

Kate van Schravendyk Diary

1941-1964



Taken while teaching at Newberg, Oregon
1944-5

To be kept for my grandchildren. I hope it doesn't bore them!
If it does, hold for great grandchildren when they are mature.

Dec 27-53.

Forward

This document is the creation of a remarkable woman, although that woman, my grandmother, would be uncomfortable with that characterization. Regrettably, when I knew her, as a child and adolescent, I did not appreciate nor even recognize her singular importance in the family legacy. She was not so distinguished, in my youthful estimation, as my grandfather who I regarded as a true pioneer – one of those who “won the West”. I saw him as the one creating the homestead on Lake Pend Oreille by doing the important things, such as; felling timber, forging tools, blasting stumps, using horse and oxen, raising cattle, and all the many other activities I came to associate with his making the place I cherish. My grandmother seemed to me to be merely a supporting character. It was my grandfather who I saw as the protagonist in our family history.

Now, when it's too late to tell her, I see she was the linchpin who coupled everything together. Without her, it's doubtful my grandfather could have persevered. In retrospect, I see she was the one responsible for doing the many necessary tasks which enabled him to do the obvious things. Behind the scenes, and unnoticed to my youthful observation, she attended to the necessary, but less glamorous activities; by growing vegetables, canning, washing, baking and other innumerable requirements of making a home. Without the base she provided my grandfather would have had a difficult time enduring. She did this before there was electricity or any of the modern conveniences we now take for granted. When financial times were difficult, and cash was limited, she left the farm to earn money as a teacher in rural communities. This provided a meagre, but vital amount of money which kept the land from being foreclosed upon and disappearing into the assets of a bank to which they were occasionally indebted.

The reader can visualize a different world through her eyes. I believe you will agree that she, and my grandfather, are representative of many individuals upon which our world is based and now seem extraordinary to us, although they never thought so of themselves.

**James Green, Eldest Grandson,
Camp Bay, Idaho, May 2018**

Tues Mar 4-41 There was quite a frost last night and this morning as it melted, and ran down tree branches to hang in large globules at the tips, the sun turned these into brilliant gems. The gold cherry by the chicken yard was thickly hung with them, a large blue sapphire near the top and farther down blue and yellow diamonds. Some caught the red of the sun and blinked flames. Tonight John called my attention to the northern lights as we were coming back from putting the cattle in. It was a clear, starry night, with the moon nearing the first quarter.

Thurs. Mar 6 Saw the first butterfly of spring. Crocuses are out. The eagle comes nearly every day. I saw it first thing this morning, looking like a blob of snow (white head and neck) in the very top of a tree across the bay. When the white tail is visible, it appears as a secondary blob beneath the larger one of head and neck.

Tues. Mar 11 We planted trees today -- May Duke cherries, Late Duke -- apricots and one peach -- on a Slappey -- near the house

John says we have about fifty late Dukes now, quite a few May Dukes, and all of twenty apricots. We planted nine apricots today -- all Superbs. So now, I believe we have about two hundred small trees and grape vines to care for, and probably all of that many large ones. There is strong talk about that we will either have to pull out our pear trees or spray them about every ten days or so in summer on account of the pear psylla.

Probably blue birds have been here a while, but today I saw the first ones of the season. One was one of those nearly all blue -- brilliant ones!

I got a free white rose with the tree order -- a Frau Karl Druschki. It is a nice large bush.

Wed Mar 19 March has done a little windy roaring the last few days. Some showers too. It was lucky to get a large washing of curtains, bedding etc., dry Monday as neither yesterday nor today would have been so suitable. Now everything is ironed. I brought in daffodil buds a few days ago and they are blooming. also the avocado seed (or stone?) I planted pushed up its first shoot today -- and I got the season's first glimpse of tree swallows.

Dr. Bixby, veterinary, came to test our cattle for Bang's disease.

The whole litter of rabbits the new doe had died. So bred another -- and wonder if she will take care of hers properly. Some don't seem to know how.



┌ Jeanne with one of the rabbits which provided most of their
meat during the Depression. ─┘

The crocuses, blooming almost flat against the lawn remind me of water lilies on a lake.

The hens keep flying out of their pen every day. They fly to the apple tree, walk out its branches -- then over the top of the picket fence they fly. We'll have to cut their wings or else the tree.

Last night the stars looked so clean washed and bright after a shower. No clouds even.

Fri Mar. 21

Heard a very gay song sparrow first thing this morning. Wish more of them felt inclined to sing close by. Geese have been flying north. The other day thirty five of them, their bodies shining platinum in the low sunlight passed over. Heard a flock of something flying too high in mists to see. John thought they were swans.

Every day about ten we see the Picard goats on the Allen hill -- and hope they won't meander down this way. Donald expects soon to build a tight fence along their line.

Mar 26 (Wed)

Yesterday, the first killdeer was heard. And this morning they were loud in their singing. Spent yesterday with Mrs. Jenkins and we had a very good visit. In the letter I got from Jeanne she said the school was introducing archery for the girls exclusively.

Sat Mar 29

Today was "swan song" day literally! Up where John was cutting brush he heard them off and on all day, and toward evening I went up to listen. It was the first time I had heard a chorus like that, and it delighted me (not particularly musical but interesting). They were too far out on the lake for us to see, but their song came in. Saw fifty more geese fly over yesterday and heard others which I did not see. Asparagus tips are already year. Daffodils have all burst into bloom, and Hyacinths are coming a close second, so we are looking very gay.

VB B Edith wrote that today is both Aunt Maggie's and Paul's birthdays and she is seventy, five years older than he. I think Paul is 20.

Sun Mar 30

Saw a robin in the creek taking a right vigorous bath. Breast deep he stood, tail flat upon the water -- and flipped showers over himself.

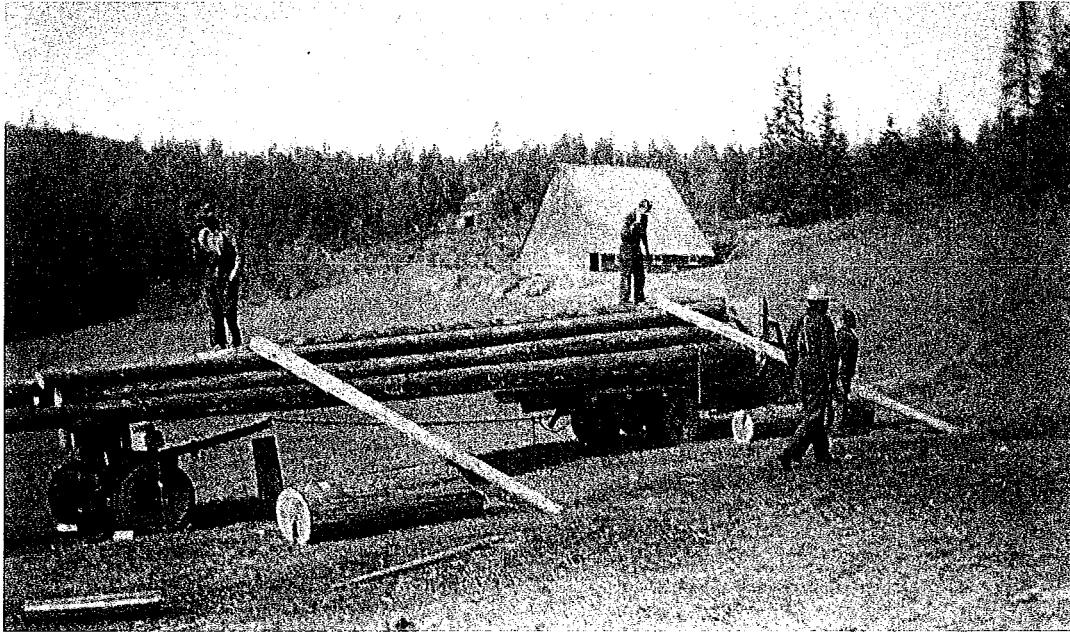
Wed Apr 2

Heard pheasants drumming yesterday for first time in season. Believe they are late. Have been observing chickadees going in and out of wren house in garden. I actually believe -- or rather believe they started nesting in it. If so it will be the first time any have done so. We branded a few yearlings this morning and will finish with younger ones later.

Wed Apr 30

Out planting our second garden today when a big wind came up. John called my attention to the clouds of pollen swept upwards from the evergreens across the hay -- firs likely. Even this far away we could notice a sulphurish tinge too. It was the first time we have ever seen such quantities of pollen in motion at once and the size of it was pleasing, more like smoke or yellow flames perhaps even than like clouds. Over across the cow meadow and from the grove back of the cabin they came.

While Jeanne was home for her vacation, John went to Spokane to look up prices of poles, but found them a better price at Hitchner's in Sandpoint. So Wilson's hauled in what John had cut, and cut a few more. They plan to work at cutting them on weekends.



┌ Cedar poles, a nice source of cash over the years. The old "Horse Barn"
is seen beyond the main barn to the left ─┘

Donald G. was over yesterday to report the loss of a number of "kids" over near Elliot Bay. He thought an eagle was responsible and having seen a couple of these various times over above Buehlman's mining shack, he went there to try to find them, or their nest, but did nether. He said there were a good many fairy slippers upon Mineral Point. I found some a few days ago not far from the road, and this morning, while up near the homestead, I picked quite a few more.

Thurs
May 15, 41

Our orchard is a wonderful sight with Montmorency cherries, peaches and pears in full bloom and apple blossoms too out on several trees. The lilacs are not far from opening either and should be far gone by Decoration Day.

We are getting plenty of rain now but today was merely cloudy so I went down for more. Observed the wild flowers on the way. The camas are about gone, but Indian hyacinths and larkspurs are taking their places. Saw wild strawberry blooms and also Indian paintbrushes. We had ordered pipe and fittings for the sink John is putting in the little cabin and they made a rather unwieldy package coming home. I tied them on the pommel where I could help balance them but Queen stumbled and they seemed to give her a forward push, so she fell to her knees. I decided I'd better get off and walk.



[Jeanne with Queen]

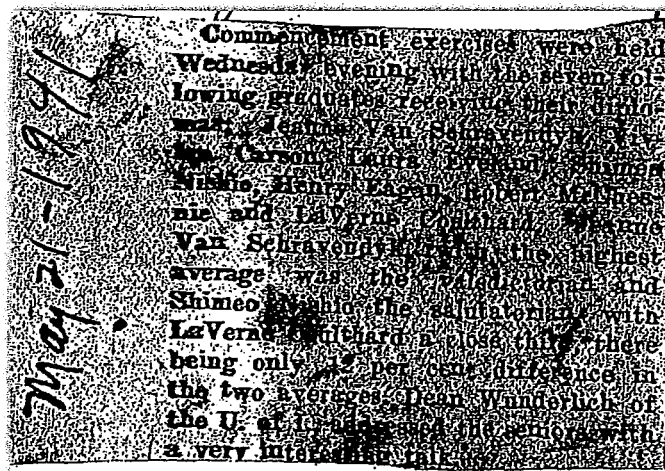
Our second load of poles was taken out last Sat, and we got the check today.

Jeanne writes that on their sneak day they went to Coulee Dam, having acquired the sum of \$4400 to spend. Also saw sights of Spokane and spent one night there! Next Wednesday she graduates.

Sat June 1-41 Fortunately, the weather was clear and the lake calm the night Jeanne graduated. We arrived in Hope about seven, and had to hurry to get ready for the program.

PRINTED MATERIAL DATED MAY 21, 1941

See pocket on
back cover for
Jeanne's
valedictory
speech.





Hope High School Graduating Class 1941 Jeanne seated lower left

Jeanne had made her graduation dress, of two tone blue print white rayon, and it looked very nice on her. Also her hair was very pretty.

She did not come home with us but went to Spokane to visit a few days -- ostensibly. Really she had a plan to find work and attend night school at Kinman Business University.

She attended a week and found what would have been a good place to stay, but her absence perturbed us too greatly. She was very much needed at home. So we sent for her to return and she did. Doubtless the experience did her good as she discovered a business course was not going to be to her liking. Now she wants to go to Coeur d'Alene in the fall.

Thurs June 19 My, we all are wondering when it will stop raining. There are rumors of much spoiled hay, but luckily we have very little down.

The killdeer came closer than usual this summer. John has even spied. A young brood a few times; once the mother was hovering them.

John has trapped about fifteen woodchucks this spring -- enough to do quite some damage to the alfalfa.

I have veritably been having nightmares about the living room ceiling, as the (paper deadening felt plus wallpaper) is loosening again and in a breeze heaves up and down like a bellows. Would it all loosen before we got around to deter it? I commandeered John and his gray matter to ponder the problem. Result: he suggested narrow strips of galvanized roofing tacked over seams with brads, and I believe that will work. He put on some of the strips and they appear to do the job of holding the paper in place. I'll paste strips of paper over them.

John decided to buy the contents of the house boat across the bay, and the other day we went over with wagon and brought them home. There is not much in the lot that appeals to me. I'd rather not see the stuff around. But to John it has possibilities.

Such a time as I am having with broody hens! The five of them get "that way" regularly, and in routine we are short in eggs and I wish they would get down to the business of laying more of them.

As usual, we are having quite a succession of bloom around the old house. After the daffodils the early -- and now the late -- irises, foxgloves, and now the rambler buds are beginning to open. Honeysuckle is beginning to waft fragrance too. In the woods the wild ones are gaudy orange and red. One sees "pussy ears" yet too, also Penstemon (beardstongue), syringa, etc. I had some interesting anemones, and my giant ruffle petunias are well to the fore.



[Kate and John, Eastside of the House]

John finished cutting the timber on the new road along the creek from the corral up to the small meadow. When ground dries he will have it bulldozed, and then the Wilsons can get out more poles.

Wed June 25

Jeanne is a puzzle in personality this summer. In some ways she is more childish than she has been for years -- willing to do a certain amount of routine work, but unwilling to lend a hand on the extras. Occasionally she has the grace to become ashamed of herself. Because of this attitude and doesn't fuss when something is put upon her. She is more self-centered than she ever has been, seemingly having no concern -- or very little -- about relieving the strain upon me or her dad. Or expecting credit if she does. I keep asking myself if I was that way too, if it is just a phase of growing up -- or what?

┌ Cherries? I believe this was the year yellow jackets and
hornets got a large share of a good crop. (An addedum
from later date) Top of page 13 └

She is avid for excitement and does not, as formerly, care at all for rural life and the opportunity she has to please herself for hours on a stretch. I wonder if success has gone to her head, and what she will be like if she gets to earning a good salary. I hope she sees what is wrong with herself and corrects it because she really has great ability if she can keep a straight course.

In spite of above we have lots of jolly conversations, as we enjoy much the same sort of fun.

Thurs Aug 25

Swimmin' days! But then we have been going in for a long time, particularly since Mrs. Staudacher came to the little cabin. Now she has been gone nearly a week. Have had a more social summer than usual what with the Simms, Carbins, Fitterers(?) Kennelys etc. Besides Mrs. Staudacher and Bill. Lois Canethard(?) also spent a little more than a week here. Jeanne also has been back and forth with Pamela a good deal.

Now all is rather quiet. I lie on the dock and listen to the lap of waves against it, while dragonflies dash about. High winds and waves tore the dock loose a little while ago, and battered it against shore nearly all night, loosening planks, and supports, but John repaired it sufficient for use. The last of the hay was stowed away in (?) today, Mr. Johnson assisting. John celebrated with his first swim of the season, and a sunning by the lake. My gladiolas have been gorgeous and the bean pot now sports a gay bouquet -- yellows, apricots, white, red and purple. They'll be gone, or nearly so, by September -- the time they usually are at their best. The zinnias are brilliant too. Have enjoyed poor man's orchid (Schizanthus) with its masses of color

and azalea, flora (godetia) in mounds of pink. My petunias have done well too. I want to get some painting and papering done but am filled with ennui.

Fri Sep 5-41

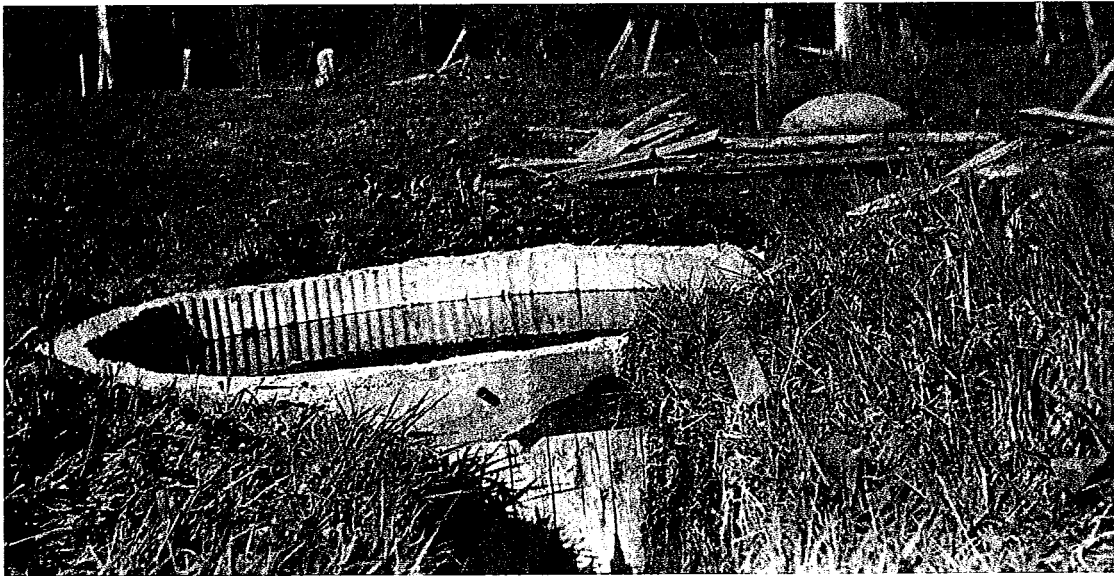
Last night! Ah, last night! A clear, clean washed sky. And not only the sky, but the air as well. After many days of rain. An almost full moon too! Jeanne and I walked to the far corner of the bay, reveling in the rare beauty of the night. The lake was superbly polished, undulating black glass -- smooth waves that did not break. And moonlight skittering and bouncing toward us -- or pausing to rest an instant in bright pools in a most ecstatic mood and sashay to my walking. Coming back we sat on the beached platform Hale once brought over to this end of the bay and she continued to "trip the light fantastic" on that.

Today also was bright and clear and I accomplished several tasks -- bread baking, some washing, ironing, etc. Also took several snapshots of Jeanne in her graduating dress and red and white striped ballerina skirt with a white blouse.



┌ 1941, Jeanne Wearing the Grauation Dress she made ┐

John finished excavating for concrete reservoir he is to build to hold the spring water we use. Very hard work that has been -- and we have had to get along without "tap" service, using water drawn off in tubs and pails.



Water Reservoir being made by John

Sun Sep 21

The official entrance of fall! Every day I garner in a few more late blooms. Glads are nearly gone -- and how I'll soon miss them. Today I picked pale yellow-red, and red dahlias grown from seed. Their stems are slender and graceful and their color glows brightly in the old blue pottery jar. Found calendula too with yellow centers in lower garden. In those up here I have pale yellow, deep orange and striped yellow and orange. They go well with the large purple petunias.

Jeanne has been gone to Coeur d'Alene since a week ago Wed. Fortunately she has a fine place to stay and likes the people very much -- the Clayton Sims. She has now registered for a business course to begin tomorrow.

I am drying apples and pears in the "ladies' fruit dryer" that sits on the back of the stove; and doing numerous other things.

Having assembled cement, sand, gravel and rocks, John is prepared to mix and pour the concrete wall for the reservoir as soon as he can obtain help.

Thurs Oct 29

We have much of the fall work done. Now the main job left is to cut the wood, haul and saw it, and store it in shed. We vaccinated our cattle against contagious pneumonia as Oborns and Shields had lost cattle from that disease. And we dehorned thirteen, a larger number than usual as we had some leftovers from last year as well as some that are barely yearlings.

I wish a larger percentage -- or all of them -- were mulleys. John laid one horn by each of several of our choicest small fruit trees to help scare off the deer. They are not content to top our alfalfa all summer, to eat our fruit and to browse our little trees -- oh no! -- they must now come and polish their horns on the young trees and break them down. Heaven help us if elk ever get so numerous as the deer here. I have been reading in the farm paper how the elk raid the farms in some regions.



A week ago Saturday the Cramers went to Coeur d'Alene and took me along. Jeanne is so contented there and really likes her subjects, although she is continuing with the business course. I wished I had my camera to snap a picture of the house she lives in. It is so tiny and cute, it looks as if it had been transplanted from fairyland. Jeanne showed us around the city hall where the Junior College classes are held.

The reservoir is all in good working order again, which seems very fine indeed. But the roof won't go on it for a while as there is too much other urgent work. In order to comply with the A.C.A.

regulations, since we expect to get federal payment for the project, John molded a trough and piped water into it. He built a special little "go-devil" to have it on, and even dragged it into place.

Although the jays are on the whole obnoxious birds, they are interesting as cleaner-uppers. A half dozen work persistently on the sweet corn patch and over the territory where John dug potatoes. Whenever they find any tiny potatoes, too big for one bite, they fly off with them to eat them in seclusion. They keep working on the crabapples left on the tree too, and these enrich the color scheme of the jays as they fly to the timber with these bright red globes fixed upon their bills. I see so many song sparrows working among the berry vines and on brush heaps. And I wish so much they would give us a tune. If birds would sing the year round, instead of just at mating season!

The avocado I raised from seed is a staunch little tree now about two and a half feet tall and with three branches. But its large leaves are turning brown -- dying. My purple petunia that changed its color to purple and white stripes has turned back to purple. I fertilized it with meat meal, and gave it? which probably was responsible for the change.

I put up feed pans for the chickadees on the porch, and filled them with pieces of tallow, so the birds won't be disappointed when they come expecting food.

No payment allowed on reservoir because it was just used to supply house, so our concrete trough useless for the present.

Sun Nov 16

In Jeanne's last letter, she told of the faculty taking the students on a drive up into the mountains over switchbacks etc. On one side a high mountain wall, on the other a deep canyon. They went up to the top of Spade Mt. It is next to the highest one in the Coeur d'Alene forest. Some rangers live there the year round in a cabin. They climbed the 50-ft tower to get a wide view of many canyons and other mountains. A very thrilling and exciting trip.

Snow is creeping down on the mountains, but hasn't arrived here. It's still rainy and balmy. Heard a varied thrush today -- and that sounded like spring.

John is storing the wood in the shed. The Clyde Mitchell's cut it last Tues. There has been so much rain since he has hauled only about a couple of days.

Christmas
1941

"The sun this brief December day rose" resplendently from the right of the highest point of the mountains, first beginning its trek northward. And all day it shone undimmed. Something almost phenomenal this season.

This was the first Christmas Jeanne was absent from home. But I wanted a tree any way, and found choice white fir, it's needles thick, glossy and deep green. Sunlight streaming in the windows made the ornaments twinkle.

I went to the homestead with John to feed the young steers there, and he brought me back by the new timber roads he has slashed out preparatory to having them bulldozed.

War goes on, but as yet we are untouched by it. Christian Lassen is at Honolulu and we await word from him. Ted was two days at sea, when war with Japan was declared, on his way to the P I (Philippine Islands) but his ship returned to San Francisco to await further orders.

Wed
Dec 31-41

Jeanne planned to go to Hope to spend today. (From CDA)

And so this year is nearly at an end! What will the coming year bring forth? Never yet was there so much at stake in the world.

This morning the thermometer stood at 6° above zero. A brilliant dawn with the sun rising at the peak of the mountains -- or even a shade to the left. With the new year it will begin its slide down toward the river valley.

1942!!

Thurs Jan 1

Two below zero last night, but three above this morning. Except that it was much colder, and we had somewhat more snow, today is much like the day Jeanne was born eighteen years ago (at 8 o'clock in the morning). Waves are piling high on the beach and out a little way from shore a flock of coots are riding them up and down; up and down -- while rising mists swirl around them.

Dick and Peter, our cats, are eager for new milk these days. But I must warm their bowl, and often reheat the milk, till the temperature of it suits their majesties. Then I must watch that Dick doesn't get more than his share, he is so greedy. John remarks it is nice I have something to regulate!

One of our hens is just now molting and I don't envy her thinning coat. It is not very happy weather for hens, so I warm their grain, and give them hot milk to drink.

Last night the moon was full -- at least it appeared to be, and the sky had rid itself of all clouds. I had stayed in all day, but skipped out a bit to enjoy the night. There were long black shadows striping the white of the snow and the air was so crisp it fairly crackled! I remarked that to John, but he took his usual stance of opposal! Air never was that crisp!

I gave the bunnies more bedding hay, but they continued to sit out front instead of burrowing into it. They don't mind cold much, really -- but when the rain beats in and dampens them. That is something that does not agree with them.

We have cleaned up the Christmas candy and salted nuts Margaret and Chris sent, so this morning I made a batch of fudge. Cold weather seems to demand candy, especially now that we eat fruit almost entirely for desserts.

John was to take cream down and get the mail, but alas, it is too cold to go by boat.

One lone robin is still hanging around. Just now he came to the woodbine vine by the west window to eat berries. John said "Somehow a robin looks better now, than he does in the summer. Then we find them unpleasing guests, particularly when they begin monotonous chants at dawn, when we'd like so much to get just a few more winks of sleep.

Sat. Jan 10-42

An eagle came today hunting a duck, and set all the coots and ducks "talking." There are about two hundred of these, I judge, but the eagle didn't seem to get one.

Juncos and song sparrows light on the porch looking for stray bits of food. I saw a sparrow swallow a grain of wheat with some difficulty. Have put food out for them at the chicken coop, and the end of the house.

We took the cream to Glengary by sleigh last Wed, with Jiggs and Queen. It very definitely was not good sleighing. Horses and sleigh broke through five or six inches of icicles beneath a top crust of ground, and the powdery snow on top. We hit all the rocks heaved up by the frost, so ground along as if we were [ILLEGIBLE CLIPPING] riding over emery stones.

Shouldn't monies for such expenses be detoured to defense?

Wed Jan 21-42 We are having a series of bright, warmish days and cold nights. This A.M. thermometer registered 13° above zero at dawn. At 9:30 it has risen to 26°.

The world is beautiful, and brisk walks appropriate. Have just returned from viewing "acres of diamonds." Walked up to the horse barn where horses and a few young stock were placidly eating their hay and on up into the dry meadow as far as there was a good cattle trail -- and there were the diamonds, spread out over the whole meadow -- large frost crystals atop the snow that caught and reflected the sunbeams. All below and beyond the new barn was the same. Across the lake clouds were settled in canyons, and part way up Green Monarchlay a band of them. The tips of the mountains behind Hope peered over a sense cloud wall.

I peeked into the red barn to see the grown cattle and little calves having their breakfasts.

Sun Jan 25-42 Now it is warm again. Up to 52° during the day. Yesterday I rode Queen over to Glengary and Jiggs moseyed along too. He helped break the trail which was a good thing, for the ground is still heaved underneath the snow. I don't like to see the snow going as it the landscape. Arid warm weather makes mud around the barn. For the first time this year I waded in the creek coming back from helping to put the cattle in, to clean my rubber shoes. We have it handy that way and never need to come to the house with dirty barn shoes.

Sun. Feb 8-42 Our first snow went, more came and now that is practically gone, but heaved ground persists in places. The weather is muggy and warm, and the hens can eat green grass again. They look very gay in their newly red combs, and bright feathers; and practically all are laying.

The song sparrows no longer come to the porch for food, but one usually waits for me on a picket near the hen coop door to remind me to put out some grain on the roof of the little scratch shed. This morning eh sang me a

sweet song, ow in his throat. Not like the vivacious one of spring, but even more lovely.

My pot of hyacinths is blooming and the petunia is starting in again.

Tues Feb. 18 Sun dogs things morning! I remember seeing them only once before here, and perhaps only once or twice elsewhere. I thought them very faint this morning, but John declared them the largest he had ever seen, so our vision must not be the same. Only ten above zero this morning! I was lucky the cold did not get my plants as I never thought to take them out of the living room last night.

It must be the song sparrows whose tunes I have heard before sifting out of the fir trees. Heard them again the other day and they sounded just like the "winter" song that one sang for me the other day.

John is cutting up some of the trees that blew down in a high wind in December. A red fir fell into the meadow by the bridge. From it he cut 6-16 ft saw logs, and there is a lot left for cordwood, etc. He said it must have been 130 ft high. At one time scientists made a study of roots such as of this tree, which now protrude high into the air, and learned they contain valuable concentrations of pitchy substances, such as turpentine. But likely the process of extracting these substances would prove too expensive.

Sat. Feb 28 Song sparrows come again to the porch since we have more snow. Every morning I lay out some feed for them, too, on the roof of the low scratch shed when I feed the chickens. I call "come birds," and more often than not, one pops around the corner of the chicken coop roof. I am coaxing it to sing and nearly every morning it does, perching atop a picket, or on an apple twig. Tonight I heard the first varied thrush, and saw it sitting in the top of a tree on the Allen place.

Friday Mar 24 This was actually the third bright day in succession! But the third is cold. This afternoon John pointed out sun dogs to me. The second time within a couple of months I dug up around the daffodils and the sun was warm against that end of the house. Tonight there is an enormous and thickly outlined circle around the moon -- and for the first time this spring the frogs are singing.

The cows lie around on the slope in the evenings and are almost too inert to get up and go into the barn.

Killdeers came the 10th of the month, and swallows and blue birds are here (have been a few days).

John says he is ahead of me on the frogs -- he heard them some time AGI, on a cold day, over in the Ormiston slough, on his way to Glengary.

Crocuses have been out a week or ten days, and today I saw the first butterfly hovering over them.

Mon Mar 30

Sun dogs again this morning, John reported! He thinks these occurred in North Dakota only during cold weather, while we have seen them three times at least twice in warm weather.

Today Mrs. Smith told me the government has bought 5,000 acres at Bayview and will put in a naval station there, as well as an air field. Wonder what that will do to this region?

Sun.
April 19-42

This week has been calf week for us. One born last Sunday, one Friday, one Saturday and another today. Phebe's heifer (Belle), Young Mick, Lily and Phyllis are the proud mothers!

Jeanne came home a week ago Wed, but had to go back Saturday. She wrote that some fresh buns would taste good, so I had some hot cross buns ready.

Oscar Turnbull and Wilson were here to look over timber.

First cabin renters of season were Titterer and Halstrom for today. Mr. Corbin came to fish too. And a delegation from the Yacht Club (formerly of Bayview) to see about a site across the bay. We hear the club has a bad reputation; otherwise we might let them come.

Sun May 10

Sugar was rationed beginning May 5, I think, or we registered for it then.

Things are moving fast. We had the bulldozers, Glen and Paul Westfall here working eight days (82 hrs & 15 min). they made about a mile of timber roads, and cleared about ten acres of land. The Wilsons are taking out about twenty cords of wood (@ 50¢ per cord stumpage) along the roads and will soon begin making and hauling logs. We have received \$325⁰⁰ as payment in advance for the first hundred thousand feet. This, together with what we deposited with Mr. Johns of the ? last year from poles will pay the bulldozer bill, and leave \$77⁰⁰ to apply on our federal loan.

Yesterday the game warden brought out two beavers to put in Cameron Lake, and will bring more later. We want to see if they will dam it, and make its shores less miry for our cattle.

Dr. Kenelly and wife had the large cabin today.

Sun. May 24

One bouquet I like is Lilies of the Valley (plus some of their leaves) with small pink tulip buds, in my little blue stone jar. Am admiring one now.

Last Sunday the Clayton Sims brought Jeanne home for the day. She had just landed her first job at Bayview with the construction company building the new naval training station. Thirty a week! She was very tickled.

Heavy rains continue, so our second garden is not even plowed. And my tomato plants almost ready to bloom!

One of the petunia plants I kept from last summer, and which began to bloom again in March, is now a mass of rosy purple -- or rather a purplish rose -- blooms -- 15 of them!

Have taken up typing but it goes slowly yet.

My avocado plant of last year is sending out new shoots, and a date plant is one and a half inches high.

This P.M. the weather cleared and I went with John to where he was setting gate posts back of the homestead barn. I was terribly thirsty, so he took me over to a spring I had not known about. It does not flow the year round, and I do not yet know its source, as John said it started farther up the draw, passing underground and coming out where he showed me -- and it dries up later on. It is across the fence and up a little way, from behind the homestead house -- back of the tall tamaracks there -- and a little to the south. It seemed to me I had never tasted such pure, cold water, but maybe it was because I was so thirsty.

John took me to the north of the gate, and a little to the west, to a spot he had never been till the day before. There are large granite outcroppings -- a ridge of them. One huge, moss-covered rock was smoothly oval. If the timber is cut below this ledge, one would get a wonderful view of the region below, as well as across the lake. I came back over new timber roads, and gathered fairy slipper.

May 26-42 This morning a varied thrush (or Alaska robin) sat in the big Montmorency tree and sang contentedly in the rain. It was a song I had never identified as belonging to this bird and altogether different from its long, two-tone blended note of spring. Pretty too, but not so full of volume as one might expect.

Wed. June 10 We have scarcely seen the sun for days and today we had a rain that should be the rain to end all rains -- for the season -- like the war that was supposed to end all wars! The water fairly flowed off the roof; thunder raged, and lightning sent spurts from the telephone. We got the late garden planted on May 31st. My glad bulbs were already sending out shoots when I put them out, and some are well up now.

Mrs. Staudacher and Bill are to come to the little cabin tomorrow or the next day.

Wed Aug 5-42 Whew! such a busy summer. I feel better this summer than I have for a long time, yet if I had much more to do, I fear I'd collapse.

The Staudachers staid only three weeks and other cabin occupants have been scarcer than usual, due to tire shortage et al. But I am not at all sorry to have a let-up in cabin cleaning.

Practically no cherry crop - mainly a few golds, and what a scattering of Montmorencies they are, no one seems to want to pick. Think I'll pick some to can without sugar for friends -- if they want them. All the lack of income makes getting on difficult, but so far Jeanne has bolstered us with \$45⁰⁰ -- and we had to borrow a hundred. Maybe we can struggle through but haying wages are up. Mr. Johnson wants 50¢ per hour, and two meals. But he went on a toot when we had a big cutting ready to go in, so George McDowell helped out. That cutting of nine loads got wet twice. Now John is mowing more, beginning on the homestead meadows. Looks like haying would run on till September this year.

Jeanne was home a few weeks ago and may come soon again. She likes her work as typist at Bayview, but it gives her a cooped-up feeling to be indoors so much. She is glad to be able to go swimming in Lake Coeur d'Alene when office hours are over.

Had the luxury of swimming at 11 A.M. today. First watered the garden with sweat from breakfast till 10:30. Now I feel cool enough to last till this P.M. when I may swim again before the evening shift of hoeing. While I have a hay [ILLEGIBLE] there is little time to hoe so between times I try to catch up.

Friday Aug 14 Rain has threatened and thunder rolled -- and magnificent thunderheads piled high over the Allen hill, and Hope mountains. But no rain. This is the time of year when vegetation dries up quickly without rain, so John must carry water to the little young trees. And I must keep the water running efficiently in the garden. Even then I can't get over the garden quickly enough so some rows are always too dry.

George and John got in another cutting of hay, and since George works for \$2.50 per day, against Johnson's \$4.00, the cost isn't digging into us so hard. But this is a summer of many annoyances, what with the timbermen falling trees on fences and tipping over posts grown weak, but which would have held up much longer under less strain. These men have left gates open too. And then, these difficulties not being sufficient, goats from Gresham's get

into one meadow and another. And John must quit work to go up to let them know, or even to get up at dawn and fix a fence himself. John will have a sigh of relief when he has finished the first cutting, which will be in a few days, and the rather small second cutting.

Jeanne writes of going places with "Buttons" and having lots of fun. He is messenger boy in the office where she works, at the Farragut naval base.

Sat. Sept 26-42 For about two weeks we have had one glorious fall day after another. Today the temperature went up to 80° and the lake looked so wonderful I took another fling at swimming. Cold, yes! But so refreshing. I enjoy the quiet solitude on the beach.

Jeanne has come and gone. She was home for eight days, or nearly, and we had a very good visit. So satisfying, after the few skimpy affairs the past six months. She quit her job and expects to return to Junior College again. Will try to get a part-time job.

"Buttons" is ineligible but Davin Carlson is looming on the horizon. A casual (?) acquaintance, so far.

Saw bluebirds today as often in fall. Returning south? We do not see them in summer, not after second fledglings take off.

Something climbed over the picket fence and took a fat, broody hen. Tracks looked like a bobcat's. Jeanne and I almost "met" a bear last Sunday, walking on our new timber roads. It whirled and ran.

Sold seven steers and a bull for about \$760⁰⁰ when deductions were made for hauling, commission, etc. We expected more.

Mon Nov. 9 We sold a cow and a bull some time ago and now are advertising fresh cows, and those that will freshen in spring. We paid up our first mortgage, but must get more money out of something if we take up the other one, as we hope to do. We have not yet collected any of what was held back till the summer's slashing should be busy [ILLEGIBLE]. this was \$250.00. How much of that we get, and when, remains to be seen. No doubt we will have to pay the new income tax too, and will have to rustle money for that. After taxes and that we will be pretty well shorn, but it surely will seem grand if we can get out from under our mortgages. Looking ahead I do not see that we will be able to sell much in the way of cattle next year, unless we sell calves, or cows. The calves last year and this ran heavily to heifers -- only one steer last year besides a bull and but a few this year. Reddy recently calved, and to John's disgust she produced another heifer. It is two-year-old steers that bring tops on the beef market. We keep wondering if we will

have much of any ranch income next year. Probably timber products will be difficult to get out. And tire shortage will likely markedly effect cabin renter income -- it may even prevent us disposing of cherries, should we have a crop.

Jeanne was home for overnight two weeks ago Sat. Expects to come once more before winter closes in.

This seems to be a fall when many plans go awry. Sandpoint is fairly crying for wood which we could help to supply -- but there is no one to cut or haul it to market.

The Mitchells are supposed to saw our years' supply of wood, but they take on one job after another of other work instead -- probably these jobs are easier as well as good pay -- and then snows come and go too. Snow now covers the wood to be sawed while we wait -- and wait. John fears he may have to cut down dead trees along the creek this winter and saw them by hand. He has already brought up a dead maple and alder and is working them up. We can't use our little buzz saw on the big wood pile as it isn't large enough to saw such heavy pieces.

Dec 31-42

Time slips along so fast I seldom can stop it to write in here, though I might instead of reading some evenings. But so many little things make John nervous, like my writing at the kitchen table, particularly when he is reading I am writing this as he finishes breakfast, and am expecting him to sigh his disapproval most anytime. He is so noise-conscious that he has also made me that way to a large extent.

Well, way back on Nov. 20 I was going to record that I saw the sun rise in a slightly different spot than any time before. When half up it was directly on the first bench of the Green Monarch.



(Her sketch)

Snows are still coming and going. Christmas was beautiful, white and bright, and Jeanne came as far as Mrs. Myers the previous night. She walked to the top of the hill Christmas morning and was then brought clear home by some kindly soul, whose name she did not ask. Sunday morning she trudged off again, to hitch-hike her way to Sagle and a train.

A chinook is blowing this morning, so I suppose the present snow will soon go.

1943!!

1942 has been a very eventful year, sadly eventful for the world in general, but strangely it has been the best year for us financially since we were married. We reached the all-time high of \$1,500 or thereabouts, but the sale of timber was largely what brought it up as about a third of our income was from that, and much of the balance from cattle. If we have one more good year we can wipe out our second mortgage. Food prices have more than doubled in some cases, though ceiling prices prevent others from soaring. We received only one and two cents more for cattle than last year; though market prices, that is, over-the-counter ones, have climbed considerably.

What will 1943 bring? The end of the war we hope, and more prosperity for all.

Sat. Jan 16-43

A week ago today was quite a large day. John was to go down to Glengary with the sleigh to bring home the radio we had ordered from Sears, so to accomplish as much as possible he was going to mail to Pete's and Henry's rabbits he had butchered the day before. I wrapped and tied the package carefully, and kept looking out the window for signs of John. Twelve -- and no horses in sight even. Twelve-thirty ditto. Only a miracle could get him there in time to mail rabbits out. First he hunted for a missing single tree (a wooden hitch for connecting horse to pulling harness), then for the horses. While I stewed in fretfulness; and wondered why he didn't locate necessary items at least the day before.

Single tree is still missing. He must find it! We moved the wood he had leaned against the woodshed wall this way and that. He had been keeping it there whenever he unhitched Jiggs after pulling up firewood. I looked in the shop once, twice and around the apple tree. True, there had been a light snowfall since he used it, but if he had not put it away, it should show a slight elevation under snow.

Couldn't he substitute that shorter one in the shop? First he tho't not, then decided he would have to. Switched it for the Wilson horse, and gave Jiggs the larger one. Started. No more bad luck. Bro't radio home.

We ate one rabbit, and froze the other, then Wed he killed another and we got them waded (?) when he went down again.

RADIO

But Sunday we put up the radio. John couldn't get to it till afternoon, then kept insisting he was going to make a hole thru the door (frame?) to bring wires in. I held out for bringing them thru my bedroom window, then thru wall above little table where radio would be placed. He gave in, but insisted the wires must come through the wall high above radio then down to give

play enuf [sic] for inspection of apparatus in radio! But was dissuaded to put them directly behind radio. We read each section of directions for installing over several times. It wasn't going to be hard to install as a Stratobeam receptor came with it and included all necessary wires, insulations, etc. But we knew absolutely nothing about the operation and didn't want to make a mistake.

Finally it was ready to hook up -- but then John had to do evening chores so it wasn't till 9 P.M. we made connections. I held my breath as I turned the switch on -- suppose we had switched (exchanged or crossed) wires. Then likely the tubes would be ruined and we'd have to take it to town to have it put in order again -- and wait and wait to get it back again, and go down twice with sleigh, when if there is one thing John does not like to do it is to hitch up a team to the sleigh. Well, well! But here goes! Now swing the dial. Oh!!! It goes.

By Thursday John had spent hours hunting for the missing single tree. Suppose we should get two feet of snow? He'd have to have it if he butchered that cow (Ornery). It was especially ironed to make it strong enough for a hard pull. He decided he would harrow all ground where it possibly could be, and it surely looked odd to see him harrowing with a spring-tooth harrow in the snow. Back and forth, and round and round.

He quit and came in and I asked "find it?" He said "I wouldn't be here if I hadn't!" It was over against the creek trees, the chain crossing a path over which he had dragged out the firewood. So one less worry.

Now we are having a cold spell. Thermometer went down 32°, from 38° above to 6° in 24 hrs. And tonight it will no doubt drop below zero.

Gene Gresham is cutting dead tamaracks at \$2 per cord stumpage. That is the most stumpage has been worth ever I guess, but with the wood selling in town at \$11, it is worth it. Gene gets \$4 for cutting -- and he can cut fast! And whoever hauls in gets balance.

The Bonded Adjustment Co in Spokane succeeded in getting our bad debt from the Lowe's -- and made them pay interest to boot!

Mon.
Jan 18-43

Sun is back to approximately same position for rising as on Dec 31. Having a cold snap. Down to zero this morning. Peter, our cat, has at last become reconciled to the radio -- at least while nothing raucous issues from it. This morning I found him actually sleeping beside it on the foot of the couch. But when w rooster crowed on it, both cats immediately became alert.

Sat. Feb 6-43

Alas and alack, I am now fifty-two years old! And it seems in all these years I have not accomplished much. Yet hope burgeons anew for the future.

We keep getting more and more snow. Now it is raining. Would that the snow would go down! The other day the boat had to be pulled up because of rising water and John had first to shovel snow away so we could move it. He skied down, but had to discard the skis and walk back as the skis couldn't climb in the wet snow. Afterward I had some difficulty following him through the more than knee deep snow to the lake, as no real trail had been made down to it.

Within the last two weeks I've seen more deer than in several preceding years. First eight, then four, then eight again. Maybe it is the same bunch each time. They trail slowly along the shore across the bay, looking like huge wet rats (on stilts), and seem to eat the seaweed washed on shore. All are hornless now, of course, and they were varying sizes. One day we watched them working up through the snow to the woods. They were finding the going slow, especially the little shaver who brought up the rear. In summer the protective coloring of the deer blends with the beach gravel, and even more so in spring and fall, but now they are plainly silhouetted against the snow.

Casa
Blanca

President Roosevelt's trip to Casa Blanca has been the talk of the nation, and probably even the world, as no other president has so much as left the country during the time he held office, to say nothing of doing so during war. And, my, my, the plane had cracked up, as one recently did over the Guianas! But flying over sea is much safer than any other mode of travel.

John had to work hard at the big barn today, to clean it, and carry out the water that had seeped in. He is having a very active winter anyway. Neither of us feel so good since our vitamin pills gave out. Others we ordered are no doubt at Glengary, but getting them is something not to be contemplated now, with no open road in that direction, and skiing not possible. And the lake being too stormy, or else the weather! It will be two weeks Monday since he went for mail, and then on skis. Twice the main road to the bay has been snowplowed, but that doesn't help the mail situation.

Wed.
Feb 17-43

John reports that the sun came up at the center of Antelope this morning. There were mists, after a clear bright moonlight night, but not enough to obscure it. Lately the sky has been sitting on the treetops every morning till the sun's rays dispersed and lifted the mists! One day the fog caught on the ground all day, the first time I have seen that here though John says he has seen it long ago.

These bright February days seem extra-long, especially now that moonlight takes over immediately at night.

Sat. Feb 20-43 Saw four coyotes this morning -- as many, I believe, as I have seen altogether in the more than twenty years I have been here. There was a low hanging mist, but I saw them clearly filing along the snow covered ridge of the beach, between the fence and the water. They looked large too -- probably larger than they actually were. One, considerably ahead of the others rounded the end of the bay, going past the float house. Something startled them and that one fled on, but the others ran back the way they had come -- towards the Allen beach. Tonight their nearby "yodeling" sounded hideously close and I thought I might see them on the clearing in front of the Allen cabin for the moonlight was brilliant, but none were in sight. I fear for our cats should any of this pack come upon them when they are out hunting mice and gophers.

Mon.
May 10-43 My, my, how time had fled. The winter which had plunked itself in our laps in November didn't budge till the approach of April. Then hot days and lush greenness and daffodils and hyacinths fairly leaping up. Jeanne came home April 16 for two days, with Mr. Kapell. Sunday April 18, while waiting for him to come for her, we lay on the lawn in the hot sun. Thunderheads gathered and after she left it rained. Been raining much of the time since. Is snowing this P.M. White moon crescents lie on the rhubarb leaves. Flowering time has been held back so only a few very brave sweet cherry blooms are out. My tomato plants are so poky I fear I should send for others. Calving started while the snow was still deep and didn't let up till we had twelve. One was probably premature, for its rubbery legs wouldn't support it and John had to hold it up repeatedly at mealtime. Not till it was a week old could it locate its own "feed bag." Another calf, apparently strong, was turned out with its mother, but chilled in the cold rains, and all our fussing with it did not keep it from sliding away from us. We look for two more calves soon, then no more till late summer, but before winter we should have another four or five.

No new bunnies all winter, but surely this month we shall have some?

No garden in yet, but John has been spreading manure on it between showers and maybe in a few days will get it plowed. The cold seemed to hold back the weeds, for usually by this time of year garden plot would be covered with grass and weeds.

The weather did not favor housecleaning, so I had to rush some to get house in shape to entertain club. Fifteen, no fourteen, came -- bearing gifts for the hostess shower -- and for a stork shower for Olive Miller.

June 8-43

One of those rare June days. Blue sky with thunderheads looming in the northeast; hot sun, cool breeze, wrens singing; lilac blooms covered with butterflies, etc. I rode the "Daisy Wilson" horse to Glengary and brought back some precious sugar, and this P.M. raked the hay on the lawn and in the orchard. We see a bunch of wild pigeons (mourning doves) frequently, and hear their calls. Cicadas are drilling places for eggs on the twigs, and a broody hen had to stay outside the fence for "punishment." The garden is putting its best foot forward, but then so are the weeds!

Fri Aug 13

Wed. I had to go in with the mail women to have an inlay replaced and other dental work done. Wore a blue print dimity (blue background) trimmed with a frou-frou of lace which I have had a couple of years, but seldom wear, and a white hat. John told me I still looked like a kid when dolled up like that (but he didn't use the word "dolled"). Flattery of course! But Jeanne said "You better put that down in your diary. I'll bet when I am 50 (I suppose she meant 52 -- my age), my husband won't be handing me complements like that!" So, there it is -- all recorded!

Jeanne came home on June 20. Mrs. Gridley, who had taken her to Coeur d'Alene, bag and baggage two years before, brought her back! There was carton after carton of accumulated clothes, books, etc.

It is a good thing she could come as she has helped a lot besides all the gab-fests we have had. Mr. Johnson wants 62 1/2¢ per hour, which in haying, runs to around \$6.00 per day, and he doesn't want to bother with half days at that! So, Jeanne has cocked hay and helped put in several loads, as well as driving the horse on the hay fork. We have swum too, and lolled on the beach, on time which perhaps should have been spent thinning fruit, more profitably.

Now the nearly full August moon fills the nights with glamour, but the days are brimming over with berry picking and canning, irrigating, and all the other work in which living is involved.

Had only a little over a thousand pounds of cherries, but received 8¢ for Montmorency, 10¢ for gold and 12¢ for Bings on trees, so took in nearly \$95.

Tues
Sep 21 1943

So!! Italy surrendered on the third, but this was kept a secret till the eighth. The Germans, in Italy, though are proving tough customers to handle. Mussolini was taken over by German paratroopers, and IHS guards did not shoot him as they had been instructed to do when he left for Germany. Now German paratroopers have taken over the Vatican and the pope's virtually a prisoner.

Bombers continue to fly over here every day. Probably test flights. Today I was out in the garden when one went over. It flew low over the bay, nearly over me, and dipped its wings in salute to me? Lillian saw the performance from there and asked me if I had been flirting with the flyers!



Jeanne left on the 20th of August for Portland. On the 7th of Sep. she started sweeping floors on a submarine chaser. Says she aches in every department at night. Her dad is disappointed she did not take a job which would make use of the education she has, and it seems to me she should have. But working for the government during war time in any capacity needful is O.K. I guess.

A few nights ago – saw jack frost seemed coming so I picked a lot of flowers. Then it didn't frost, so the living room and cellar resemble a florist's shop and out front in the garden there is a paucity of bloom.

I saw Mr. Southland at Glengary today and he told of a queer accident that happened to his wife. She was a little way from shore, starting to row in when a seemingly impotent whirlpool stirred up like a tiny whirlwind of leaves on land, caught her boat and tipped it bottom side up over her. She couldn't swim, but took a few deep breaths under the boat while her head was above water, and clinging to the boat rail got out from in under.

Resolved: I really should type this, BUT I usually write it when typing would be too noisy for those trying to sleep -- especially, or actually, John alone.

Oct
23-43 (Sat.)

Last Tues. we dined on Everbearing strawberries fresh from the garden, a brief time before that, on sweet corn.

John has stored the garden crop of roots and today prepared the "running" berries for covering.

Yesterday Mr. Cramer came to get us to go to town, and when we reached his home, his wife and Anadel took over. It was after one when we reached town. We had taken some fruit -- prunes and pears, which sold @ \$2 per apple box. Only one box of each, but at that price it seemed worthwhile.

Jeanne writes she likes sweeping floors -- first on a sub chaser, then on an aircraft carrier -- better than office work. She started work at Portland about six weeks ago.

I am laying plans to visit Margaret and her there this winter, and maybe work for a while at something within my capacity. John is eager to buy the Eaton place as it, as well as our own land, borders on the Federal Reserve. Since we rent that for pasture ownership of that place would help to give us priority rights, and exclude anyone else from settling there and running cattle on the Reserve.

Bears are becoming too familiar with our terrain. Little did I think in past days I'd almost be hobnobbing with these beasts! They (or it) have dug up a calf buried in spring, filched a calf head tossed under a pile of planks -- and what not!

One drowsy afternoon John and I had finished closing the big hay door on the barn, when John spied a black bear among our gold cherry trees that grow near the creek. He sneaked to the house and got his gun, after said bear had retreated to the creek trees, and struck back, along the Allen fence to the creek to head it off. He worked carefully down the far side of the creek -- wishing he could quiet the pheasants which kept whirring up on his approach -- but seeing nothing of Bruin, he crossed the bridge and was trying to find its tracks in the orchard. He glanced toward the Allen fence. Wasn't that stump over there blacker than it had been? Yep! Animated too! His Highness, the Bear. John tried to sneak closer but fired when bear started to run. It will never be known if he hit or not. At least the bear's speed increased and he zinged into the next fence, making the wires screech, knocked over a post too. We thought he would not return, but he or some bear did and ate up choice Rene Claude plums, breaking the branches as he did so.

And so to bed -- for me.

Mon.
Nov. 29-43

Am getting ready to go to Portland. Had expected to start two weeks from today, but Helen L (Lassen). heard civilian travel might be rationed after Dec. 12, so I'll try to get off by a week from today. Trains and buses are crowded all the time, but civilians are supposed to do their traveling in mid-week and leave week ends for the armed forces.

1944!!!



┌ John and Kate, 1944 ┐

June 6-44

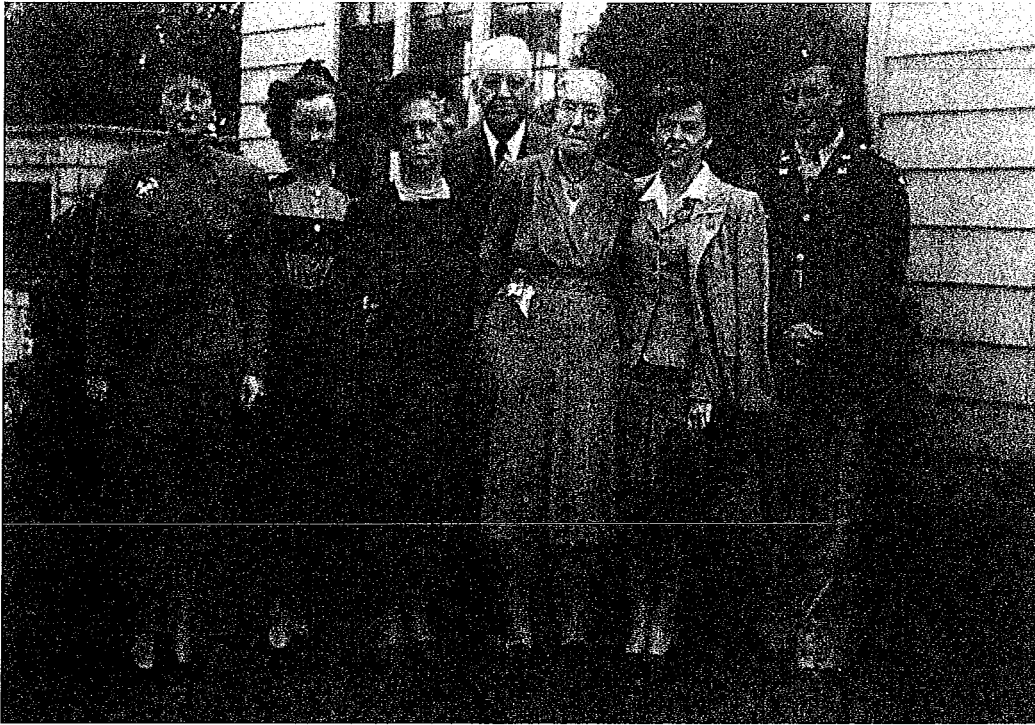
Fall of
Rome!

A big lapse of time! Our 22nd wedding anniversary -- and today the big invasion of Europe started (D-day) -- or rather it began last night, and news reached us this morning. On June 4, Rome fell. All day we have been

listening to radio news of advances made. Philip -- Margaret's son -- is in England and I am wondering if he is in it, and hoping for his safety.

The crisis of war is fast approaching. Tonight, at 7 P.M. Pacific War Time President Roosevelt is reading a prayer he composed over the radio.

I went to Portland, leaving here on Dec. 6 - '43. Visited the Melvins at Walla Walla and came down with the flu as soon as I reached Margaret's.



┌ Margret and Jeanne with Lassens at Mt. Tabor, Portland, 1944 ┐

My winter plans were not fulfilled. Went to a hospital for an operation early in January, and spent all winter recuperating. Was at Margaret's after leaving hospital, then went to be with Jeanne. She was a good daughter to us, helping with hospital expenses and spending money on my living costs. She gave me a lovely leather hand bag for Christmas, and her dad a leather coat he had wanted a long time. She gave me three lovely bath towels for my birthday (Margaret gave me a potted begonia, and made me a birthday dinner), and a coat -- a nice tweed, and when came home she gave me a zipper purse with twenty dollars in it.

*Think I had
pneumonia*

On the way home I stopped in Tacoma and caught a cold, and didn't sleep much on the bus from Seattle to Spokane, so when I finally reached home (April 17) I was sick with the flu (probably pneumonia). Couldn't seem to fight it off, but when I got some sulfa tablets I began improving. Jeanne got

worried and got a three-day leave plus Sunday to come home. I was lying on the bed, with pillows at the foot, and saw her coming up the path. She had caught a ride to Broten with Knud Lassen, then the Ernest Melvin's brought her on down.

She swept up the worst of the long accumulating dust, did a big washing of blankets, etc., cleaned the cupboard and washed all the dishes in it. Sunday morning, she hitch-hiked out and walked nearly to the Myers before she was picked up.

So, I had my "Mother's Day" more than a week ahead of time. Now I am getting stronger and can get quite a bit of work done.

July 26-44

Seems like I never get time to write in here anymore. I did most of the house and cabin cleaning bit by bit and have only one more large stint in that line -- the cellar.

John cut hay and we could find no one to help put it in, so I went out and helped for the first seven tons, then Jim(?) Churchill was available and came. Only about half of the small crop is in. He starts cutting at the homestead tomorrow.

We listen avidly to the news on the radio. The war is reaching a tense stage. A bomb, planned to kill Hitler, only burned and bruised him. The culprit was killed and many more generals, etc. were "purged."

Dewey and Bricker, Republicans, are running for Pres. and vice Pres. Will they win against F.D. Roosevelt up for a fourth term and his running mate Truman? We hope so.

People are coming to our cabins this summer in spite of the gas shortage so will have both cabins to clean tomorrow. I washed this morning and added a quilt and rag rug to the regular wash. Before I had finished John came to summon me to help bring a calf. A fifteen or sixteen months' old heifer we had expected to sell but found her to be too near to calving, was in trouble. We had rather expected to do away with the calf in order to sell the mother later. It lay there gasping its first breaths and John put the decision up to me. "Shall I knock it in the head, or let it live? Now is the time to decide, before its mother gets to it (She was still stanchioned)." It would seem awful to kill the poor thing, yet we were short of hay and its mother should be sold. She showed the Jersey blood in her and we are weeding out that type from our herd. It was a bull -- would be a steer -- and steers are more valuable than any other type of animal for beef so its life was spared. Its mother wouldn't fatten if she nursed it, so we'd need to sell some other one in her place.

Picked raspberries this P.M. and am dead tired.

It's very hot -- up in the nineties some days. We had a real down pour the other day, and how it did freshen the garden! We didn't have to worry about irrigation right away. But mercy, the weeds! They got ahead of me while I was helping with the hay, but I've not been able to catch up. The coxcombs look like young trees already.

We have been selling our cherries @ 12¢ per lb. for the Golds, and 10¢ for Montmorency. Hope we can continue till crop is gone. We do not have a very large crop. 10¢ is an all-time high for the fruit. Once we sold it for 1¢ per lb. No, twice I believe Cattle are down in price. It seems the peak came two years ago when we received 10¢ for rather fat grasser steers. Last year the steers were not so fat and brought less. A while ago we sent in a load of cattle of varying conditions. got 4 1/2¢ per lb. for a young, but very thin calvy cow; 8¢ for a large fat one; 7¢ for a stag; 6 1/2¢ for a good but not fat two-year-old heifer and 9¢ for not-too-well-finished two-year-old steers. Hauling came to \$17.00 and of course there was yardage and commission deducted. We cleared \$383.42 on six cattle. That doesn't seem like much but once in a depression year we cleared only \$48 on a load of four I believe.

Fri. Aug 4-44

The time of mourning doves is now at hand. For the past two weeks we hear them call, often from opposite sides of the bay. They must like the hot summer weather as they often call at midday. We see them off and on from spring on and wish there were more of them. They come to the barn to pick up rolled oats the horses spill, and always look so well groomed.

The cherries are not going very fast and we may have to lower the price. They are becoming very sweet. I picked a milk pail full this morning and canned them for Mrs. Myers.

The Germans are fast retreating to be taken prisoners, or surrendering, though in some places they are putting up a stiff resistance. They are doing terrible damage to London with their rocket bombs and the city is being evacuated of all who aren't necessary. Seven hospitals were hit in one night. it doesn't seem the war can last much longer. The Germans know they have lost, but want to go on and do as much damage as possible before quitting. And the Japs are losing except in China and some even there.

John and Jimmy have put in a few more loads of hay. We paid Jimmy 40¢ per hour; a man would probably have charged 75¢ or 80¢ any way, but would have been more efficient.

Aug 21:
Aug 20-44

Jeanne came home last Wednesday for a vacation, but she is off-again; on-again. She went to Sandpoint Sat. to go to USO with Betty W. who is also

home on vacation, and today she went to Hope. Expects to be back Wed. Then Thurs. the Gridleys will come from Coeur d'Alene and take her back with them that for, Sat. she will leave for Portland.

I went with John while he loaded on and pitched off what is next to the last jag of hay. There will be a small cutting behind the house.

Am sort of topsy-turvy in how to plan ahead to earn money in coming year. Was offered the Newman school but while thinking the matter over another candidate loomed up -- Mrs. W^m Killingworth. I wasn't sorry as I did not altogether wish to return to teaching in rural schools. Will try for a home economics position in Oregon or Washington. I am anxious to finish paying Mrs. Stewart for her ranch --then no more indebtedness I hope.

The balance of our cherries -- one or two hundred pounds don't seem to sell.

Peace has come to the world or rather the surrender of the Japs has taken place in part. Peace terms will be signed later.

Aug 20-45

On the
closing of
World War II

A whole year goes by! And what a stirring year! Saturday night I listened to a broadcast from Iwo Jima when the two white peace planes landed there from Tokyo. The news came "The two white peace planes are approaching. On each side of them is a B-25 bomber, the same type used by Jimmie Doolittle in his first raid over Tokyo." Then the landing of one of the bombers, then the white planes, then the other bomber, and various escort planes. A landing strip had been prepared and fenced on the sides to keep the crowds back. The Japanese emissaries emerged from the white planes to enter one of ours and be conducted thereby to Manilla and McArthur. Today news came of their meeting. The Japs extended their hands, but their hands were not shaken. They have been contemptible in their treatment of our prisoners, and in breaking the international laws of war. Their surrender, although pledged several days ago has not entirely taken place. Some have thought they were stalling, but those supposedly "in the know" say it is just that, never having been defeated previously, they do not know the procedure of surrender, and those in the outposts cannot believe the orders to surrender are authoritative so keep on fighting. But gradually surrender is being accomplished and in a very few days McArthur and American troops will enter Japan and take over the government. They will give orders through Hirohito, the former Emperor, who will pass them on to the natives of Japan.

The surrender of Germany in May, although by then the territory held was very small, was completed more quickly.

Everyone rejoices at the finalities of World War II, but stands in awe of what may yet be accomplished by the smashing of the atom. The atomic bombs dropped on Japan were the results of long years of experimenting, and though their explosive power was terrific, and past imagination almost, it is said only 1/10 of 1% of available energy was used. What does the future hold? One radio broadcaster believes the nations cannot keep their sovereignty as heretofore, but that there must be a world government, so that those in authority can go anywhere, anytime, and investigate what goes on and keep the forces of the atomic power leashed, or in use only for peace purposes. The atomic bomb puts small nations practically on a par with the large ones and makes it necessary to prevent World War III which could destroy the earth's inhabitants.

Last fall I went to Portland and in October I got a position teaching homemaking and general science at the high school in Newberg, 23 miles SW from Portland. Living conditions there were not good as my room was unheated and too damp and I continuously had colds. I spent many happy weekends though with Jeanne, and Margaret, in Portland, and then early in January Jeanne told me she was to be married. I met Maurice, but only once before they were married, and then for only a half hour. I should have liked so much to have gone with them when they were married but was excluded because Jeanne said I always "embarrassed" her. Quite a blow! She had been so companionable, but suddenly needed only Maurice's love.



┌ Maurice and Jeanne with the Greens - January 1945 ┐

Well, eventually I went to see them in the same apartment Jeanne had, and later, spent several weekends and on their little place they bought. They

undertook a lot for their first year-adjustment to each other, buying a new place -- and an addition to the family, as they are expecting a baby in last October. Jeanne is so likely to undertake more than she can do well. Even when she was little and started learning to embroider she wanted to start on elaborate design and I persuaded her to try more simple ones first.

[Remembering] Which starts me reminiscing: When I was little my mother was very busy, and tired most of the time. She loved all of us dearly, but it was difficult to keep us fed and clothed, and to help us with our education. Mother was not demonstrative and I craved affection. I craved the loving pat on the head, a kiss now and then, and if she had ever called me "dear" or "darling" I would have hugged it to me like a precious jewel. There were so many of us, (eleven children, my grandmother was the tenth girl, followed by the only boy) it was understandable she could not make birthday cakes, or give us gifts, but I vowed I would do that for my children. And I would shower caresses upon them.

I thought while carrying Jeanne how I would love to feel her little arms around my neck, and to know here was a little child I could love to my heart's content. Although she had temper tantrums and was hard to discipline at times eventually she became a charming person. Then, while attending high school at Hope, she saw how much more, in a material way, Gusta and Henry did for Lorraine than we could do for her, and she became very bitter toward us. We couldn't give her \$25.00 wrist watches nor lovely bathrobes, and she had to help some with the work there to earn her board and room. No matter how hard up we were, and we were that most of the time, I always saw that she had a Christmas present and a birthday present -- and if she were home, a birthday cake.

After her first year, or maybe her second in high school, she hated to have me touch her. This was temporary I told myself as it would pass. It did to some extent, or she became more tolerant. We couldn't entertain a lot for her on account of John's nervous condition, but even though he suffered from having her friends here we did let her have girl friends here for days at a time, and I also got dinners for her mature friends -- the Simms and Gridleys of Coeur d'Alene.

Now, feeling secure in Maurice's love, she is bitter again because I asked questions and gave advice which she did not welcome. Will it pass? I hope so.

Sugar is still rationed at 5 lbs per person for a four-month period, and 15 lbs per person, at most, for canning. Last year we had Jeanne's canning sugar and some of her allotment as she didn't use it all, but this year she planned to can and use hers. So, I am not canning as much as usual.

My plans for teaching are not completed. I expect to teach again but it is hard to wind things up here before late in September, and by then it may be more office workers may have returned to teaching and "emergency" teachers won't be needed. I feel to inert to bustle into the routine of teaching, yet I want to get some money ahead so we never will have to be so low financially as we have been before. And I want to help put electricity in here and to buy us a car so we won't be so dependent on our neighbors, and to aid in building a breakwater. Our income this year will be the most it ever has been, as we will have to sell the cattle down to a few. Last fall John had twenty acres of meadowland tractor plowed, but couldn't get all off it re-seeded this summer. He wants to get the bulldozed land into meadow but all such work goes slowly. He seems much weaker this summer.

Unless I do teach our income next year would likely be very small. Few or no cattle to sell; very little hay again, etc. Unless we can sell timber. It is reported much building will be done, and much lumber needed, but that remains to be seen.

With canning sugar limited to such small amounts our pie cherries moved very slowly -- a few went @ 8¢ per lb on trees, and most of the rest at 5¢, but likely there will be some left on trees.

In late years John has had to take to killing porcupines as they do so much damage to fruit and even to hay. He has killed probably six or more this summer and more than that last summer.



Ben

[Ben Melvin beside his cabin]

Ben Melvin passed quietly away in the Sandpoint hospital after two light strokes. He went away as softly and quietly as he had lived and left many

pleasant memories and much of his handiwork. We have the little cabin he built for us, with its rustic table and the solid benches and chairs he made; the pictures he painted and the artistic frames, Jeanne's table and chair, wheelbarrow, the plant stands, etc. He built well, whatever he made. He will be buried tomorrow at 9:30 A.M. in the local cemetery after a short service. I will pick what glads are out to make a spray and John will be pall bearer.

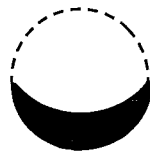
(Sep. 3, '45 -- VJ Day)

Sep 2-45
(Sunday)

-- V-J. Day!
Although the Japs started surrendering Aug. 17-18, this is the official Victory over the Japs Day. Victory, but the whole peace will be a long time coming. I heard the broadcasting of the signing of the surrender and peace terms. MacArthur used five or six pens in signing his name as the Allied Commander -- or maybe that is not the exact title. Nimitz signed for the United States. One of the Japs, it was said, in hunting for his pen pulled out first one watch and then another, as if to hold up proceedings, and when he finally found his pen it was dry and one had to be lent to him. I think six Japs signed in one capacity or another. The signing took place in the Tokyo Bay, on the Missouri, because President Truman is a Missourian.

Sep 3 1945

I wakened late at night, or at least before dawn and saw a spectacular sight. Above the tree tops on the Allen hill I saw the waning moon reclining on its back (it looked like a third full, but scarcely could have been) and just to the right (a couple of feet - 24"!) was the brilliant morning star, as if the old moon had just kicked off a spark of itself:



moon



star

Wed. Sep 6-45 We had about a box-bushel of small Triumph peaches and had left them on the tree to ripen but night before last, some animal, presumably a porcupine, broke several branches and ate a lot of the peaches, so John decided to pick all of them.

Today John went to town with the mailman to see a doctor about why he continues to feel so weak.

I am hurrying to get some sewing done and the work in shape to leave, though I still do not know when or where I shall go.

Sep 10-45

The doctor that John might have had a slight stroke which made his left arm as weak, so I am wondering should I go away this fall? He might get another

that would lay him up. I asked him what he thought today and he said "You can wait till I get one!" Wait to stay home he meant -- so guess I may as well go.

Was terribly sick Friday night with another stomach spell, the fourth attack of its kind I've had within a

A blank page
Somehow skipped this
See over next page year.

Always at night. Begins with an old fashioned stomach ache then cramps come and I vomit till my stomach seems torn from its moorings as cramps increase. Feel weak and sore for days. John heard my groans and came down and finally built a fire at my request and with a hot water bottle at my stomach I became easier and dozed. I love the place so much, my flowers especially and the wonderful aspects of water and sky and trees. Yet it is selfish to stay if I can earn good money at teaching, which will so much better us financially. It is such a radical change though from the quiet life here to the hurry, hurry of school life -- and how I hate to spend long hours on exam papers!

The Corbins and Mrs. Jackman came Sat. P.M. to stay till Wed.

Mon. Sept
24-45

Going off to try to find a job. Will write more when I get back [ILLEGIBLE]

1946

Sunday
Aug 4, '46

Well, here it is nearly another year since I wrote in this. I got home the 29th of May but have been so busy since.

Had quite a time to get a job last fall. It was, of course, a bad time to try for one. I stayed in Sandpoint with Mrs. Stewart about two weeks while trying through the Oregon State Teachers' Placement Bureau. There were some openings, but superintendents prefer to see those who apply, especially someone who has not taught for so long except for last year. While at Mrs. Stewart's she was very ill and suffered untold agonies yet there wasn't much I could do. Nellie Cramer was there part of the time too. Now Mrs. S. is much improved since she tried taking a few drops of hydrochloric acid before each meal in a little water. It was just what she lacked to bring her more comfort.

After two weeks there and still no job in view I went to Spokane and to see the Westmore Teachers' Agency. Spent about two weeks in Spokane most of the time at Corbin's, and while waiting took a job as a typist for a down-at-the-hill real estate office. Finally, was asked to make an application in person for a teaching job at Marcus, on Roosevelt Lake, about 25 miles from the Canadian border.



[Marcus, WA, School]

The superintendent's wife met me -- I'd gone bag and baggage expecting to stay -- and gave me dinner, then found me a place to stay and then to the high school where I was told "This is your history class, and you will also have one class each in home economics, journalism and English II.

Journalism was the most difficult but most interesting. The members of the class had little aptitude for writing so every article had to be severely edited and often several had to be combined to make one fair one, etc. -- but we brought out the Whirlpool every two weeks, excepting vacation of course.

There were annoying situations in discipline and a wide range of mentality in classes, but at last it was over and I was on my way home. I spent two days in Spokane and bought some needed things -- among them a daveno and a cricket chair. The old plush couch John's mother had bought second hand had likely seen fifty years of service and was no longer in a repairable state. There was much washing and cleaning to be done when I got home. I had been home a few days during Christmas vacation and again in the spring.

Just when there was the flurry of excitement about getting a job a son was born to Maurice and Jeanne. James Maurice (Jimmy) on October 22, 1945. On July 3 they all came here for a few days and little Jimmy is a darling.



[Jimmy 8 months old]

Also, Mable and her husband Maurice visited here for a few days en route to (town name is not legible) California. Maurice sold his Chicago abrasive business and they will settle in the south Probably in California.

Jimmy is very strong and bright for his age and Jeanne writes often of the cute things he does. She will be very busy when the next member arrives which looks to be soon after Jimmy's birthday, tho I have no word of date expected. (Later, Jeanne wrote it would be in January.)

The hot days of summer have been with us quite a while. No real rain for four weeks. I still swim nearly every day. My eight-year-old suit is nearly done for so I must look for material to make a similar one.

The cabins were full quite regularly weekends till the hot weather came but even now they have some occupants. Expect a couple and baby from Marcus on Tuesday.

John's health is much better than last year. He reads the Journal of Living regularly and has benefited from some of its articles as well as from a good deal of experimentation in diet.

Sunday.
Nov. 17, 1946

The Petersons (John) from Marcus had our little cabin for a week the fore part of August, then on the 15th the Club held a picnic in our grove. Nearly fifty came.

I have practically decided not to teach this year. It is quite a strain on me to find a position when I am not free to teach when school begins. It has seemed good to have some time to dig up and replant bulbs and rearrange

perennials etc. There is still much to do, but it looks like the rest of it might have to wait till next year.

Sent for a rayon parachute, new but left over from World War II, for making up into various articles. It comes to about 25¢ per yd., which is much lower than any yard goods obtainable, especially of that quality. Some fishermen who had been flyers came up to get warm and dry out a bit and they were interested in the 'chute. Said it was one made for landing equipment.

Missed the pages -- see next ones

Jeanne wrote in her last letter that Jimmy can say "No, no!" and is getting cuter by the minute. His hair was very short but now is growing and forms curls here and there.

The Vess' are interested in spiritualism and gave us some books and papers to read which I find very interesting. As I understood it, the crux of their belief is that when we "die," we merely graduate to a new life and we go on growing and developing there. Unselfishness and helping others to help themselves should be everyone's aim here in order to get off to a good start there. Many who seem prosperous and important here are not so there, and vice versa. We create our spiritual bodies here and they are our true selves, not necessarily what we seem to others to be. Some are able to return to earth and give messages to mediums. There are no doubt quacks among mediums, or so it would seem, but those who are so talented and use their talents for the advancement of mankind are very helpful. I have always believed in a future life that death does not end all, so it is difficult to see John's viewpoint -- that probably death does end all. He is interested in the literature the Vess' let us have and I hope he will become convinced of the higher life to come. There is no "heaven" or "hell" except what each makes for himself, and that is very real. We must learn to love more, and to forget hate and revenge if we would avoid that part of hell. The books I have read are The Road I know by Stewart Edward White; Thirty Years Among the Dead by Dr. Carl Wickland and some more technical works. The Thirty Years etc deals with his and his wife's experience in treating insane people to cure them -- freeing them of the spirits that are not their own but clinging to them. It seems that people who expect death to end all and then feel they have not died don't know where they are and sometimes inhabit the bodies of weak or sick people and so make them "not themselves."

This is going to be a drippy night.

Last night was colder and snow fell, and kept on till tonight it turned to rain. Well, that is better than having the extremely deep snow and cold that has

hit Colorado and Wyoming -- the worst in thirty years. livestock are starving and people are freezing. Stock was caught on range with no feed.

We had only three cattle to sell this fall, all two-year-olds -- two steers and a bull (the one we decided not to kill when born two years ago in July). The yards at Spokane were full, the ceiling on meat having been lifted, so John took these to Sandpoint to an auction. The steers together weighed 2130 and brought 14 1/2¢; the bull weighed 1000 and brought 12 1/10¢. The best price we ever received, yet not what we hoped for. In Spokane, they likely would have brought 2¢ more. The auctioneer charged 5% and the handling charges were \$6 so that made expenses about 8%. We cleared \$401.68 on the deal. Much better than clearing \$48 on a load back in depression years.

1947

Jan. 1, 1947

Jeanne's twenty-third birthday -- I mean she is twenty-three years old today. She expects her second child to arrive on her birthday -- but time will tell!

Everyone hoped that a good plan for continuous peace for the world would be developed in the past year but the United Nations is still at work on plans. Russia keeps holding up the procedure. Her word is not to be relied upon anyway according to Bullit who was there and studied the situation, and according to Victor Krovchenko, who worked in the upper Soviet bureaucracy, close to the Kremlin, and who wrote the book "I Chose Freedom." He came to the U.S. as a purchasing agent and after eight months quit his job and renounced his Soviet citizenship and quit the communists. He writes strongly, and so did Bullit of the two-facedness of the Kremlin both to the masses of their people and to the world at large. Their masses are starving while the Kremlin lives on the fat of the land. All the Kremlin really cares about are themselves and the communist party. They will hedge and dodge; then appear to give in; advance and retreat -- all in the interests of the party. What among themselves is their true attitude seldom leaks out; they just decide what would appear to be good policy to whomever they are dealing with and give out accordingly, but their aims remain the same no matter what they say to the world beyond the Kremlin.

It was said on the radio today that all equipment for making atom bombs, and everything pertaining to them was transferred from military to civilian control today -- or yesterday. The two bombs dropped on Japs were the only ones used except for one or two in tests here. Many good uses can be made of atomic power and it is hoped that much advancement can be made that way.

Time to make out income tax forms. Last year we had to pay altogether a little more or less than \$300 -- forget just how much -- as our income from cattle and fruit and cabins and my teaching? salary came to a little over \$3,200 -- a larger income than we ever dreamed of having -- probably an all-time high for us. This year is a different story. Tax amounts to \$80+, but there has already been \$129.10 paid -- deductions from my salary, so we will -- or should -- have a refund of over \$48. There has been only three years, including this, that we have paid income tax, though we have filled out the form for several years. We have quite a lot of allowable deductions so tax isn't so high as it might be. It is likely we won't have to pay tax next year unless we sell some land. Mr. Eaton from Garfield Bay was here a few days ago looking for float logs. He wanted 20 - 40 ft and 6 - 80 ft. John is to let him know the terms in a few days.

Fri. Jan 3-47 John made inquiry about the logs (cedar) and Douglas Freeman said at the pole yards the 80 ft sold for a dollar a foot. Of course they would be less here as standing trees. John finally decided on the \$25 for the 40 ft, and \$35 for the 80 ft and no extra charges for the tops. The tops to trees from which 40 ft. ones are cut will be of greater value than those of the 80's. That would make the total \$710. We don't know if he will take them at that price but they are more accessible than most timber of that sort.

Jan 8-47 Mr. Eaton was fishing and stopped by to say he tho't our prices high. He offered \$5 less a tree, but John said the best he could do would be to split the difference -- lower prices \$2.50 a tree. Mr. Eaton accepted this.

Jan 23 '47 Gary Lawrence was born to Maurice and Jeanne on Jan. 8, weight of 7 lbs 4 oz. A splendid baby! Jeanne feels stronger than after Jimmy's birth. When Jeanne got home Jimmy seemed shy toward her; grabbed his daddy. But soon made up. He is curious and puzzled about the baby. Being still a baby himself, he would be.

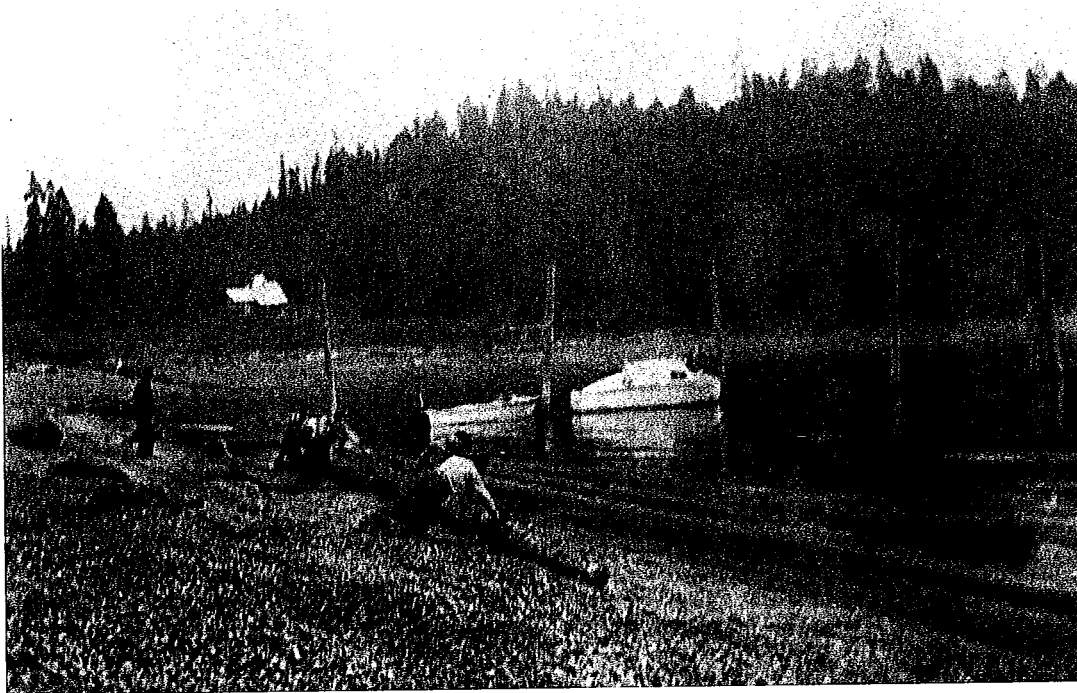
Seems like I don't get much done this winter. Have been ripping the parachute sections apart and have a home coat about completed. John packed three dressed hens home from Sarah Freeman's Tuesday -- he had a 29 lb. pack altogether, with cheese, butter and mail added to the 14 lbs of chickens. I canned seven quarts and have some fat tried? Out -- nearly a pound.

Radio battery is giving out so ordered another -- it weighs 27 lbs packed. Radio says we may get a little more sugar. 15 lbs a piece for table use a year, and 15 lbs for canning isn't enough. John uses a lot of molasses and honey, and I use some honey. We had to pay \$3.75 for 10 lb. packs last fall. Sugar is still about 10¢, but may go up.

Sun.
Feb 16, 1947

When Mr. Eaton came to cut poles he brought the battery as far as he was working and John pulled it home on the sled. It seems good to get more stations again.

A week ago Friday and Saturday Mr. Eaton had a bulldozer skid logs to beach but they are still there. We wonder why he doesn't take them as the lake has been calm for several days.



[Float logs for Garfield Bay]

The other night on the Noah Webster Says radio program an interesting character took part in defining words. He was eighty-three years old and claimed to have been a train robber, bank robber and attorney. Said he served time in Ohio State penitentiary as assistant postmaster when the man who later became known as O. Henry was there also. Said he and another man told "O. Henry" stories which he later made into short stories and sold. The man gave his name as Alfonzo Jennings and said he had written a book called Through the Shadows with O. Henry. He told all this in a humorous manner and kept the audience laughing -- yet one had to believe it true. I must see sometime if I can find the book.

The days are warm and bright now and frost is leaving the ground. Jeanne wants me to come visit her but it is going to be a busy spring here and I don't see how I can go.

Saw mill men have been in to see about leasing a site for a sawmill, but we hear no more from them.

Petunias and calceolaria plants I potted last fall are budded now and I am starting some tuberous rooted begonias.

Jun 13-47

(But I said that before, didn't I?)

Sugar rationing is over! Yesterday A.M. at a minute past midnight it went off. We have had five years and six weeks of it; the amount lessening each year till last year we had only 25 lbs a year for each one, for canning and household use. We had to buy honey (last fall @ \$3.75 per 10 lbs), and syrups to eke out, and then fell awfully pinched. I had cooked no rhubarb for several years, but having gained new freedom in sugar, I pulled some stalks and cooked a batch yesterday. Where we have missed it most has been with fruits. Last year I canned pie cherries and apples without sugar. Now I can use them.

The calceolaria plants proved to be wonderful bloomers. One plant has been blooming since late February. The blooms stay nice for a long time, but are now not looking so well. Think if I can cut them they will bloom more later. The pouches on one were bright yellow with reddish tints below; the other had yellow pouches with maroon speckles. One has not yet bloomed. Hope it isn't yellow. The one I gave Mrs. Melvins was yellow with speckles too.

Whoops! Missed again. See next page.

John and I felt quite well this spring and did a lot of work. But now we feel tired most of the time. Had one bad stomach spell, and nearly had another, but checked it by drinking vinegar. Have about decided that what brings the spells on is that first I get over tired. Then stomach stops secreting hydrochloric acid and rejects food. Rejected food is not sour, which led me to the conclusion I made.

It was nice to be home again in the spring and to see my daffodils and hyacinths. I rested a lot last winter, but believe I won't stay home another winter. It is best to be away through three or four winter months. John is in the house increasingly more each winter and he wants so much quiet I can't accomplish much, and I feel so restricted.

Then just when the snow is deepest or the ground most heaved, or in some way it is difficult to get out -- he becomes so hard to live with. I feel I could scream -- almost. If I couldn't talk to the neighbors by phone, I'm sure I couldn't stand it. Yet if he is all alone, I'm afraid he might have an accident and there would be no one here to help him. We take them for better or worse, but sometimes there seems to be too much worse.

We had a wonderfully sunny May, really not enough rain. But June is making up for that! It rains, and it rains! But that is not so unusual. Right when the first hay should be cut, there is so much rain it can't be cured. Ours is lodged now and may rot underneath. It would make good silage, if it could be cut and hauled.

Jeanne writes that Jimmy talks quite a lot now and Gary is getting fussy because he wants to sit up yet isn't able yet to do it by himself.

Last April Dora Slade and daughter Sandra spent ten days here. She used to go to school to me in Michigan. John felt very much "put upon." And I was awfully tired when she left; I had walked so much taking her exploring the country. Guess I am feeling my age! How old should one feel at 56?

Mon.
Nov. 24, 47

The night of June 21, I had one of the bad vomiting spells I've been having about twice a year for the past three or four years. Only this time was the worst ever. All night my stomach kept going into reverse and I was in awful agony, so about 4:30 A.M. John phoned Sarah Freeman and asked her if she would go for a doctor. She went right away and got Dr. Cornell to come. The others were busy or didn't want to come. He was in a hurry to get back so was here only a few minutes. He gave me a shot in the arm, some pain pills and sedative and left. I had recovered from other spells but got no better. We knew Elizabeth Smith would be going to mass Sun. A.M. so called her and asked her to see the doctor again. He had found a sore lump above gall bladder when here, and he told them I should come in for observation, so they took me to the hospital in Sandpoint. The doctor experimented on me for a week and I got worse instead of better and asked him to arrange entrance for me at a Spokane hospital. He did, and got Ambulance Inc. to come for me. I arrived at Deaconess Hospital on July 7, about seven P.M. Had X-rays and blood tests the next day; more X-rays next morning, and then was rushed to surgery. Dr. Audres the head surgeon operated. He found a tumor on pancreas that had become an abscess. He found that that there had been a hemorrhage in the pancreas at some time and nature tried to wall it off and had built up a tumor the size of a small grapefruit which had disintegrated and become an abscess. A nurse, or someone, told me that the doctor said that if one more day had elapsed before removal, it might have been too late. Anyhow, I spent 7 1/2 uncomfortable weeks in the Deaconess. I had splendid care, but the nights were so hot and I had fever and sweats and the noise kept me awake. And on top of that I was awakened every three hours, if asleep for penicillin shots, and in between for having my temperature taken. I had over 400 penicillin shots and three blood transfusions, and was fed intravenously. It was hard to keep food down. Could retain only about one meal a day till the last two weeks. I lost a lot of unneeded pounds, but alas am gaining some of them back.

I had been working hard before being taken sick and had finished weeding and hoeing both gardens. John got along quite well as he was able to get Monty Vess to help with haying and gardening. There were about ten tons of hay he didn't cut at all, but pastured this fall. He sold a large cherry crop, on the trees as usual. The Fosters and Mrs. Bran (?) and Jennie Farris helped a lot, canning Bing cherries, Duke cherries and peas. And one weekend they brought in two boxes of peaches and canned them for me.

On Aug. 29 I was permitted to leave the hospital. I took a taxi to the Ferrises and they bro't me home that evening. On top of the big hill we ran into the worst storm I've ever been out in. Rain came down in sheets and lightning blinked on every side, and of course thunder roared. They joked to me about being welcomed home with fireworks!

I was awfully weak yet and still draining profusely. Old blood kept coming up in drainage. Am still draining out not so profusely and no more old blood is coming up.

Getting back my strength has been a slow job; like pulling oneself up by the boot straps. I am still awfully stiff and have difficulty climbing stairs. I was so hungry for vegetables other than those I was served at the hospital, so enjoyed the garden products a lot. All the time I was in the hospital I had an aversion to anything sweet, but now I like sweet things again. The hospital bill was \$1,065? And doctors fee \$250, besides Sandpoint expenses and ambulance which bro't total to over \$1400. We have paid only about half of Spokane bill. But at least we don't have to borrow as when I had my other operations. Yet I feel I should earn it back so the "ranch" won't lose it, so may teach again next year.

October and November have been so rainy John hasn't yet finished getting up the yearly wood supply. We have lots of split wood yet in the shed, but not much heater wood.

We are rather expecting Jeanne and Maurice and sons and maybe more, up for Thanksgiving. Have been making some preparations for them.

Our Golden Delicious apples are so good this fall, I eat several every day. Also some of the Red Delicious (almost black).

I forgot to say that everyone was so kind to me while I was ill. Friends and neighbors and relatives wrote letters and sent get-well cards, and came to see me while in the hospital, and when I got home the neighbors came often too. Jeanne and Maurice gave us \$20 to help on expenses and Jeanne came to see me twice in hospital. Margaret came once too. The Sadlers, Jenkins and Mary Melvin and Roma as well as friends in Spokane came. Mrs. Butlers

and Lida Putnam; Mrs. Benedict and Mrs. Corbin. And every week Jennie Farris and mother & Owen, they brought me flowers.

Found this in Family Magazine:

"Only the soul that has been beaten by life's harsh hand, scarred by its battles and scourged by its woe, toughened by its neglect and hardened by its aloofness reaches the nobility and majesty that crown the good life. Only those who breast life's storms and conquer them can come to true understanding and true wisdom and achieve true greatness.

-- ANGELO PATRI"

Yeah? Yes, probably!

Feb. 19-'48

A week ago Monday Daisy and Earl came to visit. I mean they almost got in. The roads had been open till Sunday. Snow fell Sat. nite and some on Sunday, so when they got to Sagle they decided not to risk coming in and went on to Sandpoint. The snow plow came down at 4 A.M. Tues. so they had no difficulty getting in that morning. They had a new Ford car and had travelled over 9,000 miles down to Florida, across the southern states, down into old Mexico, to see Mabel and Maurice at Banning, Calif., up the Coast to Margaret and Chris's then on over to here. We had a grand visit but they would stay no more than three days. Were eager to put the Rockies behind them. While here they took us to Sandpoint.

Yesterday two of our four hens laid the first eggs of the season. Early in December, we had let the hens out to eat grass and heard a commotion among them. I opened the living room door to investigate and a badger started to come in the door as I slammed it. John shot and skinned it but we haven't yet disposed of the hide.

Jeanne writes that Gary is walking and talking a good deal and Jimmy had fun watching a tractor plow some of their land. He is much interested in machinery it seems.

We had quite a long spell of bright clear cold weather in January, and a carry over of it into February. After Earl and Daisy left we had rain and wind and a temperature of 54°. Then cold came again -- 22° this morning. Our coldest day it was 1° above zero.

John saw the first robins today -- two of them.

Thurs.
April 1, '48

Fooled John this morning, for the first time in years! He has been wary of anything I said on April first. But this morning I said "Look at that big woodchuck!" He looked, but of course didn't see it. "Down the Bing cherry tree!" I said and he stared at it.

Our income for 1947 was only about \$1200! So the hospital and doctor bills much exceeded it. Even by paying only a little more than half our deductions were large so we paid no income tax.

The first crocuses opened on Easter -- last Sunday morning. At least ten days later than some years. But in general March has been cold with only a few warm days -- the warmest 65°.

Lost a calf a week ago last night. Lucy had a nice white heifer which appeared all right in the evening, though John neglected to see if it could stand up and suck. The next morning he found it dead. We phoned around and Smiths tho't Monty Vess had a new calf he wanted to sell. John went over and got Paul Smith to bring it home. It is a nice big heifer, half Shorthorn, and a quarter each Guernsey and Holstein we're told. It should make a nice family cow. Lucy doesn't take to it very well yet, and must have her legs tied to let it suck.

When I saw the crocuses were budded, I hurried to rake that part of the lawn, but haven't finished, as the wind has been keen since.

Lily (the III) had a nice heifer yesterday.

In retrospect, I see this winter has been the most pleasant one in years and years. John hasn't been nearly so fussy as usual. Could stand the noise of the typewriter, so I have done a lot of typing. Have gained strength fast since drainage of stab wound stopped the first of December. Have put on too much weight too, but am trying to curb appetite now.

Jeanne writes that Jimmy talks a lot, and Gary has been walking and talking since he was about a year old. If Jeanne and Maurice sell out they may come here -- then I can have fun with my grandsons.

The Russian situation is becoming more and more strained. Their submarines are sneaking around near our west coast; they have forbidden British and U.S. to cross their German zone without their inspection, so what goes in and out to Berlin is to be flown. In the United Nations meetings they refuse to co-operate. They have taken back the little countries such as Lithuania and Estonia; have taken Czechoslovakia by infiltration and force. Are bearing down on Finland and Norway. Italy's threatened by their communistic invasion. They want the South American countries too. We find more and more communists working under cover here. Other civilizations have fallen into decay. Will we be so lackadaisical and drunk with power that we let ours become decadent? Is it too late already that we are planning to draft our youths for military training? I heard on the radio that we have 50 submarines in readiness, while Russia has 250. And other war material accordingly. It is said that we have (private parties anyway) been shipping war material to Russia all the time we have been trying to appeal to her.

Secretary of State George Marshall is attending a meeting in Bogota, trying to induce the S.A. countries to help us with staggering sums needed to aid European countries back on their feet (the ones to under Russian control).

Friday
Apr. 16-48

There has been a revolution in Bogota, thought to be communist instigated. Started with an assassination of man in power, four hundred killed. Americans escaped harm. Meeting broken up but will be resumed.

Had our first really warm day in April.

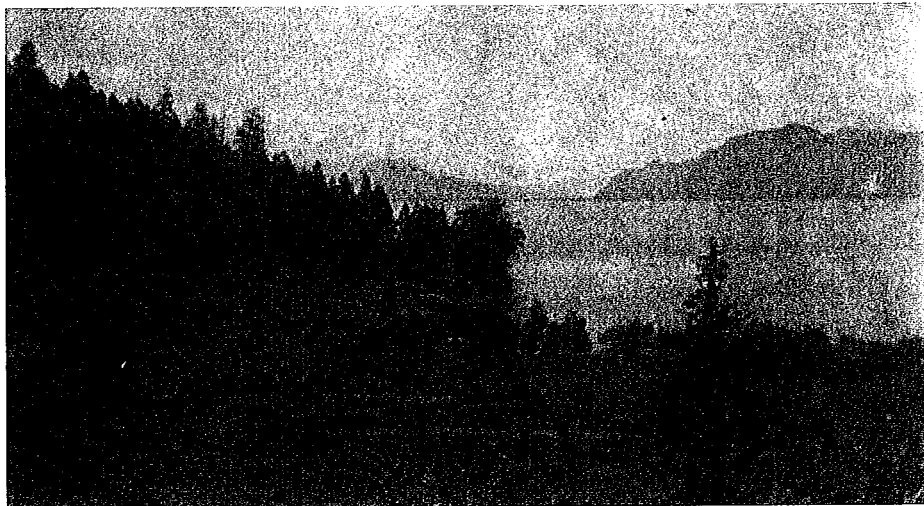
Found this cartoon in the April Ladies' Home Journal. It is so typical of our place.

June 10, '48s.



At last the lake has started down. It has been the highest since 1894, according to reports.

It came up to the road in front of the shop and several inches over the road beyond the bridge. John laid pieces of board and planks to walk on, from hump to hump around cherry trees.



[Flooding, June 1948]

Owen and Jenne Ferris have had tough luck with their cabin. Water got into it up to the windows and a little beyond and yesterday when the lake rolled

See clippings in
back pocket.

for a while it (the cabin) tilted toward the east, in water up to the eaves. there'll be an awful lot of drift left inside of the fence, or what was the fence. All the beach fence will likely have to be rebuilt.



┌ Kate, Jimmy, and Gary, Summer 1948 ┐

1949

Our lower garden is under water it will all most likely have to be replanted. The pipe to the cabins broke, tho it was enclosed in a crib.

The new Jewish state of Israel (capital Tel Aviv) and the Arabs have finally called a truce for a few weeks. They have been fighting for some time -- the Jews much less in number, but determined to keep their new state. The Arabs seem willing to have the Jews live in what has been Arab territory a long time but to have a separate state is not to be willingly permitted.

The Russian situation seems to have cooled down a bit.

June 29, 1949 *(An entire year elapsed between entries)*

About time I wrote in here again!

The most important recent news is that a daughter, Kathy Louise, weight 7 lbs., 1 oz., was born to Jeanne and Maurice about 8 A.M. of June 8, in the St. Helens hospital, St. Helens, Or. She is reported to be very sweet, and plump,

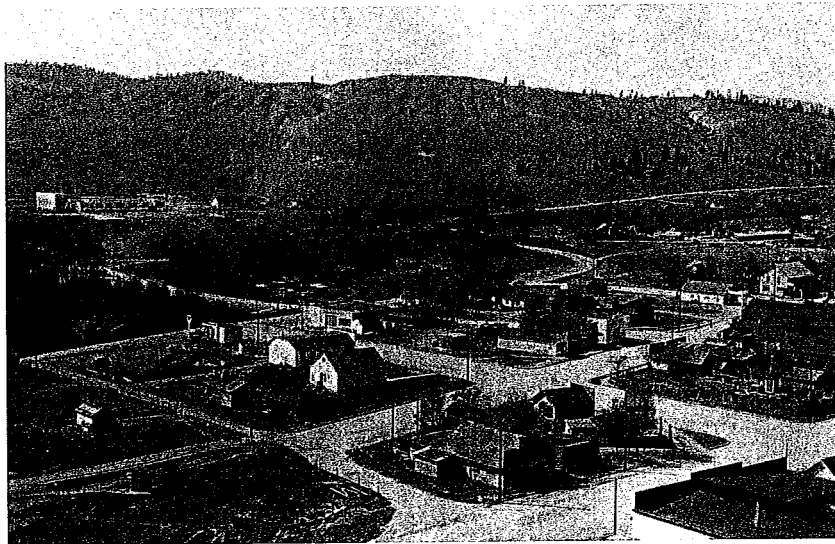
with tiny wrists and dark hair. Jimmy and Gary help mamma by opening doors etc. Gary went to sleep on the bed beside her bassinet after he had asked her, "What does you think of me?"

As usual we had a hectic summer last year. Toward the last of the high water of 1948 a storm came that tossed a lot of drift into our cherry orchard and into the alfalfa below the house and in the meadow at the far end of the bay. John had to rebuild all the beach fence so was late starting haying. He reused the old wire mostly as when the posts came up they floated the wire with them and it was left pretty much atop the other drift.

The lower garden was practically drowned out so I replanted it mostly to potatoes. The ground was so hard packed there I didn't know if they'd grow or not but they did fairly well. The wireworms attacked the potatoes below the house and ruined probably more than half of them. I'd seen a few wireworms before and a little of their boring through potatoes but didn't consider them the real menace they became last summer.

As summer got well under way and my health stayed good, I tho't I'd better try teaching again to reimburse our savings account for what had been drawn out for my operation. I began to look for a position but couldn't seem to place myself so Labor Day I rode back to Spokane with Jennie and Owen and spent the night at the Coeur d'Alene hotel. The next morning I went to see the Westmore Teachers Agency that had previously placed me at

Marcus. A position in home ec and English was open at Nespelem, fifteen miles north of Coulee Dam.



┌ Nespelem, 1949 – typical of the small communities where she taught to earn
money to support farm on Camp Bay ─┐

That night I rode westward into a vivid sunset and in the early darkness wound down into the twinkling little towns of Grand Coulee and a few miles farther on Coulee Dam -- known as The Dam. Got my first glimpse of the waters pouring over the Dam. They didn't appear to fall as far as I had anticipated. People later told me that the height of the nearby bluffs dwarfs the Dam in comparison.

I didn't dread this adventure I was going into as I have some. I rather looked forward to new experiences. It was about 8:30 P.M. when I reached Nespelem and Mr. Dubes, the superintendent, met me. He took me up to school where the school board was in session so I could meet them. Then he took me to his home where I spent the night with his family -- Mrs. Dubes, and the three children and himself. The next afternoon Mrs. Casey, one of the teachers, helped me find a place to live. Mrs. Curry said she could board me so I spent a pleasant year there. All through the winter I had bad colds, yet I never worked harder I guess. Didn't have so many papers to look over as at Newberg, Ore., nor have to help with any enormous banquets but I did have to put on two plays and trudge back up the hill various nights for rehearsals and sit in the cold gym while the students went through their parts. As gifts of appreciation for this the seniors gave me a box of candy and a lovely rayon scarf -- and the juniors a musical powder box that plays the tune of "Oh What a Beautiful Morning."

I taught Eng I, III and IV and junior and senior high home ec. The Eng IV was speech and dramatics. I enjoyed it a good deal and saw much improvement in the students at the year's end.

The last winter was long and severe. It frequently was 20° below zero and more, often on consecutive mornings, at Nespelem and almost as cold here. The wind whipped around the school house on the hill and almost froze me, even bundled to my eyes, with its keen coldness. Here at home John waded deep snows, and skied over to Freeman's for mail once a week. During the long cold spell four calves arrived so he had to make midnight trips to the barn frequently. One calf was born at 1 A.M. (-14°, 14° below zero). He helped the cow clean and dry it, but didn't do a good enough job on its ears so the rims of them froze. In the fall he had canned chicken and corn and pears and tomatoes. He had a deer hanging up when I came home for Thanksgiving.

We sold an eighty of the Eaton place we had acquired to Bernard McGovern last fall for \$1500. He lives in New Jersey, but had previously lived on the Cochenette place. We got nearly \$1200 for five cattle. The price of beef was beginning to drop from its all-time peak but the steers brought around 20¢ per lb. John put \$2500 into postal savings. I didn't save much out of my salary (\$2900 - 209.63 per mo deductions) as I had to pay \$50 a month

(4 weeks) for board 5% to the agency and to join a TA and county, state and national teachers associations dues. Also had to spend quite a bit for clothes. But on the whole I estimate I saved around \$1500 or more in cash. I can reclaim teachers retirement and some income tax. I hope to get located nearer home next year and to be placed at a higher salary. We have had no farm income since we sold the cat. last fall. We have no suitable cattle to sell this year -- none it would not be better to keep. John is getting a little weaker all the time. He also needs an operation for a double hernia.

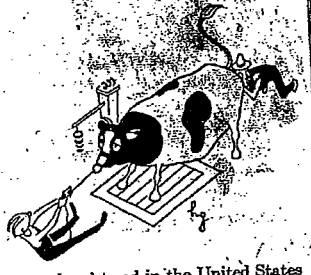
There has been no calls at all for cabins so far but maybe after or by, the Fourth. On the radio one keeps hearing that people aren't spending as much as they did. There are more unemployed. There is talk of a "recession" or "depression" although it is stated there is no reason for one unless it be mass fear of an uncertain future. Russia has lifted the Berlin Blockade temporarily but the air lift to our sector there continues. The Kremlin is not to be trusted. Stalin has had his third heart attack. One wonders "What will happen when he dies?" The Kremlin may not remain united. It would be satisfactory to other countries if they ate each other up as did the gingham dog and calico cat in the nursery rhyme -- if nothing as sinister as it is took its place. Russia grabbed control of most of the Balkan countries and is ever greedy for more power. The way communism has secretly invaded some key positions in our USA makes us hope no crisis will come that permits the communists to take over our country and deprive us of our liberties.

THAT 4628-POUND STEER

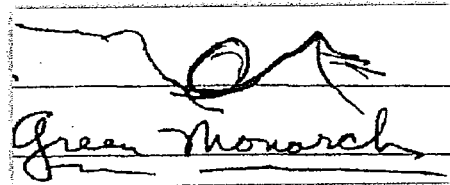
An It's a Fact, by Joe Jetson, in a recent issue stated, "According to available records, the heaviest steer ever slaughtered in the United States was a Holstein steer in 1910. He weighed 4628 pounds."

I believe it possible, but many doubt it. Can you give me evidence as to weight?
—HARRY LAWTON.
Iowa Falls, Iowa.

[Gladly, "Mack" was bred by Wells Brothers, of Wethersfield, Connecticut, and developed by J. D. Avery, of Buckland, Massachusetts. In his prime he weighed 4700 pounds and once when yoked with his teammate, "Teddy," the two set a world's record for draft oxen by pulling a load of 11,284 pounds. When slaughtered in 1910, he dressed out a carcass weighing 2911 pounds. These facts are in the records of the Holstein-Friesian Association of America, Brattleboro, Vermont.—Ed.]



I happened to observe the full moon of June when it rose. Never happened to see it come up in that spot before, tho' John says he often has. It came up at the base of the farthest slope the winter sun rises from, so that it seemed to be placed for an instant like an apple on a saucer -- between that peak and the next.



In re-reading what I wrote about Nespelem I see I strangely forgot to mention Indians. Although the population of the town was probably predominantly white, 58% of the school children were Indian or part Indian. The school is on the Colville Indian Reservation. Both Colville's and Nez Perce Indians live on

the reservation, the Nez Perce having been moved there. They do not like the Colvilles and vice versa. One of the eleven teachers, Mrs. Lentz, is part Indian and Mr. Pease 7/8 Crow, from Montana and is the coach. Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce was buried at Nespelem.

Have been painting the woodwork in the kitchen, bedroom, bathroom and little hall. The floors need painting too but John gets so unnerved about wet paint and having things disturbed, I won't try more now. Am expecting Stella Warren or Mrs. Poelstra to come help me paper the kitchen, the bedroom downstairs and the one at the head of the stairway.

Found this bit of wisdom by Dean Inge in the November Ladies Home Journal --

"He who will live for others shall have great troubles, but they shall seem to him small. He who will live for himself shall have small troubles, but they shall seem to him great.

-- DEAN INGE:

More Lay Thoughts of a Dean
(Putnam & Company, Ltd.)"

Also this --

"The essence of giving is that you should expect nothing in return. If you do it isn't giving, it's barter.

-- ALAN BLAIR: More Bright Brevities.
(F. Muller, Ltd.)"

Mon. Oct 24,
1949

The United Nations celebrates its fourth anniversary today, and it seems not to have accomplished much of permanent value.

Help did not come, as to the papering job, so I plodded on alone. Papered the lower bedroom in yellow, the one at the head of the stairs in flowered paper with a green gray background. Eventually John helped with the kitchen ceiling, and I did the remainder alone.

When I write down things like the above, I wonder if it ever will be interesting reading to anyone else. Usually in diaries people write much of their feelings but I seldom think I should. So much of the time I feel at sea -- wondering what is best to do, and whatever I decide on rarely is altogether satisfactory. Although I got through all right last year at Nespelem I was afraid I wasn't strong enough to do it again. I thought quite a while I'd get in at Lone, WA but an old woman with an M.A. degree beat me there. There didn't seem to be anything else that was worth taking in faraway Montana, I couldn't get home likely till summer. A few out-of-the-way places in Washington had no bus service. As the time approached for school to begin,

I reluctantly left for Sandpoint, expecting to make phone calls in Idaho as a last resort, yet feeling all the time that I didn't wish to teach this year.

There was a telephone strike on so I wrote to a few places, with no results. Came home again. John was rather disappointed. He complained a good deal last winter to all who would hear, about his hard work taking care of our fifteen head of stock, ushering in new calves, etc. And his loneliness. Yet he is eager for me to go out and earn money. He wouldn't pull up stakes and go out and earn money, but I am supposed to. He's been rather decent though this fall, except to drop remarks like this: "I can live cheaper alone" and "If I'm going to have the expense of keeping you," etc. All of which makes me think I should, if since I don't like that atmosphere, get out and try earning some money in some way. I think some of going to Portland to visit Jeanne and Margaret, and looking to see what I can find.

After Jeanne came back from Sandpoint I was busy canning tomatoes, making tomato and grape juice, canning prunes and peeling apples every few days for sauce. John picked the apples and poured them on the lawn, then I sorted them. The other day I dug out the old strawberry plants and some of the new ones. The deer ate grapes as well as other fruits this fall so I tied strips of old cheesecloth over the vines till they could ripen more. Pheasants continued working on them even then.

John has been piling and burning the drift left on the field by the lake during the extreme high water a year ago last spring.

Earwigs were bad for the first time this summer. They have worked in from the coast and to there from Japan. They are the worst insects I ever saw. Little black slugs got on the cherry leaves and ate all but the network of the leaves. Wonder if losing their leaves that way so early will kill the trees. We had almost no cherries this year, and what we had the birds got the most of -- then they went after the raspberries and blackberries, so I couldn't can many of them.

John took four days off last August for a checkup in Spokane, and get glasses, and to visit Coeur d'Alene. While he was away I gave the porch two and a half coats of paint; the stairway and the room at the head of it each one coat. The doctor found nothing wrong with him except his hernias, and said they were not in immediate need of operation. It looked as if I might have to have another operation, but Dr. MacKay said it, too, could be postponed.

John is repairing the roofs of various buildings. He spends about ten hours in bed most nights, sleeping about six of them, and seems able to keep going most of the day. In some ways he seems -- his health seems -- better than it used to.

I made two feather pads from the feather tick of John's mother, that was too narrow and too short, yet held fifty pounds of feathers. Have more than half left Plan to make feather quilts and pillows

About a month ago a man came down and asked where to put the poles to bring electricity in. While John was showing him he found he was an REA man, and we had signed with Mountain States Power Co.

Maurice and Jeanne sold their place and moved nearer Portland. They plan to move to the big cabin next summer or spring.

John killed sixteen porcupines this summer.

Early this fall it was found the Russians had dropped an atom bomb. Or, that is what is generally believed. Dutch newspapers stated that the explosion recorded was the whole atom bomb plant blowing up, that an accident had occurred. Most people in-the-know had tho't Russia couldn't make the bomb till 1952. Now it is said that we will be using atom power in flying planes before long.

Thursday
Feb. 23, 1950

This little poem is a tribute to all children, but to me, especially, to Kathy. She is such a happy baby. I returned Feb 2 from a visit to Jeanne and Maurice and family and to Margaret and Chris in Hillsboro.



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

*What is So Soft as
the Cheek of a Child?*

By Helen Harrington

What is so soft as the cheek of a
child?
Damask, satin, pearl?
Soft as the song of the sea in a shell
Is the cheek of my little girl.

What is so soft as the cheek of a
child?
Sleek as the wing of a dove,
Smooth as the smooth-flowing water
of streams
Is the cheek of the child I love.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

[Kate with Kathy, 1951]

Had left here Dec. 5, and Sandpoint Dec. 6, after the wood was sawed and I was caught up on all urgent work. I planned to visit a week or two, then hunt for work. I learned of a position at Touchet, WA. -- reportedly to be open at the beginning of the semester as a sick teacher was resigning. But she kept hanging on, so the night of Jan 31 I left for home. This has been

a winter of unprecedented low temperatures and deep snows, worse considerably than last winter. I took the night train for Sandpoint on the N.P. We reached Ritzville at dawn and our coach was detached to put a wheel back on. It had been cold all night on the train but then it was -32° outside -- and it felt almost that inside. I wasn't really warm after I left Hillsboro about 5 P.M. till I reached Mrs. Stewart's the afternoon of Feb. 1. Mr. Nolen couldn't very well bring me out that night so I waited till the next. He, in the meantime had tried to find out how passable the Camp Bay spur was, without results. We left Sandpoint at 4:30 P.M. and I reached the house around 6:00. The snow plow had made only a narrow passage on our road -- just wide enough to admit Mr. Nolen's jeep. There were fine small trees across the road too low to pass under so he had to get out and cut them. Big chunks of frozen snow had fallen into the road and frozen fast. He angled around them best he could and whammed some to break them up so we could climb over.

The only path to the house John had made was from the corral across to the horse barn -- to the cattle barn -- to the house, around a quarter mile. Mr. Nolen started back after helping me through the fence. The trail was awfully rough and I couldn't make good time, got off on a wrong branch, kept floundering & falling so retraced my steps. Got onto a cattle trail and going was better till I hit John's personal trail again near the bridge. On the rough parts I kept shouting for John thinking he might be doing chores and would come pilot me in -- but no answer. Fortunately, it was moonlight as it was one of the two coldest nights in the winter -- 15° below zero. Was stiff with cold when I stumbled onto the porch. John had just heard me and came onto the porch in time to give me a hand down from the ridge built up by the snow falling from roof. He was fine. Twin calves had been born during a warm spell to the current Roxie heifers, a red and white and an all white. Early morning of Feb. 4, the current Irene (names are handed down here -- but this Irene was obtained as a calf two years ago from Verhi's had a bull calf. John found it on his 2 A.M. tour of inspection.

Snow is still about two feet deep, and since trail travel is so hard for me I don't get out much. Go to the barn rarely to see the cattle.

Got quite well acquainted with my grandchildren while visiting there. To people of my generation, the little boys appear to have no good training as yet. They absolutely have no respect for their elders -- and Jimmy was often downright horrid. I hope this passes. His case may need careful study. I believe he was too young when Gary was born to understand why his mother had to desert him for a week -- then come back with another child who had to have considerable attention. I love these little boys dearly and hope all will turn out well for them. Gary seems so much better adjusted. Both have keen minds, but Jimmy is too domineering. Gary has a splendid

imagination and plans his play well. He is especially fond of a toy jeep he has and likes to build bridges for it to run over. Jimmy is interested in mechanics too -- more so probably than Gary. Gary likes to play at cooking and turns out mud pies, pancakes, etc. Jeanne got him some little utensils to work with -- and egg beater, pancake turner and slotted spoon. Both boys are handsome. Jimmy has a finely molded head. Gary has a delicate face and eyes, with long straight lashes that give him a demure look. Maurice tries hard to be a good father and is succeeding better in some ways than most. The children love him very much. And of course they are just as fond of Jeanne. She is doing the best she knows with them though it's hard for her to be firm and they know it.

Kathy is an adorable baby and I hope she won't have to submit to too much tormenting as she gets older. Both boys appear to love her a good deal.

John fell down while cleaning barn about two weeks ago and whacked his chest. He tho't he might have cracked a rib or ruptured his diaphragm, but probably he just bruised some muscles. He had some soreness and pain there for a time, then the pain shifted to his neck so he came to the conclusion it wasn't serious -- likely a touch of arthritis.

The lake was frozen over from stem to stern except for a few spots where rivers or creeks enter it. Now it is practically all open again. A real blizzard came on Jan. 13. It filled many roads so full with packed snow only a rotary plow could open them. Along by Wilsons, at the top of the hill between here and Sandpoint the snow was thirteen feet deep. It took several days to get through it and to clear on to Midas and Glengary. No mail came to Broten from Thursday, Jan. 12, till Tuesday, Jan. 17.

John has been going to Freeman's about once a week -- on skis. He had to use skis last winter too, but previous to that they had been stored a good many years.

The news no longer involves the A-bomb (atom) as much as the H-bomb (Hydrogen -- or Hell bomb as it is termed). The H-bomb could destroy whole nations it is feared. We tho't we'd been keeping our A-bomb secrets to ourselves but now an English scientist Klaus Fuchs, who has a brilliant mind and who has helped much with the A-bomb, has revealed he imparted much supposedly secret information to the Russian Communists. And now we wonder -- how much has he told about the H-bomb?

According to the best available information Russia exceeds any other nation now in war equipment. It evidently is preparing for an aggressive war.

Where?? The red China regime is aligning itself with Russia, and Russia claims it will utterly destroy millions of the people in order to break up the strong hold of family life there -- in China. We are lending money to Tito, though he openly dislikes us, because we seem to think he may help to check the Russian advance in the Balkans.

Mar. 17-50

Although the snow still covers most of the ground to a depth of about six inches, there are more and more bare spots showing up. One of them is on the lawn and birds have been visiting it. More shrikes, or butcher birds have been around this spring than I've ever noticed at this season. Some of them were here this morning. Also a jay -- and most welcome of all, the Alaska robins. Last week we saw a robin and a towhee. We see no chickadees, and I miss them. They used to come so often. Juncoes are around though, and have been for a few weeks. Song sparrows appear to remain all winter.

Mar. 27-'50

Winter is so loathe to any goodbye! More snow comes nearly every day, then melts off, but the old snow goes slowly. John says there is still nearly three feet of it in places between here and Freeman's. Most of what is left here is from three to six inches deep. There are large bare spots on the lawn. yesterday where snow had just melted I saw a crocus bud standing high and ready to open. More shorter ones showed strong buds. I must go out and clear away more ashes John dumped on the lawn last winter to "fertilize" it. They are choking the grass and crocuses. I cleaned off some a while back but more shows up as the snow recedes.

Despite the snow, on warm mornings the song sparrows sing liltily and numerous robins alight on the lawn to hunt for food. Alaska robins call from the creek trees.

Last week John dug a pretty little ditch from the big one he blasted last fall, catty corner down to the bridge.

It is almost about a foot wide and around eight inches deep. The bottom is clean gravel and in the ditch the water flows fast and strong. How I would have loved a ditch like that when I was little! I admire it greatly now. Coming back from the barn one has only to step into it and out and the galoshes are clean. It's easier than washing them in the creek. We've always had a way to clean barn rubbers though, in the creek. That way the barn dirt is not bro't to the house. I walk up to the barn rather often to see the cattle and offer them slices of apple. Some of the smaller ones will take them, but most of the cattle feel more shy with me than with John. Two of the yearling heifers seem quite heavy with calf. They are much too young, but range heifers can't be controlled. We have four calves now. A two-year-old heifer had a calf about three weeks ago.

I asked John how much hay he allows per winter, per one head of cattle and he says if one third of the cattle are small (calves and yearlings) he allows two loads like he hauls. There is more than a ton to a load. He counts the horses in on the same basis, though they eat more than even large cows. With the others they average up.

Jeanne writes that Kathy is creeping lickety split now. She sent a snapshot of Kat at 8 1/2 mo. Standing by a chair. She has been standing up a long time. Doesn't want to lie down long enough to go to sleep.

We got an income tax refund from that withheld from my salary for 159.20 and expect to get \$53 on the ditch John blasted. Had only \$56 income from ranch -- \$40⁰⁰ from cabin and \$16 from cherries -- so it was a good thing I taught as we are living on what I earned. Should have quite a bit of income from cattle this year as we likely will have to sell them down to about 12 head. Wintered 22 herd and will have 10 or more calves.

Apr 5, 1950

Flying saucers, flying saucers! These are in nearly every newscast. WE have been hearing about this new type of aircraft for about three years. First they were seen over the Scandinavian countries. Now for a long time reports have been repeatedly coming in from various parts of this country of people having seen them -- people in assorted walks of life. Airplanes have followed them. They have been ridiculed as figments of imagination. It has been suggested they come from space; from Mars -- tho' scientists now know there is no human life on Mars. Stories have been cooked up that they are secret weapons devised by our armed forces, but all branches -- the Army, Navy and Air Force, deny this. Russia is accused of launching them -- and this really seems to be the most plausible theory. Investigators believe them to be a guided missile using a new type of motive power, based on "soft fission" -- a type of atomic power used in a non-explosive way. This type of power would permit them to travel long distances without heavy fuel. It is thought they can travel for twenty hours at 400 miles an hour. They can't take off as other planes do but must be catapulted in some way. They travel by a whirling motion and are repelled, it is thought. By objects other than those like themselves -- hence the way they seem to dash away when observed sometimes. It is believed they are supposed to burn up when they are done travelling. Whatever they are, and wherever they come from. They are still pretty much of a mystery. Not all are disks, but generally those seen appear to be.

May 5, 1950

Today is the first day I haven't been able to glimpse snow on the old skidway across the bay, and through the trees behind the far corner of the meadow by the lake. That breaks all records I'm sure. We had the first picking of asparagus yesterday though and that is earlier than some years. Spring work drags. John tires so easily he doesn't accomplish much, and I can't do

any large amounts of hard work. Have been housecleaning and dragging grass from around the perennials. Cleaned out the asparagus row yesterday and must soon do the strawberries. Would like to make a new bed, but probably won't.

Quote from Jeanne's letter of April 13 -- "Kathy seems so much older now, and so sweet. She points her finger and says 'suh' for 'see', and calls her daddy "daddy-daddy'. At first she called him 'hud da', then 'da-ja'".

Last Saturday Jenny and Owen Came for the first time this spring to their cabin, and walked over to call. They are over there again tonight. A week ago last Sunday the Langs, who bought a lot nearer Hale's cabin, came out to work on it and staid in our big cabin. They plan to put up a pre-cut house or cabin on a concrete foundation.

Mon. May 8

The Langs came again Saturday and took our little cabin for a month. This was a busy entertaining day for us. Soon after breakfast the Warrens came. Herb and Ed went fishing while Stella, Betty, Douglas and Frances visited with me. Then soon after dinner the Melvins came with our mail and in it were returns from the cattle Paul took in for us. Some went higher than expected; others lower. The two-year-old heifer and stag bro't only a cent more per pound than the cow, Lilly, that had a calf on her (ie, was nursing) since last July and would calve again in July.

1 St	wt.	670 -- 23 ⁰⁰	\$ 154.10
1 St	"	520 -- 24 ⁰⁰	124.80
1 St & 1 H	"	1625 -- 19 ⁰⁰	308.75
1 C	"	1215 -- 18 ⁰⁰	218.70
1H	"	465 -- 22 ⁰⁰	102.30
			<hr/> 908.65
Yardage, commission, etc.			11.29
			<hr/> \$ 897.36
Paul Smith's hauling charge			- 25.00
Cleared			<hr/> \$ 872.36

\$218.70 is the highest price we ever received for a cow.

Mon
June 26-50

For the first time in a long while the lake did not rise any. It probably has crested. It was getting so high we feared another '48 disaster but it lacks three or four feet of being that high. Jeanne writes it was in her woodshed, where they live along Willamette slough. During the baker's strike she is learning to bake bread. Tomorrow we go in with Mr. Lang to sign up for REA easement. It is planned to clear right of way soon, but line may not be

completed before winter. I do hope I find a teaching position as I wish to buy a washing machine, iron, etc., as well as some good light fixtures.

About all we hear about on the radio is the Korean War. At end of World War II Russia took charge of North Korea. It has been equipping the communists there and training them in things military. Recently they invaded South Korea and we went from Tokyo to help repulse them. So far the invaders "The Korean Invaders" have the best of it. Some think it will lead to World War III but generally it is thought not. I believe it is another card Russia is playing in her hoping-to-rule-the-world game. She has taken over Balkan States and now wishes to advance communism further into Korea.

My article, mentioned here was published in the March 1951 Successful Farming under title "Why Don't We Have Better Teachers". It was considerably changed from the original script

KVS

SUCCESSFUL FARMING
THE MAGAZINE OF FARM BUSINESS AND FARM HOMES

MEREDITH PUBLISHING COMPANY DES MOINES 3, IOWA

June 22, 1950

Mrs. Kate van Schravendyk
Brotten,
Idaho

Dear Mrs. Schravendyk:

I am sorry it has taken us so long to give you a reply on the manuscript you submitted for our consideration entitled, "You Can Help Make The Teaching Profession More Attractive". The facts are, we think it is an excellent story, and would like to purchase it. Would our payment of \$125.00 be satisfactory with you? We will wait for your answer before putting the manuscript through for payment. Best wishes.

Cordially,
Betty Camp
Assistant Editor

Betty Camp
mmmm

My article, mentioned here was published in the March 1951 Successful Farming under title "Why Don't We Have Better Teachers". It was considerably changed from the original script.
KVS

THE MAGAZINE OF FARM BUSINESS AND FARM HOMES

July 3-'50

Yesterday was a red-letter day for me, when I received above letter. The article was 2500 words long so the rate must have been 5¢ a word. Articles always bring lower rates than fiction for some reason. Back in '32 I sold a series of sewing lessons to the tri-state farm papers -- Idaho, Washington and Oregon Farmers for \$22.50 -- or was it \$25.00? Off and on since then I've been practicing writing, hoping to sell but never did. I wrote right back to Successful Farming. I was happy they liked the article and that \$125.00 was all right. Have another article of 4,000 words -- Exposure to Education -- I hope to sell but haven't succeeded as yet. Also a story -- Bit Park. I had sent the article mentioned in S.F.'s letter to Country Gentleman and Farm Journal previously and received rejection slips. Hope I receive fewer rejection slips from now on.

Dec. 23-50

This is a historic day for our house! Light came to us in these dark days. Early in the fall the REA bro't the electric line to the Allen fence, but only today was part of the house wiring done -- the bedroom and kitchen. I try out my new washer tomorrow.

I came home last night from Priest River, where I teach two classes in freshmen English, two in home ec I and one in home ec II. Also have a study hall -- which completes a full day. Disciplining there is so hard it frazzles my nerves, so am glad to have a respite for a while.

It was so hard to get ready to go there to teach. I had so much to do and the weather was so sticky hot. When I reached the hotel apartment I had reserved, it was oven hot. I came home every other week through September and October and helped with canning besides cleaning and washing each time. Then was home Thanksgiving. May get home now and then if winter is mild.

Dec 25-50

A lovely warm Christmas -- warm and sunny! The radio says it is the warmest Christmas in sixty years. It is the best Christmas I've ever had, I guess. Electricity and a cedar chest! I bought a chest. Jerry Trent, a senior at Priest River High, made it. Got it for half what it would otherwise be. Have wanted one a long time but didn't think I could afford it. I also recently bought a washer from Sears. About time I had some help with my washing! Did out a big washing yesterday.

Dec 26

Earl Deroshia of Sagle, who has been doing the wiring came today and finished the wiring. Said ours is an extremely hard house to wire. And the bill showed it was! \$162.78. Of that \$64 was for labor. On account of the Korean War all metal material is high -- and almost unobtainable. He could get no white wire, so had to use black, which doesn't look well where it runs over walls. Most of the lights are on full cords to avoid retracing for

switches. He estimates it will take at least \$60 for wire to cabins and \$40 to wire them. And perhaps wire won't be obtainable.

Every year I live I am more convinced that the waste of life lies in the love we have not given, the powers we have not used, the selfish prudence that will risk nothing, and which, shirking pain, misses happiness as well. No one ever yet was the poorer in the long run for having once in a lifetime "let out all the length of the reins."
—ELIZABETH CHOLMONDELEY.

New Years [?Eve 1951

The Korean War still goes on, and Red China has joined against us. More and more of our young men are being recruited. Russia does not admit she is in it but everyone here knows she is.

One of the most humorous news stories is about the Stone of Scone which was stolen from beneath the seat of the throne in Westminster Abbey. In 1296, Edward I, having conquered Scone, took the stone, upon which the Celtic kings had sat to be crowned, to England and since then all English kings have sat on (or above?) it when crowned. It weighs about 250 lbs. so it was no minor feat to steal and hide it. All England is on the lookout for it. Was it dropped in a river for temporary hiding? So many jokes about it entered the news that they were finally banned.

Later note: Eventually this was found in a Scottish church where those who took it left it after having concealed it in a factory basement. Authorities removed it and returned it to Westminster Abbey.

See story in April 1953 Reader's Digest.
(It was also written up in Life earlier)

New Year's
Eve 1950



Jeanne sent pictures of Gary, Jimmy and Kathy, taken with a Montgomery Ward Santa. Gary and Jimmy looked pleased but Kathy appeared dubious.

Tomorrow night I'll be in Priest River at this time. Really wish I didn't have to go back -- discipline has been so difficult. My living expenses are so high I can't save as much as I'd hoped toward future conveniences.

[Kathy with Santa]

May 29 1951

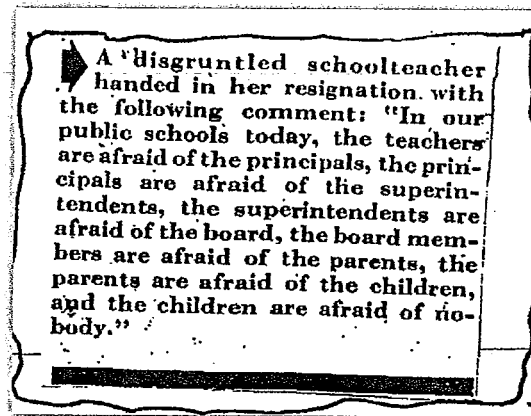
Came home on the 25th and was having a time trying to start out and put away everything accumulated for housekeeping in my apartment. The discipline was not quite so difficult as at the beginning, or rather at pre-Christmas time, though Eng. I noisy boys continued their disruption of classes. I took down their grades till finally they were failing, then gave them a chance to pass if they took a special test I concocted diagramming sentences, telling what parts of speech each word was and writing 200 words on Misbehavior in Class Does Not Pay. Had the last laugh there! However they did pretty well and I let them pass.

In March Jeanne sent photographer pictures of the three older children. Dwight Randy was born on Jan. 29, and is a very dear baby from all reports. In the one snapshot I have of him, his head appears to be shaped like Gary's.

I was permitted to give four awards in home ec and gave them to Betty Miller (who had made nine garments during the eight weeks), Patty Rose (who had made the most progress -- she didn't know how to sew at all at first but developed good sewing habits and made five garments, skirt, boleros, beach coat and sundress), Arlene Greisinier and Helen Cawthon, both of whom showed special industriousness and completed several garments.

The last two weeks of school I was at Mrs. Wellings to reduce otherwise too high expenses. While there it wasn't easy to take my cold preventive

tablets so I let them go. Result: a severe cold worse probably because I'm so tired out. Mrs. Welling has a well-practiced art of cake making and cake decorating. Sells her products for from \$1.50 to \$10.00, depending upon ingredients and complexity of decorating them. She gave me her recipe for seven-minute icing. Its first step is different from most and toward the last two or three cut up marshmallows are added. they keep it soft though it stays firm too. I am wondering if marshmallow crème wouldn't do the same. Must try it some time. About 2 tablespoons?



Sep. 23-51

The negotiations about a truce in the Korean War bogged down but likely will resume soon. Our part in the war continues to be called a "Containment" war -- one not of aggression, but a maintained one. The Reds are so difficult to deal with -- always trying to save face -- and not reliable. And fighting goes on and on.

We are frequently told now of mysterious and powerful weapons that have been developed, yet they are not in the class with the atomic bomb. It is predicted that within twenty-five years we will have accomplished our feat of reaching the moon, first having established a man-made satellite from

300 to 500 miles from the earth -- where the pull of Earth gravity equals the pull away from it, to use as a base. Experiments with rockets are rapidly progressing, the rockets penetrating farther and farther into the atmosphere.

We have seen a good deal of the Dalquists, the young couple who bought the Lang cabin about New Years. They often went back to Spokane through Priest River so I could ride that way with them during last winter and spring.

The summer has been such a busy one, though the cherry business amounts to nothing, the cherries -- what few there were -- being all wormy. We plan to have the trees bulldozed out and to plant alfalfa where they were.

Our hay crop was so small we have to sell about half of what cattle we have. John wouldn't be able to take care of them this winter anyway. We now have twenty-five -- lost two, a two-year-old steer and a yearling -- from hemorrhagic septicemia. Had to revaccinate all the others. Expect to sell five calves this week. I had hoped we could keep the calves as six out of the eight are steers. We'll have to sell the mothers of three of the calves. That seems too bad as they are still young. Then we must let Linny go -- our family cow for eight years. It's a sad time, this cattle selling time.



[Chunky and Reddy, the family cows]

We are expecting Jeanne and her four children soon. They plan to come by train, as Maurice likely won't come this year.

Have been reading about the twilight arc -- in the western sky in the evening and the eastern in the morning -- the shadow (or reflection) of the earth on the atmosphere. It is queer. I've never observed it. Must try to see it.

We got a new Zenith electric radio -- a trade-in of \$10 allowed on our battery one.

It is strange I have so far neglected to record one of the momentous events of this ranch life -- the purchase of the Allen place adjoining ours on the east. It took the greater part of our savings so I hope it proves worthwhile.

We had been bothered throughout so many years by would-be buyers of it wanting a right-of-way through our place -- preferably, of course, right between us and the lake.

I hope John will go and have a check-up this fall as he feels what he calls "queer" so often. His health hasn't been good for a long time. All winter and spring -- and summer -- he has had spells of depression. I've had a few setbacks this summer -- a badly bruised leg, from a fall -- a stretch of arthritis in my right shoulder and arm -- and an infected ingrown toenail that still is not entirely well, though improved. It acquired granulation tissue -- what used to be called proud flesh, so I had to have a doctor dress it.

Have enjoyed my glads even more than usual this year, having acquired many outstanding kinds. Have given away armloads of them, and kept the living room looking like a florist shop.

The Snows, who had been coming to our cabins a good deal, bargained for the big cabin for next year. They have helped us in a number of ways.

In Defense of Tears

Deny not women their prerogative
To tears, who would be unequipped
without
Them in reserve. Though they may go
about
Their work and play for long and
never give
A thought to weeping, suddenly they
know
An honest cry is very necessary,
Whether they try to smile through
tears, or bury
Their faces hard in shoulders, or they go
Alone to secret places. And whatever
The causes are, and they are myriad,
Or however the salt drops may be shed,
They are women's own peculiarly,
and never
should men belittle them by once
implying
That, big girls now, they should have
done with crying.

—ELAINE V. EMANS.

Oct 10, '51

After much rain we are having pleasant sunny day. John bought roofing -- aluminum corrugated -- when he took in a load of cattle, and is applying it to the front roof and he put some on the back roof where it was needed. We hope now, after 27 years of a more or less leaky room to make that condition a thing of the past. It was worst of all during the last rains.

Have been having a run of company, some coming for fruit, and some just to visit. Recently, Mrs. Heitman and little girls Judy and Marjorie Ann came. Also Mrs. Cramer and Anabel, and her Johnny, Monty and Mr. Snow, and Mr.

Dalquist. Then Sunday, the Cawthons, teachers at Priest River, their children, and son-in-law came for a picnic dinner. Mrs. C. had written me but I hadn't received her message, so was not prepared when they came. Hurried to get more corn, made a big cabbage salad, and heated up some chicken and noodles. Served some almost new bread, and pear pickles and apple butter. She bro't rabbit with dressing, bread & butter and a big apple pie. So finally we did not lack for eats! They had also picnicked here Aug. 12. So many people come and go all summer, I do not get but a few of their visits recorded here.

Have been looking and looking for Jeanne and her children to come by train to Sandpoint, but so far no definite word.

Have been digging up and replanting long neglected bulb and rhizome (iris) beds. Not all done yet. Ordered a few new bulbs, odd kinds of tulips mostly. Dug the "potato" onions today. May dig some potatoes if John doesn't get to that work soon.

Cattle prices are still on the up and up. Each year we fear they will start falling, but so long as we have inflation zooming up, they likely won't. Everything we buy is high too. This is the record for the first load of cattle sold.

	4 calves	weight	1680 --	price 37 ⁰⁰	\$ 621.60
	1 calf	"	500 --	" 35.50 --	177.50
(Highest price to date)	1 cow (11 yrs old)	"	1300 --	" 26.50 --	344.50
	1 yearling steer	"	670 --	" 29.75 --	<u>199.33</u>
					1342.93

We cleared about \$1,303 after all deductions for commission, yardage, hauling and other charges. We have one more load -- about five head to sell.

All the time now in the news are evidences of greed in high offices -- bribes in money and gifts. And whenever there is a government project on we hear of tremendous waste. Like at Farragut when that was in the building, and being abandoned later on. (It is practically all torn down now). But those who worked there reported the plowing under, or rather the bulldozing under, of good machinery. That was put into hollows and dirt pushed over it. Nails were strewn everywhere, while civilians had trouble buying them at hardware stores for necessary work. Stacks of sheets -- new ones even -- were burned, also when housewives could scarcely find them to buy

anywhere, and they were much needed by many households. Food of great value yet was dumped into garbage. And so on and on.

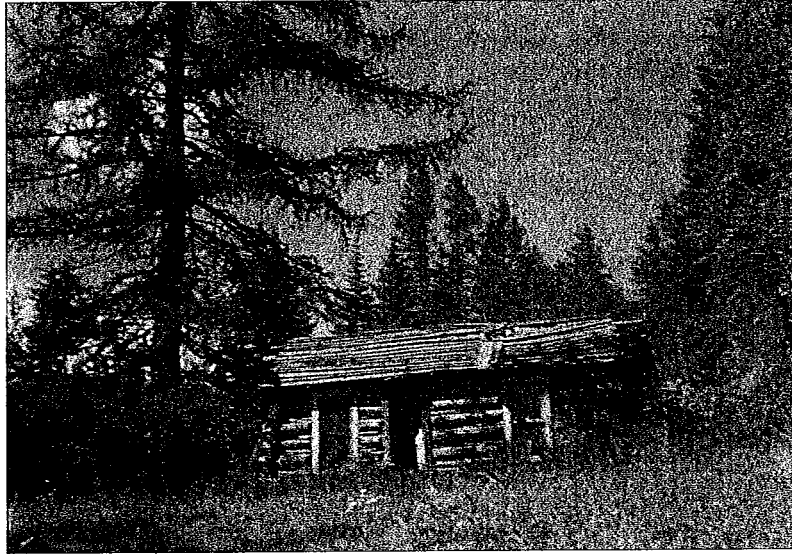
Despite the activity of the FBI -- the Federal Bureau of Investigations -- the underworld remains strong and has a stranglehold on practically all business in large cities, as well as in some smaller places. Yesterday on the radio a reporter told of a good citizen of North Lake, a suburb of Chicago, being terribly beaten by three gangsters because he reported to authorities the spots where gambling was going on. He was made to lie face down and beaten by baseball bats from his feet to his head. Both legs and both arms were broken and his skull injured. He may be a cripple the rest of his life. And he fears for the safety of his family. Says he won't dare again report anything illegal or out of order and one can't blame him. His reward for being a good citizen was nothing but disaster. Affairs are in a terrible state when such things can happen.

The dope racket has jumped to enormous importance. Marijuana and heroin as other forms, have obtained an awful hold in the even [sic] youth of today. Many are so addicted they can't recover. And the worst of it is that most of them know the risk they are running when they begin to take dope. They just imagine they will be strong enough not to fall, but soon are shoplifting, robbing, etc., to get the wherewithal to buy the stuff. South American and Central America -- largely the latter -- smuggle much of it across the border. A few years smoking scandal. One would have tho't his pictures would have been banned and that he would have been out of a job as an actor. But no, he is back in and going strong.

A few weeks ago Gusta bro't us a paper containing the death notice of Miss Putnam. She was eight-six -- older than we thought. When she owned the place across the Bay now owned by Hale Foster and Melvin Shaw, she figured largely in our lives -- mostly as an annoyance, though at times she was interesting, and rarely, helpful.

Oct 30, 1951

On the 15th Margaret and Chris, who had been on a trip up into Canada, came back this way and stopped to see us. It was a good drying day (drying days are scarce now) so I went on with the washing I had started. In the afternoon we took them over the Allen fence which they wished to see.



[Allen Homestead Cabin, 1959]

The next morning they took me to town and went to see Eunice Perks while I shopped for groceries. I was getting low on eats and expected Jeanne and children on the 18th.

Mrs. Cramer met Jeanne and had dinner with us. Later -- on Monday -- she came and took her back to the train. Both Jimmy and Gary seemed much more husky than the year before. Kathy is so sweet, and full of fun. And Randy is a darling roly-poly but muscular rather than fat. He and I hit it off fine as he wasn't afraid of me and I rocked him often. The weather was so rainy while they were here we didn't get out as much as we had hoped to. Hope they can come next summer when they can enjoy the lake. Jimmy's birthday came while they were here, so I made him a cake. Had no candles, so just wrote a big "6" in the center, with a toothpick and food coloring. He chose blue for the color of the "6".



[Gary, Kathy, and Jimmy, 1951]

The next Wednesday (Oct. 25) John and Mr. Hull took five more cattle to Spokane, and bro't back roofing for the float house, wheat for the chickens, and sugar and flour. Cattle were down somewhat from the previous load.

A 8 mo. steer	wt.	400 -- @ 31¢	142.60
A young cow	"	865 -- @ 25 ²⁵	218.41
A yearling heifer	"	595 -- @ 29 ⁰⁰	172.55
1 cow (Reddy II)	"	1000 -- @ 23 ²⁵	232.50
1 " (Chunky)	"	995 -- @ 25 ²⁵	256.21
	Total		<u>1022.27</u>

Deductions -- \$4⁰⁰ yardage, [ILLEGIBLE] meat board .05, brand inspection, .50, fire insurance .03, weighing fees \$1.25, extra draft charges .50, commission \$5.50 -- total \$11.83 -- took it down to \$1010.44. Then Mr. Hull's charge for hauling was \$25⁰⁰ so we have left as net profits \$985.44. Adding our net profits for other load -- 1302.98, total for cattle this year = \$2,288.42.



[Cattle in Old Homestead Meadow]

We kept only 13 cattle, but may get 10 calves during the next year from them. The 995 lb cow mentioned above was the little heifer mentioned back on page 67. She gave us a nice calf each year -- not large but blocky and well formed and the only reason we sold her now was because we had to reduce the herd down to what our hay crop would feed, and she was one of the most saleable. We sold her calf in the first load and she put on a little more weight, tho' she wasn't a cow that got poor summers with a calf on (nursing) her, as a good many do. Chunky, John named her and that's what she was -- a little roan Muley, but vigorous and healthy. We, at one

True or
untrue?

time, had one of her offspring for a herd bull, so there is a good deal of her blood in the herd. The only way she showed her dairy cow blood (she was a descendant of Fawn, a pure blood Jersey) was in her size. We have one of her heifers, now also a cow with two calves to her credit, Chunkette, and she also is a small muley -- a very red roan. Her calf this year is a very chubby white heifer. Most of our cattle are white. We like them as they are easy to see in the brush or anywhere. Last year we bought a pure bred Hereford bull calf and he now is our herd sire. We have a half Herford yearling heifer, sired by the Walston pure bred which had been out on range. Herefords are coming into favor here. They appear to have somewhat smaller frames and fill out more quickly than Shorthorns. This little bull we have has kept fat all summer on range.

One of our young cows is expected to calve in mid-December, two more in January. We always hope the calves will come during mild weather, but sometimes they choose below-zero temperatures. However, since John usually goes up to see near-calving cows at midnight, he usually helps the cow dry her calf by rubbing it with dry gunny sack. One time he didn't get the ear rims dry and they froze, so that calf had smaller-than-usually ears. Jon called her Blizzard, it being cold and snowing when she was born. We sold her last year.

We do not hear as much about flying saucers as we did, but the consensus of opinion among scientists seems to be they are space ships. That inhabitants of another planet are coming here to study us -- just as we may in a few years be going to study them. One article stated one had landed here and all the crew were dead. They had carried concentrated food, were dressed in material unknown here, etc. It is tho't energy for travel is obtained by them from cosmic rays -- or some form of atomic energy is used. No evidence of any fuel such as we use in our flight ships -- not even similar to rocket ships. There so-called "saucers" are not all shaped alike, nor of the same size. Trustworthy pilots have several times seen them and given chase, but their speed is far beyond what any aircraft of ours can attain when they want to disappear. Often they are seen to hover over air fields though. If they come from a nearby planet, it is thought that planet is more likely to be Venus than Mars.

We do not, on the whole, fear them. Do not think they will attempt to invade and conquer our planet. Likely as yet they would not even exist here, being used to different atmospheric (?) pressure, etc.

Wed. Nov 21

Usually I have little time to philosophize on these pages. Perhaps I am even misnaming what I have to say. Anyway, I have been thinking a good deal about Jeanne's feeling toward me and mine toward her. Of course I know more about how I feel toward her than how she feels toward me, though I

About the theory that it's upsetting to the nervous system of a child to break it of finger sucking, I agree with the authority who stated it is no where near as upsetting as breaking them of toilet habits followed from baby hood!

In retrospect -- Oh me! In reading on I see I've said practically the same thing on the next page!

dare say she has no real love for me. Back when she used to always call me "dear Mother" there was a strong bond of love between us. But since then what seems like insurmountable obstacles have come between us and just stuck there. On the surface we appear to be fairly congenial but basically we really aren't, though we enjoy -- or dislike -- much the same things. My love for her, tho often bruised, remains constant, but I am sure she doesn't realize that. I try hard not to offer adverse criticism, and find much to praise. Yet there are a few things I can't seem to overlook and so eventually I find myself criticizing again! Like, for instance, the thumb or finger sucking habit her three older children have. It seems unkind, to me, to let such a habit get a stranglehold on a child. Jeanne herself got the habit but when she was a year and a half old I broke it, with no apparent pain to her. I'd always kept her fists wrapped up nights in clean diapers, so she only indulged daytimes. Then I followed the tried-and-successful method of a stiff cuff daytimes. In her case a soup can was used -- open at both ends a hole was punched in one end and a string ran through it. This was pinned to the shoulder seam of her dress. Thus she could use her hands in play, but could not quite get her sucking hand to her mouth. She wore this about a month, I left it off. Thinking it "belonged" on her, she bro't it to me to put on her!

Jeanne, however, seemingly would make no real attempt to cure her children. She shrugs off the habit as of little or no importance -- so Jimmy at six, and Gary at nearly five, and Kathy at over two, each suck a finger or thumb. Not all the time to be sure, but whenever tired or sleepy or bored. And when disturbed at night in their sleep, they grab this finger or thumb in their mouths, and suck, suck, suck -- seldom aware I believe of doing it (I noticed this when I went to cover them).

I agree with the doctor, who must also have been somewhat of a psychiatrist too, that it is no more frustrating to the child, and likely a lot less so, to break it of the thumb sucking habit than it is to break it of needing a diaper. Surely the prolonged habit must sometimes cause embarrassment to its possessor.

Presumably, as a sort of concession to me, Jeanne switched Randy to a pacifier. I agree it is a much less harmful and more easily cured habit than thumb sucking yet with him, I doubt its value. He seems more like the usual child who does not need either habit. His pacifier was lost for a time when he was here and he got along admirably without it, showing little inclination to substitute a thumb or finger. I rocked him to sleep and if a finger strayed to his mouth, I gently removed it. I kept him with me one night and he did not seem to miss his pacifier. I hoped Jeanne would persist in letting him get on in a normal way. I wonder if she will! I'd appreciate it so much to have one grandchild who did not lean heavily on such an unsatisfying habit.

(Cannot read) his mother still
sucked her thumb in her old
age. Whew!

If this criticism is worth anything at all, it is hoped it will aid future generations in avoiding annoying (to others) and unsatisfactory (to them) habits. If Jeanne were writing here no doubt she could come up with a rebuttal about me and my bad habits -- such as interfering in the discipline of her children for one! I know too, for example, that I have a habit, when under nervous strain, and doing a physically hard task, I screw up my facial muscles, making grimaces. Usually I am not aware of it or I would stop -- but I have been scolded by John about it, and I have sometimes caught myself in the act!

Jeanne has many wonderful qualities and has matured greatly since her marriage -- as also has Maurice. She has become an expert seamstress -- making nearly all the children's and her own clothes. She is clever at making over too. She keeps the children neat and clean looking and dresses them all becomingly. And she usually cuts their hair. When she came on the trip she packed everything needed but no excess. And nothing was forgotten. She planned well as to what would be eaten on the trip so there would be nothing messy -- no sticky candy. But then other children treated them to candy! It wasn't a very messy kind though.

Maurice has worked up into a very good job in the Reed Electrical Corporation (may not be exact title) winding electric motors. He has been working graveyard shift -- 12 to 8 A.M. for some time -- and gets higher pay than for daytime work. He also works usually an extra day each week at time and a half -- and on the Fourth of July he made \$145⁰⁰!

(Later, expecting
wasn't true.)

The British are having more trouble. Iran has ousted them from oilfields and Egypt is trying to expel them from the Suez. Churchill has become Prime Minister again with Eden as his aid -- I don't now recall his title. There is expected to be no radical change in the government there. King George is recovering from a serious lung operation. Princess Elizabeth and husband have recently visited Canada and the United States. It is said they expect their third child next May.

Thursday
Nov. 24, 1951

In a letter from Jeanne which came day before yesterday she says Jimmy has been going to the dentist every week and the dentist says he wished all children behaved as well. He gave Jimmy a drill he had used on J's teeth. Recently Jimmy had a diphtheria shot and smallpox vaccination at school. Jeanne quotes Jimmy "Oh it hurt, but it wasn't much". She added, "He has always been very good about things that hurt but have to be done". Bravo for Jimmy! I am proud of this phase of his character.

Randy has become a climber. He has been standing and walking by things for a long time. When he was here he could easily get up the step between the living room and kitchen but didn't know how to get back down.

Ernest Melvin has been down to hunt on Mineral Point and bro't our mail. He says Verna is going to have club next Tues. and he will come down to get me. I am looking forward to going as I so seldom can attend, and it seems we always have such a good time when we go there.

Edith wanted some greenery from here to make bouquets, etc, so yesterday I got a ten pound box of them ready and sent them with Ernest.

Jan 1952

Wed. Jan 9, '52 I did go to club and had a good visit with several neighbor women I seldom see. Snow began to come down when Ernest bro't me back, but it did not stay on long except for a few patches! On Dec 17 John went to Glengary as there was only a few inches by then, but since then he has had to go to Broten -- walk there I mean -- for mail. Fortunately, the snow plow has kept us fairly well plowed out -- that is down to the gate. I've been keeping a path shoveled down to where the plow left off, and have had quite a workout -- anywhere from three or four inches around mine. Have shoveled down at least four times. And now there must be about nine inches more. We had a long cold spell -- about two three weeks of near zero weather, sometimes a few degrees below (once 18° for a few hours) but usually around 10° to 20° to 24° above. Now it has warmed up -- around 34°. So much snow has slid off the roof it is stacked way high in front, and has spilled over onto the porch. It wasn't till yesterday that snow began to drift and fill the trails. John's trails that he makes only by walking are pretty treacherous -- one reason I don't like to get out to the road by them. His path to the road circles around by the big barn, up past the horse barn, and on over to the corral. We must have all of two and a half feet of snow on the level and it has packed some in standing.

Had a wonderful letter form Jeanne giving me many word pictures of what goes on with the children, especially at Christmas. I am keeping it as I have all her letters -- or nearly all -- since the children began to come, as a record to some extent, of their lives.

We have had a lot of outages lately. The current goes off for five-hour stretches frequently, and once was off for three nights and four days. That time it was shut off over near Newman school so no one this way had any. There were a lot of angry people, especially those who had power pumps for their water systems and refrigerators, freezers, etc. We are glad we have a gravity flow of water.

Just finished making out our income tax blanks. This year we had to pay \$216 to Federal, and it would have been considerably more if John did not have 2 exemptions on account of being over 65. Our State tax is \$18.57 and property taxes nearly \$194 -- so it takes \$428 just for all our taxes.

Wed Jan 16-52 Got behind in my path shoveling and the path has drifted full in places, and about 18 in. in the remainder. I have to loosen all (unreadable) of it to get it out. So far have only reached the shop. The path is almost a tunnel, the width of the snow shovel. Deer passing along the shore stop to watch me. Then run by quickly. There have been at least nine hanging around the bay, in groups of two to six. One lone one is often seen. We wonder if it is injured. Can't notice that it limps or is hurt, but it may be. This morning I marveled when I looked out the window before daylight had fully arrived. There were six of the usual bunch coming this way along the water edge from far corner of the bay. They stopped when they saw eight coming down from the road. Five turned and slowly walked back. The other stayed to meet the new bunch. Then all ambled toward the other side of the bay.

Even if no more than these fourteen remained over summer they can do a lot of damage to our meadows. And we know a number of the does will have twin fawns. One game warden told me often 75% of does have twins. Some have triplets.

The weather has been somewhat warmer lately -- usually up to 35° daytimes. Yesterday it was 37°. John went for mail. Tho't he would ski and started out that way, but skiing was bad so he took to walking in tracks made by the heavy tires of the power line truck of 12 and 14 hours.

Another letter from Jeanne told of much praise about Jimmy from his teacher. He is progressing fast, is studious -- and does not need to be reprimanded! Also, the little girls are fond of him! A birthday party for Gary had been attended by eight of his little neighbors. Altho' Jeanne waited till the day to issue the invitations, so the little folks wouldn't think they had to bring gifts, all did. One of them, an automatic roll up tape measure pleased him most. There had been ten days of snow, during which the youngsters -- and Jeanne -- enjoyed coasting.

Wed. Feb 6-52 Another birthday for me -- have reached the great age of 61.

News came this morning that King George of England had suddenly died in his sleep. He had recovered enough from his serious lung condition to partly resume his work. Elizabeth, who now is Queen had gone to Africa with her husband Philip on the first lap of what was to be an extensive tour of British dominions. Had only recently returned from visiting Canada and the United States. King George had held the kingship for fifteen years -- since Edward's

abdication so he could marry the woman he loved -- the twice divorced American, Wallis Marfield Simpson. It is against the laws of the Church of England for kings (at least) to marry divorcees and make them Queens. It is likely he could have married her morganatically, but didn't wish to do that. Elizabeth is twenty-five. There will be two retired Queens now -- Queen Mary, widow of the former King George V, and Elizabeth, widow of King George VI.

Snow finally quit falling and a thaw set in which took down the snow level considerably. This morning the temperature was 25° and the snow hard frozen, so I took a walk on top of it over to the far corner of the bay. It was wonderful to see the sun shining brightly. It rises on the riverside slope of the Antelope now, John says. I noticed it came up about 16 minutes past seven.

More and more graft is being discovered in high places. Lately it has been found that collectors of internal revenue have been padding their bank accounts with money they have collected. Mink coats have become such an indication of bribes in high places that honest people have become wary of wearing them. Hard working people hand over very large portions of their income to the government, which sadly wastes it in many ways. We'd all be more willing to pay money into the government till if it were carefully spent for the good of the whole.

Mar 5, 1952 Last night I heard the honking of wild geese and stepped out on the porch to better hear them. Sounded like a big flock winging away by moonlight. Is spring really coming near? We still have snow with us. There are only a few bare spots between here and the barn and they are mostly where water is running.

Thurs. Mar 6 We have four calves now, counting the one born in December. All but that one have shown a strong influence of the pure bred Hereford bull. The black cow, Irene II, had a nearly white face calf but its main body color is about that of black coffee or cocoa. The one that came next died, and that was too bad as it would have been a splendid calf-- strongly Hereford. The weather was mild so John didn't watch the cow as carefully as he usually does expectant ones. Didn't go back to the barn before going to bed, nor in the night when he is always awake. Not till he went up to feed the cattle. Then there was the calf -- dead. The two which came since are beautiful little heifers, broad-backed and sturdy. We tried to get a newborn calf to give the cow which lost hers but without success. Were told if we found one we might have to pay \$40 or \$50 for it. Our cow, Roxie II, had twins two years ago and looks now as if she might do it again, then she could spare one of the other cow -- but the chances are she'll have only one.

Have taken a roll -- 8 exposures of deer pictures -- all from the house. Am wondering if any will turn out well. Sometimes the light wasn't good or the background had a similar color value, or they were too far away for good results, or not posed right, but likely a few won't be too bad. Wish I could have taken one of the fourteen I saw one morning but it wasn't quite daylight yet and they might not have stood still long enough for a time exposure.

We lost a horse in January. Chris thinks it was inflammation of the bowels. The other horse was sick too but is about recovered now. There are so many weeds and ferns in the hay since our meadows aren't kept up. Jeanne writes that Randy is addicted to climbing -- up -- up -- onto anything he can get onto, pushing chairs around to assist himself in the first step up. Can walk but would rather climb.

Sunday
Mar 9-52

The last item would seem to be behind time as in Jeanne's last letter dated Mar. 3, she says Randy has been walking for about a week. Now there is the patter of his feet -- a new sound. Maurice got along well with eye operation on Feb. 22 for a terygium. Lost only four nights of work.

Mar 29-52

Whee! The warm spring winds have unlocked the door of the long winter and whisked away the snow between us and the lake. I hurried to rake the yard so that the crocuses could have a clean place on which to "float". They are already beginning to bloom not that they are early -- have had them in bloom near the beginning of the month some other years. Washed on the porch for the first time since early December, and hung sheets on the outdoor line. They dried in a short time. The chickens are happy to be released at last from the dismal coop in which they were confined all of three months. Creeks are roaring.

Alaska robins have been singing a long time. Last Sunday I watched one feeding on "The hump" through Sherburne's field glasses. Hadn't remembered how gorgeously colored they are.

The deer pictures came and only one showed a deer clearly. I know where to pick them out so I can find them on others. Think one on the next film will be pretty good. Some deer hurry around till about ten days ago -- bedding down under the trees on the Allen place but now we do not see them anymore. They come around nights though as we see their tracks. Saw the first woodchuck yesterday down near the cow shed where they usually hang out.

April 16-52

Last night John shot the first porcupine of the year. Sometimes he kills as many as fifteen in a summer and fall. Not quite so many as usual last year.

Deer sample anything green when they come at night now! Bit off pansy plants and also bit off, as well as pulled up, some of the new Emperor tulips I planted last fall, even tho' I had put chicken wire over them -- just stuck their noses under the wire. I put some moth balls along them, and wish I'd done it sooner. It doesn't always work very long, but is effective at first.

It looks now as if I'll take off on a trip to Michigan soon. Haven't been there for twenty-six years. Flood conditions are the worst ever along the upper Mississippi and the tributaries. Plan to go to Portland first to see Jeanne and family, then on to Michigan, a different route than I've been before.

There is still snow in places -- across the bay and behind the house, etc. Crocuses are gone but hyacinths and daffodils are coming to the fore.

Planted sweet peas, lettuce and radishes on March 25. The s.p. aren't up yet but the others are. Put brush over them as a resistant to deer and hens.

Have been making "gingham dogs and calico cats" -- 12-inch pillows -- for the little folks, including Alice, Mari's little girl. Also a swimsuit each for Alice and Kathy.



Stopping off Michigan Trip, Pillows

Tuesday.
July 29, 1952

A prolonged absence. I left here for Sandpoint on April 20. Rode in with a commercial fisher. Spent the night with Mrs. Collins and made final preparations for my trip the next day. Took the night N.P. train to Portland. Maurice came to meet me. I obtained a ticket to Detroit, Mich., round trip, for the morning of the 24th. Had two delightful days. Maurice took his mother and me to a new homes show where all sorts of new equipment were demonstrated. Also Jeanne and children and I had lunch with Margaret and saw her new house. Maurice took me to my early morning train. It was

much slower than I expected and we only reached Pocatello, Ida. about 8:30 P.M. I'd wanted to see new terrain but found much of it uninteresting, especially the sagebrush of southern Wyoming. Had tho't mile high Denver would be built on foothills, similar to Portland's hills, so was surprised to find its setting flat and the mountains pushed over to a rather far horizon!

Contrary to my expectations too, I saw almost no blooming shrubbery in Kansas and Missouri but began to see more after leaving St. Louis and starting up through Illinois -- red bird mostly.

Ruth Robb Smith and her husband Al, met me and I had a happy two nights and a day with them. Hadn't seen Ruth for about forty-eight years. On to Chicago and out to South Bend, Ind., where Grace Williams Thatcher, my roommate in Ypsilanti, met me. We hadn't seen each other for something like thirty-six years. That afternoon we explored the campus of Notre Dame and admired its magnificent magnolia trees in full bloom. That evening we reached her present home with an aunt and cousin in Edwardsburg, Mich., and during the next two days they showed me the surrounding country, including St. Joe's fruit orchards. On to Lansing to visit my cousin Jane Hansard Voorhees. Goodness! I don't know when I had last seen her. Probably thirty five years or so had elapsed. We had an old time visit and she drove me around Michigan Ag. campus where I spent the year 1912-13. Didn't recognize even one building. The size of campus had at least quadrupled and there were buildings galore.

Jane took me to Holly to her brother Paul's where her mother is living. Frances, Paul's wife, prepared a grand dinner and I had a special visit with Millie, who is my first cousin. Later Jane drove me on to Earl's and Daisy's.

When I woke up the next morning, and looked out the window, it seemed I must be dreaming, not actually looking again upon the old home place I hadn't seen for twenty-six years! While making it my base I sped here and there to see friends and relatives, being driven around by Earl or Daisy or Marie. Marie is a grand girl and Alice is a cute child. Dave is very hard working and worthwhile. Earl decided he would make a trip to his hunting shack in northern peninsula, so Daisy packed quantities of eats and bedding, etc., and we set forth early of a morning. Reached the shack about 3:30 P.M. and put it in order for sleeping in.

It's in deer country and we saw several while there. The cut over land round about had grown back to trees and brush. We traveled about eight hundred miles hither and thither. Maybe that included the trip to & from Davisburg. I don't remember. But anyway we went to see the other land bo't for investment there -- 680 acres with a trout stream running thru it. They want to sell it and the 80 acres with the shack on it. Often we ate in pleasant spots

at road side tables and one day we chose one overlooking Lake Superior. The roads were marvels so Earl sometimes hit 80 miles per hour.

Went to see the Pictured Peaks and the Big Spring. Every day was interesting. The day we returned to the old home we rose early and ate a big breakfast then didn't eat again till about 4 P.M. when we stopped at Frankenmuth for one of its famous chicken dinners.

Finally I had to leave for home having overstayed my plans for about ten days.

The work I'd left was still waiting for me, plus some accumulated since I went away, so it was hurry, hurry, hurry, to catch up. The garden had done well so there was plenty of lettuce, radishes and onions to eat.

Two weeks ago yesterday John badly injured his right hand breaking the middle finger and ripping open the flesh on his palm and the back of his hand in a haying accident. He has had to go in to have it dressed every few days. The finger is not doing very well. More X-rays were taken of it today. Of course, he could no longer make hay and has really not felt well since, tho' he is much better now.

We could get no haying help for a while, then Mr. Hull and Dan came to mow and rake -- and yesterday thirteen neighbor men and boys came with a truck, a tractor and a wagon, and a team and wagon and hauled it and put it in the barns -- about 20 loads. We were happy to get it stored so well cured and having had no rain touch it, but we feel rather guilty at others leaving their own urgent work to come help us.

Flying saucers have been much in the news the last few days. Over Washington, D.C., and Indiana. Always this causes much speculation, but it is believed quite generally they come from space, and that inhabitants of other spheres are studying our globe and us who dwell on it. There is no indication that any harm to us is meant.

Recently we had a week -- or rather five or so days each of radio covered political convention and the Republicans came up with Eisenhower, and Stevenson for the Democrats. Both are able men so whichever reaches the goal of President will be well qualified for it, it is tho't. One -- not happily -- anticipated event which may take place during the ensuing term of office is another war, if it can't be averted, which we hope it can be.

Forgot to say I saw many television programs in Michigan. Television sets were common there. T.V. will reach Spokane either this year or next. California already has it and of course it is common in the eastern states.

Jeanne writes that Randy has reached the change-the-subject stage, diverting attention to something else when he is reprimanded. He is much interested in birds, so is tickled to have some socks with birds on. Calls them "birdies".

Aug. 3, 1952

Always there are "firsts" coming up. The other day the report came over the radio that a helicopter, often called a "whirly bird" had crossed the Atlantic for the first time.

The Olympic games have been held in Helsinki, Finland and the Russians did walk off with many honors. We took first place, but I believe they came second. Did very well in basketball!

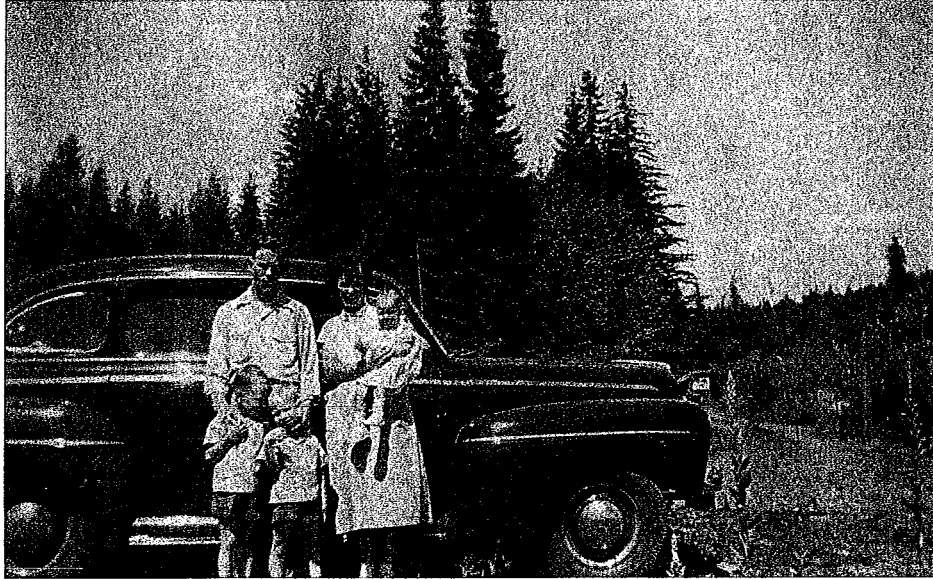
More and more "flying saucers" are being seen and more of those in-the-know are at last abandoning their theories of these being figments of the imagination, or meteorites, or unexplainable natural phenomenon of a sort. Meteorites can't reverse and maneuver. (Our fastest rocket ships make only 500 miles per hour too.) The Russians, who claim all high up inventions originated with them, make no claim to them, but they did come up with a funny remark about them. Said probably their discus throwers hurled their discusses farther than was thought they could!

Anyhow, it is generally acknowledged there isn't the kind of scientific advancement on our earth to make these aerial craft, and hence they must come from another planet. Their shape is not what would be chosen for best traveling through our atmosphere, but would be more appropriate for space travel. Since we are planning on inventing an aerial craft that can reach the moon before many years -- we probably can learn something from the "saucers."

Wonderful summer weather continues and since July 23 I've been in swimming nearly every day. We do need rain though. Had practically none through July and the little we have of second crop alfalfa is cheapened in growth and withering. Our gardens do well as we irrigate both. It has been hard work to keep them reasonably free of weeds. I have been over them again just pulling weeds, and John helped one morning. His hand continues to improve but he doesn't feel very well. yet he took a four-mile walk yesterday P.M. -- one that would have tired me dreadfully -- over timber trails clogged with down stuff, to see what logging operations had accomplished of the 80 of the Eaton place we had sold to McGovern's. Today he doesn't feel well and slept even less than usual last night.

Sat., Sep 6-52

A week ago Monday, Jeanne, Maurice and children came. All were very tired as they had driven nearly all night except for a two-hour period when they stopped to rest.



1950 Family Visit

I never saw Jeanne more exhausted – more nervous than physical exhaustion perhaps. And no wonder as the demands of the children on her are almost ceaseless. It used to be she didn't mind, or even liked, to drive around to the neighbors with us, but this time when I suggested it, she said, "I came here to rest." I hadn't realized till then how tired she must be. Anyhow, we did drive around one afternoon and nearly all we went to see were not at home!

John has long been wanting to climb old Scotchman Cap so Jeanne and Maurice decided to climb it too. Maurice drove over there and as high as he dared on the trail, then they hiked up it. After they had gone what seemed like all of four miles they came to a sign saying it was two more miles. We ate lunch before they started up so it was about one o'clock and it was four o'clock when they reached the abandoned look-out station on the nose. They looked around for twenty minutes then started down and reached the car at six forty. All were very weary but glad they had made the climb. They brought back branches with huckleberries on them for us who waited for them. I had staid themselves very well but Randy couldn't forget his mama. Every little while he'd would almost cry "mama" and he did cry himself to sleep. He should stay with others more.

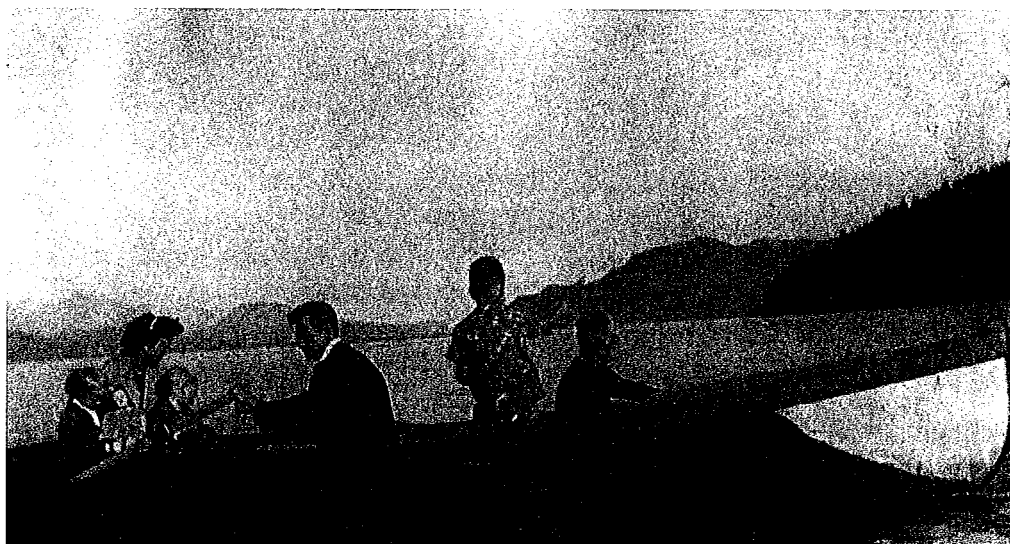
Sat. we went back to Hope where we ate on Gusta and Henry's picnic table as she had two sisters, a brother and his wife, visiting her.

I took several pictures of the children on the beach. Gary and Jimmy found planks -- or I guess Jimmy found them, which they used as barges. They loaded gravel on them, floated it down the shore a ways then dumped it.



┌ 1952 Plank Barges, Jimmy and Gary ┐

Also they played with inflated inner tubes. Kathy gathered material "for cooking up" up here -- pods of perennial peas and snowberries. The peas were "berries." Jimmy is getting quite responsible. He dearly loves to tag along with John and Maurice. Gary is a tease, calling Jimmy James and Kathy follows suit. Likely when Jimmy is grown up he will liked to be called his right name -- James.



┌ John's Metal Boat, Family Outing, 1952 ┐

Since the big cabin was rented to the Snows, they all stayed in the little one. We took the 3/4 mattress down and spread it on the floor and the three older ones slept crosswise on it. I went down evenings, and when I left, they opened the little woodshed door and called "Good night Grandma!" All three chimed in. After John climbed the mountain -- the next morning -- he milked and ate breakfast then lay down on the day bed in the kitchen and slept and snored till one o'clock. I was late getting dinner on as I got up tired, then washed and set my hair before gathering vegetables for dinner and apples for pies. I made two pies, then prepare venison (canned) in its gravy, mashed Kohlrabi, and cucumbers. I get nervous and tired toward the last of getting a big meal and wish someone else would help me with setting table, getting chairs around, and dishing up -- but everyone waits to come till the bell rings! And knowing how tired the grown-ups are I hate to ask for help!

The Wednesday before Jeanne came -- Aug 20 -- Floyd Knapp, his wife and four children, came to see us. They live in Tacoma and had been on a trip up into Canada. They staid till Sunday morning. I had them up for dinner on Friday.

Am rather lookin for the Currys to come this next week. Wed. and Thurs. I painted the porch. Now am doing over the old platform rocker. Had a little surplus porch enamel -- tile green -- so am painting the wood part that color and will use stair carpeting I bought for the upholstery. I reupholstered it with corduroy years ago -- probably fourteen or fifteen years ago.

Hauling \$25⁰⁰
Yardage, etc.
20⁰⁰

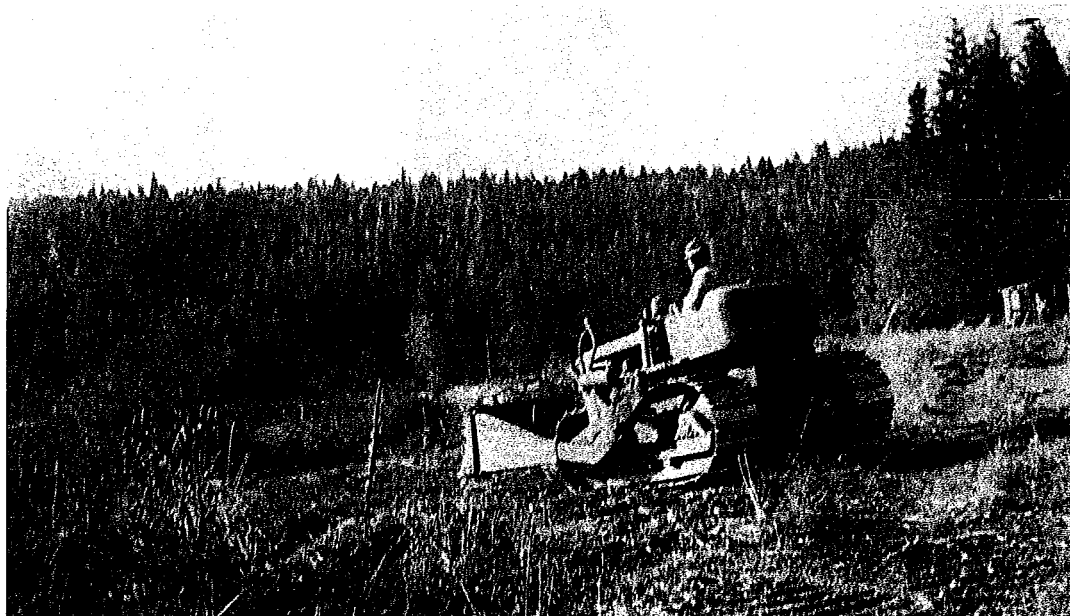
Am enjoying my glads so much. Have a huge lone stem of Sir Galahad on my dresser, an immense bouquet of reds and yellows in a beanpot on the sewing machine, a purple-lavender and yellow one on the corner table, and a pink one on the bookcase. Am having a little quiet fun about that as I have a stem of President Truman a light pink, cheek pink, cheek-by-jowl with one of General Eisenhower (a deep pink)! In political life these gentlemen would not stand for that. Every day's news is full of what Eisenhower (Republican) and Stevenson (Democrat) are saying in their campaigning speeches. One criticism of Stevenson (Adlai) is that he uses erudite language, which is over the heads of the common people. He is said to write his own speeches, something out of the ordinary as most public, or rather political, speakers merely advise about their speeches while others write them.

Then, for dealing with any obstacle that might be blocking your way, consider the words of Plutarch, who said "Perseverance in many things which can not be overcome when they are together, yield themselves up when taken little by little."

Cattle sold About two weeks ago we sold seven cattle -- a two-year-old bull, a cow, yearling heifer and four calves. Cleared \$1098.29 on them. The large ones are down several cents, except the bull; the calves down somewhat less than last year. We tho't the bull, a purebred Hereford, would weight about 1,000 but he reached 1205. Brought \$298⁰⁰. The cow about \$225, yearling \$147 and calves from 25 1/2 to 28 3/4¢ per lb. (\$109 to \$123). They weighed from 380 to 475 lbs., the smallest bring the most per lb.

Friday
Sep 26-52 Red letter day for me! Temperature 88° so I went swimming for probably the last time this season. Was in last week too. Water cold and Brr-eer! But after the first shock it was merely bracing. And after the swim the warm sun is welcome on one's dripping self.

Tues, Sep 30 This is a day of historic importance to the ranch. The cherry orchard -- what was left of it -- except for a few trees, was bulldozed out. John had taken out stretches of fence along the beach and run extensions of the Allen fence line, and that along the county road on this side, to the water to block entry of range stock so the trees could be carried out and dumped on the beach drift. C.A. Felts of Careywood did the work and accomplished so much for the \$60⁰⁰ he charged (7.50 per HR.). Beside the orchard work he took the rocks out of the road in to the large cabin, cleared a bulldozer width a long way up the Allen shore, dragged an old platform to a new location and opened a stretch of ditch in the meadow by the lake. The strip between the machine shed and the shop looks especially neat. The older trees had been planted about forty years ago.



┌ Clearing out the Cherry Orchard ─┐

Later on: I wrote a piece about the dramatic occurrences in our orchard and sent it to the Sandpoint News Bulletin as I knew many readers would be interested but it was neither printed nor returned in the enclosed self-addressed, stamped envelope. A carbon of it is in the large envelope glued to the back cover of this notebook.

Roosevelt Tactics Recalled
President Truman has invited Dwight Eisenhower to "close ranks" and confer upon the great questions of the hour, and Eisenhower has accepted, on the very heels of gross insults coming from the same quarter.
How many remember the day when President Hoover requested the help of President-elect Roosevelt to use their combined influence to stem the panic which had struck the country? Roosevelt's insouciant reply was, "nothing doing. It's his baby."
There and then was set the standard for subsequent demoralization of the nation and the world. There spoke the "leader," to whom the invidious joy of grinding his opponent's face into the mud exceeded on all counts the humanitarian decencies which were afterward so profitably exploited by that same man.
Herbert Hoover never in his life stooped to the levels of filth which Truman indulged in during this campaign, but we see now a Republican President-elect capable of rising above the most justifiable of personal considerations in order to tackle the problems concerning humanity.
The Democrats have written their own record. May the Republicans, in the hour of victory, be warned by comparisons.
MRS. MARY C. WOHLERS.
Dear Lodge, Mont.

Nov 13-'52

This is a timely letter I found in the forum of a recent Spokesman Review. The recent race for President of the U.S. between Adlai Stevenson, governor of Ohio, and General Dwight D. Eisenhower has been as hot a one as ever took place. Both Ike, as the general is known, and Stevenson tho't at first they would stick to the middle of the road, but soon President Truman began campaigning for Adlai as he had done four years ago for himself. Back when Truman tho't Ike was a Democrat he urged him to run for President and they were very good friends. Then when Ike came home from Europe to enter the political race and it became known he was a Republican, Truman's attitude changed. He became more and more vituperative, accusing Ike of all manner of mismanagement in foreign affairs. Ike had held many high

positions in the military field and was chief of NATO when he resigned to come home. Truman boarded his private train and toured the country making many whistle stops and speaking against Ike. Some tho't he did more harm to Adlai's cause than good as A. had been known as upright and honest and a good governor, tho' not anywhere near as well known as Ike. He is a splendid speaker, leaning toward the erudite, and in his political speeches often employing satire and irony. It is considered that Ike won an overwhelming victory partly because he was so much better known and, though not such a good speaker, he showed warmth and friendliness. Then people wanted a change from twenty years of Democrat rule and wanted someone in the chief spot who would rout out the corruption rampant in the capital, and in the country in general. It was more a personal victory for Ike as when it came to the House and Senate there was barely a majority of Republicans voted in by the people.

During his campaign Eisenhower promised to go to Korea if elected to see if he couldn't get the ball rolling toward an end of the Korean War. Now all fighting is done near the border between North and South Korea, and largely by communist China, aided by Russia -- though not openly. We are losing many boys there and the fighting zig-zags.

U.S. forces take Pin Point Hill, then they lose it, then regains it. And the same way with other strategic hilltops. H.V. Kaltenborn, a veteran radio commentator, who has visited Korea, India, Formosa (where non-communist China holds forth and has trained men who could help the U.N.) and other countries in the far east -- or near west -- strongly feels we should let non-communist China help.

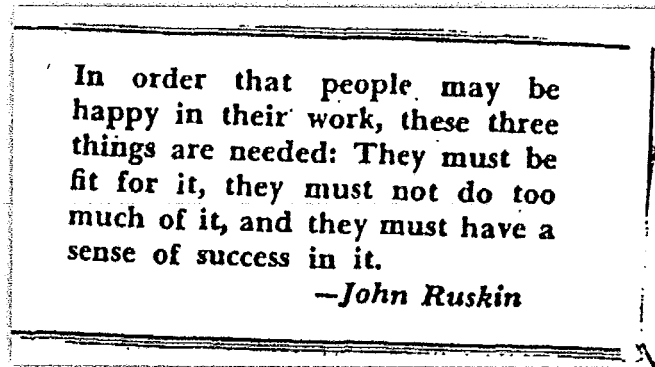
President Truman asked Eisenhower to send his representatives to study the budget, and other vital issues being considered and he has done that. Next Tuesday he is to have a conference himself with Truman. Then presently he will fly to Korea. Many wish he would not go as they are afraid the Russians will shoot the plane. On various excuses they have shot down our unarmed planes even over neutral territory. See back envelope for a good resume of Eisenhower's standing.

Sunday,
Nov 16-52

Regarding the "later" note of the Sep. 30 entry, it seems I erred, for eventually in the Oct. 23 issue my article was printed in the Sandpoint News Bulletin. I clipped it and placed it in the envelope on back cover. It was placed in a rather obscure part of the paper so I concluded perhaps the editors were rather embarrassed as to what to do with it all! That was the third issue after my submission of the article, and strangely I didn't discover it for a few weeks. The day we went to the Newman school house to vote, we collected two weeks mail at Broten. As I dumped it out of the sack onto the daveno in the living room, this particular paper rolled under the daveno and

wasn't found till I cleaned more thoroughly than I had for a while last Friday!

Jeanne wrote in a recent letter that as Jimmy's seventh birthday grew near he suddenly gave up his habit of sucking his finger. More power to him!



January 10. Spring has come, or so it seems! Although the snow plow has been down twice to plow out a few inches each time, now all around us the ground is bare, and there is little we can see across the bay where it usually lies all winter. Temperatures were up to 52° and 53° for several days and strong Chinook winds blew most of the time for about four days. It is somewhat cooler today -- about 30° last nite and 45° this noon.

Some pansy plants I set out after keeping them on the porch all summer held their buds through 16° above temperatures and began opening them recently. I picked four yesterday for a bouquet.

Jeanne wrote on Dec. 23 she had been ill for a while and in the hospital for 12 hrs. Then she got better, but had an attack of stomach flu. I haven't had news since, but hope for a letter when we get mail again telling me she is better.

On De. 29 we received the government check for \$3,905 for easement on the beach strip in regard to the five ft. overflow -- 2062 1/2 - 2067 1/2 Jan 2. Mr. Hull took us to Sandpoint and we deposited it.

Inauguration of Eisenhower

Later switched to 4 - \$500 H Bonds We bo't 3 \$750⁰⁰ bonds (\$1000 due in 10 yrs) and put \$1500⁰⁰ in our savings account. But we think we'll cash a bond or two and put into savings acc't as otherwise we might hold them several years and yet not get much interest. It is splendid to have so much to add to our backlog for our old age.

Both of us have had colds, though I was surprised mine didn't hang on longer. Maybe it was because I ate light and rested a good deal that I recovered sooner than usual. Too often I'm so busy I can't take proper care of myself when I have a cold.

Before snow came, which wasn't till late December, John started brushing out a road-to-be along the creek, on the Allen side of the fence, so now that the snow has gone again, he went to work at it today. Yesterday, and off and on before that, he cut jack pines behind and in front of the Allen house. He plans to have the road he is brushing out bulldozed later on. There will be much accessible stove wood along it.

Jan 20, 1953

Maybe I've mixed up here. Guess the Eisenhowers rode to the Capitol Bldg for the address -- not sure.

Just finished hearing inauguration ceremony and comments on the 10-mile parade which the radio broadcast in part. Eisenhower is the 34th president, counting Cleveland twice as his two terms were not consecutive. The inauguration was the 44th it was stated. Eisenhower preceded his speech by a spontaneous -- or anyhow extemporaneous -- prayer. Both it and his speech were simply couched and seemed the more sincere for not being eloquent. Unlike Truman, the new president is not a real politician. A commentator once stated there were two Trumans -- one Mr. President sincerely trying to do what was best for his country, and Truman the politician, who overlooked the faults, including grafting of his fellow friend politicians. To onlookers like me, he seemed to be playing the second role to the hilt most of the time.

Despite all the mud he had slung at Eisenhower during the campaign, toward the end of his administration he was very cooperative so that the transition wasn't too bumpy. All the cabinet cooperated too at getting the new members-to-be familiar with their work.

Comparing the hostility of Roosevelt to Hoover, when the former took over there was a marked change. However, Eisenhower and Truman really felt toward each other, there was at least a show of friendliness.

Eisenhower departed from the custom of wearing a top hat and wore a black Hamburg, tho' of course there was much of the time he went bare headed. His clothes were less formal than previous presidents had worn. There was a good deal of discussion among commentators about Mrs. Eisenhower's hat. One said the crown was lattice work, reminding him of his mother's pie topping.

The new president and his wife led the parade in an oyster white open top car, upholstered in red, and the license number was one.