Well, Dotty, *I rec'd the mats, 7 of them, surely not all for me. I love them and have them strung around. They are so nice for a change and give things a different look. Thank you so much for sending them. I do enjoy our house and would like to just get up late and be lazy and free from responsibility. I guess I am just a selfish person and have tried all my life not to be. now that I have unloaded my troubles, as usual, I can think of nothing more to write about.*

Mom

**Nov 1** - my letter to the Robin: I've had lots of time alone as two of my men are out of

town. Pete and I are here alone so we don't do much except fool around. I like this job fine – and who wouldn't? I get to work about 9:00 and am off at 4:45. I get a ride all the way home every night, so I'm home by 5:30. The guys here are young men and not too experienced in the business world as yet, so we are all sorta pioneering together. I get quite a kick out of the funny letters this one kid dictates and I have to rewrite them considerably before mailing. I'm due for my first raise, but don't know how much it will be.

**Nov 02** - Dear Martha, Dad just brought your letter to Ann. It is 2 p.m. I just couldn't wait to read it. I had gotten some film a few days ago so I went out and took seven shots at the house, leaving the 1st one for Vic & Ann if they get home before the sun goes down. I'll just send the roll on to you and save another delay. I have been so sad, sorry and miserable about the suitcase. I feel that I am to blame for it myself. I fixed them all up for Dad to take, telling him to get a tag for the suitcase. Now he says he has no recollection of putting a tag on it, but some one must have, as he had the two ins. receipts for \$25 each, which of course was not enough if they were going to get lost.

I do feel that it will turn up eventually. It was certainly well identified on the inside with cards, letters, genealogy and such. As you say, priceless to you and quite worthless to a stranger. At the time I called Mrs. Todd and asked her to put them both in one bag and send them direct to Seattle. It is my opinion the tag was jerked off and maybe left in the mail sack and the suitcase held at the main unloading office there in Seattle.

I just called Mrs. Todd again and she said she had filled out the forms and sent in, and would write to the postmaster in Seattle. She put the receipts in our box the other day and I will enclose them. Maybe they will help you from that end. Why don't you write a letter to Uncle Jim. I think even an officer in Korea would like to get letters from the homeland, and you do write such good ones. Jim is such a good old loving guy. I can just see him now with you (snuggles he called you) all curled up in his arms, laughing and tormenting you. Send grandma your address and the letters on to Dott. Maybe she can put them in the Round Robin we sent to her some weeks ago.

Ann is the bestest kid and smart. I am proud of her. She is working so hard to get good grades. She reminds me of you. She worked in the food booth at the carnival all evening - steadier than most of the girls but seems to have fun. I got her a new coat \$19.98, but nice. I am fixing a swansdown suit Ethel had sent. It goes nice with the coat, with the lining piped out of the coat and used as a top coat. The only thing she needs is a nice dress. I thought of getting her either a wool or taffeta. Their recital will be this month some time. I just have to use a pencil. My nerves seem to be allergic to pens.

We had quite a rain last night. Dad and I went with Mathesons, McClarens & Gus Olsens, to a burlesque show the Shriners put on every year at Boise - "The Drunkard". It was a scream from start to finish. I enjoyed it, but we had to walk 2 blocks in a down pour of rain. I keep thinking I will get at writing a letter to the Hatfields in Chicago who are so good to Dorothy. It is a blessing from God, and gives me a feeling of humble peace to know that you are not out in the world alone.

We have ordered the tile for the living room floor - just finished a strip four feet wide from the kitchen door to the steps and on the landing at the top in grey and ivory and painted the steps a light tan. I kemptoned the utility room all white, furnace heat ducts and all.

I have decided to include Dott in this letter. I know you will not mind Martha. I received

the box and the bambie vases are just beautiful. ( I sent her two green deer head vases that I had purchased while on a trip to the lake country with my friend, Revere Nelson. Eventually one of them got broken, but I found a black one at a flea market and I have them both now - 2009).

I put them on the piano. They fit nicely between the pictures dad framed last winter. The green blends with the colors in the pictures. I also mended the one you gave me, Martha, and you can scarcely see the place mended. Fri. noon, Beth gone to town. Dyer to work. I washed this a.m. and have the kids. I am determined to get this mailed. My love to you as always, Mother.

**Nov** - Dear Martha, So happy to get your letter. I was a little worried. Dad only had three days at Boise; goes back the 4th of Jan. We laid the kitchen floor in blue & red asphalt tile. It sure is nice & puts a different atmosphere in the whole house. We put the refrig over in the corner on the other side of stove. Also the little white cabinet across and next to the sink cabinet and the table here by the door. A much better arrangement. Also bought four metal folding chairs with padded plastic covered seats. Good ones, they all fit in next to the wall by the refrig when folded. Dad thinks they are swell (my idea).

I am sending a letter Vic wrote to Dott. Will you please send it on. He asked me at noon if I mailed it this a.m. I told him I did. Be sure to send little Margaret a birthday card. Dad may let you go to Chicago. He thought it quite reasonable and would be quite an experience for you. We will see how the corn turns out. Bob should have the Round Robin on its way to you by now. I will get some pictures taken. I promised one to Dott of the fireplace. It would be exciting to say the least to see you all drag in for Thanksgiving. Come on!!! Always room. Love, Mother.

My social life revolves around the church group. We have quite a number of young kids in our Ward, kids who are here going to school, etc. We had a Halloween party Saturday. Irene and I both had dates and I stayed up almost all night sewing a costume. She went as Buggs Bunny and I made a bunny suit for her. I was Raggedy Ann. I got the idea from Mother. She made me a Raggedy Ann when I was in the 7th grade. It turned out pretty cute. I had the legs and body out of red and white stripes and then made an apron and little duster cap out of white with green and black polka dots - and of course patches of all kinds of material all over. I made a R. Ann face out of muslin.

It just happened that the fellow I went with and I were both picked as the most original costumes. Nobody knew who I was until we de-masked. It was fun and the first costume dance I've gone to for years. My fellow went as a German SS officer in an outfit he acquired while over seas.

This guy is Lloyd Whold who started coming into Chicago to go to church during the summer, although he belongs to a suburban ward. I said to myself, "This guy must have a crush on some girl here or he wouldn't be going to all this trouble." Just lately I've decided it must be me. Nice guy but nothing to get excited about.

I went out last night with a kid from Colorado and his two brothers and their girls to a joint called Sky Club, way out on Harlem Avenue. It is supposed to be quite the place - and it turned out to be quite the clip joint. They have a dame swimming around in a fish bowl deal and a crummy floor show and a place about six feet square to dance. The kids wanted to see some Chicago night life and if that's a sample, there's only one word for it - and I wouldn't mention it here. They didn't even have the decency to give the poor girl in the tank some clean water to

swim in. Looked mighty slimy.

Well, by the time we got through seeing the town and parking on the lake front for a while, it was about 4:20 a.m. when I got to bed. So I was dead all day at work yesterday, but that was o.k. because I didn't have much to do.

Ross, in answer to your question about the 32<sup>nd</sup> degree Mason fellow, he went the way of all boyfriends. I was supposed to call him when I got back from my vacation and just didn't. I am sorry that I didn't, every now and then when I wish I were going out, but I just didn't want to get too involved.

I gave myself a haircut the other day. I got carried away and ended up with a feather cut. I have gotten lots of compliments on it and everyone says I should turn professional if I can do this well on myself. I always cut my own hair. I figure that if it turns out too bad I can have it shaped later, but it always has turned out fairly well so far. This time it is shorter than ever before.

I bought myself a watch too. It is a lady Elgin and really a beauty. I'm sure proud of it. I have had it for about a month and it keeps perfect time. I haven't reset it once. I think my next big item will be a car in which I'll travel home via New Mexico, the Coast, Seattle and home. Quite a trip and I'll probably never make it, but it's fun dreaming.