

of smoke. Dogs were running around, barking. Even the cows in the pasture of the Midget Dairy - across Sandy gathered along the fence and added their moos to the din. Noble and I hunted around for tin cans to clang together. It was exciting! All the kids we knew were there, with and without their parents.

"Eventually we got cold and tired and straggled back home. When we got there Papa was gone and Mama hadn't got home yet. A pot of stew was simmering on the stove. The table was set for three. As a centerpiece there was a big pan of fudge with walnuts in it and a note propped up against it saying the doctor had ordered Papa to the hospital. We were to be good, help Mama all we could, and eat the stew before the fudge.

"Now, in 1978, Louise and I still remember Armistice Day, 1918."

"1 DECEMBER - 1918"

"We were at Grandma's at 22 East 78th and Ash. As we came in, Louise heard Grandma say in an aside to Auntie, 'Now, we won't tell her he's worse until after she's had her dinner.' Auntie agreed, but Louise told me.

"Now dinner was over. Mama was resting on the lounge in the living room for a few minutes before going by street car to the Portland Sanatorium at East 60th and Belmont where Papa was very ill.

"The dishes were done; the kitchen was warm and cozy. Grandma had set out a plate of her fat soft sugar cookies for Louise, Noble and me. Louise was curled up in Grandma's kitchen rocker, reading and rubbing a finger across the little indentation on the left arm of the chair, made, over the years, by Grandpa as he cracked hazelnuts in the spot where the first arm support fit into the arm. Noble was under the table playing with his brightly painted little soldiers. I was sitting on the floor using the open oven door as a table and drawing pictures.

"The grownups were in the living room with Mama who was now putting on her coat and hat preparatory to leaving when the phone rang. I pushed the swinging door open thinking it might be Evelyn-Across-the-Street asking me over to her house. Auntie answered. Auntie, who was usually a great talker, didn't have much to say - only, 'Yes, she's here.' 'When?', and, 'Thank you.'

"Slowly she hung up the receiver, turned to Mama and said, 'There's no need to go, Ruth.'

"Noble had crawled out from under the table and was peeking through the door with me. Louise closed her book and stood up. Everyone seemed frozen.

"Papa's dead, 'I breathed."

"3 DECEMBER - 1918"

"We didn't go to school that day.

"Neither did we go to the funeral. Mama thought Noble and I were too young - and Louise, too, as far as that went. But she would be in charge while the others went.

"Usually a day free from school was anticipated with joy, and the day itself would be perfect.

"This day, the 3rd of December, was bright and sunny. We had stayed at Grandma's on 78th since Papa died. We watched the other kids going by to school and waved to those we knew. Evelyn-Across-the Street came over to walk to school with me.* I felt rather important when I told her why we were staying home.

"Soon the grownups were ready to leave. A big, black auto (we called it) sent out by the funeral home, pulled up in front of Grandma's house. Grandma, Auntie, Aunt Louise, Uncle Albert and Mama got in.

"After they left we went out into the bright sun. It was cold. We tried a game of tag but soon found ourselves sitting on the porch in a silent row.

"We tried hide and seek but again found ourselves in a row on the porch.

"We walked around the block, single file, in the narrow, frozen dirt path.

"Louise and Noble went in the house.

"I walked around each of the three big cherry trees, Royal Anns in front, and the huge Bing in the back, dragging my fingers over the purplish gray bark. Each tree felt about the same, some rough places, some smooth.

"Staying home from school wasn't so great."

*Actually, they had been staying there ever since Daniel went to the hospital, going to school at Montavilla with the local kids.

* * * * *

DANIEL'S SIBLINGS

We know little of Daniel's 3 brothers and one sister. Had our family interest evolved sooner we might have. Shortly after World War II a cousin, Irma Dutton, daughter of Daniel's next older brother, James Howland Dutton, found Louise and began writing to her about their Dutton family.

As neither Louise nor we were then interested in family history, the correspondence faltered, staggered and finally ceased. Some 15-20 years later we became interested and tried, unsuccessfully, to rediscover Irma. Even so most of our meager information came from her.

From the time of their marriage, 1847, in Indiana near the Ohio border, to the time they arrived in Cloud County, Kansas - between 1870 and 1873 - Daniel Benedict Dutton and Mary Cornelia (Howland) Dutton did a lot of moving. First, they went from Wayne County southwest to Rush County then west to Indianapolis, then southeast to Decatur County, then a big jump northwest to Woodford County, Illinois, and finally, the great leap southwest to Cloud County, Kansas where they settled on a homestead, perhaps earned by Daniel's Civil War service.

The following family group sheet bears a statement about the first child, Albert. After their father died in 1891 the remaining four children, all grown, scattered. Edmond, a farmer, went to Iowa. Mary (Molly) went to Emporia then to Lawrence, dying there

NAME DANIEL BENEDICT DUTTON Med School Dartmouth Col 1839-41 NO. 163-A
 BORN 30 Aug 1816 PLACE Stowe, Vt; Lamoille Co Marcn 1984
 MARRIED 31 Oct 1847 PLACE Richmond In; Wayne Co SOURCE OF
 DIED 5 May 1891 PLACE Miltonvale Ks; Cloud Co INFORMATION
 BURIED AT Miltonvale Cemetery 1. Howland Geneal
 RESIDED AT Hartford & Norwich Vt; Richmond, Greenbg Brkville In Franklyn Howland
 OCCUPATION Teacher, doctor CHURCH AFF. 2. Civil War Recds
 MILITARY SERVICE Promoted, Asst Surg 1 Mar 1864; disch 25 Ag 1865 3. Cloud Co Ks
 FATHER Daniel Benedict Dut Sr MOTHER (Maiden Name) Lorana Smith 1880 census
 OTHER SPOUSE 2 Hannah Harkness 21 Jan 1875; widow with 2 chldrn 4. Dartmouth Col
 Alumni records
 SPOUSE Mary Cornelia Howland 5. DBD birth certif
 BORN 31 March 1830 PLACE New York City 6. Headstone, Cedar
 DIED 22 Dec 1873 PLACE Cloud Co Ks, s/of Clyde Hil Cem Clyde Ks
 BURIED AT 3 miles south of Clyde, Cloud Co Ks 7. Miltonvale Cem
 FATHER Dr. John M Howland MOTHER (Maiden Name) Maria Hewitt Livingston
 OTHER SPOUSE 8. Bth, mar, dth recs

CHILDREN	BORN		DIED		DATE & PLACE	SPOUSE
	DATE	PLACE	DATE	PLACE		
1	ca 1849	Rush or Wayne Co In	ca 1868	Georgia		None
2	18 April 1851	Rushville In Rush Co	2 Nov 1930	Applington Iow bur Miltonvale Ks	28 March 1883	Rachel (Rae) Moore Ames, Cloud Co Ks
3	25 Dec 1854	Indianapolis	17 Jan 1930	Lawrence Ks	5 Oct 1876	William C Campbell Shirley, Cloud Co Ks
4	2 July 1863	Kingston In Decatur Co	12 June 1935	Des Moines Iowa Polk Co	?	Mary Feige ?
5	10 May 1870	Metamora Il Woodford Co	1 Dec 1918	Portland Or	11 Aug 1896	Ruth Inez Matlock Scotts Mills, Marion Co Or
6	Note: About 1868, Daniel Benedict, with his eldest son, Albert, took a train trip through the South to see the battlefields where Daniel had been in the Civil War. During the trip Albert was taken ill and died, in Georgia.					
7	We know very little about Daniel Livingston Dutton's mother or siblings.					
8						
9						
10						
11						
12						
13						
14						

in 1930. Her death record gives the cause of death as malnutrition. We know nothing of the circumstances. James was superintendent of schools in Des Moines for years. After retiring, about 1930, he started a nursery in that area.

Dorothy's father, Daniel, was the youngest. Although we don't know where he went to college, or for how long, he was obviously well educated - a teacher, preacher, musician and, apparently, somewhat of a scholar. Dorothy feels sure that he attended Dartmouth College, as his father did, although we can find no record of it. Dorothy remembers, especially, his brown hair, red beard, blue eyes, his pleasing voice, both in speech and in song, and his gentleness. At the time of his death at age 48, insulin was being tested for diabetes.

* * * * *

Daniel's death left Ruth with staggering problems. Apparently he had some life insurance. That must have paid for removing the childrens' adenoids and tonsils, as Dorothy will so vividly tell.

Ruth didn't go back to her teaching job until after New Year, 1919. The intervening Christmas holidays made her miss only 3 weeks, during which she had to make plans. Maurice and Dwight would probably never live at home again, even if they survived the war. Ruth could not consider permanent residence for herself and family in the home of her mother and her sister, even had it been offered. She was determined to have a home for themselves, alone, even if they had to be separated occasionally for a time.

She would rent the house, furnished. Their dishes, utensils, bedding, and other personal items would be stored and locked in their shed. As she had done the previous school year, she would keep Noble with her. Now nearing six, he would again go to school with her. She would continue living with Emily Emily. (That's right. Childless, and now widowed, she had been Emily something until she married a Mr. Emily.) She and Ruth had become close friends. As Emily liked and got along well with Noble, too, their relations would be amicable there.

Dorothy and Louise would live with Mrs. Burroughs, a friend and neighbor where they had formerly lived on East 11th Street. She would be their foster mother. All went well for some weeks - until Ruth learned that one member of the family had active tuberculosis. Alarmed, she had to find other foster parents for them.

Although this didn't work out either, they managed to finish the school year in that fashion. They lived in at least half a dozen foster homes and attended a similar number of schools, all in southeast Portland. Neither Ruth nor the two girls could tolerate any of the foster homes more than a few weeks.

In the spring when school was out Ruth and Noble and the two girls were again reunited. Not in their own home, however. It continued to be rented. When school opened in the fall, Ruth would be teaching at Russellville, between Stark and Burnside Streets on East 102nd. They would look for an apartment in Montavilla. From there, Ruth could get to 96th and Glisan by street car, within a mile of her school. It would be less than two miles if she walked all the way. It would be more than 3 miles from their house on 81st, from where there was no direct streetcar service.

NAME Daniel Livingston Dutton

NO.

BORN 10 May 1870 PLACE Metamora Woodford Co Illinois
 MARRIED 11 Aug 1896 PLACE Noble Marion Co Oregon
 DIED 1 Dec 1918; Diabetes PLACE Portland Multnomah Co Oregon
 BURIED AT Clackamas Cem Clackamas Oregon
 RESIDED AT Illinois, Cloud Co Kansas, Oregon
 OCCUPATION Teacher, Minister CHURCH AFF. Baptist
 MILITARY SERVICE None
 FATHER Dr Daniel Benedict Dutton MOTHER (Maiden Name) Mary Cornelia Howland
 OTHER SPOUSE None

SOURCE OF INFORMATION

1 Family Records
 2 Mar Record DL
 Dutton & Ruth Matlock
 3 Personal Knowledge

SPOUSE Ruth Inez Matlock

BORN 7 July 1871 PLACE Clackamas Clackamas Co Oregon
 DIED 27 October 1954 PLACE Salem Marion Co Oregon
 BURIED AT Clackamas Cem Clackamas Oregon
 FATHER Noah Noble Matlock MOTHER (Maiden Name) Sarah Catherine Craghead
 OTHER SPOUSE None

CHILDREN	BORN		DIED		DATE & PLACE	SPOUSE
	DATE	PLACE	DATE	PLACE		
1		7 October 1897	1 June 1961		5 November 1928	
	Dutton	Sublimity Oregon	Portland Oregon		Yreka California	
	Maurice Livingston	Marion Co	Vet's Hospital		Mary Bottemiller	
2		8 July 1899	30 October 1930		8 Feb 1921	
	Dwight Malcolm Dutton	Noble Oregon	Portland Oregon		Frances Gressett	
		Marion Co Oregon	Vet's Hospital		Vancouver Washington	
3		12 March 1904	24 January 1917		Died age 12 measles &	
	Ruth Dutton (Ruthie)	Portland Oregon	Portland Oregon		pneumonia Buried Clackamas	
		Multnomah Co	Good Samaritan			
4		24 November 1906			Never married	
	Mary Louise Dutton	Astoria Oregon				
		Clatsop Co				
5		20 July 1908	29 July 1908		(Blue Baby)	
	Catherine Dutton	Victor Oregon	Victor Oregon			
		Wasco Co	Wasco Co			
6		16 May 1910	7 April 1986		29 Sept 1934	
	Dorothy Dell Dutton	Victor Oregon	Portland, Or		Stevenson Washington	
		Wasco Co			Kenneth Clark Hammill	
7		24 March 1913	7 Dec 1975		1. 3 Nov 1939	
	Noble Matlock Dutton	Portland Oregon	Ft Worth Texas		Oma Davis	
		Multnomah Co	b Arlington Va		Vancouver Washington	
8					2. Hilda Anzola	
					Arlington Virginia	
					25 May 1974	
9	Notes: Daniel - called "Livy"- was also a musician who taught "singing school" and had a fine singing voice.					
10	Ruth was a grade school teacher and principal for many years. She died of pneumonia and old age.					
	Maurice died of a heart attack, Dwight of Bright's Disease.					
11	A year after a stroke, Noble died of another massive one.					
12	Dorothy died of congestive heart failure. Her ashes, as well as those of her husband and her sister, Louise, are to be buried on the grave of her mother in the old cemetery at Clackamas. A memorial stone for her brother, Noble, is to be there, too.					
13	Insert: Dorothy told how, after her father died, when she was at home alone and feeling lonesome for her mother, she would seek comfort by getting in her mother's clothes closet, closing the door, and smelling her mother's clothing.					
14						

"YUMMY ICE CREAM"

"Somehow Papa had managed to maintain his life insurance. At the close of school in 1919, after his death, Mama, Auntie and Aunt Louise took all 3 of us kids to the hospital to have our tonsils and adenoids removed in hopes that we would not have such severe colds. Noble was also circumcised then. We had been promised all the ice cream we wanted when it was over. Of course, we were frightened, excited and anxious to get to the ice cream part. In those days patients were not sedated before being given the anesthetic. We were all in the same room, wide awake, frightened and unhappy. Noble was taken first, he being the youngest and having the most to be done. Louise and I watched with apprehension as he was rolled out of the room. We had no idea what would happen to us. Eventually, he was brought back - a silent, motionless little hump under the sheet. No explanation, no nothing except that I took his place on the wheeled stretcher, with both my legs in one great, big, white, cotton Santa Claus sock that came up to my thighs.

"The tied-in-the-back hospital gown seemed pretty skimpy to me then, as it still does now. After a silent wheel down a longish hall and through double swinging doors we arrived in the operating room where I was strapped to a hard table. Someone clamped what looked like a funnel over my nose and mouth and told me to breathe deeply and keep it up. Obediently, I took a breath, choked, tried to twist my face away, get my arms free, hold my breath, cough, and get out of that place, all at once.

"It was terrible. There were too many of them, all determined that I should breathe through that awful funnel. After what seemed like hours of struggle, I died. I knew I was dead because I heard them but they made no sense. There was a great light before me, and a voice saying my name, but being dead, I couldn't answer. The dead don't talk. Everyone knows that. The light winked out. Again I heard my name, but answering was too much effort. Even God would have to wait. My throat ached. Breathing was difficult. --- and oh, my stomach! With an awful heave, lying on my back, I threw up, through my mouth, nose and ears. I knew it came from my ears because later Mama found pieces of chewed up carrot in my ears and how else could they get there?

"Now came the realization that I was alive, and being dead was much to be preferred. I vowed then and there that I'd never let them take out tonsils nor adenoids again, ever, for any amount of ice cream. Just the thought of ice cream made me throw up again. Each time that awful smell of ether enveloped me.

"It wasn't long until Louise joined Noble and me in our throwing up, sipping water, and throwing up, accompanied by the permeating ether. Ugh.

"The next day we went back to Grandma's house in Montavilla. What a time we had. Noble cried each time he urinated. Our throats were sore for some time. Nothing tasted good nor slid down softly. Eventually we did get the ice cream, but jello seemed to work better."

"RUTH MATLOCK DUTTON - 1919"

"Brown eyes and wavy, brown hair; 5' 7" tall; 140 pounds or less; graceful movements; very lady-like; played organ in her younger days. Hearing the organ one day in the summer after Papa's

death, I went into the living room at Grandma's and there was Mama, not only playing the organ but singing, too! Great was my astonishment. That is the only time I remember that happening."

LIVING IN MONTAVILLA - 1919-20

They found a two bedroom apartment on the southeast corner of the intersection of 78th and Stark Streets. It was on the second floor of a two story frame building that had stores and shops on the first floor. The building is gone, having been replaced by a masonry commercial building in the 1930s.

They were within two blocks of Grandma's house and within 4 of the Montavilla school where Louise would be in the 8th grade and Dorothy in the 4th. Noble, now in the first grade, would go to Russellville with his mother. He would be dismissed earlier than his sisters and was too young to stay at home alone until the others got there. Ruth didn't want to burden her 81 year old mother with his care. They had a good, happy year there.

THE BOYS COME HOME

Maurice, having enlisted in 1916 for 4 years, was home again by the end of 1920. The city directory for 1921 lists him as a farmer, living with the family on 81st. He worked on farms and as a logger for a number of years, usually on eastern Oregon ranches during the summer and as a logger in the Willamette Valley - including the Portland area - during the winter. His mother said that his 4 years in the army completely changed him - and not for the better.

Although Dwight had enlisted for 4 years, too, he was given a medical discharge on March 25, 1919, with a small disability pension. He removed his mother's anxiety over her home mortgage by refinancing it in his name on a state G.I. loan.

Frequently unwell, he worked as a fry cook and as a cab driver. In February 1921 he married Frances Gressett. The 1921 city directory shows him as a cab driver, living with his wife at 153 13th, presumably on the west side near downtown.

Later, he took out a homestead near Blue Lake, just south of the Columbia River about ten miles east of Portland. Finding it difficult to commute to work in Portland, and a distaste for rural living, on the part of his wife as well as himself, he let the homestead go and returned to Portland.

BACK TO 81ST, 1920 - 22

Before school started in the fall of 1920 their house on 81st became vacant, and they moved back there. After only one year at Russellville Ruth had been made principal, although she still had to teach the 8th grade. Transportation would be very difficult for Ruth and Noble. Now 7 and in the 2nd grade, he would still be dismissed before his sisters and was too young to stay at home alone. Again, Ruth would take him to school with her.

Sometimes, in good weather, they walked all the way - about 3 miles. Sometimes they walked south to Glisan where they took a street car east to the end of the line at 96th. That saved them over half a mile of walking. In the worst weather they took a

street car at 82nd and Sandy, rode west to Grand Ave. then took a south bound car to Glisan, then another car east to 96th, the end of the line. Even this long, time consuming ride left them with more than half a mile to walk.

Louise, now a freshman at Washington High School at East 13th and Stark Street, took the street car at 82nd and Sandy and rode all the way to school, without changing cars at all.

Dorothy, now 10 and in the 5th grade, once again found that the nearest school, Gregory Heights at 72nd and Siskiyou, some 10 blocks from home, was having only even numbered grades that year. As before, when in the 3rd grade, she would have to walk to the Rose City School at 57th and Sacramento, some $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. That was ridiculous when there was a school within half a mile of home.

Already becoming quite independent, she took it upon herself, without consulting anyone, to enroll at Gregory Heights in the 4th grade. She had enjoyed that grade the year before at Montavilla and would enjoy it just as much a second time. Ruth didn't discover this until Dorothy brought her first report card home. Shocked at first, Ruth finally relented and let Dorothy continue.

After a promising beginning, Dame Fortune's infrequent smile once again returned to her more habitual frown. Dorothy became ill - first the flu then pneumonia then persistent bronchitis. The doctor said she was suffering from malnutrition. Fearing tuberculosis, he recommended that she attend Portland's "Fresh Air School". Reluctantly, Ruth consented.

It was a traumatic experience for Dorothy. Only once before had she been completely separated from all members of her family. Not feeling well made it all the worse.

Located at East 60th and Stark on the northwest edge of Mt. Tabor, it was aptly named "The Fresh Air School". A live-in school, it was for children with a tendency toward respiratory problems, especially tuberculosis. We don't know when it ceased to be. Probably, it was before the advent of penicillin which caused the decline and eventual extinction of so many tuberculosis hospitals.

All but one of Dorothy's few memories of it are unpleasant. The exception was a cold sunny day when she was wrapped in blankets and placed in a reclining chair in a sunny area of the building. That was probably the only time during her residence there that she was comfortably warm.

The student-patients' diet emphasized milk, eggs, hot cereal, home made whole wheat bread, stew, vegetables and fruit. They had rest periods and milk in mid morning and again in mid afternoon. Exercise was brief and infrequent, consisting chiefly of breathing, stretching and light calisthenics. Fresh air was paramount. Windows were kept open. They slept on screened sleeping porches. There was little heat in dining and class rooms.

Worst of all was the loneliness. Visits by her family only made it worse. She felt utterly abandoned. Nevertheless, her condition improved. After 2 or 3 months, Ruth and the doctor let her come home - with conditions. She had to go to school with her mother, continue the diet and rest periods and get lots of fresh air. Although she completely recovered, she has always had a tendency

toward bronchitis. When one of her infrequent colds goes into bronchitis, she is weeks in shaking it.

In the fall of 1921 Fortune smiled again. Maurice and Dwight were at home, or in the area at least. No one was sick. Noble was in the 3rd grade and no longer had to go to school with his mother. He went to Gregory Heights with Dorothy who was now in the 5th grade. At last that neighborhood school offered her grade.

Dorothy made 3 life-long friends that year. One was Josephine Kramer - now Boyington - perhaps her closest life-long friend. Josephine lived on 68th just south of Fremont, 13 blocks from the Duttons. Now unwell, she has lived in east Portland all her life.

Another was Edith Soderwall - now Halvorsen - who lived on 80th, a block west of Dorothy. She too, is unwell, and has lived her entire life in the east Portland area.

The 3rd was Charles Schmidt, Noble's best friend. Chuck lived on 77th and Klickitat, a few blocks south and west of the Duttons. Now retired, he lives 30 miles south of Portland, in Woodburn. He was first a teacher, then a principal in Pendleton, then school superintendent in Coos Bay, and, finally in Salem. All 3 of the above are my friends as well as Dorothy's. Although we don't often see or hear from Edith any more, we still regard her as a close friend.

It had been the best year the Duttons had known in a long time. But they had never lost hope. Through all those tragic, seemingly impossible years they had continually told each other, "Next year will be better." At last it had been.

ANOTHER MOVE - 1922-24

The ever changing composition of the Russellville school board had brought instability and dissension to the school. Ruth could no longer stand it. Her cousin, Ernie Chapman, was chairman of the school board at Springdale, 15 miles east of Portland on the old Columbia River Highway. When he told Ruth she could be principal and teacher in their small, two teacher school, if she liked, she accepted. Ruth would teach grades 5-8. Dorothy would be in the 6th grade. Her mother would be her teacher. Noble would be in the 4th grade and would have the other teacher.

Louise would live with her grandmother and aunt who had just moved from Montavilla to the lower east slope of Mt. Tabor. Sarah, now 83, was having difficulty climbing the stairs in their old house. Auntie, becoming more affluent, wanted to move to a better neighborhood. They found and bought a newer, one story house at 1824 East Yamhill Street, now 7020 S.E. Yamhill. Although it had a basement, Sarah would no longer have to climb stairs.

When Washington High School burned, Louise transferred to Lincoln. In downtown Portland, it was between Broadway-Park and Market-Mill Streets. Although still there, it is now a part of Portland State University - its oldest building, called "Old Main." Transportation by street car would be a bit farther but no less convenient.

Ruth, as before, rented their house. She couldn't find a place to live in Springdale. Finally, Cousin Ernie said that Ruth and Dorothy could stay in his attic and take their meals with his family. But Noble couldn't. He refused to have a boy in his house. Although



Grandma and Auntie's Mt. Tabor home from about 1922 until Grandma's death in 1926. It was then 1824 E. Yamhill St.. Now, it is 7020 SE Yamhill St.

he could tolerate his one step daughter, Audrey, another girl would stretch it to the limit. A boy would be just too much. A neighbor lady who soon became Ruth's close friend solved the problem by saying that Noble could stay with her until they found suitable living quarters.

Ernie, a retired carpenter, was about 60. He was relatively well to do which showed in his ownership of a car, as well as a home. Married 4 times, he had no children. His wife, Elnora, was a fine cook. Audrey is about a year older than Dorothy. She, too, went to Oregon Normal School at Monmouth with us and is a life-long friend. She, too, is unwell.

Dorothy and her mother shared a room in Ernie's attic. The only stairs were on the outside of the house, exposing them to the elements and the populace every time they went up or down. Meals were a trying time for Dorothy as Ernie wouldn't let her speak while they were eating.

After a month or so of this very difficult arrangement, Ruth had a tent house built for the family. A family near the school said she could build it near their own house and use their well and privy. Ruth bought the lumber for the floor and the 4' high exterior walls. Above that was the canvas top. Surrounded by trees, it was large enough for a cook stove, an organ, dining table, dresser, a double bed and two single beds. Noble could now be with them.

Shortly after New Year Louise joined them in their new "house". She had been walking in her sleep and having nightmares. Her terrified screams would wake her grandmother and aunt. They could hardly comfort the 16 year old girl. Their own sleep was severely disrupted.

Ruth had to bring her to join them. Even then it was several weeks before Louise calmed down. Several times she woke the family with her screams. The first time, her screams were so loud as to rouse several of the nearest neighbors.

Louise finished the school year attending Corbett High School which was 2-3 miles farther east. She rode to school with a "wealthy" classmate who drove his parents' car to school.

In early spring they left their tent house when they had an opportunity to live in the downstairs of a house within walking distance of both Springdale and Corbett.

When school opened in the fall they were very fortunate. The owners of a nice house near the school were visiting relatives in the East for a year and wanted someone to occupy their house during their absence. It even had an inside bathroom.

Their joy didn't last though. Early in the spring of 1924 the owners grew homesick and returned, requiring the Duttons to find other quarters. They did. But it wasn't nearly as nice nor as close to the school. And it had a path instead of a bath.

INTERLUDE - ADDRESSING PARENTS

Dorothy and Louise called their parents Papa and Mama. Noble called his mother Mom, his father Papa. I think Maurice called them Mother and Father. Dorothy's mother called her father Papa and her mother Mummy.

My siblings and I called our parents Dad and Mom. My mother called her parents Pa and Ma. My father called his Father and Mother. He was from (rather his parents were from) the Potomac River area of Virginia and Maryland. Hers were from Appalachia.

John called me Father until he was 12-14 when I became Dad. He called Dorothy Mother until she became Ma. I think Linda always called me Daddy. Like John, she called Dorothy Mother before switching to Ma. On rare occasions she referred to us as Ken and Dorothy.

Kate and Jane call John Daddy or Dad. They call Sue Mommy or Mom. Sarah and Joe call their parents Daddy and Mommy.

"GRANDMA - 1924"

"'Cats,' Grandma said, 'are alright in their place. But their place is down in the barn with the boys.' And woe, betide any of the half wild barn cats who strayed up to the house.

"Dogs were tolerated on the porch but weren't allowed inside.

"Neither were smokers allowed in the house. Even Uncle Claude, suave, sophisticated, man-about-town, who seemed to be the apple of Grandma's eye, had to go outside to smoke.

"After dinner, the men all left in a body to smoke on the porch, well away from the door so no smoke would drift inside, while the ladies left in a body for the kitchen to do the dishes, but really to oversee the girls as they did the work.

"Aunt Louise was always the first to disappear from the kitchen. Then the others would drift out until only the actual workers were left. Depending on the number of girls, one to wash, one to dry and put away and one left bemoaning her lot - the pots and pans.

"After Auntie (Agnes) and Grandma moved to Mt. Tabor, a stray calico cat appeared at their back door. For a day or so Grandma tried to shoo it away, but it persisted in looking piteously hungry and forlorn. Finally, Grandma put a bowl of milk on the porch. It disappeared. She added a few left over vegetables and meat scraps. All disappeared. So did the bowl of water. The next thing we knew the cat was in the kitchen sleeping in Grandpa's rocker. Grandma named her Angela because she was an angel. It wasn't long until Grandma found that Angela enjoyed bread pudding. After that Grandma regularly made bread pudding every Monday and Thursday for Angela. Angela had the run of the house and slept with Grandma. But that didn't mean that Grandma liked cats - only Angela.

"From the time we could sit still and listen until shortly before Grandma's death when I was 16, we loved to hear her tell about crossing the plains.

"She always had her knitting basket handy, and as she talked she'd knit on her stockings. To my knowledge she had never worn any other than those she knit of a fine, bluish gray yarn.

"Grandma had the most beautiful, curly, white, white hair. When I was small she wore it in a bun on top of her head, with two tortoise shell side combs and one in back to keep it off her neck. But she was always concerned with what she called her 'scolding locks'. Some of her hair would slip out of the combs and make a fringe of little curls on her neck. Periodically she'd remove a

comb, catch up the scolding locks and replace the comb. In a few minutes the curls would be back on her neck. When she was quite old, in her eighties, her hair was cut about 3" long all over her head where it made lovely little soft fluffy white curls.

"Grandma was Sarah Catherine Craghead, daughter of Anna Adelia Amanda Almeda Rosina Melvina Jane Fitzallen Newbill (Amanda for short) and Jonathan Craghead. Jonathan died in 1844, leaving Amanda with 4 little girls. Grandma was the second one and was just six years old. In 1847 Amanda Newbill Craghead and Francis Talbert were married."

* * * * *

In the spring of 1924, Louise graduated from Corbett High School.

The membership of the Russellville School Board had changed again and invited Ruth back as principal and 8th grade teacher. As Portland's suburbs had pushed eastward, the school had grown markedly. Ruth was offered a raise which she couldn't resist. Although we don't know for sure how much her salary was, we think it was incredibly high - \$128 per month, for the months school was in session.

Because of a promising opportunity which would provide jobs for all 4 of them, they didn't go to the berry and hop fields that summer. Two women were opening a tea room on the Sandy River to tempt the growing number of city dwellers who now owned automobiles and liked to take drives up the new highway to see the sights on Sundays, vacations, and on long summer evenings.

It was called THE BOW BELL because the chief owner was English. They wanted Ruth to help with the cooking. Louise and Dorothy would help wait table, wash dishes, sweep, mop, etc.. Eleven year old Noble could run errands and keep out of the way.

Louise tells of one amusing incident during that operation. She and the second woman were preparing Sunday brunch for the expected rush of hungry motorists. Louise prepared the batter for pancakes while the other did so for the biscuits. They got their batches reversed, baking the pan cakes and frying the biscuits. Neither turned out very well.

Nor did the venture. It was remarkable how many cars went by without even stopping. Another impediment was the English owner who, when they came to know her, proved to be "balmy". They hung on a month or two before giving up. The Duttons never received a dime in wages.

HOME AGAIN - 1924

As their house on 81st was rented, they couldn't move into it at once. They found living quarters to rent on the second floor of a commercial* building on the north side of Burnside Street between 80th and 81st, across Burnside from the present Safeway store. After several months their own house became vacant and they were home again.

Before school started, while they were still living on Burnside, Ruth went with Dorothy - now 14 - to an employment office. They found a job for Dorothy - working in a boarding house. She would receive board, room and \$10 per month for helping the woman who ran it. She waited table, washed dishes, made beds, cleaned rooms, etc..

It was one of the better homes in the very respectable Irvington

* Wrong. It was and is a two story house.



Dwight - on his homestead
at Blue Lake - 1923.



Dorothy - age 14 - in her Pongee dress that she made herself.

district. It was from this woman that Dorothy began to learn the niceties of setting a table, preparing and serving meals, making beds, arranging furniture, drapes, curtains, and generally making a home attractive.

Although she liked the woman and the job, Dorothy couldn't stay long because the house had bed bugs which she can't tolerate.

Noble stayed most of several summers with his Uncle Carey Matlock and "Aunt Chuff", on their small farm which is now the east end of the Rose City Golf Course at N.E. 77nd and Tillamook Street. He enjoyed it, especially riding bareback on the larger calves. As it was only half a mile or so from home, he could run back and forth pretty much at will.

Louise got a job as a waitress in a downtown restaurant. After a few days, she gave up that job and tried it again in a different restaurant. Then another, and another. She lacked self confidence and the knack of kidding back with the male customers. She was beginning to despair when "Auntie" decided that Louise was in the wrong business. She came to her rescue by offering to lend her the money to go to business school. Glad to accept, Louise enrolled at Benke-Walker Business College. But she continued waiting table part time at night to help with her living expenses.

When school started in the fall of 1924, everything was much better for the family. Ruth rode to and from school with another teacher, a neighbor, who drove her car to work. Louise, now nearly 18, rode the street car downtown to business school. Noble, 11, walked the few blocks to Gregory Heights School.

Dorothy, 14, and in the 8th grade, walked $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile to the Montavilla School, as Gregory Heights again didn't offer her grade. On her way home she often stopped to see her great aunt, Mary Craghead Capps Mills. Now 83 and unable to do her own housework, she had moved into the Baptist Retirement Home which is still there - on N.E. 82nd just north of Glisan.

Dorothy rode the street car in the worst weather, taking the Rose City car and going west to 13th and East Burnside where she transferred to the Montavilla car. That trip took nearly an hour. "Auntie" was her 8th grade teacher.

RUTH'S CONTINUING EDUCATION

Ruth attended at least two summer sessions in Oregon Normal School at Monmouth. Pressure was heavy on teachers to obtain a full two year diploma from an Oregon teacher training school. Although Ruth had had some teacher training at Willamette University in Salem, had taught school off and on for 30 years, and held an Oregon Life Teachers Certificate, she had to continue her schooling in order to compete for the better schools and the higher paying jobs. Finally, in 1929 at age 58 she received her diploma.

She took Dorothy and Noble to summer school with her, leaving Louise in Montavilla with Grandma and Auntie. That must have been soon after Daniel died, for Dorothy remembers that she and Noble were barely old enough to be left alone while Ruth attended classes. It must have been between 1921 and 1923 when Dorothy was 11-13.

One summer their living quarters were in downtown Monmouth near the fire station. The fire station itself caught fire, somehow,

and the volunteer firemen didn't arrive soon enough, in sufficient numbers, with adequate equipment to put the fire out. The station burned to the ground. Dorothy remembers most vividly how the neighbors brought their trash and threw it into the conflagration, after it had subsided sufficiently to let them come within throwing range.

One summer they stayed in Rickreall where Ruth was practice teaching. Rickreall is a small community about ten miles north of Monmouth. They found and rented a little cottage which stood in a field near a tiny creek. Dorothy and Noble roamed the field and played in the creek while their mother was in school. They hunted crayfish, periwinkles and pretty rocks. It was fun, even if they were wet much of the time.

GROWING UP, 1925-26

In the summer of 1925 Louise was still in business college, and waiting table part time. Noble, now 12, with his friend, Chuck Schmidt, was beginning to earn money by finding and selling golf balls and by serving as caddies to golfers. Donning their swim suits, they would wade into the water holes in golf courses where they found numerous golf balls which they sold for 10 cents each.

The two boys spent much time in swimming pools and were becoming excellent swimmers. Noble at least was beginning to be interested in gymnastic activities - the rings, paralalled bars and horizontal bar. He was also interested in Uncle Carey's farm where he continued to spend considerable time.

Dorothy was now 15 and ready to enter Grant High School in the fall. She worked during the summer, baby sitting and doing housework. For baby sitting she received 25 cents for an afternoon, 50 cents for an entire evening. Several times she lived with her employers, doing housework and caring for the children. Two consecutive summers she worked for the same family. Both times the parents went on a two week vacation, leaving Dorothy alone with the house and children, a 6 and a 4 year old. The parents would phone every second night to see if all was well. Payment was uncertain. More than one stint went unpaid - forever.

In the fall of 1925 the family resumed the routine that had been interrupted by summer vacation except that Dorothy was a freshman in high school.

In the spring of 1926 Louise, now 19, finished her business course and became a downtown stenographer, first with Dohrman Hotel Supply Company, then an engineering company, then a public stenographer, and perhaps others - over a period of some 3 years. Continuing to live at home, and helping with the household expenses, she joined the Multnomah Athletic Club where she swam and exercised. She also took up golf and horseback riding, with lessons in both. She had riding breeches, boots, a crop, and a hat. And she bought a set of wooden golf clubs which eventually found their way into our basement. They stayed there until we gave them away a few years ago - except the putter. John and I kept it in the garage, sometimes using it to putt a plastic golf ball around our back yard. When we gave the set away we forgot the putter which stands forlornly in the garage to this day.

Just as she did in grade school, Dorothy lost a year in high

school. Her 8th grade classmates at Montavilla were all going to attend Washington High, which had been rebuilt after its devastating fire two years before. Although Grant High was much closer and was also virtually new, Dorothy decided to go to Washington in order to be with old friends.

But things didn't go well. She had a gym class in the basement, followed by an English class on the 3rd floor - 4 floors above the gym. In those days students were required to wear special attire for gym classes, changing back into their school clothes when their gym class was over. Try as she might, Dorothy couldn't get changed and up to her 3rd floor English class before the tardy bell rang.

She explained to the English teacher who was completely lacking in sympathy. She accused Dorothy of loafing, and scolded her for it. About the 3rd time Dorothy was late the teacher sent her to the principal's office. Instead of going there she simply went home, and stayed there.

Although disappointed, her mother didn't strongly object. After all, Dorothy was doing most of the shopping, cooking and housework. Now she could do a better job of it and not be so rushed. Ruth, now nearing 55, was tired. Louise's day was long, leaving home at 7, returning at 6. Noble usually stayed after school, practicing gymnastics, swimming and track. In the mornings, before school, he barely had time to fill the wood box. Dorothy enjoyed being home, and the lessened pressure.

Nevertheless, she re-entered Grant High after New Year. After completing her first and second years uneventfully, she encountered trouble again in her 3rd year - some difficulty with physics or math and an unreasonable and unsympathetic teacher. As before she solved her problem by simply staying home for another semester. Upon returning to school the next semester she found more reasonable classes and teachers, graduating from Grant in June, 1930, at the ripe age of 20.

FAMILY ROUND UP

I forgot to mention the first death among Ruth's siblings. It was Charles, the eldest, who died in 1924, age 64, of a heart attack. He had been a carpenter and a heavy drinker. For many years he lived in a small house near the creek and the northeast corner of the old Clackamas cemetery, adjoining the 13 acre estate of his Matlock cousin, Balfe Youmans. Although his last few years were lived in California, Charles is buried in the old Clackamas cemetery.

Grandma - Sarah Catherine Craghead Matlock - died in her home on Mt. Tabor in January, 1926, some 3 years after moving there. She was in her 88th year. Although nearly deaf for years, her vision was fairly good and she could get around fairly well until the last few weeks, when she just faded away, from hardening of the arteries, the doctor said. She had lived with Negro slaves, ox teams, the spinning wheel, and candles, as well as with trains, inside plumbing, telephone, electricity, the automobile, airplane, and radio. Dorothy has very fond memories of her, not to mention some of her things, including furniture and many of her letters.

Aunt Dot and Uncle Albert were with Sarah and Aggie when Sarah died. Their presence during the winter months was more usual than unusual, for his road building jobs couldn't be carried on if the ground was too wet. During the summer they lived "on the job", but in the winter they lived with Sarah and Aggie. It was the family home.

Soon after her mother's death, Aggie sold the house. Uncle Albert (Skook) and Aunt Dot moved into an apartment in the Barber Block on S.E. Grand Avenue and Washington Street. I remember visiting them there, before we were married.

Aggie moved into the home of Miss Vida Hammond on East 79th and Burnside. They were old friends and co-teachers at Montavilla School. Miss Hammond had inherited the 1½ story house from her folks. After our marriage, Dorothy and I were visitors there several times. Miss Hammond was a fine, friendly lady. Upon retiring she became one of the founders, along with Auntie, of the Portland Teachers Credit Union.

Aggie accepted an invitation to teach in Portland's new TEACHING DEMONSTRATION SCHOOL. It was near the old Administration Building of the Portland Schools, on or near N.E. 7th and Clackamas Streets, near the present Lloyd Center. She had taught at Montavilla more than 30 years.

Dorothy says Aggie didn't like men. She thought they belonged down in the barn with the dogs and livestock. As far as Dorothy knows, she never went out with a man on a date in her life.

While discussing the Matlock siblings, I might as well run through all of them. One unusual fact about them is that the 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th and 9th siblings beget children, while the 2nd, 4th, 6th and 8th did not. Aggie was the only one who never married.

I've mentioned the eldest, Charles. The second, Claude, a miller for Albers Milling Company, was transferred from the Portland plant to the company's main plant in Oakland, California. That was probably soon after his marriage in 1894. They lived in the Twin Peaks area of San Francisco in a very modest home. His entire career was with that company. He rode the old San Francisco-Oakland ferry to and from work. On our way back from New Orleans in 1945, Dorothy and I stopped and visited his widow, Aunt Molly.

Carey, the 3rd child, attended chiropractic school for a time. Apparently, he never finished, for he didn't ever enter the practice. After his health failed, he sold his little farm near the Rose City Golf Course and returned to Clackamas where he took over the more sedentary job of running the old store and post office, a post he held for years. He bought a little house nearby. His wife, "Chuff", was a loveable person, lots of fun and a fine cook. We visited them also.

Like Claude, the 4th child, Grant, spent his entire career on one job. His was driving laundry wagon (later a truck) for the Crystal Laundry Company. With his paralyzed left arm, there weren't a lot of jobs he could handle. He and his wife, "Percy", lived just south and west of the cemetery at S.E. 82nd and Holgate. He associated more with his wife's family than with his own. We visited them, too, once or twice.

Ruth and Aggie were the 5th and 6th children. The 7th was William, called "Will", a preacher who liked women - some said a lot more than was fitting for a married preacher. His career took him over most of Oregon and later into northern California. He was married in 1898 in Eugene, Oregon where his first 3 children were born. Later he was in central and western Oregon before going to California in the 1920s. On our way home from New Orleans in January, 1945, Dorothy and I visited him at his home in Graville where he died some 9 months later, of a heart attack. He was 70.

I have already commented on the 8th child, Lillian Louisa (Dot). Merle, the youngest, was born in Salem, the only one of the 9 not born in Clackamas. He was something of a carpenter and cabinet maker. He also tried his hand at farming, without success. He jumped from one thing to another, never really settling down to one job. By his first marriage he had a daughter, Myra, and a son, Hugh, both of whom I vaguely remember, having seen them but once or twice. Their parents were divorced in the late 1920s. In 1930 their mother was struck by a street car and was fatally injured.

Over the years, Merle often relied on Aggie for financial help. More than anything else, as I remember him, he liked to sit, puff on his pipe and talk. Late in life he moved to Ukiah, California, near his brother, Will. There, in 1940, he remarried. We liked his new wife, Lilly. After Merle died in 1943, she visited us, staying with us and doing a lot of the cooking. She was such a good cook that we were all becoming fat before she left.

Returning to Ruth's family, Maurice somehow became involved with a retarded young woman in the Beaver Creek area southeast of Oregon City. He tried to elude her but couldn't. Finally, he fled to California, swearing his friends and relatives to secrecy as to his whereabouts. It was in vain. After a year or so she managed to learn where he was, pursued, caught and married him in Yreka, California in 1928 when he was 31 years old.

After working as a logger in the Yreka area for another year or so, he brought his wife back to Portland. They rented a tiny house - little more than a shack, with a privy - from Aggie. She had purchased it for a nominal amount as an investment. It was on N.E. Beech Street about 61st Avenue.

Maurice started digging and installing cess pools for new houses - and prospered. That is, he prospered until he had some money. Then he quit and went into the fruit and vegetable business. When he ran out of money he went back to installing cess pools again until he had enough money to get started in the produce business again. This cycle continued for some years, succeeding in what he detested and failing in what he loved. He hated doing hard, physical labor in a hole and loved going about in the country, talking to farmers and buying their crops, if he could.

In the meantime, Dwight and his wife had moved to Junction City, north of Eugene where Dwight was a fry cook in a restaurant. After about a year they, too, went to California. In another year or so Dwight came home, alone. His wife had left him when they learned that he was sterile. She desperately wanted children. After divorce and remarriage she did.

Dwight rejoined his family in the spring of 1924 when they were in Springdale. He was ill. When he didn't improve they took him to the Veterans Hospital in Portland. There, kidney stones were removed. Upon release from the hospital he returned to Springdale to convalesce with his family.

With the coming of summer he had improved sufficiently to go down to the Sandy River with Louise, Dorothy and Noble to watch them swim. When Dorothy stepped unexpectedly into a pot hole, sank from sight, and came up gasping and floundering, he dashed into the river and pulled her out.

Soon after, he returned to Junction City to the job he had held before. There he met and married a young woman named Nan Brooks.

In 1929, still living at home, Louise began her United States Civil Service career, with the Immigration Service. She appeared satisfied with her position as an independent career woman.

Noble, when he was old enough - 15 or 16 - found a part time job as hat check boy on Friday and Saturday nights at McElroy's Ballroom, downtown, on 4th and Main Streets, between the City Hall and the Multnomah County court house. During vacations and on holidays he sometimes worked on week nights also. The neighbors could tell when he came home at 1 or 2 a.m. for he sang all the way home from the car line. He held that job all through high school. He also worked part time in the high school cafeteria.

Noble was a fine athlete. He became an expert tennis player, making the state semi-finals or finals at least once. He also took up pole vaulting at which he became even more proficient. Unfortunately, in his junior year he fell and broke his leg while pole vaulting. With his foot and leg in a cast, up to his thigh, he disdained crutches and walked about on his hands, much to the amazement and amusement of onlookers. Consternation followed when they saw him go up and down the steps from the sidewalk to their front porch or clamber on his hands upon the arms of their wooden rocking chair and rock while standing on his hands, then get down the same way. I saw him do these things in the spring of 1931.

The next spring - 1932 - his leg had healed and he set the state record for the high school pole vault - 12', 6". The record stood for some ten years - probably to the time when fiber glass jumping poles replaced the traditional bamboo poles. The new material gave the jumpers a much stronger thrust, causing records to soar.

Ruth was finding the burden of being both principal and teacher becoming increasingly heavy. With Louise working full time, and with salaries slowly increasing, she was at last finding expenses less pressing. About the time she won her normal school diploma - 1929 - she stepped down from principal and 8th grade teacher and became the 5th grade teacher. Finding that far easier and more fun, she finished her career quite pleasantly in that position. I should have mentioned that Dorothy and Noble were also helping with the household expenses.

Dorothy continued to baby sit and do house work during vacations and on week-ends.

One summer she worked in a print shop for a time - and liked it. Her employers (a husband and wife with their print shop in

in the basement of their home in Montavilla) seemed to like her and her work. She might have continued indefinitely had not the mother of her best girl friend co-worker told the employers that Dorothy didn't like the work and wished to quit. And she told Dorothy that the employers no longer wanted her to work there. Dorothy, very badly hurt, for she thought she had been doing well and was pleasing her employers - quit in despair. Months later, when it was too late for amends, Ruth chanced to meet the wife of the former employers. In their conversation the true story came out. That abruptly ended one of Dorothy's closest girlhood friendships.

One summer Dorothy worked for their good friend, Mrs. Davies, in Springdale. Her daughter, Thelma, was working and staying at an inn in nearby Corbett. That left her mother with more work in the house and in the garden than she could handle. Dorothy stayed with them all summer, working in the house and garden, and enjoying it - all for \$20 a month. That was the most she had ever earned. But she had to wait several months for her pay as the Davies were short of money that summer.

Another summer Dorothy earned a few dollars by picking and selling their surplus raspberries.

When about 14, Dorothy, along with two girl friends, joined the First Baptist Church (The White Temple) at S.W. 11th and Taylor, downtown. Later, she became an active member of the Baptist Young People's Christian Association, serving one term as its president. Most of her social activities were associated with that group. They had swimming and dancing parties, picnics, trips to amusement parks, movies, etc..

Her friends and neighbors, the Soderwalls had a new car which only the son and the oldest daughter knew how to drive. Dorothy often rode with them to picnics, to the zoo, to Blue Lake to swim, and to other places. Another close friend (and still is) was Josephine Kramer - now Boyington.

Their social activities were conducted chiefly in groups or in visits to each others' homes. There was little dating on an individual basis. (We had photos of this time, but I can't find them.)

INTERLUDE - OUR GOLDEN WEDDING - 1984

Although our 50th anniversary came on Saturday, September 29, 1984, we had to celebrate it on Sunday, September 30. That was because the better places for wedding receptions are booked up, at least for Saturdays, a year or more in advance. As we began searching only six months in advance, we were too late. Hence our forced acceptance of the day following.

We had it at Blue Lake Park where in our younger days we often went to picnic, swim, go row-boating, lie in the sun, play cards, etc.. It is some ten miles east of Portland, near the south bank of the Columbia River. It was a beautiful day in a beautiful spot in an inviting building, a former residence. The manager of the property cooperated with our caterers to provide a hospitable, attractive setting. We overheard a number of remarks about what a beautiful place it was for a reception.

Our guests explored the spacious lawns and the lake front. The children watched ducks, threw rocks into the water, ran excitedly up and down the bank and along the shore where they found a duck's

nest with 4 eggs in it.

Inside, guests stood or sat about in groups, talking, eating, and drinking beverages, none of them alcoholic. The composition of the groups was constantly changing, giving a thorough mix.

Unusual interest was added when our fireman neighbor arrived in a fire truck, along with his 4 man crew. Since they were on duty they simply came as they were, staying only a few minutes.

Perhaps I gave too much attention to my relatives and close friends, leaving our less well known ones pretty much on their own. Fortunately, Dorothy covered up my negligence by leaning the other way. Our daughter, son and daughter-in-law were a big help, not to mention my siblings, nephews and nieces.

I was glad that my "twin" cousin, Gertrude Coyle Schuttie, was able to come. Only a few weeks earlier an artificial knee had been implanted in her leg. As a result, she didn't think she would be able to come. But a kind cousin, Muriel Fuller, drove out to their home and brought Gertrude and her husband, Joe Schuttie. They live at Ethel, Washington, some 85 miles to the northeast.

I was surely proud of Dorothy - so young looking, with her own dark hair, her new, becoming dress and her regained figure, after losing some 40 pounds for the occasion. Our many photos back me up in saying this. She says that I didn't look bad either, in my new slacks, jacket and tie, with its clasp decorated with a \$5 gold coin, minted in the United States in 1900.

The photos were taken by Brad Tongue, brother of our daughter-in-law, Sue. The cake, coffee, and punch were excellent. We heard many favorable comments among our guests. We enjoyed it greatly.

We had invited 8 of our old friends and classmates from our days at Oregon Normal School at Monmouth, 1930-32. It is now Western Oregon State College. Those 8, along with Dorothy and me, comprised "Hammill and his harem". At least that is how some of our other classmates referred to us. The title fell on us because Dorothy's friends followed along with her and me. It must have been quite a sight.

Only four of them came. But, even so, there were six of us. Although the others visited together, Dorothy and I didn't get much chance to join them.

There weren't as many guests as there had been at our "premature" golden wedding 9 years earlier on our 41st anniversary. As we had both had recent heart attacks, our children feared we'd never make it to our 50th, so they had it then, while we were still here.

At first we were disappointed that the attendance had shrunk. Then we realized that quite a number of our older friends and relatives had died. Others were too ill or infirm to come. And quite a few were away on trips. Even so, 97 guests signed our guest book, compared to 112 the first time.

Much of the planning and preparation was done by our daughter-in-law, Sue, assisted by our son and daughter who lives in far away Chicago. She, Linda, paid most of the expenses. We received a few gifts despite our request that none be given.

Several guests who lived far away stayed over in motels.

One relative whom we hadn't seen for years was our nephew, Roger Hammill, son of my brother, Richard. Some 45 years old, he recently changed his name to Tully Adam Hammill. Nearly 2 years ago he remarried - a young woman slightly more than half his age. His hair is quite grey.

Unfortunately, a tragedy was associated with our golden wedding. My niece, Christine Geer Jenkins, her husband, Ted, and their 3 small children came all the way from Los Angeles to share in our celebration. They stopped at the home of her parents, my sister, Margaret Geer and her husband, Gordon at Grants Pass, Oregon to spend the night.

The next morning they found their 3 month old baby, Jordon, dead in his bed, a victim of the so-called "Sudden Infant Death Syndrome". Needless to say, they went home rather than coming on to our 50th anniversary reception. Despite their grief and shock, Margaret and Gordon and their daughter, Brooke, also from Los Angeles, came on to share in our reception. They stayed over night in a motel. Such a crushing blow is beyond description or comprehension.

In spite of the tragedy, our reception was an enjoyable occasion. But we don't want to have another one, even if we should somehow reach our 60th anniversary. Two were quite enough.

And there was a pleasant epilogue. * Friends sent our names and address to the Sunnyside Methodist church which holds an annual reception for any and all couples who have been married 50 or more years. They sent us an invitation to their 1984 reception which was their 56th consecutive one. It was October 14. We went, enjoyed entertainment by the singing group, THE SWEET ADELINES. We won a prize for the couple who most recently attained their 50th anniversary, and consumed cake, ice cream and beverages. There was one couple who had been married 72 years. They have 35 grandchildren and 70 odd great grand children.

It is a beautiful old church in an area of old, substantial, well kept homes. The church is on the list of historic buildings. Constructed of stone blocks about 1900, it is large, with many gorgeous, stained glass windows. We enjoyed ourselves and may go again next year.

*Also - we made the last payment on our home mortgage at this time.

DOROTHY GOES TO MONMOUTH

Upon graduating from Grant High in June, 1930, Dorothy's choices for the future were limited. She could get a job as a clerk in a downtown department store. She could go into nurses' training. Or perhaps she could become a stenographer as Louise had, by borrowing money from Aunt Aggie to put her through business college. She didn't even consider going to beauty school.

Clerking in a store, with its long hours, low pay, boring work and lack of promise for the future, had no appeal whatsoever.

Nor was Louise's experience with stenography any inducement, for the same reasons as clerking. An older sister of Dorothy's friend, Edith Soderwall, had recently become a nurse and was earning much more than Louise was. And she liked the work. Edith and several other friends of Dorothy's were in nursing school and enjoying it. In addition to their training they received board and



Dorothy Dell Dutton
Monmouth 1930 - age 20
(See why I fell for her?)

room for less than \$10 a month. Upon completing the training course they would be assured of good paying jobs and would also receive a certain amount of college credit which was important to Dorothy.

Deciding on nurses' training she applied for it and was accepted at Emanuel Hospital where several of her friends were already enrolled.

Learning of this, Aggie was aghast. She didn't think Dorothy would be suited to or happy in nursing. She thought teaching would be more to her liking and aptitude. To support her opinion she offered to pay Dorothy's tuition, books, board and room at Oregon Normal School in Monmouth. The two year training period was then standard for elementary teachers. Upon completing it she would receive a diploma and a teacher's certificate. Dorothy would start repaying Auntie when she began teaching.

Dorothy gladly accepted. She thought two years in a teachers' college, followed by teaching in the intermediate grades would be far more rewarding than emptying & washing bed pans in a hospital. So, in September, 1930, off she went to Monmouth, leaving her mother, Louise, Noble and Nan in the house on 81st street. Ruth was tired but content in teaching the 5th grade at Russellville. Noble was a junior at Grant High. Dwight had come home, ill, bringing his wife, Nan, with him. Louise was working for the U.S. Immigration Service, located in the old Customs House at N.W. Broadway and Glisan.

For some months that summer they were all crammed into that small two bedroom house. Dwight and Nan had one bedroom, Ruth and Louise the other which was large enough for two beds. Dorothy slept on the couch in the dining room. Noble had a floor bed in the low attic which was reached by rungs nailed to the bathroom wall.

Dwight was 31 and quite ill with Brights Disease, a kidney ailment. Nan was a waitress in a downtown restaurant where she was paid \$1 a day plus lunch and tips for an 8 hour day, six days a week. Her tips exceeded her wages. After a month or so it became apparent that Dwight was worsening rather than improving. Once more he went to the Veterans' hospital. He was still there, in serious condition, when Dorothy left for Monmouth.

Here are a few paragraphs written by Dorothy.

"It is true that Ken and I received our BS degrees from Oregon College of Education in 1959. But we are really of the class of '32.

"We both enrolled at Oregon Normal School in the fall of 1930 after having completed high school the previous June.

"Ken, however, ran out of money after 2 or 3 weeks and had to drop out. In January he returned for winter term with the munificent sum of \$150 - earned in Stanfield, Oregon driving a team of horses to clear the irrigation ditch of silt and vegetation. His parents who had a 40 acre farm there, sold a load of turkeys and Ken received half the turkey money to make up the \$150.

"By working for his board and room, or batching, working for the school, and working the following summer, he was able to stay in school the two years on \$300.

I, on the other hand, lived in luxury in comparison, at the women's dormitory, Todd Hall, taking my meals in the dining room.

"I received my diploma in June, 1932 while Ken had to go to



Ruth (Matlock) Dutton - age 60.

181-B



Dwight Dutton - age 25.



Noble Dutton
1932?
Age 19?



Dorothy Dutton



Kenneth Hammill

Both-- age 21



About 1932 - probably at my parents' farm in eastern Oregon, near Stanfield.

summer school to make up the missed fall term. With me gone he was able to devote my time to study and made the honor roll!

"We both got schools for the fall of 1932. Many of the less fortunate (we thought) could not find teaching jobs but managed to go on to the University of Oregon and received their degrees in 1934, the year we were married.

"We went to summer school, night school, and took correspondence courses, working toward our bachelor degrees. By 1959 we had made it. Our two children were 12 and 14. With them in tow, along with Ken's sister, Margaret and husband, Gordon Geer, we returned to Monmouth 27 years after we had finished in 1932, donned cap and gown and received our degrees. We were as impressed as our kids!

"As teachers were being pressed to finish a fifth year of schooling, I continued going to summer school. So did the children. As the years passed, with summer after summer in school, we stressed the importance of a college education before having children.

"They completed grade school, high school and college and still they went on! We began to think we might have overdone the schooling. Linda married but still went on until two children were too much competition for her doctoral dissertation. John was well into his master's degree when he married.

" We were married in 1934 - secretly - as married women usually couldn't get a job in those days. Two jobs in one family was unthinkable when so many families had no job at all. Worst of all was to find a husband and wife both on the public payroll. We both taught nine years, with Ken becoming more and more disillusioned as a principal.

"In the summer of 1955 a nice young man appeared at our door one day and introduced himself as a principal looking for a first grade teacher. He even had a contract in his pocket! The salary would be \$4200 a year, divided into 12 monthly payments. We were amazed. \$350 a month all year round! It was unbelievable!

"During the time we'd taught before, we went to interview each board member and the clerk, in many different barns (cows didn't hold me in respect), or in fields or in wood lots. No employer ever came seeking a teacher! I had received \$85 a month for 8½ months at my last school, including pay for the janitor work, \$722.50 a year, with no pay during the summer.

"So, of course, I was teaching again in the fall of 1955. Then came, again, night school, summer school and correspondence courses, working toward that demanded fifth year."

OFF TO NORMAL SCHOOL

Until about 1930, Oregon Normal School at Monmouth was Oregon's only normal school. That is the term by which training schools for elementary teachers were then known. About that time two others opened in Oregon: one at Ashland was Southern Oregon Normal School; the other, at La Grande, was Eastern Oregon Normal School. A short time later the term, "normal school" fell into disfavor, and they became "colleges of education". In recent years the word, "education" was dropped, and they are now called, simply, "colleges". The one at Monmouth is now "Western Oregon College".

Dorothy's cousin, Byron Matlock and his wife, took her to Monmouth. First year women students were required to live in school operated residences. Second year women could ask permission to live "off campus" if they had to help work their way through school. But if a woman student was known to have a boy friend permission would not be granted. Students were required to be in their residences by 9:30 on week nights, in their rooms by 10, when the lights went off. On Friday and Saturday nights they could stay out until midnight. The Dean of Women and her spy system strictly enforced the regulations.

There were some 100 male students and 5-600 women, a ratio of perhaps 1 to 6. As there were no school residences for men, they were on their own for housing and food. Although some of them "batched", most had room and board in boarding houses or with private families. At least half the men were athletes who had been recruited for the school's relatively strong athletic program. That was especially true of their football program. For years, Larry Wolfe's "Wolves" mopped up in their division.

The sight of a male-female couple alone on campus was relatively uncommon and likely to arouse comment. If the same couple was seen together more than twice they were going steady, and the Dean would be so informed by her espionage network which was composed mostly of women students without dates.

In those days students didn't have to apply for admission and be accepted before registering. You simply appeared with your high school diploma and registered. An assembly was held for new students to tell them how to proceed. Students chose the area in which they expected to specialize - primary, intermediate, or upper grades. Beyond that the courses were mostly composed of required subjects, with a few electives.

Each year the Christian Church gave a get acquainted party for new students. Dorothy donned her best bib and tucker, removed her horn-rimmed glasses and went to the party to see what she could find. She found a huge basement room, around the walls of which sat 100 or so pretty young things like herself, all looking hopelessly at the dozen or so young men who were jammed into the doorways looking over the bountiful crop of young women.

Without her glasses, Dorothy's myopic eyes couldn't see them at all clearly - except one who wore a bright green sweater. He seemed rather tall and was definitely skinny. Studying him, she suddenly realized that he was staring at her. Startled, she smiled before she could catch herself. Then he was edging toward her. As he came nearer she made out dark brown hair in a tousled pompadour over sparkling blue eyes and a shy grin.

The party over, he saw her to her door. Without a kiss they parted, after agreeing to meet next morning just inside the assembly hall. It wasn't until then, with her glasses on, that she could see what she had found - me.

Although its supports were unsteady, our attraction was strong from the beginning. I had come to Monmouth with only a few dollars, expecting to stay only a few days to look the situation over. Odelpha Hoskins, a classmate in my high school graduating class had come, her father bringing her to Monmouth. She had persuaded me to come along to look things over at least. I made my few dollars keep me there for ten days or so before giving up and going to

Portland to seek work.

Dorothy's situation grew even more disturbing. Learning that her brother, Dwight's condition was worsening, she went home for the week-end to be with him and the family. Upon returning to school the dean had her on the carpet concerning her absence. She had heard that Dorothy already had a boy friend and suspected that she had spent the week-end with him. The dean's apology upon learning the truth wasn't enough for Dorothy who never forgave her. To her it seemed unforgivable, as the phone call asking her to come home had come through the dean's office.

Dorothy continued going home almost every week-end. On Thursday afternoon, October 30 she was called to the dean's office and told her aunt had called asking her to come home at once as her brother was gravely ill. Taking the first bus, she learned upon reaching home that Dwight had already passed away.

Louise saved the letters Dorothy wrote home that first term. We don't know why she saved only those. Nor do we know why we didn't save the few letters we wrote to each other that term, after I had gone back home to find work to earn money to return to school. Afterward, we were together at school and, of course, had no need to write to each other.

Louise typed the letters which follow.

West House
Sept. 21, 1930

Dear Mother:

We got here about 3 o'clock as we stopped in Salem for dinner and a flat tire.

I'm not in the dormitory after all. It's "West House", a couple of blocks away. I think I'll like it here better than at the dorm. There are fewer girls and I can get acquainted easier. I like my room mate awfully well from what I've seen of her. Her name is Harriet something. Our room isn't much. It's at the very back of the house and looks like it had been a wood shed at one time.

There is just one bed in the room and two others on the sleeping porch. I think I'll sleep out there. There isn't a mirror here, tho. We are going to ask for one tomorrow. The room can be made very attractive with just a little fixing. Dean Todd was just in, eating a bunch of grapes, and said that a mirror with 3 sides and a black frame would be there tomorrow which will make it nice. We had cake and ice cream for tea. I went to B Y tonight - Baptist Young People. Not many people were there.

I want those pillows or cushions I made. Have Louise stuff them and send the parrot one too, in that little black suitcase. Also get some paper for that large black notebook and send it up. The last time I saw the notebook it was under our bed.

That two dollars deposit for room and board isn't refunded until the end of the first term. Tell Noble to come across with some cash on account of he broke my glasses to the tune of 3 plunks.

How is Dwight? The dean told Harriet she could sleep on the porch too so we will use the bed in the room for a davenport. Ask Louise to send up that stuff she used to bind pictures with and

in one of the new magazines at home there is a picture of a bowl of daffodils. Have her send that too. When you write just send it general delivery and I'll get it. You might stick West House on the corner or something.

Lots of love,
Dorothy

Please wash and send that nun's cloth lounge cover up. It's in the window seat. Dorothy

West House
Sept 22

Dear Mother:

We are just waiting for the English exam to come off. We studied quite a bit this morning, but I suppose they won't have anything we studied for.

Harriet and I are having our room green and gold so will you send up that yellow vanity set, all the pieces. The dresser is a chest of drawers built to the wall and rather large so we need the set. Louise knows where it is in the shelves. It's going to cost \$1.40 to get my shoes fixed. We bought two big yellow blotters with green markings this morning and have one on our study table and made a waste basket of the other. We are going to get another table down from the attic for the porch. We got another rug already.

Tell Noble I saw George Little this morning.

I'd like that glass powder bowl too, the one with the elephant on the top. Also that black elephant in the bath room.

I'd like a diary to keep all the way thro school, so if you can see your way clear send one up, otherwise let it go.

We had the test and I know I flunked. They gave us just 8 minutes for each section and there were four sections with 50 parts each. It wouldn't have been so bad if they'd given us enough time. What they did was to make it a speed test and I never was speedy.

This sure is one dead dump. I'd go nuts if I had to live here always. We have lots of fun tho , but there's nothing in the town.

My lips are awfully chapped. Will you ask Louise to send my pomade and that green dress? I've just read this letter and it's one of the dumbest I ever wrote. Every other thing I ask for something. However it can't keep up forever.

I haven't been a bit homesick yet. I don't think I will be either. It's lots of fun up here. They say that there are about 1000 enrolled. There are a lot of new students. They don't call the new ones "freshies". We are "juniors. I'm a junior in college now. Doesn't that sound big?

Is Dwight lots better? I hope he is. Don't work too hard. Make Louise carry on with Noble as chief assistant and you and Nan advisors. I'll write more in the morning. Have Louise send my initial stamper up. It's on my dresser. Tell her to get a "D" for it. They cost so much up here. Also we need, or will need, those book-ends on the window seat.

We just finished registering and it's taken us till nearly

three. They are going to have tis week for junior week and we won't have classes until Monday which makes it nice. I don't know when we'll get our book lists. If they don't give them to us soon I'll go round and ask for them so I'll have time to get them here. No one in this house plays the piano so I'm going to. With the other stuff will you send up all our latest music? Please? Harriet bought material for new window curtains, but we both chose them. They are awfully nice. The inside part is a sort of light orange cambric. The whole works including stuff for two cushions cost \$1.14 so we were very economical. We have a swell big flower garden in our back yard and we went out and snitched some yellow ones.

Thelma is letting us use their lamp because they already have one in their room. The one we have has an orange shade so we match up well. Tell Auntie that May Nettleton is here at school for her second year. She's living here at West House and is as fat as the dickens.

We're an awfully nice bunch of girls here, about 30 I guess. We have no regular house mother yet, and a Miss Chase is staying here. She had to tell Harriet and me to go to bed last night. We were making curtains and writing.

It's raining now. I hope it doesn't keep it up. Send us some food, will you? We need something in the line of cake, cokies, home made marshmallows, fudge, and such like. Also fruit. Send it quick or I'll have to spend money that I haven't got. Send it with a jack knife. They feed us enough at meal time, but we get so hungry between times.

There's going to be a program in the chapel tonight. We are going. Friday there is going to be a reception in the quadrangle. Saturday there is going to be a social hour in the gym. It's getting time to go now so I'll close. Write soon and tell me how you are getting along, how Dwight is and everything. Ask Nan to write too. Please send as much of the stuff as you can, and for Pete's sake, write.

Lots of love,
Dorothy

Notes: first letter - We said earlier, writing from memory, that Dorothy first went to Monmouth with her cousin, Byron Matlock. This letter shows the fallibility of our memories. She rode with her cousin, Lucille Matlock Morton and husband, who then lived in Salem. Every Sunday they drove to Portland to visit their young son, a patient in the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children which was near the Duttons' home. They picked Dorothy up, took her to their home for dinner, fixed the flat tire, then drove her to Monmouth - some 15 miles.

Her roommate was Harriet Brabham, from Goshen, near Eugene. Now Mrs. Don Fluhrer, we have remained friends though we rarely see her.

Second letter: George Little had been a schoolmate of Dorothy and Noble at Grant High. George was a football and track star.

As it was a two year school, the students were called juniors and seniors rather than freshmen and sophomores.

Notes, Cont.- Nan, Dwight's wife is living with them.

At Dorothy's request, I'm correcting most of her spelling errors.

Thelma Davies, from Springdale, now the widow, Etling, is another friend from their grade school days. She has lived in Portland, or the Portland area since her marriage.

West House
Monmouth, Ore.
Sept 25

Dear Mother and all,

I'll try once more. Please hire someone to write if you can't find time. Noble, you do it. You've more time anyway. Most of the other girls have had two letters from home and I only had those four lines from Louise. I've some awfully good news for you, but I'm not going to tell you what it is till I hear from you.

I also, as usual, have to have some things. This time it's a gym suit. A special kind. They've just started it here. I can get the whole works for \$4.16 here and I have to have it Monday. If you think you'd better get it it's black sateen trunks called zippericks, size 14, and a white rubber belt, white anklets, and an athletic shirt called a combination shirt. It has a tail to it which fastens between the legs, also size 14. If you can't have them here by Monday maybe you'd better send the money and I can get them here at a discount, also some green trading stamps and I've nearly enough to fill that book now. It's in that wooden cigar box among the things that Louise took out of my drawer.

They finally got around to giving us our mirror. It isn't what we thot it would be, but still it's nice.

I'm taking physiography and need a "New Physical Geography", by Tarr and Von Englen. I don't know yet what other books I'll need. If you haven't already sent that lounge cover don't do it now. We don't need it. I need a 15 cent lock for gym. Also I need a letter. Please send at your earliest convenience. I'm just popping to tell you something but can't until you write so speed up and let me get it off my chest.

I hope Dwight is much better. Don't work too hard, and take life kind of easy.

Most of the kids think I'm batty up here. We just got thru with an intelligence test that lasted 20 minutes with 75 questions. I answered all but 19. I could have finished them too only it took too long to think. I've run out of space and am writing in Chapel.

Lots of love,
Dorothy

Note: The two following letters are undated. They must have been September 25, 26, or 27.

West House
Monmouth, Oregon

Dear Nan,

I tried writing to you all thru Mother, but it didn't seem to bring any results so I'll try you. How is Dwight? I'm going to try him next. If he doesn't answer I'm coming home.

We had a pajama party at West House the other night. One of the other girls and I took up a collection of pennies and bought all-day suckers. Twenty-six of them, all in pennies. We had stunts and ate suckers. They feed us mush every morning and luke warm coffee. Maybe I'll get used to it.

Dean Todd came round for a room inspection today so Harry and I decamped. We've been with Thelma all day.

Last night Dean Todd came in and called us down because she said that the house had been criticized. She said the rooms weren't kept as they should be. Also someone blabbed. Some of the girls were in the parlor in their pajamas and some boys came in. The girls hid behind the piano and giggled, the boys snickered and left. Someone told the dean and she gave us thunder.

Also Harriet and I went out and picked some of her choice flowers. We are waiting for the axe to fall.

The girls are trying to hurry me up so I'll close. Write soon.

Love,
Dorothy

* * * * *

Why in hell don't you write to your gal? I awake each morn with the same thought aborn that today will surely bring something to cause my heart to sing. But when from breakfast I return at a double quick run, only to learn that everyone else in the house got a letter from home and I'm left out, it makes me feel so blue and cross and from the day is taken the gloss that makes it stand out in memory.

I hardly ever eat my lunch because I've such a vivid hunch hunch that a letter will be awaiting me and so I hurry back to see. My heart beats high with pride and hope. I break into a gentle lope. Nothing is ever there. My heart descends to black despair. All about me laughing crowds who go about with heads in clouds for they've received some word from home. I'm left out, I'm all alone.

* * * * *

West House
Sept 27

Dear George--

Why don't you write to me? I know you're busy and all, but just scribble a couple of lines won't you? Louise wrote a short letter but that isn't the same as hearing from your mother.

I've not been really homesick but yesterday I just knew you'd write and then you didn't and I nearly bawled. I made Thelma and my room mate shed a few tears but it didn't help me much. You really don't mind writing, you say anyway, after you get started. Make your school kids write to me if nothing else. It might prove entertaining.

I guess I'll tell you my good news even if you didn't write. Brace yourself for a surprise. Hold your hat. It might be well to sit down. I passed my English entrance!!! Are you surprised? I was. I thot there had been a mistake. But there wasn't. Thelma, Crystal and my room mate flunked. There are only about a hundred new students and of them 70 flunked so you see I'm pretty bright.

Gee! it made me feel good. I'm trying to study for Arith. and Hist. but I'll probably flunk them. I know I will in Arith.

Have you got that blue dress from the cleaners? I need it these rainy days. I don't think Davies are coming up because their car is in such rotten condition. I wrote to Dwight. You'll probably have to read it to him. How are you getting on? Is Noble helping? Have him write to me. Mabe, if he's good I'll ask him to the formal up here. He could get a suit for one night. I don't know for sure whether I can. The girls are anxious to see him.

Maybe you can give me the low down on some of these teachers: I have Culver for Literature; Dodds for Physiography; Macpherson for Library; Santee for Education; Christensen for Sociology; and Miller for Rural Community. (I've heard her and think she'll be good.) Landers for College Problems (he seems to ramble quite a bit. He does in Chapel anyway); and Osika for Gym. Are they good?

We had a debate in Chapel the other day. It was whether Optimism was a better philosophy than Pessimism. We don't know which won. It was awfully good. I'll tell you about it when I come home. It's nearly time for lunch so I'd better stop. You write a line to me, no, don't. Make Louise and Nan and Noble. You tell them what to say and then sign it. That would let you out of the worst. I don't like Dean Todd for some reason or other. I like school tho so far.

I got me the cutest guy in a green shirt. His name's Kenneth and he thinks I'm pretty. I don't think you appreciated me.

It's raining hard and we have to sprint two blocks to lunch. I think we'll stay in Thelam's room this afternoon. Have some one write and send us food in large quantities. It's very important. We gotta have food between meals or else, according to Dean Todd, we'll gain 30 lbs. in this year. She says that's the average. Would you want me to be so heavy? Anyway we need it. Harriet is going home next Fri. to be fitted for glasses. So I'll be alone.

Love to all
Dorothy

Note: She is playing - calling her mother, "George".

Having attended summer classes there during the past few years, her mother probably had some of the same teachers Dorothy had.

The dining room was in the dormitory, several blocks away.

West House
Sept 29

Dear Folks--

I got the book and suit and am going to get the rest later or some or something. I need an "Education Principles and Practices" by Grizzell. Also "Introduction to Sociology" by Wallis.

All my teachers are men but Miss Culver. I think I'll like everything Landers wanders and talks soft but I'll get used to him.

I want my black notebook if you haven't already sent it. I went to church Sunday night. That's all there is to do. Nearly everyone goes. I rated two boys. I'm the only one of our bunch that danced with a boy Sat. night and I did all evening so you see I'm getting

on swell. I know most of the football team. They were all up here the other night.

I've got to go study now. I'll write when I hear from you.

Just think, I'm in College. Funny, isn't it?

Love, Dorothy

West House

Sept 29

Dear Folks--

I got all the stuff and just discovered Louise's letter in my notebook. I also got her other one and it was very satisfactory. Many thanks for all the stuff. I now need stockings. Lots of them. I have only one pair that I can wear and they are getting low. I also need a whisk broom. I thought I'd get one here but they cost 50¢ so I changed my mind. Then, too, I need a garter belt. For Rural Community I need Coverly's "Rural Community". I believe that's all the books I'll need.

Florence Kidd was here the other day and she's awfully nice. She's in the Senior Cottage. She isn't very pretty tho. We had a house meeting the other night and elected seniors for all the offices cause they know what to do. I like Gym quite well, too. We played socker (or something like that) this morning in the football field and it was lots of fun.

I need a book of synonyms or however you spell it, and book ends.

There is going to be a Junior Mix tomorrow night that most of us are sort of looking forward to. Dean Todd has gone on a vacation, or did I tell you? Seems funny they'd have something like that on a school night doesn't it? My room mate is going home Friday to get some glasses and I'll be here alone unless one of the other girls can come and stay with me.

I am writing to Auntie now and have a lot of studying to do. That Dodds certainly does believe in long lessons. Send the books as soon as you can cause I need them.

We're having the dickens of a time with house mothers. The regular one hasn't come yet and one of the girls here is acting as one some of the time and some one is sent down from the dorm. etc. Have Louise hurry with the fudge and marshmallows.

Love,

Dorothy

Note: Florence Kidd was an acquaintance from Portland.

West House

October 7

Dear Mom:

Just finished taking the penmanship test. I think I flunked. It wasn't anything except to write a bunch of stuff from dictation. I don't think I misspelled more than half the words. I never scratched anything out, looped my i's, dotted my e's and crossed my l's, so I ought to have made a pretty good grade. He told us that he'd post the names of those that passed and the rest could figure out for themselves what had happened.

My man has left. I don't know how I'll get along now. I'll have to find me another and they are all pretty well spoken for now. However, I'll see what I can do. Don't be alarmed.

It was Ken's finances I believe or else cutting too many classes or something. There are more love sick females down here than I have ever seen in one collection. I nearly smacked a serious minded blond young man down today. We were playing tag in the hall and he charged around the corner just as I dashed from behind a door. He clutched at his glasses (I forgot to mention them) and goggled at me. I says, "oh! oh!, just like that and wanders away.

While we were waiting to take the test we were all practicing and talking. I got tired of waiting for a teacher to appear and so had Crystal and Thelma, so we started to clap to hurry things up. Everybody shut up and peered around to see what it was all about. I never heard so much silence in all my life. We thought everyone would become enthusiastic and clap too. We were mistaken.

Harriet and I had a pleasant surprise when we came back. The girls had kindly made our beds over and folded the sheets in the middle so that we could get half way in. It was funny as the dickens. We have a pretty good idea who did it, but may be wrong. I wouldn't be surprised if we made all the beds in this house and half of those on the third floor of the dorm. The girls next door are trying on each others clothes and rushing in here to show us. I don't know how they think we can study.

We were late to lunch today and had to apologise to Mrs. Robards. She very graciously forgave us. To show our appreciation we stacked up the dishes for the waitress and everyone turned around and stared. I am serving now and I was busily scraping and blushing. I turned a very vivid crimson according to all reports.

Harriet is writing to her boy friend and doesn't know how to finish it off. She's experimenting with endings on a piece of scratch paper. It'll be pretty good when she gets thro.

I told her to put down "How the deuce do you end a letter?". But I doubt if she'll do it. Speaking of deuces naturally reminds one of dukes. We got one up here. He's an insipid little monkey. His name is Clarence something, but he looks like one of those messy French dukes you read about. Harriet and I call him the Duke of Monmouth and everyone else, to a great extent, is doing likewise. We've a reputation to keep up of being clever and original and we are sometimes hard put to think something up.

Well, I think I'll surprise the natives and study a bit. Not too much, you understand, but still study. How are things at home if any? Those kisses were good. I like that stuff in the 15¢ store at the corner of 5th and Morrison.

Love

Dorothy

Notes: In the dining room 8 girls were seated at each table. Each girl took weekly turns serving. Dorothy and Harriet helped the waitress by collecting and stacking the dishes after the meal was over.

Upon arriving at Monmouth with only \$25 I knew that only a miracle would enable me to stay. When the miracle failed to appear, I quit going to classes but stayed on a few days to be sure, to see

Dorothy a few more times and to hear on the radio the last 2 or 3 games of the world series.

Knowing that I couldn't stay and might never be able to return - or to see Dorothy again - I didn't think it would be fair to either of us to offer or request any vows. That was why I hadn't asked her to go to the dance with me or told her of my non-existent plans.

But I went to the dance, found Dorothy, danced with her several times, walked her home, collected my first - oh, so blissful kiss - and left our future relations dangling.

After returning home, finding a job, and learning that my parents might be able to give me a small initial assist, my hopes sprouted and I began writing to Dorothy.

West House

Oct 7

Dear Noble,

I promised the football coach that I would write to you and tell you about the forthcoming football battle between us and someone else in the stadium in Portland. The game begins at 7:45 P.M. and you are cordially asked to save your pennies, tell your friends and report for duty on Friday. I can't come so you are supposed to represent me. George is going to play. He wants to know whether Bud made the Benson team or not, also tell you hello for him and he'd like to see you. Has Chuck gone yet?

Harriet and I were having a miniture boxing bout in here a few minutes ago with the door open. We were also giggling and having a great time. Lovedy, our housemother protem, poked her nose in and said, "hey, hey", or words to that effect. However Harriet was at that time seriously brushing her coat and I was hanging up clothes. With a pleased expression Harriet said, "Won't you come in?" but Lovedy said "No" she just wanted to know what the noise was about. Harriet replied that we were innocent and while she was chasing us down the guilty ones were escaping. Lovedy pussyfoots out with a whispered "I'll find them". Harriet went out after her but returned in a few minutes and wanted to know if it were permissable to lie to the house mother. At that Lovedy appeared around the corner and said she didn't want to be hard on us, but she could hear most of what we said. We appologised for the noise and said we'd be better and someone next door giggled and Harriet remarked with an anglic look that they were the ones who should be called down. Lovedy agreed and retreated with an air permiated with duty. I hope she gives it to them hard. They made our beds for us while we were gone. We are going to indulge in a few Post Toasties.

Go to the game if you can. It's with Bellingham and is going to be good. We beat Chico bad. I still can't find Cupid's Knoll altho I haven't looked any more.

Write and tell all the news.

Pip pip

Dorothy

Note: Chuck was Chuck Schmidt who was about to embark for China as a sailor on a freighter. Monmouth's football team won many laurels that year and a number of years afterward. They were called the "Wolves", after their famous, or infamous coach, Larry Wolfe.

West House

Oct 15

Dear piples

They've postponed the hist. exam. indefinitely, but we have Arith. tonight. Wish me luck. I know I'll flunk it tho. I had my physical exam. the other day and she couldn't find anything organically wrong with me (she didn't look very hard tho) but told me I'd better have our family physician or however you spell it, look me over. I could have told her that the only thing wrong with me is that I'm in love and I don't know where the object of my affections is. Didn't I tell you that he went to Portland? Well, he did and wrote twice. I wrote to him and the blinken' thing came back. I'm losing weight fast. Down to 114. Have six inches chest expansion, 12 inches difference between my waist and hips and am five ft $2\frac{1}{4}$ " tall. So you see I'm in pretty bad shape.

If I come down this week end, I'm going to try and find him. However, I don't think I'll come. I want some candy. Make it snappy, Louise. I want a hot water bottle. I got hit with a book in my stomach and am suffering. I need a "Rural Community" by Cobberly or Cuverly, I guess it is. Hurry up with it. I need it. Also I want some outing flannel pajamas with feet sewed in to them. It's cold as the deuce sleeping on a porch and they won't give us more blankets or let us bring them from home and we can't sleep in. Pajamas is the only thing. I've been using my socks and coolie coat but it doesn't do much good.

Elery Walter was here and spoke to us for an hour and then had lunch with us.

I've got to go to class now. Write when you can and all that sort of thing. I got the dress. I also want my shoes, please. How is Dwight? Don't work too hard. Make Noble toe the mark or I'll tend to him when I get down.

Love,

Dorothy

Note: Dorothy said she hadn't felt well the preceding summer and had fainted once.

I had stayed in Portland only a few days. Unable to find a decent job, I had gone back to my parents' farm near Stanfield, Oregon.

West House

October 18, 1930

Dear Folks --

We're mad, mad, mad! All of West House. Hopping mad! Crazy mad! Raging mad! What I mean is -- we're mad, don't you know. It's a sad story. The grizzly truth is: we've the new house-mother. Just came last night, also last night we had our first serenade. All was going well. No one could see us from where we were, coyly peeping thro the windows and delicately applauding the gallant cavaliers, stationed in attitudes more or less romantic. There were six or seven of them from the bassiest bass to the slightly off key tenor. They sang, "I'm in Love With You, Pagan Love Song", and were tuning up for another when we saw tham all look up toward the second floor and one of them yelled, "We like that! We've seranaded this house before and nothing like that has ever happened." And off they went in high dungeon yodeling at the tops of their voices, making remarks

about West House entirely uncomplimentary to all. They proceeded to serenade East House then. On their return they got in a huddle right square in front of the house and gave us the razzberry. Also informed the world in general and West House in particular that West House would have no more serenades if they had anything to do with it!

All of us were absolutely transfixed! With one accord we charged up to the House Mother's room. Julia, our president, was spokesman. There was Mrs. Olday coming downstairs. Very sweetly she asked us what we wanted. Julia, just as sweetly informed her that we wanted to know who sent the boys away. We were told, "I did! Go back to your rooms immediately. You know it's after hours." Very majestically, we went. The next day we held a meeting. Every one was righteously indignant. Julia and another girl were appointed to go to Dean Parker. Upon their return they told us that Parker had said to just forget it. It was only a mistake. Nice, wasn't it? We'd like to know what she thinks we are. It'll be all over the campus. West House will be avoided like a plague. What makes it worse is that Mrs. Olday has a daughter here, secretary to Dean Todd, who went to school for two years and knows all about such things and so must have known about serenades. Every one is talking of moving. Maybe we will, too. Our rooms are like iceburgs.

I'm mad, mad, mad! I hadn't been gone but about 15 minutes when Aunt Tote I guess it was. Ruby was rather indefinite - came. I wanted to come home so badly this week. You'd better have every one let me know ahead of time when they are coming so I will be home. Maybe I'll

Dogone that female! She just stuck her nose in to see what we were doing. I dislike nosey people. Anyway, maybe I'll come home next week-end. How did that box of stuff get here? When I got back last night some of the girls had come in and helped themselves. It was only two or three that did it, but it sure made me sore. Harry nearly had to knock them down to keep them from taking the whole works. Thelma and Crystal went to Silverton this week-end to see some of Crystal's relatives. They were all pepped up about it. About six of us short sheeted their beds and turned them around and then sewed up a few sleeves and legs for them. Somebody fixed Harry and me good. We rather think it was Thelma and Crystal so all's square now.

I'm so glad Dwight got his compensation. He'll feel better now.

The food here is absolutely rotten! They mix fresh meat with the mush, alternating the weevils and mice tracks with some variety of 1000 legged worm. They even furnish flies with the coffee.

It's time for the game now. I'll try and write to Dwight today.

Love,
Dorothy

Notes: Aunt Tote (Elsie) was the widow of Mrs. Dutton's oldest brother, Charlie Matlock.

If that was the first Veterans' disability compensation Dwight had received it was deplorably late. He died some two weeks later.

Apparently the "box of stuff" was food which her friends had got into before she had even seen it.

West House
Monmouth

Dear Mother,

(Note: between Oct 18&22)

We had the Arith. Exam. and I flunked as flat as a pancake. It was terrible. They say that about one in twenty-five get thro. I think I'll study up this term some more and take it again next term.

I'm having a Physiography exam. tomorrow and have been studying for it. I'm so sleepy I can't see straight. How are the flannel pajamas coming on? Really, you've no idea how cold it is with all the north side and most of the west open to say nothing of the cracks in the door.

How is Louise's detective making out? Florence Kidd got a big package this morning from home. Which reminds me that my board is due Monday. I'd like to come home this week-end, but don't think I will. We are having a game here Saturday morning. Did Noble see the Bellingham game? It must have been exciting.

I've not heard from Ken yet. I don't know how I'll manage.

I'm the only one here. They've all gone to basketball practice.

I wish Louise could get that book for me. We are using it now, and I'm out of luck. Mrs. Miller says she doesn't believe in giving tests so we are going to have only two next week. She'd make it more but we only have it twice a week. The big bum. How is Dwight? Are you still alone?

Santee is going to give us a test, too. I like him awfully well. Nice old buzzard.

Raymond wrote to me the other day. Came as a complete surprise.

Gosh, I'm sleepy. I'm going to bed between sheets of ice. The cold wind, if there was one, howling between the chinks in the walls and doors will lull me to sleep to where I will dream I'm lost in a briny deep as the rain trickles stealthily over my bed thro the north end.

I'm writing a lovely poem but I'm stuck on the last verse. Write when you can, but please send, shoes - urgent, hot water bottle, book, money, flannel pajamas with attachable feet, gloves and hood, and anything else you find running around loose. We've a dog here that makes himself completely at home in the Ad. building. Sits up in front during classes and etc.

Love, Dot

Notes: Louise was apparently dating a detective in the U.S. Immigration Service where she worked.

Noble, Louise and Nan must have been away somewhere.

Raymond was an old friend and classmate in the 6th grade, at Springdale.

West House
October 22

Dear Ones,

Aunt Tote and Lucille were just here with night gowns and apples. The gowns are keen, so were the apples. I think I'll come home with them Sun. Lucille, not the gowns and apples.

I am sorry to say that I flunked in Arith. Hist. hasn't come

up yet. I got a "2" in some stuff for Eng. Not so bad. I've written some pretty good poetry.

The food here is rotten. Bugs in everything. I think we'll batch next term. Six of us together. Bugs are all right in their places but they most emphatically do not belong in mush, coffee (synthetic tho it is), pudding, water, salad or what have you.

Anthony Ewer was here the other day and read "Lieutenant Looie's Cootie", "The Goldfish", the one about Sophie the sow and a lot more. He was awfully good. The MORONI OLSEN PLAYERS are going to be here tomorrow. I'm going to see them. A lot of kids aren't.

Didn't I mention board in one of my letters? Anyway, it was due Monday and Todd's on her way back. Dean Robards wanted to know if I was "darling Miss Matlock's little niece" the other day after Aunt Tote was here.

How are we? How's the detectuff, Louise? I got me a guy with a car, but he lives in Independence so I think I'll poke around and get me one right here at school. I've got him spotted. Now, all I have to do is land him.

I've lots to say, but no time and anyway, I'm sleepy. One of these fine mornings Harriet and I are both going to sleep thro that whistle. I nearly did this morning. Harriet does most of the time. She's got some sort of a breaking out all over her face and I'm scared I'll get it. One of you bums ought to write to me or I'll call up collect.

Love,
Dorothy

Wednesday 9:00

(Note: apparently a.m. Oct 29).

Dear Folks: R.S.V.P.

Well, here I am. Back at work again and all that sort of rot. We didn't get here till Mon. A.M. tho on account of we broke down and had to stay with Byron. Lester brought us over Mon. morning. I think people who dislike others on account of physical deformation are snobs and should be chastised severely. There is a boy here who was in an accident and had his teeth out. His mouth isn't quite well yet so he has no store teeth and does look bad. I mean it gives him a funny look. You know what I mean. Anyway, it isn't his fault and he feels bad about it. Thelma and Harriet won't have any thing to do with him because of that. I'd like to wring their necks.

I fell down today and busted the heel off my shoe, or rather Nan's, scraped my arm a bit, lit in a doubled up sitting position with a loud smack and shook the whole building. In the rush to pick me up some one grabbed the wall to which the fire bell is attached and pulled the wire accidentally. Everyone who wasn't already there charged out and pandemonia reigned supreme. I sat thro it all and wondered when the rest of the ceiling would fall. That girl who was sick is in the infirmary now. We don't know what's wrong with her.

My rival in love waved my hair yesterday. She's awfully nice. I think I've a crush on her. First I've ever had. She asked me up to their place this summer. I think I'll go. She doesn't seem to

up yet. I got a "2" in some stuff for Eng. Not so bad. I've written some pretty good poetry.

The food here is rotten. Bugs in everything. I think we'll patch next term. Six of us together. Bugs are all right in their places but they most emphatically do not belong in mush, coffee (synthetic tho it is), pudding, water, salad or what have you. Anthony Liver was here the other day and read "Lieutenant Louis's" "Gottle", "The Goldfish", the one about Sophie the sow and a lot more. He was awfully good. THE MORONI OLSEN PLAYERS are going to be here tomorrow. I'm going to see them. A lot of kids aren't. Didn't I mention board in one of my letters? Anyway, it was the Monday and Todd's on her way back. Dean Roberts wanted to know if I was "darling Miss Waterloo's little niece" the other day after Aunt Tote was here.

How are we? How's the doctor? Lovise? I got me a guy with a car, but he lives in Independence so I think I'll poke around and get me one here at school. I've got him spotted. Now all I have to



I've got some things to write for me or I'll call up college. I've got some things to write for me or I'll call up college. I've got some things to write for me or I'll call up college.

Wednesday 9:00
approximately a.m. Oct 29

Dear folks:
Well, I think I've got some things to write for me or I'll call up college. I've got some things to write for me or I'll call up college.

I fell down today and busted the heel off my shoe, or rather fell down today and busted the heel off my shoe, or rather fell down today and busted the heel off my shoe, or rather

My rival in love waved by hair yesterday. She's awfully nice. I think I've a crush on her. First I've ever had. She asked me up to their place this summer. I think I'll go. She doesn't seem to

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Anthony Liver was here the other day and read "Lieutenant Looie's" "Cottie", "The Goldfish", the one about Sophie the sow and a lot more. He was awfully good. THE MORNING GLENN PLAYERS are going to be here tomorrow. I'm going to see them. A lot of kids aren't.

Didn't I mention board in one of my letters? Anyway, it was due Monday and Todd's on her way back. Dean Roberts wanted to know if I was "darling Miss Matlock's little niece" the other day after Aunt Tote was here.

How are we? How's the detective, Louise? I got me a guy with a car, but he lives in Independence so I think I'll poke around and get me one right here at school. I've got him spotted. Now, All I have to do is land him.

I've lots to say, but no time and anyway these fine mornings Harriet and I are both whistling. I nearly did this morning. Harriet's got some sort of a breaking out all over her face. One of you boys ought to call up collect.

Love,
Dorot

(Note: ap)

Dear Folks: R.S.V.P.

Well, here I am. Back at work again. We didn't get here till Mon. A.M. the on and had to stay with Byron. Later tonight I think people who dislike others on account are snobs and should be chastised severely. was in an accident and had his teeth out. well yet so he has no more teeth and does give him a funny look. You know what I his teeth and he feels bad about it. The any thing to do with him because of that their necks.

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My rival in love waved by hair yesterday. She's awfully nice. I think I've a crush on her. First I've ever had. She asked me up to their place this summer. I think I'll go. She doesn't seem to

Odelphe Hoskins, MY
Hs. graduating class. Be-
came Dorothy's close
friend at Monmouth.
1930 Hs. grad. photo.
K.H.

mind that Ken likes me better than he does her. She writes to his brother too. He has a sister about fifteen whose name is Dorothy.

Mildred and Harriet are bothering me. Mildred is here when she shouldn't be. It's after 8:30. The flag pole fell down today. Lots of excitement. It went across the street and just hung on the telephone wires. No one could go under it. We had a swell serenade under our window Tuesday. Piano and everything. We're going to have a fire drill tonight, I hear. I think it's for the whole town, tho. Mrs. Parker announced today that board would be \$30.50 because of the Xmas vacation. Due and acceptable any time.

Noble: Did Bittner say anything about a telegram in assembly? We sent one to the football team.

Love
Dot

Note: Dorothy had gone home for the week-end, apparently with her cousin, Byron Matlock who lived in Salem, working in the ice and storage company there. Lester was the younger brother of Byron's wife. Later, I became rather jealous of him, as he had a car, a job, and carted Dorothy around more than I felt was necessary.

Her "rival" was Odelfa Hoskins, my neighbor and classmate at Stanfield during my senior year of high school. I had no romantic feeling for her nor did she for me, as far as I knew. She had persuaded me to go to Monmouth with her and see how things were, enrolling if things were favorable enough. Her father had brought her to Monmouth, and I had come with them, a very friendly gesture on their part. She was and is 4 years younger than I, and had been sort of going with my younger brother, Richard, to the extent of corresponding, at least. I don't know how close they were, when their relationship began nor when or how it ended. She has been our close, mutual friend ever since. She taught only one year after graduating from Monmouth. It was at Stanfield. She heartily disliked the job but met and married the high school music teacher. He later became an optometrist and they moved to Manteca, California. Dorothy wasn't able to visit her the following summer. But she came there to visit me and family the following Christmas, 1931. I met her at the railroad station at midnight in a foot of snow and below zero temperatures! The next summer, 1932, she came again. Both times we visited Odelfa at her parents' home.

Friday just before Chapel
and I'm starved.

To the folks at home -

Isn't that a swell beginning? Such exquisite use of words, etc. Now that the salutation is over I can get to the main business. First, I will deal quickly and straight to the point on the matter of mail. I deliberately refrained from writing to you people so that you would become anxious and write to inquire about the matter. Did it do any good? Not a bit. None, I say! None. Need I go any further?

Second, is the matter of food. I don't believe I need say much about that except to give final instructions. In the window of Kress's store were some cocoanut rolls. Ask for what you do not see. I think about 15¢ worth will do. Across from the library is a little confectionary. They have marvelous divinity.

Please act accordingly. The rest you can supply as you think best. Maybe a few peanuts, a WHOLE fried chicken, cake (angel food), fruit, and a ouije board, or however you spell it, and anything else you may think will add to my comfort who am away from the cheerful, loving atmosphere of home.

I'm in Chapel now and find some little difficulty in writing and listening to Jensen and Santee in the order named. However, I'll do my best.

Has the Grantonion come out again? Please send it up. That sentence is the first part of my third main topic (Bonny is talking now). More of the third topic is: What about the Grant-Commerce football game? Was any mention of a telegram made in assembly or any place else? If not, ask Papa Long about it, or one of the boys on the team, or something, will you, please? It's very important, as we paid thirty cents to send that telegram and we want some recognition even if we didn't sign it. Have you heard from Chuck? (That part was for Noble.) This is for Louise - I want a three page typewritten letter. Mom, make her do it. Bonny is quite clever for a bum teacher, isn't he?

I'm stiff as the dickens from gym. You should see me go up stairs. Just like an old, old, woman. I created quite a disturbance the other day when I climbed a tree. People seemed to think it wasn't quite the thing for a college girl to do. Oh, well, such is life. My rival wants me to go to the store with her so I'll have to stop. Did I tell you of Bean Button? It's me any way.

I'll expect all these things by return mail.

Your dutiful and studious daughter and sister,
I have no green slips.

Dorothy

Wed

Dear Mom,

Will you chastise Louise for me? I send for \$30.50 for room and board till Christmas and what does she do? Writes and asks me what the sum was. Such bone headedness in one of her years is unthinkable. What she should have done was send the \$36.50. Have you ever heard the story of the little boy who let the water overflow the bath tub? His father, a great educator, observed the ceiling and went to investigate. He entered the bathroom and asked his son the meaning of the water on the floor which was about two inches deep. The son, about six years of age, replied, "This is no time for questions, John. Get the mop." Them's my sentiments, too. There was no time for questions. It was due last Monday. Speed it up. Speed it up!

Since I'm bust, Louise will have to forego the pleasure of receiving a gift from me. I'm wishing you many happy returns of the day tho, and if Arno gives you a lady cat I'm going to do something drastic.

By the way, what are we having for Thanksgiving? I'll be home Wednesday to assist.

It's been raining here in sheets. I've thought about going out and bringing some in for my God-knows-when chest, but decided they were a bit too wet. That reminds me, Xmas is coming and I want

a cedar chest. Maybe a chest with drawers. The rest of you, other than Louise who is getting it for me, may contribute towards filling it. I didn't get any green slips, but I did get an incomplete in Physiography because I missed a test. I'm making it up Monday.

Did Louise invent that poem? I'll tell you what I think of it when I've had a chance to consider the source.

Harriet can't carry a tune in a basket, and she insists on singing all my favorite tunes, or rather words, to her own tunes. Really it's pathetic.

Don't you think I write well for doing it in bed? I'm proud of my ability.

We had a big feed in our room Monday morning at one o'clock. Ten of us were there. We didn't dare turn on the lights or talk above whispers. It was most thrilling, exciting and chilly. The wind just howled around the corner of the dorm. One of the girls, my rival, had to come up from second floor down at the other end, and we forgot to tell her which of the stairs squeaked. She made it tho, with no catastrophes. We decided tho that she'd better spend the rest of the night with us which she did. We broke up at about three o'clock. Every one agreed they'd had a most enjoyable time. We are having another on Friday at three - pie, pickles, crackers, cheese, jelly, preserves, and nuts. You see, other kids get stuff from home. With this tactfull reproach hounding about, I hope you repeat.

Have I mentioned to you anything about mail? Well, I mention it again. You folks just about nearly got the worst calling down you'd ever expect to recieve when you didn't write to me. I had it all composed and ready to send, but Louise's letter came in time. It won't go to waste tho. I'm saving it up and let me tell you, it's hard. Cruel. So beware.

I wish Louise would write three pages on the typewriter about twice a week. Noble and Nan could fill in the other days and Mom on Sundays. How is Mother? Maybe she is just lonesome for me. I imagine that's it. There are only three more weeks in this term after we get back from Thanksgiving vacation.

Ken is planning on coming back but I don't know for sure yet if he can.

Odelpha and I - she's my rival - are going to get up at about five in the morning and wash. After playing off last week we'll have to spend most of the day washing.

My hand is cramped from this bed-writing business. If you can't read it just stick it under the clock and I'll translate it when I get home. I don't dare read this over for I know I won't send it if I do.

Love

Dorothy

(Note; the following letter seems to have been written after her return from the Thanksgiving break, after being home, that is.)

Wednesday

Dear Louise,

You see, I'm taking your little lecture to heart. I meant to say argument, but lecture got there first.

Did you get my shoes fixed? If so, many thanks and send them on; if not, aren't you ashamed? Do something about it at once.

Did my candy harden? Was it good? I'm all out of food. Just a gentle hint. I can make it plainer, of course.

How is Mother? Did Nan go to the doctor?

Every one thinks my clothes are nice. I've had so many compliments lately that I'm afraid to put on my new hat.

You needn't worry because there were no letters for me there Monday. I know you will have, but you can rest easy now for they're here. The letters I mean.

I've part of Mother's Christmas present - that is, if it doesn't spoil before Christmas.

I'm going to Byron's next week end. Lester is coming over. He brought us a bunch of apples and a couple of dozen cookies, filled ones. Gee, they were good. ----(dashes represent time which I spent in meditating on the cookies.) (Note: Byron is Dorothy's cousin. Lester is his wife's brother, a few years older than Dorothy of whom he was obviously fond. Perhaps a little too fond, I thought after arriving there and seeing how often he came to see her!)

We called in some of the girls. A sort of prestidigitation was performed. A little later Harriet and I were alone with a few crumbs and a golden memory.

We had a fairly good serenade Sunday night. A little boy up here didn't seem to like it so very well because I didn't clap when they sang 'neath my open casement. If I'd known who was doing it I might have hove an apple down, but I didn't even get up. Last night we had a rotten one and Jessica (their dean) lectured us on the proper way to treat a bum serenade. We had ice cream for dinner made out of dried apricots. You can remove or add any letters in the above word that you deem necessary. I trust that you know my meaning. Anyway, it was good.

I went to a surprise party the other evening. F. Kidd was there. We had lots of fun and ice cream but didn't leave till nearly 8:30 so had to run about six blocks to get here before the bell rang. People were jammed onto the lawns and into (Note: the rest of the letter is missing.)

Monday

Dear Louise

Just what, may I ask, is the idea of sending my mail to West House? I live, in case you didn't know, at the Dorm. room 55. Please act accordingly.

I'll overlook your disparaging remarks about my spelling, but if they were from anyone else I'd be forced to take steps.

I'm sorry about the hogs. I know you folks were planning to have a bit of pork this winter, but it was your fault. I don't

know what you can do unless it's to make more candy, send it up and if it doesn't kill me you might give a little to the remaining swine. Of course, you should use discretion.

I got that cotton which I no longer have, but paid for with my own hard earned cash at the 15¢ store across from Lipmans, in the basement. I would be glad to receive a reimbursement. I don't think a heck of a whole lot of this paper.

I took Odelfa to Salem with me this week-end. Lester took us to the show and otherwise made himself useful. Byron isn't feeling so well. He isn't going back to work for about a week. Something seems to be wrong with his stomach.

I had a couple of pictures enlarged and the cost will be \$1.75. I need it Wednesday. Suppose you can manage? Make it snappy.

We had a feed last night or rather this morning at 1 a.m. Most mysterious. Only six of us were there and we all had vague misgivings so left early. We just got back to our rooms when the third step creaked with stealthy tread. Some one sallied silently up and down Bean Blod. and then the third step creaked again. We slept fitfully.

Whose was the bright idea of the shoe-candy treatment? Deuced clevah! I'll leave more shoes next time.

I have a class now so will make my exit gracefully. I'll be home in less than two weeks.

Love to all,
Dorothy

(Note: the following is either a very long postscript or another letter. There is no way to tell, as far as I can see. KH.)

Speed up the yaller envelopes. Hope Mother is feeling better. Wash the window curtains and woodwork. Do the washing and ironing so there won't be so much to do when I get home. I'm weary to death.

I'll inflict it upon you. Everyone is bringing in Christmas trees and decking them out. Most of the trees are just branches tho, tied onto the top of the coat rack. They're decorated with crepe paper, tinfoil, ribbon, lace, cut out pictures, etc..

Lester was over Sunday with armloads of Ore. grape and mistle toe which was received with open arms by all of us. I think there's a spray of grape and a bit of mistle toe in every room on the third floor, including some on the second. I went back to Salem with him for several hours and saw Del and Art. Homely buggers, aren't they? Look just like a conglomeration of Negro, Mexican, Indian and Jap, a sprinkle of Chinese, a bit of Philippino and several more that I can't think of at present. Del has a cute grin, but he can't keep a grin on forever. I tell you, Mom, it's a cruel world. I'm finding it out more every day. Lots of things have been happening around this place but I've expended all my energy. I don't feel so hot. I'll certainly be glad to get home for a while. I'm going to bed at six, get up at noon, have a nap between breakfast and lunch and another between lunch and dinner and then spend the rest of the time in bed. My brain is going to be absolutely free from thot. I think I've sprained it already.

I'm bringing Odelpha with me so be prepared. If Maurice is here by noon Friday we'll come back with him, three of us, but the stage leaves at one and if he isn't here then it's the bus for us. I'm sick of this place. Nearly a maniac. So tell him to step on it. We're not waiting for anyone or anything.

Love,
Dot

Notes: Del and Art, Dorothy's first cousins once removed, were about her age. Their dark faces came from their grandmother, "Aunt Tote" who was part Negro.

Maurice was Dorothy's brother, the oldest of the family.

* * * * *

Tuesday

Dear Mother

I certainly do enjoy your sort of literature. It's most elevating. Makes me feel lots better. I've been sick for the last three days, but am about well now. Spent most of my time in the nurse's office being doped up, rubbed down, and annointed. I don't know what it was, but a cold was mixed up heavily in it. Came on me all of a sudden with no warning. A sore throat and a cough, hard blisters rise up all over my tongue, small boils broke out on my face, then my nose started in. My ear let me know it was there. I've spent a lovely time living on aspirin, physic, vapor, some sort of junk dropped up my nose, and gooy stuff stuck down my throat. I've seriously thot of hiring out as a fog horn, that is when I have a voice. It's played heck with exams. Missed one altogether. Hove up Jonah the other night and indulged in several first class chills. I'm alright now except for the cough, the nose and the ear.

We get out at noon Fri. but Thelma doesn't want to leave till about six and I want to come right on. I haven't seen her since I got your letter but she was telling me so the other day.

Odelpha and I had planned on coming down together, but I should imagine there would be room for the three of us if I can convince Thelma that to come at noon would be the proper thing. Would Maurice expect you to pay for them too? He said something once about charging the girls less if he came for us, but I couldn't very well ask them to pay him.

Now -- I'm afraid that my being sick is just about going to make me flunk Physiography. He's hard boiled when it comes to making anything up that you've missed because of a cold. I'm working like the dickens but the stuff is Greek to me. Everything is piling up so darned high. I don't know whether I want to come back next term. I'm tired.

Auntie never would believe that although my grades may not be as high as some that I know as much as the others. It sounds funny but it's true. You get knowledge from things other than books, but I have studied.

We have our Christmas dinner Thursday eve. Wear our formals and verything. After the first course we have to go to the back dining room then we come back to the front for the last course. Must be to give the waitresses time to clear the tables. That's good logic. I just thot of it.

Seeing as how I have no more of that grey paper to use and only one of this (excuse me please, someone called) color left (Note: the page ends here, leaving an apparent gap before the next!) the streets as we galumped down Monmouth Ave. About fifteen of us. Most unseemly behavior for schoolmarms in the making.

I don't want to make this too prolix.

Speed the shoes up sister. It might be well to stuff them. The elephant is mighty thin.

Love,
Dorothy

Note: Dorothy says she meant for them to stuff the shoes with goodies. The elephant was the dish in which she kept the goodies. It was shaped like an elephant.

* * * * *

Response by family desired.

Wednesday

Dearest of Moms -

Your dutiful daughter has been at it again. For sometime she swore off writing poems to become a brilliant essayist, but poetic genius would keep arising and this evening caught her unawares and she had written a little ditty before she knew it. Even named the thing so you can see how deeply she felt. Named it MEMORIES she did. It has no definite person in mind. Just a putting together of all the old friends into one. Of course some poetic license was used.

I just happened to think. Tell Louise to pull in her paunch. I feel better. A revolver shot just broke the silence, a voice in mortal agony bellows forth upon the night air. Then all again is silent in the great outdoors. Within are excited whispers, rushing footsteps, wild surmises. A night watchman will stand guard over the domicile of your beautiful child. Fear not madam. All is not lost. Calm yourself. Be pacific. Her future welfare will be assured.

Thelma was just in when she should not have been. The sec. has been hot footing it about up here, running down the elusive girl, etc.. Thelma was afraid to go back cause Katherine might get her. Harriet pops up with the bright remark, "Fear not, gentle maid, she'd bring you back when it got light." It must have reassured the little lady for she left in haste.

The literary outbursts of your more intellectual daughter are becoming rather well known up here. She can't get anything into the paper this term, but watch her progress next term. Really, I'm quite proud of the child. She has a great gift, which, if developed with care, due credit being given her, etc., will be the salvation of the Dutton clan. I have great hopes for the female. The object of this missive is, as you may have guessed, to state that a poem has been written that, when published will revolutionize the literary world. I believe that this object has been accomplished so will close as the paper won't stretch.

Love,
Dot

Fish for dinner.

Dear Louise,

Now, listen here. I'm all het up. Do you mean to tell me that Uncle Albert and Aunt Louise are at our house? To stay? My gosh, what about Ken. He'll be down the first or second. Where'll we put him? My gosh. What I mean to say is, my gosh. For gosh sake write in a hurry and let me know. My, my.

We had a serenade last night. Right under our window. The whole glee club, or rather, the men's part turned out with ukes and sang in the rain. Touching. Poor Brabie (her room mate) has lost her heart to some boy down here and is slowly pining away because he is hardly aware of her except sometimes. He was here too. One of the girls dashed into our room and hollered out, "Brabie, he's here!" Brabie hopped out of bed in a big steam and caught a very good cold standing in the open window and feasting her eyes on his manly form. Thelma surged in and in her excitement (she generally sleeps thro the serenades) stepped in the waste basket and fell down. got up in a big hurry and proceeded to give us an extemporaneous interpretive adance. At the close of it she began putting the stuff back in the basket, but when she came to some apple cores she was overcome. She got them over the basket then realized that they felt funny so instead of just letting go of them so they'd fall in the basket she squealed, hopped about for a while, yelping in a strangled sort of way and then put them on the floor again and rushed out, her mouth wide open, her head up in the air so far it was trailing after her something like this: We just sat down and roared. (Whatever it was that trailed from her mouth was omitted by Louise in typing it.) KH.

I had to borrow some money from Brabie for some stuff I hadn't counted on. Jessica (Their dean. K.H.) is having a birthday so a bunch of the girls got together and separated the rest of us from our few cents. I had to get bandages and stuff for my heel. It's getting better now, thank you, but it had me worried for a while. There was another infirmary fee added to everyone because so many of the girls had been sick so all that added to my fare home will be a little over six dollars. I'm sorry, but it just had to be. Stamps cost, too. If you have a chance, snaffle a bunch of them for me and I'm buying pencils too. Act accordingly. I'll be home sometime Friday and I'm bringing Odelpha Hoskins. Her bus doesn't leave Portland till around 11 in the evening and we'll be in sometime after noon. School isn't out till noon so it'll probably be around 3 or 4. Dust well Friday morning will you? Please? I want things to look nice. Her folks are rather well to do. I've got to go now and listen to Prexy talk sex.

Yours in a hurry,

Dot.

* * * * *

Notes: She needn't have worried about me. Milt and I stayed in a cheap hotel down on 3rd and Stark. I called on the Duttons on Saturday night, riding the street car out to 82nd & Sandy, walking the several blocks in the cold, driving rain. I came again on Sunday and rode back to Monmouth with her and her cousins who lived in Salem (but drove us) on over to Monmouth.

In those days sex was taught in college, now it's in the 5th grade! And weren't we poor?

Friday

Dear Mother,

How are the shoes coming? Speed them up, speed them up. I also need some envelopes for this paper. Just a small package for I've only about a dozen sheets.

Have you ever eaten a pomegranite? Odelpha brought some back with her and we've had seeds and juice scattered all over the place.

I'm not feeling so well this morning. Yesterday we had gym and I was slightly stiff. Then last night the sins of the world were resting heavy on my shoulders. In order to cheer me up Odelpha hauled out her skates. I immediately felt better. We rummaged around in various rooms and found another pair. When we put them on outside the door a great mob appeared and we were escorted royally to the street, but our loyal followers got cold feet and deserted us.

Odelpha can't skate very well. I pulled her down Monmouth Ave. and back. We went down the street to the high school gym and skated there for a while till Odelpha could stand up a little better, then took off with a flourish down Monmouth Ave again. Just in front of the Music Hall we were waylaid by an elderly lady who exclaimed in a surprised tone, "Girls skating?" We were going full steam ahead so in order to be polite and stop and chatter with the woman I came to a sliding stop with the aid of her arm which I clutched tightly in my hands and stood swaying gently back and forth like a sapling in a moderate breeze. Odelpha barged into me and except for the fact that a tree was behind the lady we would all have finished our conversation in the gutter. Thro it all the woman, who it appeared was Miss Taylor, gushed on about how nice it was that we were taking such wonderful exercise and why didn't more girls do it, and even the teachers would benefit by it, ad infinitum. When we realized who it was, we both expected a calling down and the fact that she was praising us slightly unnerved me. Odelpha just stood, or rather wobbled with her jaw sagging slightly, and as something was expected of us I was the one who contributed to the conversation by burbling light heartedly when she asked us if we enjoyed it, "Yes, won't you come to?" She declined gracefully and went on her way. Odelpha was so overcome that she fell down in a most undignified manner, tore her sock, rubbed her nose in the dirt and otherwise comported in a manner entirely foreign to one about to enter the profession of school teaching.

However, she only fell down three more times during the evening thereby furnishing a slight diversion to the interested onlookers. Still and all we enjoyed ourselves immensely and may have started a very healthful exercise. Everywhere this morning people have stood about declaring they would have skates.

We had a test in College Problems the other night. It was fierce. Twelve questions with only an hour to do them. One was to make a budget of our time for a week. The rest were equally long. I made mine for six days, but when we came to Sunday I balked. "Well, old boy," I thought, "it's none of your business what I do on Sundays." And there the matter ended. I didn't have time to tell him anyway. I finished the rest but a lot of the kids didn't have time.

We registered for next term Wednesday. I'm going to have Arbuthnot. And take Campfire Guardianship. I can't remember who else I'll have.

I must go to Chapel. They assigned us seats and check.

Remind Louise of the shoes or I'll have blood poison for sure. Also the envelopes or you won't be hearing from me.

Are you feeling better? That's good or else bad as the case may be. Take care of yourself.

Love to all,
Dorothy

* * * * *

We have only these letters from her, written the first term. I'll put in a few others scattered over the years. But first I'll bring you up to date on our present lives which haven't been faring any too well.

FAMILY UPDATE, FEBRUARY, 1985

A lot of water -most of it troubled - has spilled over the dam since our golden wedding on September 30. Some of the following could be repetitious.

On the week-end of August 25-27 we and Louise went to Seaside to a meeting of Louise's sea shells club. Although the meeting was on Sunday we went on Saturday, returning Monday, soaking up a bit of travel, rest and sight-seeing along with some ocean sun, air and pounding surf. While returning on Monday, just before reaching Portland Louise said she was cold. Wrapping herself in a blanket didn't help. Soon she was shivering violently, and her face looked and felt hot.

Despite her protests we took her directly to the emergency ward of Good Samaritan Hospital where her temperature was measured at 103 degrees - pretty high for a 78 year old. It was caused by a recurrent bladder-kidney infection which proved to be persistent. After 8 days in the hospital the infection still lingered and she was still on anti-biotics. But to save Medicare money she was discharged on the premise that hospitalization wasn't required just to administer pills. As she wasn't well enough to be alone in her apartment, we brought her to our house. When Dorothy developed cold symptoms a week or so later, Louise, now stronger and free of infection, wanted to go back to her place to avoid catching it. Somewhat apprehensively, we agreed, and took her.

Somehow, while Louise was in the hospital, she was taken off the thyroid medication which she had taken for years. She had just changed doctors. Perhaps that is how it happened. The omission wasn't discovered for some six weeks. When it was discovered she had to resume taking it very slowly, increasing the dosage a little at a time over an extended period, in order to prevent strain on her weakened heart - since her heart attack 4 years ago.

And about that time it was becoming apparent that her mental functions were beginning to diminish. Her new doctor assured us that it was caused by the kidney infection and inadequate thyroid function. As those two conditions were corrected, the doctor said, her mental functions would improve.

For some time we were only vaguely aware of her mental loss. The first noted mental loss was early in August when she and I had a game of canasta, as we occasionally did. It was readily apparent

that she wasn't as sharp as usual - hardly knew how to play it, in fact. At the beach, near the end of August we tried it again, and she was obviously worse. Later, when she was staying with us after being in the hospital, we tried to play partners with our young granddaughters, Kate and Jane. But we couldn't, for Louise couldn't tell spades from clubs or sixes from nines. We had to quit.

In early November, as we thought she was getting along alright alone in her apartment, we went ahead with our plans to have Thanksgiving with Linda in Evanston, Illinois, near Chicago. We would be taking our 8 year old granddaughter, Jane with us, as we had her older sister, Kate, 3 years earlier when we had gone.

One morning in early November when Louise called us, as usual, she didn't know when or how many pills to take for her again recurring bladder infection. I had her read the instructions on the bottle to me and got her straightened out, I thought. In the late afternoon she called about it again, still confused.

So, once more we brought her to our house. It was only a few days before our scheduled departure for Chicago on November 17 - too late, we feared, to get our fares returned. With Louise's approval we took her to a nursing home while we were gone. We returned on November 24, her 78th birthday, arriving in mid afternoon, plenty early enough to take her out to Nendel's on West Slope for her birthday dinner. They brought her a little cake with a candle on it. Then we took her to our house again.

A few days later I developed a cold. Again afraid of catching it, Louise insisted on returning to her apartment. Dubiously we agreed. Although she seemed to get along fairly well, she was obviously not her old self. Yet, her doctor was steadfast in the opinion that she was and would continue to improve.

That situation continued all through December. For Christmas she went to Salem with us, spending Christmas Eve night with Sue's parents while Dorothy and I stayed with John's family. She seemed to enjoy the two days there although, again, she was clearly not the Louise of yore.

She stayed with us the night of New Year's Eve, remaining awake and eating and drinking little bits with us while we awaited the coming of the new year. New Year's Day, after dining out in the afternoon, we took her back to her own home. The next morning she called about 9 a.m., as usual. But her speech was garbled and very labored. I could barely make out her words, "I ---must--- have ---had -- a -- stroke."

I called the apartment house manager who sent a security officer up to her apartment. He called me from there, agreeing about the stroke. I told him I would call a cab to take her to the hospital and requested that he stay with her and help her into the cab when it came. Dorothy and I arrived at the hospital soon after the cab.

The stroke was confirmed, the left side of her mouth and throat and her left arm and hand being most seriously affected. Her left leg and foot were only slightly affected, it seemed.

After a week of apparent steady improvement the neurologist,

fearing that the arteries under her jaw might be partially clogged, ordered an arteriogram. Although results showed no excessive clogging there, they did show "widespread, serious vascular degeneration."

That afternoon while lying in the recovery room she complained of a pain in her leg. Examination revealed a blood clot at the incision in her groin where the tube had been inserted. Immediate surgery was necessary to remove it. All of this was a tremendous shock for an unwell 78 year old stroke victim. It set her back a full week.

After two weeks in the hospital she was sent to the Rehabilitation Institute of Oregon which was near the hospital. Louise's doctor caught up with us one day in the hospital cafeteria and told us that Louise's brain had been damaged and that her judgment would be permanently impaired, making her unable to care for herself or her affairs. Although she would improve both physically and mentally, she could not be expected to ever return to her former self or her former life.

What a shock it was. Fortunately, Louise had already made her checking and savings accounts joint with Dorothy, had granted her power of attorney and had made her executor and sole beneficiary of her will.

After two more weeks of improvement in the rehabilitation center, the doctor there repeated to us in essence what Louise's doctor had already told us. She cautioned us not to be misled by Louise's periods of apparent normalcy, saying those periods could be only brief and uncertain. We have found that to be correct.

She much enjoyed her full two week retraining stint at the rehabilitation center. There, 5 days a week from 9-12 a.m. and 1-4 p.m., she had classes in physical, occupational and recreational therapy, the last also extending into the evening hours and on Saturday. Instruction was on a 1 to 1 basis, often even 2 - 1. Louise had never known such personal attention before in her entire life. Nor had we ever seen so much.

She improved a lot and at times seemed almost like herself. But it wouldn't be long before you noted abnormalities in her speech and behavior. Though fairly content, she was restless and, after becoming able and permitted, she would wander about restlessly when not in therapy. Her appetite, after being virtually gone, slowly returned.

The rehabilitation center and her own doctor prescribed adult foster home care for her, saying that she would not be able to care for herself entirely. The social worker helped us find one which appeared quite suitable to us. We took her there Friday afternoon, February 1. She calls us once or twice daily, seeming to be quite content. We see her several times a week. Dorothy and her foster "mother" take her shopping and to the doctor. In the nearly four weeks that she has been there, she has gone out to lunch with us only once. She is afraid of gaining back some of the 7 pounds she has lost on her foster mother's diet. Dorothy and I have been busy getting her apartment vacated by the end of February. The movers are coming on the 28th to finish the job. Some things will go to the foster home, -her bedroom furniture, etc.-some will come to our place and some will go into storage.

Louise's foster mother offered her a private room and semi-private bath upstairs for \$1000 a month, \$100 more than she is paying now for a 2-bed room downstairs, with a multi-shared bath. Louise liked the upstairs room and wanted our opinions. After seeing it, we agreed.

It is a pleasant room, having 2 windows, both with pleasant outlooks. On a clear day, 2 snow-capped mountains are visible, Mt. Hood through the east window, Mt. St. Helens through the north one. The room and the bath are clean. The room is about 12'x 16', large enough to accommodate her bedroom furniture and some of her living room furniture. As we all liked it, and Louise can easily ascend and descend the stairs - which have strong handrails on each side - we agreed to take it. The move is scheduled for February 28.

Louise has a bladder control problem which has apparently existed ever since her stroke. Strangely, it seems that the staffs at both the hospital and the rehabilitation center, as well as her foster mother, all knew of it but forgot or didn't want to tell us about it. We learned of it when Dorothy inquired about the excessive number of pants and slacks in Louise's laundry and cleaning. If the problem continues indefinitely, we wonder if it might become too intensive for a foster home.

We vacated her apartment February 28, after working at it the entire month. Her room at the foster home and our basement are overflowing with her things, but the storage room we rented for her still has some empty space. Now, if we can get her and our income taxes finished, maybe we can relax a bit.

April 16. We completed the 1984 federal and state income tax returns for Louise and ourselves in plenty of time, as well as our 1985 estimates - a total of 8 reports. Although that lessened the pressure on us a good deal, we still have an ample supply of it left - the mounting cares of life, not a little of which involves medical records and reports for the 3 of us - doctors, dentists, medicare and medical insurance.

As far as we can see, Louise's bladder control problem has lessened. She continues to lose weight - 14 pounds since going there on February 1. She seems quite content there - likes her foster parents, a husband-wife team. They administer her medication, take her for daily walks, supervise her prescribed exercises for her mouth, speech, left arm and leg, take her to the doctor, the store, let her help with the dishes, setting the table, sweeping the floor and weeding the garden.

Best of all, she and the husband, Don, both have seashell collections to which they devote many hours - cleaning, polishing, classifying, discussing and admiring.

Louise has even come to the point where she can tolerate what she calls "our Adventist food". This is remarkable, considering that she had been growing ever more critical of food during the past 5 years or more.

Louise had always been an avid reader. But after her stroke she found reading very difficult and read very little. It is now very heartening to see that she is again reading more.

In the evening they sit by the fire - reading, visiting or watching television. It is heartwarming to see and hear them talking, laughing, "showing and telling" in a seemingly normal family atmosphere. Once a month the foster parents have the families of their foster "children" come to share their Sunday dinner. We have done so twice, finding the food palatable, nutritious and ample. The "mother" is a student of nutrition.

We visit Louise often, taking her out to dinner, to visit friends, and bringing her to our home to visit. Dorothy takes her shopping, to the hair-dresser, and sometimes to the doctor or dentist. Louise is always anxious to get back "home". We consider her and ourselves very fortunate with respect to her living arrangements. Yet, it remains apparent that she is not the Louise of yore. She is happier and more child-like and couldn't possibly live alone.

As to ourselves - Dorothy's back has been giving her a bad time for several weeks, perhaps because she hasn't been walking regularly. After resuming her walking some 5 days ago, her back seems to be improving. She has also been tired more often of late. I hope the renewed walking will bring improvement in that, too. Her blood pressure, though stable, remains relatively high. But her pulse has slowed some. The doctor seems somewhat reassured, letting her wait 2 months before seeing him again.*

I have been having occasional heart palpitations or irregular heart beats. Now that our tensions are lessening, I hope they will begin to improve. If they don't, I will go to see our cardiologist.

We are thinking more and more seriously of selling our home and moving into some sort of retirement or care facility. In fact, I began making phone calls in that direction today, April 18. Already I've found two which sound promising. One is the nearby Baptist Retirement Home where Dorothy's great aunt, Mary Newbill Capps Mills died in 1931, leaving Dorothy her large trunk which now sits in our basement, not empty I assure you!

Updating our progeny - son, John, has recently attended week-long computer training sessions in New York City, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and here in Portland. He enjoyed the experiences.

His wife, Sue, has been getting straight "A"s in community college - this after dropping out of college as a freshman some 20 years ago because, as she herself said at one time, "I just wasn't capable of doing college work."

Their two children, 11 year old Kate and 8 year old Jane, are on a 5 day trip to Disneyland, Marineland, and the San Diego zoo. Their uncle, Bradley Tongue and his wife, JoAnn are taking them. What a fine gift it is.

Our daughter Linda and family have just returned from an 8 day vacation in Florida where they spent most of their time on the beach, in the surf, or in the motel swimming pool. They found an enormous turtle, perhaps dead, partially in the water and partially imbedded in the wet sand. Sarah found a beautiful sea shell which she gave to her Grandma Matthews. Sarah, too, is 11. She and her 8 year old brother, Joe, were exhausted every evening from continuous playing and swimming. Three year old Clark didn't like the sticky sand and salt water, preferring the swimming pool.

*She is gaining weight again which doesn't help.

How's your mother? Is she still in town? Where is she staying? Did you see my mother? I saw my brother yesterday. Cost me five dollars. The last I hope for his own good as well as mine. How's the school situation coming on? Have you found anything else?

It's such a good day, Ken. I do wish we could enjoy it together. I wonder what you're doing now.

Have you seen Patton lately? I want to see him soon. Gee! Hope I get in there & you right close or else that we both get in at Gates.

(No closing)

Comments: Gates is a small community south of Salem on the Santiam River. The salaries she quoted are a good deal higher than I was getting. But it was even farther from Portland than Salem. And we felt sure they wouldn't hire us both if they knew we were contemplating matrimony. So we didn't apply.

She was surely pleased with that wedding dress, as was I. After she brought it home from the store she resisted the temptation to wear it - for a time. When it didn't appear that our marriage was getting any closer, she weakened, then fell. She wore it once. Then again, and again. By the time we were finally married, it was well broken in. She wore it for our wedding, though, and long after.

My mother was in Portland, taking rectal treatments at Dr. Dean's Rectal Clinic. She rented a sleeping room for the several weeks she was there. Although the treatments helped, she had rectal problems off and on for the rest of her life.

I don't remember whether I saw Mrs. Dutton then. It sounds as if she was back in her house on 81st.

The brother who borrowed the \$5 was no doubt Maurice. He often borrowed and sometimes paid all or part of it back.

I think I did get down to her program which wasn't as bad as she feared. In those days teachers had to put on one or more programs each year.

As to the spelling, I think one of my pupils was doing well in the county spelling contest.

I was too happy with my current job to be looking seriously for another one.

Dorothy Dell Dutton

Age 23

Salem, Oregon - 1933



HUDSON, ORE, MARCH 1934

A bridal shower was given in the grange hall Friday evening for Miss Dorothy Dutton of Portland whose marriage to Kenneth Hammill will take place in the near future.

The young couple received many useful and beautiful gifts and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

Here are some more letters from the 1930s, shortly after we finished school at Monmouth and started our teaching careers - Dorothy at Salem Heights and I at Hudson, 4 miles west of Rainier. Probably, they should have followed Dorothy's Monmouth letters.

(Postmark, Salem, Jan 14, 1934)
Wednesday

Dear Ken,

Here it is the middle of the week with only 2 more days till I see you. Aren't you thrilled? Tomorrow the community is having a shower on Miss Foster that was, and who is now Mrs. Tucker. Wish it were for you and me instead. (Note: in the spring of 1933 our unofficial engagement had been made official by an engagement ring, 10\$ down and 5\$ a month for 6 months to Roy & Molin, Jewelers, then on Alder between 3rd and 4th, and since about 1965 on 6th & Yamhill.) I don't know what to get her and any way I'm broke. I've overdrawn my account two dollars. Isn't it fierce? I don't feel nearly as bad about it tonight as I did last night. Guess I'm beginning to get rested up from Christmas. Seems so long since Christmas, doesn't it?

Mrs. Tucker is not planning on teaching here next year I don't think.

Friday

Well, dear my own, I'm feeling pretty chipper and gay tonight. It's the end of the week, only 7 more days till we're together again, it's pay day, I've written the appointment bureau to send my credentials to Patton, I've my application all stamped and ready to send to him in the morning, I've had a nice letter from you extending an invitation which I forthwith accept. What more could I want except a signed contract for next year, a bank account of say \$100 thus far, a husband who dotes on me, a provided for mother, and such small things, or large, that delight the femine fancy. Ah, well, we must strive ceaselessly for the few things, both mental and physical, that we can hold and call our own in this vale of tears. A lesson it were well to learn early in life in order to avoid misunderstanding and heart heart ache the which is like unto no other ailment, and to which the human race is prone, poor benighted fools that we be. And with these words of wisdom we pass to lighter things, to wit, the invitation. I'd be most happy to come calling on you in February. Sometime in February we have institute but I'll find out when and let you know. When are you going to apply out here? Mrs. B. doesn't know enough to teach the 7th and 8th grades. Mrs. W. asked me why you didn't do it. Of course, if we can get a place close together if not actually together, you can always turn this down. Gee, I'd like to teach with you all the time. Let's apply in Portland Saturday, too.

I've an infection in my ring finger. Don't know what made it but it's all swollen up like a balloon at the end and is an interesting bluish color shot with pink. It throbs like everything and I have no doubt but what you will be able to dispense with a wedding ring for that finger as it will burst soon and scatter to the four winds. I will then be known as the four finger marvel. Just why remains to be seen.

Only four more pay days, Ken and so far I've saved exactly nothing. What are we going to do this summer? Let's stay with Mom and go to school and work. Want to? However if you continue to spend all your cash on trunks when summer is coming on I can

see very plainly that we'll end up in the poor house. Were they Pretty?

It was a very nice shower for Mrs. Tucker. They all wanted to know when they were to have one for me, but I was discreetly vague. Lester was here last night. He seemed very much surprised that we weren't married too. He's just back from California. What is the low down on Delpha and Craig? I'm being devoured by curiosity. Surely you wouldn't want to see me gnawed around the edges as a mouse gnaws cheese, would you?

Do you suppose you could come up here some week end this month? It wouldn't cost much. You could have one meal here at least and we could manage it very nicely if we put our minds to it. Will you come? Howsomever we'll talk it over next week.

Did you sell a warrant? Hope so.

Love

Should I have labeled it? Or do you recognize it?

* * * * *

Comments: She is talking about an enclosed photograph for job applications which was enclosed. It will follow these notes. Keep in mind that in those days teachers' application photos were supposed to depict a stern, no-nonsense disciplinarian. They weren't supposed to be attractive, although I think she is! The letter seems to cover a week or two. It was some 9 months before our marriage. I don't remember, nor does she, where I spent that Christmas - at her mother's house in Portland, at Rainier where I boarded, or at my parents' in eastern Oregon. The appointment bureau at Monmouth tried to help its teacher applicants find jobs. In this, her second year at Salem Heights Dorothy was teaching the 3rd and 4th grades. Her first year she taught 5th and 6th. She was not to be rehired for a 3rd year as we were expected to be married. Married women couldn't get jobs as it would deprive someone else of a much more needed job. It wasn't proper for both husband and wife to work, especially not both for public agencies. Patton was the superintendent at Rainier, 45 miles west of Portland where she was applying. She withdrew her application when she was hired at Corbett, only 20 miles east of Portland. The closer we could both get to Portland, the better it would be for our up-coming marriage. Both Dorothy and Louise were giving financial help to their mother who, that year, was living with her brother, Merle on a "farm" at Beaver Creek which Auntie was renting for him. Dorothy had given up their rented house of the year before and was living with "Dimple" Baker an old spinster friend of Mrs. Dutton. Although Dimple was very nice, she wasn't a very good social match for a 23 year old young school teacher. Dimple's house was at 990 Oak St.- gone now. Dorothy, her mother, and Noble had lived the preceding year in a rented house on South Liberty Street, about where the new public library is now. As Noble was in school at Monmouth, and Mrs. Dutton was with her brother, it was cheaper and better for Dorothy to live with someone else. She rode to and from school with her principal, Mrs. Wiegand, some 50 years old. The house they had rented is gone now, too. I had visited them in the rented house at least twice, the next year at least once, staying in a hotel, not with Dimple, and eating at THE PHEASANT, a Chinese-American restaurant which is still there. Once when I was there, we rented bicycles and went riding. When Dorothy's bike struck a railroad track that crossed the street diagonally, her front wheel slid, causing her to fall. Although badly shaken up, she wasn't badly hurt. At the end of her second year she was attending the 8th grade graduation party

she attempted to jump astride a boy's full sized bike in her skirt, went too high and too far, knocking the bike over, landing on her foot on the sidewalk, breaking a bone in the side of her foot. She came home - her mother's house on NE 81st - with her leg in a cast. I well remember carrying her and the cast up to the 3rd floor house-keeping room of her sister-in-law, Nan Dutton, widow of her brother Dwight. I was stronger then, and she was lighter, about 110 pounds!

Back to her letter: With my landlady's approval, I invited Dorothy to come and visit for a week-end, probably over a long one, with a holiday. She came on the bus, and we all had a fine time. My hosts had a son and daughter only two years or so younger than we. Using their parents' car we went to a movie in Rainier, out to eat, and had a great time. Neither of us can now recall the infected finger.

When school was out Mrs. Dutton returned to her house on 81st, as did Dorothy - and I! All that summer I slept on a cot in the dining room. Noble was away working on a dredge at the mouth of the Columbia River. I got a job for the summer as the dishwasher in a small cafe in a downtown truck terminal at NW 9th and Hoyt. I had my second car, a 1930 model A Ford sedan. Dorothy went to summer school. I brought home the left-over bread and pastry from the cafe. We went swimming at Blue Lake or Roamer's Rest on the Tualatin River west of Tigard, went to movies, and had a fun summer. My first car, a 1928 Chevy coach lasted only a year. Maurice hauled farm produce in it and broke the front seat. Dorothy was practicing driving. She wanted to go to Clatskanie, 70 miles down the Columbia, to apply for a school. If she rode the bus, she couldn't get around when she got there. She couldn't drive well enough yet and didn't have a driver's license. But she found a friend with one and got her to drive her down there in my model A. I was to meet them at the bus depot after work, about 6 p.m.. They didn't come till 8, and I was in a tiz, which was worsened when they pulled up in front of me with Dorothy at the wheel, smiling from ear to ear with joy at her accomplishment. I was horrified, said bad things, destroying her confidence so that she refused to drive anymore for two years, and nearly broke our engagement. The nearest our relationship ever came to breaking up also occurred that summer.

I was on the baseball team at Hudson where I taught. Or I thought I was. The first Sunday of our vacation I had planned to take Dorothy and go down there and play ball. But I hadn't told her. She had planned that we would go out to Clackamas where her mother was visiting her cousin, Balfe Youmans and his wife, Billie. We would visit, have dinner with them and bring her mother back home with us. But she hadn't told me.

After breakfast that Sunday morning I told her my plans, and she told me hers. Each was determined. I got up, saying, "I'm going whether you go or not." As I started toward the door she snapped, "Well, if you're going you might as well take this, too," throwing her engagement ring after me. I kept going, climbed in my model A and started the engine, having rolled down my car window. Then I heard her shouting and crying and running toward me, "Ken! Ken! Don't go! Don't go!" She was at the car door, reaching in, holding me, sobbing, with the ring back on her finger. I caved in and took her to Clackamas. I was a man at last, putting away boyish things such as baseball. I was always catching it on the ends of my fingers anyway.

Nevertheless, it was a fun summer. I worked Saturdays. But

often on Sundays we went to Blue Lake Park, taking Mrs. Dutton with us, along with a picnic lunch. Dorothy and I would swim while her mother sat, read, or dozed in the shade of the giant cottonwood trees. After our swim came lunch. Then we would join Mrs. Dutton in reading. Dorothy and I might take a ride in a row boat. It was on one of those Sundays at Blue Lake that Mrs. Dutton and I became friends. We had been civil to each other but couldn't seem to thaw out. One afternoon when I brought Dorothy back to shore after a ride in the boat, I asked Mrs. Dutton if she would like to go for a boat ride with me. "I should say not," she ejaculated, "I see through your plan. You think you'll get me out there in the middle of the lake and push me in!" When we got through laughing we were warm friends.

Getting back to Dorothy's letter - she asked if I had been able to cash any "warrants". At the bottom of the depression many property owners couldn't pay their taxes. That left public agencies without enough funds to pay their expenses, including salaries. In lieu of cash I was paid in warrants - IOUs. Dorothy was fortunate in being paid in cash. Most people would accept my warrants in trade but few would pay cash for them. A few private investors would cash them at heavy discounts. I would do well to sell one or two a month in \$25 denominations.

* * * * *

(Postmark, Feb. 11, 1934)

Sat

Dear Ken-

Here I am writing practically two days in succession. Do you think you're worth it? Anyway I am. It's for a purpose, too. It's about a school at Gates. It's a joint school and there are 3 rooms in the grades, I understand. I'm applying for the primary and they want a man for the 3 upper grades. No woman will be considered. It's a 9 months school and the wages this year are \$98 in cashable warrants. They want a man who will take a personal interest in the kids - an understanding fellow etc.. Immediately I thought of you. Will you try for it, Ken? I'd like very much to get in with you. Write as soon as you can for I think they are going to elect soon. Ferd W. Jones is the principal there. Address, Gates, Oregon. I believe he has practically all the say about teachers. He is going to let me know when to come up to see the board and I'll pass the news on to you. It has to be at a meeting because the members are scattered - logging camps, CCC camp, etc.. Don't you think now I did the right thing in going to institute? I do. Have you found out yet about the spelling contest? If you don't have it next Saturday maybe I'll meet you in Portland. If they do have it could you come up here the week-end of the 24th? That's when our program is - Fri evening. It will probably be a flop on my part. But you won't get there in time to see it maybe. Spouse you could come?

I watched Miss Arbuthnot teach a geog class in both the 3rd and 5th grades at institute yesterday. In fact I got more from that institute than I have from any. We have two more now. One in March & one in April.

I paid some more on my wedding dress. Next month it will be all paid for. I'm doing it that way because I'd want to wear it to something less important than a wedding I'm afraid. So I have it at the store & pay a couple of dollars each pay day. Three to be exact. I'll bring it home in March. Then what?

The photograph should have been after the first letter. Sorry.

These letters were all in cursive handwriting. That is significant as for years she has used manuscript writing exclusively. She changed when she began teaching first grade, a few years later.

* * * * *

(Postmark March 5, 1934)
Sunday

Dear Ken -

Next week, I beg to inform you, is not only pay day but also institute at Woodburn. Do you like me well enough for me to cut it? I probably wouldn't see Sam there anyway, he being too engrossed in the pig business.

I'll bet I do more school work than you. I have practically no social life to occupy these lonely moonlit evenings. That's why you don't notice them - or if you do it's why they don't effect you. You're too busy winning prizes at card parties, etc. I never have any trouble finding work to do. If you call a steady diet of teaching school evenings, Saturdays, & Sundays too, then my life is just one round of pleasure, for that's all I do. I go one evening a month to a teachers' club & listen to Mary L. talk sales tax & spelling. Twice a month I go to the Hollywood Civic Club & listen to a bunch of men from forty up discuss sales tax, why our public schools are going to the dogs, & the duty of teachers. Sundays I go to church & just listen for the times when the preacher says, "We need religion in the schools", and "--these things should be taught in school." All the rest of the time I spend in pressing my clothes for school, mending stockings for school, and running around hunting elusive school board members. Every time I pick up a paper a notice about school boards, institutes, superintendents, etc. leap out & biff me in the eyes. Everyone who comes here - once a month that happens in good months - says, "Oh, yes, you teach school," and looks me over with a fishy stare.

When I get tired of telling Dimple about affairs at Salem Heights School she tells me about the WCTU. Charming picture, isn't it? Strange as it may seem I'd like to do something - go somewhere, talk to someone my age - get away from this damned school business. Even our letters are full of it - there's nothing else to write about for me. Of course, it's my own fault. I should get out & make friends. But, how? The youngest member of the teachers' club is Mrs. Tucker and she's close to thirty. All the rest are middle aged. I tried going to Sunday School. Just about as easy to become acquainted with them as it would to become acquainted with a mummy. Anyway, they were all around 15 years old and still in high school. Alright once in a while but nothing to it if you understand what I mean. I used to go swimming with Mrs. Tucker, but they raised the price on us & all the girls were wrapped up in themselves. Anyway, I couldn't see them with my glasses off & they didn't recognize me with them on. All very pleasant etc. Brought on do doubt by the fact that I've just recovered from some intestinal flu & haven't eaten much. No wonder I'm in the depths. Also it rains a dreary drizzle, cold & grey it is all over.

Of course I can get a bus down. But it will have to be on Sat. morning as I can't possibly make it to Portland by 6 or even 6:30 Friday night. Five O'clock is the earliest I can leave here which gets me into Portland, as you know, about 6:50.

Had a letter from Delpha. She's broken a bone in her foot from playing basketball. Too bad. Had a dun from a place I thought was all paid. Had a dun from Mom's doctor. Guess I'll eat ground glass, or jump in the mill race. Or should I just go buy something? Sort of in self defense. Just to prove to myself that it's really my money I'm working for. Hell. Not even a movie I'd like to see. No one to see it with anyway. Guess I can't take it. Thirteen more weeks left - no job - no money - no nothing (No closing!)

Jennantia: Delpha was * * * * *

Comments: Delpha was Odelpha, our old friend and classmate at Monmouth. Dor. went to the institute instead of coming to Portland. Sam was Sam Brown, Jr. whose father was a prominent and affluent farmer at Gervais, just south of Woodburn. He was also the Master of the State Grange, leader of the opposition to the proposed sales tax and unsuccessful candidate for governor. Dorothy had met Sam Jr at the civic club meetings. Apparently he was making overtures in her direction.

It was certainly no fun for Dorothy - living alone with a nice old lady, a spinster who didn't associate with young people. Dorothy was without friends her own age. The preceding year had been alright, as she shared a rented house with her mother and brother.* And to this day she doesn't like dark, rainy days. Twice she came by bus to visit me at Hudson, 4 miles west of Rainier. The first time was probably a month or so after she wrote this letter. We and our host family all went to Seaside, stayed over night in a cottage, dug clams, made and ate delicious clam fritters, played on the beach in beautiful warm sunshine. The second time was that fall, for her bridal shower - after our marriage which we were keeping secret.

secret
Probably her depression was mostly because she still had no job for the coming year. Before school was out for the summer, though, she had a job. She had gone to see the Multnomah County School Superintendent. He told her of a 4th grade vacancy at Corbett, 20 miles east of Portland. She applied for it and was hired. Corbett is only two miles east of Springdale where Dorothy's mother had taught, 1922-24 and Dorothy had been in the 6th and 7th grades. So, she boarded there, with their old friends, Thelma Davies, Dorothy's friend and former classmate, and her parents. Except in bad weather Dorothy walked to and from school. In bad weather she rode the school bus. We were married 3 weeks after school started the first year she was there - 1934. Mrs. Dutton and Noble were again living in their house on 81st. Nearly every week-end Dorothy was there, too. The first year, when I was still at Rainier, I came only every 2-4 weeks, as it was about 50 miles, and I was still having difficulty getting my school warrants cashed. The second year I had moved to Scappoose and came to join them on 81st nearly every week-end, as I got to sleep with Dorothy in our own bedroom, rather than alone on the cot!

* As Dorothy had never lived in Salem she had no friends there.

* * * * *

April 10, 1935

(The date is for posterity - if any.)

My dear young fellow - what you need is a wife to ride herd on you with hot lemonade, physics, unguents, et cetera. Likewise, soda. Have you ever tried nature's crystals? Guaranteed to kill or cure. Once you get past the odor (or is it the feeling?) it's not so bad.

At any rate I've been taking the stuff all this week, for I, too, have a tale of woe. As a matter of fact, I came very near to being sent home from school Monday because of my face. Everyone insisted it was measles. However, along about ten o'clock a young un came rushing down to inform me Mr. Lusby wanted to see me in his office. Can you imagine how I felt? Especially after getting close enough to see there were three other men, too. Actually, I almost bolted out the door, but common sense prevented. Anyway, it turned out to be a doctor and the Gresham principal, and someone else. The doctor fellow looked me over, said I had a severe case of plant poisoning, said he'd send me some medicine and departed. He was measles hunting anyway, and a mere case of poisoning was evidently beneath his dignity. However, I applied boric acid in lavish amounts and trusted in the Lord. It was just as well I did for the doctor forgot to send the medicine. Tuesday I was much worse, but today I have improved, thank you. The redness has departed quite a bit leaving me an interesting study in red & white. The swelling is departing too so that I resemble a half collapsed balloon with red spot. Very fetching, I assure you.

You are well off, I should say. How much nicer it would be to have a whispering voice than an itching face. Heaven help me, and you too. Drink lots of hot lemonade at bedtime & then sweat. Likewise take a pill every night regardless.

Did you mean you might come in this week end? I can't come till Sat morning but I have a one o'clock appointment with the dentist. Is it possible you'll be there, too?

I'm wondering about the schools. Why don't you call me up & tell me that which I'd like to know?

I do hope you feel better by now, Ken. Wish I were there to make you do as you should, dern it.

Wish this itch business were finished, too, I do.

Love,
Dorothy

Comments: It was primrose poisoning. So we've never had primroses.* Apparently I was hoarse with a cold. Although very happy in my 3 years of teaching at Hudson, I didn't like being paid with IOUs. I wanted to be nearer my new wife, and I thought my career needed a boost into a larger school. I was looking, and Sauvies Island, below Portland and opposite Scappoose wanted me as principal and upper grade teacher in their 3 teacher school which paid in cash. Scappoose wanted me too, as 7th grade teacher, boys' physical education and coach of their sports teams, also paying cash. It was an 8 teacher school, where I was told I would be in line for principal in a few years.*We tried once which was once too many!

* * * * *

May 1 (1935)

What the heck - Why the silence? You owe me a letter and here I sit waiting to hear from you. By golly I maybe won't come see you if you don't think enough of me to write once in a while. You must feel your oats or else think I'm so far gone on you that a little thing like neglecting to write to me won't make any difference. I'll fool you. Joe's going to be in town this week end and he's older now - likewise he always thought I was as near perfect as any one can be. I see no reason for him to alter his opinion. All of which should leave you in a cold sweat of apprehension. In fact

you should dash up here immediately to find whether I've started suit for divorce, or some such.

Noble is trying to be a fisherman - he was in Astoria last week-end and is to go again Sat. to find out about it. I'd like to go, too, and see how it is to fish. Guess I'll tell him we'll take him down Sat.

Had a letter from Harriet. She expects us to spend a week-end with them. I'll bet we don't go anywhere this summer. We'll be too busy - working.

Only 16 days left. I can hardly wait. Should finish scoring reading tests. I'm a darn good teacher, Mr. Hammill. A wife any man should be proud of. Are you?

Helen gave me the iron. It's a dandy. I'm so pleased with it. I didn't tell her nuther.

In case you didn't know, I'm taking the 4:15 bus to your domicile. Unless I can find one that will get me there before that. If one arrives about four or some such I'll take it. So you keep an eye out for me. I'd like to get there about the time school is out, & then I'd help you sweep & such. If you don't like it, you're too late now. Love Dorothy

Comments: I probably didn't write because I was too busy with track meets and baseball games for my students. Or maybe I felt too lousy. Joe was Joe Dillow, Noble's friend. Although several years younger than Dorothy he had shown more than a passing interest in her. He was tall, dark and handsome. I think we did take Noble to Astoria but didn't go out on the boat with him. And we did spend a week-end with Harriet and her new husband. They were living with his mother on their farm at Pleasant Hill, near Goshen, southeast of Eugene. As his mother was gone - she was a widow - we 4 newlyweds had the place to ourselves. Harriet was Dorothy's roommate for their first year at Monmouth. During her second year she worked in an old widow's home for her board and room. Another chap and I were batching over her wood shed. We and Harriet had a lot of fun tormenting each other. Her husband had been her sweetheart all through high school & Monmouth. He was very religious, verging on fanaticism, a deacon & avid supporter of the Bible and the church. Dorothy's current egg artist friend, 1985 was a friend and classmate to both of them in grade and high. Of course I was proud of her. Helen was another teacher who roomed and boarded with Mrs. Davies, along with Dorothy. Dorothy did come on the bus to visit me at Hudson. As she had already been rehired for another year and had signed her contract, I insisted that we go public with our marriage. We went to the beach for the week-end, along with my host family. Had a wonderful time. And I got to sleep with Dorothy right before God and everybody!

That spring-1935- I made a bad choice in my teaching career. After signing a contract as principal in a small school, I jumped to Scappoose, a larger one where I'd teach a year or 2 until their principal left. After 4 years he showed no sign of moving; so I did. That summer I didn't go back to the job I had the year before - washing dishes in a small cafe. I tried it in 2 large downtown restaurants. But the pace was too fast for me. Then I went into the produce business with Dorothy's brother, Maurice. That fizzled, too. Dorothy went to summer classes again. When she was through we went to eastern Oregon to visit my parents on their irrigated farm of 40 acres.

* * * * *

It's now June 22, 1985 - nearly 3 months since the last entry. Louise is much improved, mentally as well as physically. For my Fathers' Day present she beat me in a card game - canasta. Six months ago she couldn't play it at all - couldn't even distinguish the different suits, or 9's and 6's. Sometimes she talks of getting another apartment and living alone. We feel that is still far beyond her capabilities. For instance, yesterday Dorothy left her alone in a department store for an hour. She got lost in the store - tried on a pants suit then couldn't find the dressing room where she had left her clothes.

After suffering severe back pain for 3-4 months Dorothy is now much improved. Her orthopedist first prescribed pain and anti-inflammation pills, exercises and traction - all to little if any avail. He also ordered many x-rays and a catscan which showed extensive arthritis, deteriorated discs, bone spurs and a narrowed center in the spinal chord, causing, he thought, one or more pinched nerves which in turn cause the pain. Finally, he ordered an injection which brought immediate and significant improvement. But, when her back pain subsided she discovered that a knee was hurting. Even so, she has been able to walk with me a half hour for the last several days. Then, today, we discovered that the knee is swollen. Now, we'll wait until she has seen the doctor before taking any more walks.

Although her blood pressure remains high, our cardiologist says her heart is stable and seems to be coping with the high blood pressure. She reacts to so many medications that he is afraid to try any new ones. Along with her back, her spirits have improved.

I just had my annual stress test for my heart. The cardiologist said it's good and strong. He said not to worry about the palpitation which is probably caused by anxiety - my vision, the health of Dorothy and Louise, and the thought of giving up our home and moving to some type of care facility. If it gets worse, he said, call him and he will prescribe a medication. *for the palpitation.*

As my vision continues to worsen I've begun my sister, Ellen's dietary supplement which she has been following for 11 years - with no further loss of vision since, she contends. It consists chiefly of high amounts of vitamins and minerals, plus unsaturated fatty acids and enzymes to promote the body's assimilation of nutrients. Although not optimistic of the results, I have nothing to lose - except money. The diet was developed by a doctor who specializes in nutrition.

Actually, my visual acuity isn't awfully bad. Although I can read this type without my glasses, it is very slow and laborious. With my glasses I can just read the newspaper - again slowly and laboriously, reading one word at a time which takes much of the satisfaction out of reading. It's easier to write!

With my "pinpoint" field of vision, I can see at a distance much better than close at hand. If I go into a room, close my eyes, turn around, then open them, I can find the door out only after a long, painstaking look. I can still walk alone over familiar territory but have to keep my pinpoint vision focused far ahead, concentrating on curbs or obstructions as I approach them. Only in that way can I tell where they are. If I wait until I get near them I have to stop and "search" for them.

During Dorothy's enforced inactivity we haven't been able

During Dorothy's enforced inactivity we haven't been able to look further for a retirement home. But we've been gathering data and hope to look at some more soon.

Now that things are "leveling off" I hope to resume work on Dorothy's NEWBILL family history. If I can finish it, I'd also like to write one on her Matlocks.

About a month ago I sent all my Fuller and related families data and correspondence to Audrey Lamothe, a first cousin once removed - her mother and I were first cousins -who lives, for the time being at least, in Lexington, Kentucky where she is carrying on family research. Now I need to find a Hammill relative who is researching that name to serve as a depository for my Hammill material. Most of our genealogical books and other material will be given to our local genealogical society. Two or three of the books may be of interest to Linda or John.

We've found a young woman who came here from Roumania a year ago, to come once a week and clean our house. Although she barely speaks and understands English, she is willing, quick and efficient, also very nice. She likes to work in our yard, too. She rides to and fro on a bicycle.

* * * * *

MORE ABOUT DOROTHY'S BROTHER, NOBLE

I've written that Noble took post-graduate high school work in Salem during the 1932-33 school year while living at home with Dorothy and their mother in a rented house on South Liberty Street about where the new public library now stands. The house is gone now.

In the fall of 1933 he enrolled in Oregon Normal School at Monmouth. For financial reasons it took him more than 3 years to complete the 2 year program. He graduated at Christmas, 1936. Over a 1½ year period in 1935 and 1936 he worked at J.C. Penney's in Portland, first in their warehouse then as a clerk in their downtown store. Located at 5th and Washington, it really impressed me. With its spaciousness, soft, thick carpets, brass stair rails, I considered it to be plush, indeed. Perhaps most impressive was their noisy, overhead system of moving conveyors which sent sales slips and cash boxes whirring about in all directions.

Also, at two different times, he worked for brief periods as the radio operator on the U.S. dredge, MIKEY. Stationed at Portland, it kept the Columbia and Willamette River ship channels free of silt. In its spare time it rendered the same service to Alaskan ports.

We have some of the compositions he wrote for his class in Written English at Monmouth. They show a definite talent for writing which he never developed professionally.

After receiving his diploma from Monmouth he found a teaching job at Shaw, a tiny place east of Salem. When the teacher in their one room school became ill he was hired to finish out her term, the spring of 1937.

For the fall he found a two room school at Birkenfeld, another small community in the coastal mountains of northwest Oregon. He rented a house there, and his mother came to live with him. Both of them enjoyed that 9 months together. She did the cooking and housework, showing a remarkable recovery of health and strength.

When school was out in the spring of 1938 Noble gave up his rented house. He had found a summer job in Vernonia, as the town's swimming pool life guard and their recreation director. In the fall he would teach English, history and physical education in the junior high school. His mother came to live with us in Scappoose. Noble found a place in Vernonia that provided his board and room.

In November, 1939 he married Oma (Casey)- she was a terrific ball player) Davis. He had known her at Monmouth where her family lived. After living with friends a week, they found an apartment. There, in December, 1940, their first child, David, entered their lives. He was born in a Portland hospital, taken home in our borrowed car, as theirs had but one seat, and no heater!

Through the Red Cross life saving courses he was taking, and his work as life guard and playground director, Noble had become much interested in safety. The County School Nurse who visited his school often was also interested in that field. They often discussed this mutual interest. In the spring of 1943 she told him of the new safety program which was being developed in the new war effort shipyards that were springing up in Portland. When school was out he applied there and was hired as a safety inspector at the Oregon Shipyard where Dorothy and I were already working - she in the manpower office, I as a materials expeditor.

"Aunt Aggie" Matlock was living at the Park Lawn apartments on the north side of NE Glisan St. at about 25th Avenue. Because of the great influx of people to work in the war industries, housing was very scarce. Noble's small family moved in with "Auntie" until a vacancy developed in those apartments. It was only 2 or 3 blocks from the apartment where we and Mrs. Dutton were living at N.E. 23rd and Irving St.

It was a very cozy arrangement for all of us. The proximity drew us close together, socially and emotionally as well as geographically. Three year old David was the central attraction, especially for the grandmother, Mrs. Dutton, and the great aunt, Aggie. We visited back and forth almost daily. The two elderly sisters would go to town to shop, go to lunch at the Orange Lantern, or go to a movie, or just walk a block or two to Munden's Ice Cream Parlor, a place which was equally popular with us younger folk, not to mention little David.

In November, 1944, when Casey was far into her second pregnancy, they rented a house on the east side of N.E. 72nd Avenue, 2 or 3 blocks north of Sandy Blvd. Pamela was born in December.

I forgot to mention that for a time when they were living in the Glisan Street apartment Casey worked at the nearby Albertina Kerr Child Care Center, taking little David with her.

About 1946 they moved into a defense house in St. Johns. It was on North Syracuse Street just south of Lombard. We lived a mile or so farther north on Milne Street. Again it was a cordial arrangement for us. Dorothy, Casey, and the kids hobnobbed especially. Noble and I got in our licks, too. We visited, baby sat for each other, played and picnicked in the nearby park, etc. Mrs. Dutton was now lonely, for her sister, Aggie, had died. We were living in a defense house, too. Ours was a deluxe 3 bedroom, all electric one. Our first child, Linda, was a baby. One day at their house Dorothy climbed on their dining table to reach the ceiling. The table top broke, depositing her on the floor, entertaining all but herself.

Upon reading the preceding page Dorothy reminded me that Noble and Casey spent their weekend honeymoon in our house at Cornelius while we and Mrs. Dutton were at the beach. As they passed through Cornelius on their way to and from Portland and their home in Vernonia, they usually stopped to visit on their way home.

When they left St. Johns, about 1948, Noble's family moved into a rented house on Northwest Cornell Road, some 4 miles northeast of downtown. The house stood on a wooded hillside, well above the road. Although rather isolated, with little yard for the children to play, the area was quiet, clean and fresh. with many birds and small, wild animals. At least one cougar was reported in the area while they were living there.

In late 1945 or early 1946, soon after the war ended and the war industries closed, Noble had taken a job with the city of Portland as Assistant Director of the Portland Traffic Safety Commission. Some two years later he became Director, an important position. Although well paid and furnished with a city owned car, he had many evening and week-end assignments - speaking engagements, teaching evening classes, hosting dignitaries, etc. By 1950 we were aware that he was drinking too much. Tennis, swimming, gymnastics and hiking were replaced by numbing alcohol. Inevitably, deterioration followed.

About 1947 Noble purchased a new, yellow Studebaker automobile of outlandish appearance. Although we can't remember its exact appearance, it was as unorthodox, or moreso, than any car we can remember. People would stop, stare, point and laugh at it, much to Noble's satisfaction. We seem to recall that it resembled a yellow bee, sans wings. That car would be a rare collector's item today.

David was a quiet, studious boy, not the least interested in sports or other physical activities. When he was about 8, his teacher informed Casey that his vision was substandard. They checked it out, finding that he needed glasses. Upon receiving them he became a different boy, bubbling with joy at all the marvels which had opened to him. The poor kid had been able to see very little beyond 100 yards or so.

Ever since receiving his two year diploma from Oregon Normal School at Monmouth in 1936 Noble had been taking extension courses toward his bachelor's degree. Somewhere along the line he had completed the required one term of residency at the University of Oregon. And before moving to Chicago in 1951 he had his bachelor. It was a noteworthy achievement, requiring only 15 years! It took us 27 years to get ours. After moving to Chicago he wanted to begin work toward a master's degree but couldn't find the time or his wife's support. Casey felt that she and the kids were seeing too little of him as it was.

By 1949 they, especially Casey and the kids, were tired of living in such a remote woodland as Cornell Road, far from people, schools, stores and parks. Casey was uneasy, being alone so much at night, with two small children. They moved back to town - into an apartment on Northwest Raleigh Street at 26th Avenue.

There, they had everything. The kids had supervised playground activities. They also participated in the activities of the Jewish sponsored Friendly House for children, and those of the city operated Junior Museum.

A year or so later they were in a rented house on Southwest Markam Hill Road near the University of Oregon Medical School. Then in 1951, came the most important move of their lives. Not only did it greatly affect all their lives, it had considerable effect upon ours as well.

Noble had been working closely with the National Safety Council, the headquarters of which were in Chicago. Under his direction the Portland Traffic Safety Commission had won a number of awards. In the spring of 1951 he was offered a high ranking position with the National Safety Council. After a good deal of soul-searching he accepted.

Their going was almost as traumatic for us as for them. They had been our closest association, as we had been theirs. In spite of our efforts to remain close, separation by time and distance inevitably weakened the ties that bound. They visited us once or twice, and we visited them once. But we no longer felt as close.

Before she died "Auntie" - Agnes Matlock - had given Noble the old Matlock furniture which had crossed the plains by covered wagon in 1847 and which she had inherited from her mother. It and their other household belongings were shipped to Chicago by train. The family rode in the yellow Studebaker. It was a sad goodbye on both sides. Mrs. Dutton was especially hurt. She died 3 years later, at age 83.

They rented a 1½ story, 3 bedroom house in Glenn Ellen, a suburb some 30 miles west of Chicago. Noble rode the commuter train back and forth to work, leaving home at 7 a.m., returning about 6 p.m. He walked from their home to the station and from the city station to work. In bad weather Casey dropped him at the station and picked him up there in the evening. On the other end he took a cab from the station to the office, and vice versa. Cold weather rarely if ever stopped them. But in those days, before air-conditioning was common, employes were sent home when the temperature reached 90. With the high humidity there, 90 degrees is much hotter than it is here. During the 45 minute train ride, morning and evening, Noble read, visited with the other commuters, and patronized the bar on the train.

About once a year Noble's job brought him to Portland for a few days. He always stayed at the Congress Hotel, near the city hall. The hotel is gone now. It stood on SW 6th and Main, on one quarter of the block now occupied by the Orebankco Building. He always took Dorothy and me out to dinner and was very impatient with us when we couldn't bear the taste of a martini. He would order them for each of us and would have to drink all three of them himself! He would take his mother out to dinner separately, sometimes taking her to a movie as well.

In June, 1954 Casey and the two kids came here to visit. Her parents and siblings were here, too. They left Noble at home, working and minding the house and the cat and dog. David was 14, Pamela and Linda 10 and 9, John 7. We went for a picnic and hike at our favorite spot, Twin Bridges, on the Zigzag River on the northwest slope of Mt. Hood. We had a wonderful time, eating, playing in and along the rushing, ice-cold river, sitting or lying under the tall Douglas firs and hemlocks, with the breezes in their gently waving, sighing tops. Later, we climbed the trail up Mt. Hood until stopped by the ever deepening snow. That was the last time we felt close, especially the kids.

As her parents were becoming old and unwell, Casey came, alone, to visit once or twice. That was in the late 50s or early 60s.

Shortly after we moved here - probably in the summer of 1960 - Noble came, alone during his vacation. He came expressly to go on a camping and fishing trip with his old friend, Chuck Schmidt. They went to Chuck's favorite fishing spot, Diamond Lake, in the southern Oregon mountains near Crater Lake. They stayed several days, having a wonderful time and catching scads of fish. They left a bushel or so at Chuck's home in Salem where Chuck was the school superintendent. They brought another bushel to us. Dorothy cooked a fine fish dinner for which Chuck stayed. We had a good visit afterward. Next morning we put Noble on a plane for home then gave the rest of the fish to our next door neighbors who froze them. We don't have a freezer. Besides, Dorothy doesn't like to cook fish, and I don't like to clean them.

While in high school David became very interested in electronics and dramatics. He acted in several high school plays and in community theatre plays in the summer. He found a job for Saturdays and summers in a nearby electronics firm. Upon finishing high school he couldn't get a college scholarship because their family income was too high. He enrolled at Brown University, an old, private, reputable, coeducational institution of medium size. He and Noble, together, managed the finances. It didn't work out, though. David wanted to take only electronics and drama. At the end of his first year David heard Noble say that he wouldn't provide any further financial assistance unless David pursued a more orthodox program. So, David went to work full time in the local electronics firm. Within two years he was an junior executive, earning more than his father!

We visited them for 8 days in the summer of 1961, traveling by train. They treated us royally, wining and dining us, taking us to museums, Northwestern and Chicago Universities, the zoo and other points of interest. On a Sunday they drove us up to Madison, Wisconsin where we saw the university and the capitol. We also went for a swim in Lake Michigan. It was in a Madison restaurant that John drank from his finger bowl, thinking it was lemonade.

We suffered from the humid heat. There were thunder, lightning, and showers every day, or so it seemed. The showers would cool things off for a few minutes. Then the sun would come out, the steam would rise, and it would be as hot as before, if not hotter. We seldom have thunder here - and never such ear-splitting, soul-shattering detonations as occur almost daily in the summer. That seemed to be the case when we were there, at least. The first night we were there we were "blasted" from our beds by what we thought must have been the University of Chicago's nuclear reactor exploding. All 4 of us leaped from our beds into the central hall in one bound, triggered by that incredible explosion just above our ears, seemingly. With our terror-stricken faces staring at each other, only a few inches apart, our first thought was that our hosts, since they had not appeared, must have perished in the blast. Then came a lesser explosion which we recognized as thunder. Realization threw us into loud, hysterical laughter. That brought our hosts on the run, to see what the turmoil was about. They had slept through the explosion but woke when we burst into hysterics.

David, 21, and John, 14, hit it off very well. But Pam and Linda, both 16, didn't mix well, somehow. They seemed to lack a mutual interest.

Having shown signs of strain for some years, Noble and Casey's marriage now seemed to be tottering. He drank; she scolded. As soon as he got home from work Noble would remove his tie, shirt and shoes. Then - for his ulcer - he would pour himself a large glass of milk from the refrigerator, seat himself in his arm chair, sip his milk and carry on a lively conversation. He would finish at least two glasses by dinner time. Then he would have no appetite for dinner. After dinner he would resume his milk drinking. As the evening wore on he would become increasingly jovial for a time then begin to become drowsy. We finally tumbled: he was spiking his milk with some kind of alcohol.

Now, with a pronounced paunch above his belt, Noble, nevertheless, remained quite handsome. He dressed immaculately.

Casey, who was working part time in a nursery school, scolded him for drinking and smoking too much, for exercising too little, and for neglecting house and yard maintenance. He would snap back at her and a row would result. As we left, we feared for the marriage.

Noble had become dissatisfied with his job. Some of the problem was frequent disagreement with 'The Boss'. His drinking may have been a factor, too.

About 1962, not long after the United States Department of Transportation had been created, chiefly to develop our new Federal Highway System, (freeways) Noble began to make inquiries there about the possibility of joining them. It was about 1963 that he was hired at the grade level of GS -15 - a very high rating. They had finally purchased their house in Glenn Ellyn. Now they had to sell it - the only home they ever owned. They rented an apartment in Bethesda, Maryland, a suburb of Washington, D.C..

David stayed in Glenn Ellyn. He, too, rented an apartment and became very interested in cooking. He had been, and continued taking evening classes at Roosevelt College in Chicago. In the meantime, he was working his way up in the electronics firm. He was now a well established 23 year old bachelor.

Before they left Glenn Ellyn, Pamela had finished high school and one year of college at Western Illinois State College, in Macomb, I believe. Then she contracted mononucleosis and missed a year. Then about 20, she had lost interest in college and never returned to it. She went to work in Washington, as a stenographer in an insurance office. Another tenant in the apartment complex where they lived had a son, Toby West, a student at Denison University in Ohio. He and Pam got acquainted, fell in love and were married at Bethesda in 1965. But it didn't last long. After having a baby, Chrissie, they broke up and were divorced. Chrissie is now a college student herself, at Frostburg State College in Western Maryland. Pam is now happily married to a fine, genial Irishman, Mike Boyle. More later.

After a time, Casey went to work, also, first as a clerk in a well known gift shop, later in the May Company Department Store.

Noble had long been interested in learning to speak Spanish. That interest became so great that he enrolled in an adult evening class in Spanish. There he met a 40 year old woman from Colombia, South America. She may have been the teacher. She worked at the O.A.S. (Organization of American States). Their acquaintance ripened into a friendship - or more. At any rate it was the final blow to Noble's already shaky marriage. Casey moved out of their apartment

into another one in the same complex. Soon after, Noble moved to an apartment in Arlington, Virginia, another Washington suburb.

The woman was Hilda Anzola, from an upper class family of Colombia, South America. Louise and we visited Noble in 1970. As there wasn't room for all of us in his 1-bedroom apartment, Hilda stayed at her brothers home. Noble stayed in her apartment, leaving his to us. We met Hilda, finding her to be a small, attractive, dark complectioned woman. Although she could hardly speak English, she was obviously cultured and well educated.

One morning, 2 or 3 days after we arrived, Noble phoned, saying that he had a pain in his upper arms. It had started in the night and seemed to be getting worse. All 3 of us went to him. One look told us that he should be in a hospital. Despite his protests, we took him to one. After several hours of examinations, tests, interviews, and consultations, the staff weren't sure just what the problem was but thought it must be his heart. They kept him in the hospital for about a week, perhaps longer.

Pam came to visit him the first evening he was there. The next day we and Casey went to see him. Although courteous to her Noble later scolded us for bringing her. "We're legally separated," he said, "and will soon be divorced. We're finished. I never want to see her again." And he never did - after being married 31 years.

As she was spending a few weeks with her paternal grandmother, we didn't get to see Chrissie, Pam's 5 year old daughter. Nor did we get to visit Pam who was working. That was before she and Mike were married.

We well remember our visit with Casey. She had a nice apartment - and a kitten, which Dorothy couldn't get enough of fondling. She held it against her neck, under her chin, enjoying its warmth and softness and its purring. A week or so later Dorothy had a sore under her jaw. It was cat ring worm, as diagnosed by the entire staff of dermatology at Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston where we were detained all one afternoon while every doctor and interne came to examine that rare infection, rare in humans, that is. They gave Dorothy an ointment which finally cured it after six months of application.

Casey was as friendly as she had ever been. She said that she was willing to try to save their marriage. But Noble would have none of it. She gave this example of how serious Noble's drinking habit had become. One of his co-workers told her of attending a conference with Noble. He thought Noble must have prostate trouble, because of his frequent trips to the men's room. Then another co-worker saw that he wasn't going to the rest room at all. Rather, he was dashing to the bar for a quick drink.

A few days later, when we left Washington for Philadelphia and Boston to visit John and Linda, respectively, Noble was still in the hospital. Louise didn't go with us. She stayed on in Noble's apartment to help him convalesce after leaving the hospital. She stayed about six weeks before returning to her home in Portland. We don't remember how long Noble was off work. The doctors were never quite sure what caused his illness.

In the meantime, David had so impressed his employers that, about 1970, they sent him to The Netherlands to help set up and operate an electronics plant there. He met a Dutch girl, Diny

Van Helden, whom he married in May, 1972. In early 1973 he became displeased with his job and resigned. As he had ample savings to carry them through, he didn't rush into some job he didn't want. Rather, he took his time, waiting until he found a better job, with another American firm in Belgium. Of course, they moved there. As he took to foreign languages readily, there was little language barrier for David. He soon became fluent in French and Flemish, as well as Dutch. We don't know how Diny fared with the new languages.

I forgot to mention that David visited here about 1964 when he was 24. As it was summer, Linda and John were both at home. David wanted to see as much of the nearby country as possible in the one day he was here. So, we spent most of the day in the car, showing him around, which he enjoyed and appreciated. It was a pleasant day for all 5 of us. I remember that David was quiet, small, dark, and had a large nose.

One summer morning, early, probably in 1973, I answered the phone and was aghast to learn that David was on the other end. He and Diny were at Cannon Beach on vacation. We hadn't even known they were coming. Cannon Beach held very dear childhood memories for David. They had been there several days and were coming to Portland by taxicab, some 80 miles! They would arrive at our house about noon, spending an hour with us before going to the airport for their flight home. But they didn't come. Nor did they phone - or write to us. Eventually, we learned from Casey that they had been late getting to Portland and didn't have time to stop or phone.

I mentioned earlier that David loved to cook - especially a-la-France. He liked to invite friends to dine then cook them a gourmet dinner. In August, 1975 they and another couple were vacationing in a cabin somewhere in the mountains of France or Switzerland. David did the cooking. One morning he complained of a headache. While preparing lunch he suddenly staggered then collapsed upon the kitchen floor, unconscious. They rushed him to a hospital where the diagnosis was a brain hemorrhage. The doctors said it would probably be fatal. There was a small chance that surgery could save him. One of Europe's most noted neuro-surgeons performed the operation. He never regained consciousness and died within 24 hours, age 34.

Casey had moved back to Portland soon after Noble remarried. She went to work as a clerk in the Meier and Frank store in Washington Square and rented a 1-bedroom apartment nearby.

Noble called us with the news of David's death. To spare Casey as much shock as possible he asked us to go to her and tell her in person, softening the blow as much as we could. We went at once. But Chuck Schmidt was there before us with the news. Pam must have called him with the news.

Noble also called Louise, asking her to meet him at Hilda's in Washington, D.C. and go to Belgium with him to attend the funeral. She did. Hilda, who worked in the transportation office at the O.A.S., made their travel arrangements, including passports.

Neither Casey nor Pam went. But Casey had gone to visit David and Diny shortly before Casey moved back to Portland.

Although David's insurance and savings provided well for Diny, she enrolled in a vocational school to keep busy and to prepare for future financial independence.

A year or so later Diny and a brother came to visit Casey & Louise. Until recently Diny and Louise carried on a correspondence, of sorts. As Diny could barely write in English, correspondence was difficult and unsatisfying. Now we have lost contact with her except for occasional bits of news through Casey. For a number of years Diny has been working - in social medicine or as a social worker, I believe. I don't remember much about her, except that she and we didn't hit it off very well together.

Getting back to Noble - about 1971 his drinking began to affect his job. By 1972 they were talking of transferring him out of Washington to a branch office. About 1973, despite his protests, Noble was transferred to Fort Worth, Texas.

Ever since his divorce became final in 1971 Noble and Hilda had been trying to get married. A staunch Catholic, she wanted a Church wedding. As he was a divorced non-Catholic, it took them 2 or 3 years to obtain the Church's approval. Finally, in May, 1974, they were married in Arlington, Virginia. Shortly afterward he had to return to his job in Ft. Worth, leaving her in the Washington, D.C. area where she worked.

A few months later Noble was hospitalized for surgery. He hadn't been well. His doctors had made tests which showed that the carotid arteries of his neck were partially obstructed. They said that cleaning them out might improve his health as well as lessen the possibility of a stroke. Hilda obtained leave from her job and went to Ft. Worth to be with him.

After the surgery he finally consented to Hilda's calling Alcoholic Anonomous on his behalf. A representative came to see him. At last, Noble acknowledged that he was an alcoholic. Until then he had always scoffed at the idea. Now, he completely reversed himself. Upon his release from the hospital he became one of AA's most active and successful representatives, devoting all his spare time to helping other alcoholics control their drinking problems. His co-workdrs were amazed at the improvement in his work and in his personality.

Hilda was able to stay in Ft. Worth only a week or so. As Noble needed someone to be with him during his convalescence, Louise went down and stayed with him some six weeks. Afterward, as a reward, he gave her a ticket for a ten day Carribean cruise.

Noble felt better than he had for years. It was difficult for him and Hilda, being so far apart since their marriage. Each time one of them had a vacation or holiday, he or she would go to visit the other. As Noble was steadily regaining the respect and confidence of his superiors, he hoped to be transferred back to Washington within a year or two. In fact, I believe that such had been intimated to him.

When Noble had fully recovered from the neck surgery his life seemed, at last, to have become stable and tranquil, with every prospect of happiness. After David's sudden and tragic death in August, Noble and Hilda planned a 4 week vacation, beginning in mid-December. They would visit Hilda's old family home and her friends and relatives in Colombia, South America. All their arrangements were made. They would do a lot of sight-seeing, too.

After lunch one day about December 1, Noble dropped into a photographer's shop to pick up his passport photo. He paid for it, picked up the photo, turned to leave, and collapsed on the floor,

much as his only son had done 4 months earlier - of a similar cause.

It was a major stroke. Again, Louise went to Ft. Worth to be with them, offering moral support and assistance. She called us almost every day. At first she thought we should come. Then, as Noble seemed to be improving, she said to wait. A few evenings later she called again, fearing that he was worse. Dorothy thought we should go at once.

As the banks were closed, we called the airline which agreed to take our check - or was it VISA? Dorothy went down to our neighborhood market, Big "C" which cashed a \$300 check for her. After arriving in Ft. Worth we went to a bank and had them contact ours in Portland for additional funds.

We arrived at the huge, new, unorthodox Dallas-Ft. Worth airport in early afternoon. Hilda and Louise were awaiting us, with Noble's car. They had visited Noble before lunch. He seemed better, talked with them and sounded much like himself. They told him that after lunch they were going to the airport to meet us. He was pleased at the prospect of seeing us.

Arriving at the hospital, we went to the intensive care unit. We were asked to wait a few minutes as the doctor was with Noble. The atmosphere seemed hushed. Medical personnel kept running in and out and about. We - the 4 of us - were shown into a small room and asked to wait. Hilda and Louise thought it strange, for they had been going directly to his bedside.

Half an hour later a doctor came in and told us that Noble had just passed away of a massive stroke. Their efforts to save him had been futile. We could see him if we wished. The others went but I preferred to remember him as I had known him. When they returned Dorothy told me that he looked calm and peaceful. Louise was supporting Hilda who was speechless.

We stayed on in a motel several days, helping straighten up Noble's affairs. Hilda and Louise stayed in Noble's apartment. Hilda gave me two of Noble's jackets and a pair of house slippers. I still wear them. The people in Noble's office helped with everything - even took us to the airport when we flew back to Washington for Noble's funeral. He was buried in the Coumbia Gardens Cemetery in Arlington, Virginia.

Chuck Schmidt came to the funeral. He and Casey sat together on the opposite side of the aisle. We don't remember whether Pam sat with them or with us.

We stayed several days with Hilda, in her apartment. Louise stayed with Hilda's sister and brother-in-law, Dela and Joe Hinshaw. Hilda's mother, a delightful little 85-year old lady called "Cuca" lived with her. Cuca's inability to speak or understand English detracted little if any from her charm.

Hilda's South American friends and relatives - Catholics and Spanish speaking, of course - flocked in to pay their respects or to mourn with the family. Although they were considerate of us and tried not to exclude us from their conversation too much, we did, nonetheless, often feel excluded. Some of them spoke little if any English. Even Hilda and her siblings spoke English with difficulty. But they made it clear that they wanted us to consider them as part of our family.

When we left, Louise stayed on with Hilda. She even went back to Fort Worth with her to vacate Noble's apartment and wind up his affairs. It was some six weeks before she returned home.

About the time of Noble's death, Chuck Schmidt and his wife of 30 odd years were divorced. He and Casey, always close friends, now became even closer. So close, in fact, that they were married some two years later. The preceding year he had bought a house in Woodburn's Senior Estates. Now, Casey simply quit her job and moved in with him. They are still there and seem very happy together. We are glad for both of them and for ourselves as well for we are enjoying our renewed friendship with them.

Chuck, lean, tanned, healthy, playing 18 holes of golf almost every day, was disgustingly healthy for a 70 year old man. By the way, he's a terrific golfer, carrying a big handicap and winning a good many tournaments. All that good health was despite rather than because of his living habits. He ate anything and everything. His daily diet went something like this: innumerable cigarettes, a dozen or so cups of coffee, 2 or 3 drinks before dinner and perhaps one with dinner, a couple more after dinner and one or two more before going to bed. Although he ate as much as he wished, he was too busy to eat very much.

Late in 1984 he collapsed on the golf course of a heart attack. He recovered, quit smoking, had one cup of coffee and one drink daily and resumed playing golf. Early in 1985 he collapsed on the golf course again, also because of heart trouble. Again he recovered and resumed his golf though not every day and not as many holes. He seems to be quite well.

Casey quit smoking, too. She is quite hard of hearing and has knee problems - arthritis. She, too, is active - plays golf with Chuck often, shops, cooks, keeps the house and works in their yard and garden. Chuck works in the yard and garden, also. They have lots of raspberries and strawberries. Chuck catches and cans their own salmon each year. Casey makes jam, puts up juices and maybe a bit of wine. Casey had a number of siblings of which only one brother is still living. Chuck has several half brothers and sisters.

Pamela, Noble and Casey's daughter, had several rewarding jobs over the years. The one we remember best, which she held for some years, was rewarding mentally and emotionally as well as financially. It was with a travel magazine in the Washington area. She would plan an interesting trip somewhere like Spain, Portugal, Morocco, Australia, New Zealand, the Middle East, etc.. Then she would take the trip herself - all expenses paid - writing an article on the things to see and do. The magazine paid her expenses, hoping to get their money back in sales and advertising. She had many wonderful trips.

Pam's husband, Mike Boyle, is a professional psychologist, working out of their home. He had no children. At first he didn't seem to mind. But as the years rolled by he began wanting one. When the wanting grew, Pam decided to give him one. She is now, at age 40, six months pregnant with her second child. Her first, Chrissie, is 20 years old, a college student. All 3 are very happy about the expected new baby.

Once or twice while here visiting Casey, Pam stopped in to see us. She seems very family loving and is becoming interested in family history. It would be fine if she would begin family research.

Hilda's mother died shortly before Noble. They are buried side by side in the Columbia Gardens Cemetery in Arlington, Virginia. Although Hilda's sister, Dela, died some 5 years later, about 1980, several of her siblings are still living. Hilda has a severe back problem. Because of it she retired on a physical disability some 5 years ago, about 1982, when some 50 years old. A short time after Noble's death she bought a condominium in McLean, Virginia, in the Washington, D.C. area. She spends most of her time there, among her Colombia friends and relatives.

For a vacation home she bought another condominium on the Carolina Coast - I've forgotten whether of North or South Carolina. Noble's life insurance may have made both purchases possible. She sometimes talks of selling her McLean condo and living in the one on the coast, or of selling them both and moving back to her native Colombia, South America.

As she doesn't write English at all well, she doesn't correspond with us or Louise, except for Christmas cards. But she phones often, trying to keep our weak family ties from slipping away entirely. She has never come here, nor have we ever invited her. That is partly because we don't have suitable guest facilities for her, partly because we would be ill at ease trying to entertain a Spanish lady, and partly because we feared that she would be quite uncomfortable here among our WASPS - White Anglo-Saxon Protestants. Louise visited her once or twice, briefly. The last time Dorothy and I saw her was in early January, 1978.

We had spent two weeks in the state library and archives in Richmond, Virginia searching for information on our many Virginia ancestors. Our plan was to visit Hilda on our way home. When Dorothy got a sore throat, along with a cough, I phoned Hilda to cancel it. As we were to be at the Dulles Airport in Washington two hours while changing planes, she and her sister, Dela, met us there. We had lunch and a good visit.

As traveling has become too difficult for us and probably impossible for Louise - and Hilda isn't likely ever to come here - we are not likely to see Hilda again. She and Pamela, Noble's daughter, although they both live in the Washington area, never communicate. There may be some ill feeling over the settlement of Noble's estate.

As Noble's only son died childless, the Dutton name in this branch died out with him. In the same way, our Hammill line will die out with John as his only son died at age 4 months of a defective heart. It is unfortunate that so many family lines die out that way.

* * * * *

Now, let's go back to where I left you at the bottom of page 210-I, in the fall of 1935. Dorothy resumed her position of the year before - teaching the 4th grade at Corbett. But her situation was no longer pleasant. In fact, it was almost intolerable.

All the preceding year we had kept our marriage a secret. It had been very trying for us - to the point, in fact, where I insisted we now make a full disclosure. Very reluctantly, Dorothy wrote to her school board, telling them that she had married. The repercussions were instantaneous and most upsetting. Each member of the board came to see Dorothy, individually, then in a group, demanding that she resign. That she refused to do.

Her situation became extremely difficult. Her co-teachers feared to fraternize with her lest they, too, should reap the school-board's wrath. The board demanded that each of them declare in writing that they were not married and had no intention of marrying. Except for Dorothy's relatives and old school friends, the entire community became cool toward her. Even her students showed the effect.

Meanwhile, I was faring much better at Scappoose. I found a sleeping room on the second floor of an old home, owned and occupied by a fine, old couple. Across the hall was another roomer, the high school agriculture teacher, a genial, unmarried chap some ten years my senior. We walked together about 4 blocks to a lady's boarding house for breakfast and dinner. She packed box lunches for us. Sometimes Bill and I visited each other in the evening, or went out together to school functions or to ball games. Before the school year ended we had become pretty good friends.

As coach of the grade school athletic teams things went very well, although requiring many hours after school for practicing and games. Basketball games were usually on Friday evening or on Saturday. As to my teaching, I had a good class of 25 7th graders. Two boys were retarded in their classes and were too old and large to fit well in the group which made it a bit trying. All in all I was quite content though not as ecstatic as I had been during my preceding 3 years at Hudson.

Each 2-4 weeks I tried to spend the week-end with Dorothy and her mother at their home on NE 81st. Dorothy came home nearly every Friday after school, returning to her boarding home Sunday afternoon or evening. Mrs. Dutton's health had improved. She had lots of company and visited friends and relatives, or went to movies or shopping or to lunch with them. In the city, in those days, it was easy to go about via street car. As they ran so often, they didn't even have schedules.

Aside from Dorothy's difficult situation at school it was a good fall and winter for us. As I was teaching only 20 miles down the Columbia River at Scappoose and she 25 miles up the river at Corbett, we spent frequent week-ends together at the old Dutton home on NE 81st. Then our fortunes plummeted. Despite our attempts at contraception - which was then in the pioneering stage - Dorothy became pregnant.

The first symptom was a lump in her throat. She thought it was just a sore throat. When the lump became worse she went to a throat specialist. Finding nothing wrong with her throat he suggested that she see an obstetrician. "I think you're pregnant," he said.

We found a general practitioner near her home. Soon she began bleeding intermittently, sometimes lightly, sometimes rather heavily, with occasional blood clotting. Our concern grew into alarm. The doctor finally gave up, suggesting that we go to Dr. Green, a young gynecologist in the Hollywood area.

After examining her Dr. Green said that her pregnancy was dangerously abnormal and must be terminated at once. He performed the surgery at Emanuel Hospital. She stayed two days at the exorbitant cost of \$50 which we paid in two monthly installments. That was the beginning of a long association with Dr. Green and his successors. His office was then in his home on NE 42nd and Broadway. Now it is a clinic of 20 doctors and covers the entire block.

Her long illness caused Dorothy to miss at least two months of teaching. After the surgery she was at home convalescing for several weeks. She did manage to get back to school for the last two days of the term. As sick leave hadn't even been thought of yet she had to pay for her substitute which left very little for herself.

The doctor told her not to attend summer classes - just stay home and rest. Of course, she wasn't rehired and was out of a job. As it was virtually impossible for married women to get teaching jobs it was too discouraging to even try. She just sat at home, licking her wounds and slowly regaining strength and hope.

Her brother, Maurice, after his produce venture the preceding fall had failed, went to work laying up brick cess pools for a home builder. He was paid a lump sum for each completed pool. With his incredibly quick hands he earned two or three times the wages of a carpenter. When summer, 1936, arrived, he had saved enough to make the down payment on a small truck. He rented a stall in the huge, new, 3-story public market on the river front, extending from the foot of Morrison Street 4 blocks to Salmon Street. It was demolished some ten years ago to make room for a highway and green belt along the river front.

When school was out that spring he put me in charge of the stall while, every day with his truck he toured the outlying farms and went to the early morning farmers' market on SE 11th and Belmont searching for bargains in produce. After hauling the produce to the stall he helped me set it up and get ready for business by the time the first shoppers appeared. Then he would leave, returning to help me in the stall during the afternoon rush period.

Our business grew until sometimes it was too much for me to handle alone. If Maurice stayed to help me he didn't have time to supply all the produce we needed. For a time Dorothy helped out. When that wasn't sufficient he hired a young woman on a full time basis. That did it. And for a time we were happy and prosperous. Then Maurice got an idea for making even more money.

At the early farmers' market he had been talking with grocers who would like to have produce delivered to their stores, thus eliminating the need for them to rise at 3 a.m. and go to the early farmers' market to buy produce and take it to their stores. Maurice's plan was to go directly to the farms each afternoon and buy a load of produce which he would take to his home. Early next morning he would bring it to our stall where we would unload enough to supply it, leaving the rest on the truck. I would then take the truck and tour the stores, arriving soon after they opened, selling for cash and taking orders for the next day. Maurice was to take my place in the stall.

It was discouragingly slow at first. But as the grocers became accustomed to my arrival every morning with good, farm-fresh produce at low prices they bought more and more, until we were hard pressed to fill their orders. For a month or six weeks all went well and we prospered.

Then Maurice decided that, instead of going to the farms for produce in the afternoon, leaving it stand on the truck overnight, he would go at dawn, arriving at the stall in time for its opening, with even fresher produce. It worked fairly well for a few days,

making me only slightly late with my deliveries. Then he began arriving later and later, often without all the produce that had been ordered. The grocers began complaining, then cutting me off, until our business was virtually dead. I finally quit in disgust.

Although it was often insufficiently stocked he kept the stall for a while longer. After a few more weeks he gave that up, too. Eventually he lost his truck because he couldn't keep up the payments. His failure was directly attributable to his love of big talk. He spent his time talking business instead of doing it. After becoming penniless he returned to laying up cesspools until he again had a few hundred dollars then quit, made a down payment on another truck and went back into the produce business again. He repeated that cycle a number of times before we lost contact with him.

It was a lean summer for us - barely enough money for food and the \$22.50 a month house payment. After I left Maurice, the summer was so nearly gone that I didn't even look for another job. Dorothy and I went to Hermiston to visit my family for a week or so.* We could hardly believe our eyes when we saw that they had electricity. As Dorothy, at long last, was regaining her energy we had a good time. We walked about the farm, with its garden, orchard, turkeys, horses, cows, hayfields, corn, etc.. We walked through the sagebrush and jack-rabbits to the irrigation reservoir a mile or so away, visited Odelpha and some of my old high school classmates. Odelpha, by the way, had visited Dorothy a number of times at the house on 81st.

Our plans for the fall of 1936 were rather involved. Noble was returning to Monmouth for his final term. Mrs. Dutton went to spend the winter with Louise in San Francisco. Dorothy and I would look for a place to rent at Scappoose where I would be starting my second year of teaching. We had a realtor put the Dutton house up for rent - \$25 a month, furnished. The Duttons had done this a number of times before in the late teens and early twenties, when the family was scattered because of death, illness, or the lack of a teaching job near at home for Mrs. Dutton.

At almost the last moment our plans changed. My sister, Dorothy, then 20, had been, for a year or so, working as a live-in domestic for a Jewish family on NE 17th Ave. near where the Lloyd Center and the Fontaine condominiums now stand. Upon her graduation from high school several years earlier she lacked the financial means of attending college. Rather than stay on the farm with the folks she had taken this job. Now, suddenly, an opportunity arose for her to enter Walla Walla College, with financial assistance. Brother, Dick, had just graduated there and may have had something to do with it.

As she didn't like to leave her kind, respected employers without any notice she racked her brain for someone to fill in for her while her employers sought a replacement. She thought of our Dorothy who was unable to find a teaching job. Our Dorothy thought it might be rather fun for a while and would put a few dollars into her starved purse. Besides, school didn't start for several weeks, and we hadn't even looked for a place to live in Scappoose. So, at age 26, our married teacher became a maid while her bemused spouse went to Scappoose to find a place for himself to live, even if he couldn't find or provide quarters for his wife and himself.

The three following letters pertain to that period.

*until Dorothy got a telegram from Auntie, asking her to go to San Francisco with her, Mrs. Dutton, and Miss Hammond in the latter's car to visit - and to cross the new, fabulous, Golden Gate Bridge.



Dorothy - age 26



Ken - age 29

Dorothy and Louise - 1936,



under their back-yard cherry tree at 3427 NE 81st Ave.

(Sept 15, 1936)KH

Tuesday

Dear Ken --

It's the end of another day and I feel even more that I should be down with you. I packed my trunk so you can take it back with you Sunday, and on your payday we can move, I hope.

I'm feeling a little better today but I still can't eat. Had one cup of coffee this morning and that's all. If this keeps up I'll have my girlish figure back in time, won't I?

Mr. Wienstein is coming home tonight. They've gone to meet him now. I'm rather curious to see what he looks like.

Mrs. W. made soup today. One whole hen, a huge roast of beef and about 14 chicken feet which I had to skin. She brought in two fish and a turkey, too. Think of the money!

Are you coming in Friday night? We can go out to Clackamas and stay, you know. That is, until we move. Bring your washing for I can do it here, I think.

It's nine o'clock and I've just finished the dishes, so this every evening off is a pipe dream. I have to serve dinner tomorrow night to eight people and I don't know the first thing about it. Anyway, I finished your shirts today. Not very good I'm afraid cause you can't bawl and iron at the same time and do justice to the ironing. The only thing that keeps me going is the thought that in two weeks we'll be together always. No more of me here and you there. If I can't get a school close enough to you so I can teach and still live with you - no teaching. I see the folly of my ways.

There's a big tank of hot water, but I'm so tired I can't be bothered. I thought it would be so nice to bathe every day. I'd rather bathe in a wash pan with you. Could two people bathe in one wash pan?

Have you looked for a place yet? I really mean it, Ken. In two weeks I'm coming down. I'll have to wait till Saturday to tell her unless you write me to tell her sooner. But three weeks surely will be enough.

If you had money enough would you come in to see me one of these evenings? Last night I wanted you so badly and kept thinking every car was you. I even got out of bed several times to see if you hadn't come.

Are you coming in Friday? Excuse me, I asked that before.

How is school? Got some nice kids? Ornerly ones? Cute ones? Is it going to be easier this year than it was last? I'm so anxious to hear from you. Do you get any messages from me? I think of you continually so you surely should get something out of all those thought waves.

I hope you have found a place for us to stay. I can scarcely wait until you come to get me.

Do you think you could write your folks to send us by freight some of the things in tin cans? I can still make enough grape and apple jelly to take us through the winter, and we don't care much for canned fruit anyway. Gosh I'm excited. For the first time in our married lives we'll be really living together. Do you suppose

we could make it by the twenty-ninth? That would be a grand way to celebrate our second anniversary, wouldn't it? Or are you pleased at the thought of a useless wife? Anyway, I did mend your sox and sew some buttons on.

It's late and getting later so I'll just run out and mail this and pile into bed and think of you some more.

Called Aunt Louise and had to hang up because of my emotions. Perpetual fountain, I am. I'd like to call Harriet but I don't dare for fear I'd bawl, and I don't want her to know that I do - funny.

I wrote to Dorothy. I suppose I should have sent a money order or registered, or something. All evening Mrs. W. has been singing her praises. Said everyone imposed on her and made me think of the five we borrowed. Guilty conscience. How is that word spelled?

Good night, my Ken. Please think of me and want to be with me as much as I want to be with you.

your wife

Comments: Immediately upon going to work at Wiensteins' Dorothy came down with the flu. She was in bed a week with nausea and diarrhea, unable to eat. When writing the letter she was just getting back on her feet. All alone among strangers, sick, unable to eat, it is not surprising that she was depressed and tearful.

Apparently she planned to give two weeks' notice then quit and come to live with me at Scappoose. But her employers were good to her and entreated her to stay until they found a replacement, offering her inducements, such as week-ends off and food to take home with her. She stayed until Thanksgiving, coming to Scappoose Friday evening, staying until Sunday evening. As I didn't need the car - our 1930 model A Ford sedan - she drove it back and forth. Each time she came to Scappoose on Fridays she brought her dinner, easily enough for both of us - such as a turkey thigh and leg, cake, rolls, salad, etc..

* * * * *

(Scappoose, Oregon Sept. 16, 1936 KH)

Wednesday

Dearest:

Never in my life have I wanted and missed anything so much as I have been wanting and missing you these few days. If you feel as I do and the pain continues to be so acute, I don't think we can survive. After living with you and having your company so continuously and for such a long time, it is agony to be separated.

As yet I haven't determined where nor in what manner I shall live and board. Several offers have been made to me, though. I can batch at Miss Ewing's with a young H.S. teacher named Edwards. My indolence, my love of order and good housekeeping, along with the seeming prudishness of Mr. Edwards, however, are all prohibitive factors to such a plan. How would you like to rent Miss Ewing's house and board Mr. Edwards? We would make but little, however.

Mrs. Sandstrom (high priced) would sell me board and room, as would Mrs. Page, a widow. I can room at several places, including Price's (crowded), Watts' (talkative), or the hotel (drunkards), and eat at the restaurant - nice, but still a restaurant. Even Mr. Petersen and Mr. Kessi offered to provide board and room for me. But I am

dubious as to the diplomacy of boarding with another teacher. Furthermore, Mr. Petersen lives too far away.

If there was only one boarding spot available my selection would be easy. As it is I haven't even opened my trunk nor removed it from the car.

Dorothy, with you here I would call this paradise. I have twenty small, quiet, industrious pupils, seven boys, thirteen girls (but oh, so small) two of whom belong in the sixth grade but think they are pulling a fast one on us.

The whole school is so different and peaceful. John Gilliam is in the reformatory at Woodburn, that is, if he hasn't escaped again. Someone informed me that he was going to resume operations in the seventh grade, Scappoose, Oregon as soon as his sentence is served.

How are you getting on? I so want you to be happy. Yet, I almost hope that if you are unhappy enough you might come down here.

Unless I receive discouragement from you I shall expect to see you Friday night. I'll have to because of those shirts.

Always yours,
Ken

PS. Just received both your letters. Sounds O.K. to me. I had the same illnesses, both of them.

* * * * *

Comments: So, one of my letters finally sneaked into her story. Guess it's the first of two that she saved, other than the many I wrote while in the army. They're in a box here, along with hers.

Here, I talk of hunting a place to board and room, while she talks of coming to live with me. Apparently, when I left her our plan was that she would be at Wiensteins' all the school year, or at least until the Xmas vacation. Her illness and following depression must have changed her mind. And, with her employers' willingness to give her week-ends off for the short time she would remain with them, I should be looking for living quarters for both of us.

In the meantime, I must have been staying with Kessis, for my following letter was written on their stationery.

John Gilliam had been a thorn in my side the preceding year. He was 17 years old, tall and handsome, and as mean as they come. Fortunately for me, he never came back.

Mr. Kessi was the high school agriculture teacher who, the preceding year, had roomed and boarded at the same places as I. We had become fairly good friends. During the summer he had married, and they were living in a rented house. Mr. Petersen was my principal.

* * * * *

Monday
(September 21, 1936)KH.

Dearest,

Mr. Kind opened the little house for me this evening, but as usual I failed to notice some things. The kitchen was very well organized, with a collapsible table containing two big drawers, or bins, I've forgotten which. The amount of cupboards was astonishing for such a small house. It has a nice sink, a serviceable appearing

wood cook stove and a kerosene burner. The bed looks comfortable. A small partition contains the toilet. We may have it for \$15 per month which includes wood as well as water and lights.

Now, on the other hand, there is no hot water tank. The closet is nil, about like the one in your room at home. The house is so small that we shall have to keep our belongings down to a minimum.

The people intend to move out Thursday or Friday which leaves two days for the cabin to be cleaned and we could move in Sunday.

Mrs. Petersen says you could work at picking pickles which pays a minimum of 27½¢ per hour. She says that she always exceeds the minimum, picking by the pound. Therefore, she prefers picking to sorting. They will be making pickles two or three weeks yet, depending, I suppose, upon the weather.

I am very unhappy, having wrenched my ankle again. Mr. Petersen has boils again. He was out today and maybe won't be back tomorrow.

Use your own judgment about leaving, but I'm in a big hurry to have you come.

Must close in order to get this in the mail. Ken

* * * * *

I meant to tell more about Dorothy's job at Wiensteins. Some of her chores which follow may lie outside the usual routine for household domestics. She polished the silver one week, the brass the next. Every Wednesday she washed the outsides of the windows and the four garbage cans by turning the garden hose on them. If the laundry wasn't properly done when it came back she had to call the laundry and give them what for, the task which she disliked most. The other jobs she found most trying were: skinning seemingly innumerable chicken feet which they used in their soup; and trying to keep a two year old child quiet in the kitchen while serving dinner to eight adults in the dining room.

One of her amenities, or so she thought, was her own private bathroom. One Sunday night upon returning to Wiensteins from Scapoose she nearly jumped out of her skin when her eyes beheld a 2½ foot long fish swimming around in her filled bathtub. It was there for them to use in making gefiltefish. Before it was pure enough to eat it had to be kept alive for a week, without eating, in order that all its impurities had left its body. Every day Dorothy got to change its water. And she couldn't have a bath for a week.

The following comments apply to Dorothy's letter in which she refers to my folks' tin cans of vegetables, to her Aunt Louise Matlock Smith, and to Harriet.

My parents always had lots of vegetables canned commercially in tin cans. Her Aunt Louise was recovering from surgery for breast cancer. But she died eight months later. In those days cancer was regarded as unmentionable and unclean, like venereal diseases. She was 60, leaving alone her 80 year old husband, Albert Smith, called "Skook". Harriet was our friend and classmate at Monmouth. She had left her husband and during the summer vacation had been working as desk clerk in a downtown hotel, The Cornelius, I believe. Her necessity to borrow \$5 from my sister, Dorothy, shows the state of our finances.

* * * * *

My last letter tells of wrenching my ankle again. During my 7th and 8th grade boys' physical education classes I played along with them. Sometimes I forgot that my boyhood lay behind me and played too energetically, hurting a knee, wrist, ankle, or something.

* * * * *

So, we moved into that "little house" which was actually no more than a two-room cabin. It was about ten feet wide and sixteen feet long, with an attached dirt floor garage. A lateral partition bisected the cabin into two rooms, a bedroom and a kitchen-dining-living room. The partition had no door, only a curtained opening. There were only two doors: the entrance and bathroom doors.

The entrance opened directly into the k-l-d-room which contained a small sink with a cold water tap, a small drain board, two wall cabinets, two small windows in front, one on the side opposite the garage, a small flat-top wood cook stove in the corner nearest the garage and bedroom, a small drop-leaf table under the side window, three kitchen chairs, one of which we kept in the bedroom, a small rocker and a wicker chair.

The bedroom had one window - on the end wall. The room had a longitudinal partition down the side abutting the garage, making a narrow compartment, barely large enough for a toilet and tiny closet. It also had a miniature window, high above the toilet. The double bed stood in the corner of the room, with the head and one side tight against the walls. Dorothy's sewing machine and a kitchen chair were jammed into the other corner. We could barely squeeze through between the side of the bed and the bathroom door.

Our only means of heating water was a tea kettle. We washed ourselves in a wash pan. For baths we used my school's showers, some two blocks from our cabin. I had keys to the school. Except for our underwear and hosiery which we washed by hand, we had laundry and cleaning service at our door.

Rather than pick cucumbers for the nearby pickle plant, Dorothy continued working at Wiensteins until after Thanksgiving.

More than a year earlier she had bought a Norge refrigerator, a small one on which she had been making monthly payments until recently. As refrigerators were still quite uncommon, it was the pride of her life and just about the first one among our friends and relatives. Of course we had to make room for it in our cabin. Maurice and I hauled it down from the house on 81st in his truck. Our landlord immediately increased our rent \$1 a month to pay for the electricity it used.

We were in our cabin in time for our second anniversary. Needless to say, we were extremely happy to be in our first very own home. We had a small radio for entertainment. At that time the radio held the place in the home that television occupies today. I enjoyed splitting and carrying in wood as I had in years gone by. The small cook stove kept our tiny house as warm as toast.

We moved in on a Sunday. The following Sunday morning about 8 o'clock, when we were still asleep, there came a loud pounding on our door. Upon rousing myself, I called out, "Just a minute", wondering who in blazes it could be at this ungodly hour. When I cracked the door and peeked out, there stood Bill Kessi, all dressed up in suit and tie, grinning from ear to ear. Beside him, looking rather uncertain, was his bride of three months. A large woman,

called, "Willie", she was a staunch Catholic. They were just returning from early Mass. Having recently stayed with them for several weeks, I had to invite them in. The picture of incredulity, Dorothy finally emerged from our bedroom curtain in her robe. She had never met either of them before. When we got to talking and laughing the atmosphere soon warmed up. After a time Dorothy asked if they had breakfasted. "Of course!" Bill quipped.

As Dorothy started breakfast the three of them got acquainted while I got dressed. Having but three kitchen chairs, I sat in the wicker easy chair. The table was so small that our plates and knees nearly touched. Serving was easy for Dorothy. She could stand between the stove and table, reaching both without moving her feet.

After breakfast we talked, did the dishes and talked some more, until we were hungry again. Dorothy fixed lunch, after which we did the dishes then began playing bridge, the common, old auction type. As darkness set in, we became hungry once more. This time, finding something to serve taxed Dorothy's ingenuity. They didn't leave until ten o'clock. Dorothy had to leave at 6:15 next morning in order to be back at Wiensteins by seven.

After that we and the Kessis often visited back and forth, having dinner then playing bridge. Although we continued to be warm friends, our bridge playing came to an abrupt halt along toward spring. Dorothy and Bill were always partners against Willie and me. Bill took the game very seriously. Dorothy didn't. One night when Dorothy trumped his ace Bill blew his top. That did it. We never played cards with them again. And never again would Dorothy agree to play bridge with anyone.

Bill was a heavy eater, and his figure showed it. When he and Willie went to someone's house for dinner he ate so much that Willie was embarrassed. For a remedy she began feeding him a goodly portion before they left home. Then, when they sat down at the hosts' table Bill wouldn't make a pig of himself, Willie said.

We also became friendly with my principal, Otto H.H. Petersen and his wife, Fern. I don't think I ever learned what the two "H"s stood for.

The only others with whom we became friends were Wendell and Svea Hill. They were some five years younger than we, while the Kessis and Petersens were just about that much older. Wendell was the automobile paper carrier for the Oregonian. His territory comprised most of the area between Portland and St. Helens. Svea was such an immaculate housekeeper that we never felt quite comfortable in their home. We were afraid of getting something dirty or out of place. Also a fine cook, she was the sister of Lenea Wickstrom who had taught school with me at Hudson. Later, Lenea married the son of the people with whom we had boarded. Our greatest association with Wendell and Svea came later when Dorothy was teaching again and we were more affluent. We often went out to restaurants together.

When Dorothy left Wiensteins and was at home with me full time we realized at once how poor we were. Although our grocery bill was only \$25 a month and our house expenses only \$16 we could barely stretch my \$110 to the end of the month. We were also making payments of \$22.50 a month on the Duttons' house on 81st Avenue, without receiving any rent payments. Fortunately, our 1930 model A was paid for. With Christmas coming on we had great difficulty with our shopping,

even though we bought as few gifts as possible, as inexpensive as possible, and used our credit as much as we dared.

Couped up, alone, five days a week in a two-room cabin with nothing to do and no money to spend Dorothy's spirits began to sag. We don't remember how or where we spent Christmas. Mrs. Dutton was with Louise in San Francisco. Noble had finished at Monmouth and was in Salem taking a class in creative writing. Although the house on 81st was occupied by renters our rental agent hadn't sent us any rent money.

Mr. Kind warned us that our cat was going to have kittens. He knew, having witnessed the act. Our beautiful, white, blue-eyed, deaf, beloved kitten was a gift from Aunt Aggie's friend, Miss Julia Spooner. She lived on 82nd near Johnson Creek and the county line at Kendall Station, so named because the electric interurban railway to Bellrose and Gresham had a station there. When Dorothy was a child her family sometimes rode the interurban to Kendall Station then walked to Clackamas to visit their Matlock relatives. Miss Spooner was a principal in the Portland schools. As Aggie's great love was teaching she never wanted to be a principal.

Mr. Kind, our landlord, lived up to his name. He was very good to us. We weren't his only tenants by any means. He had an "Auto Park", a common thing then. It consisted of some ten cabins in a group. Built for the tourist trade, they had become a haven for low-income transients - couples and families. They formed a sort of tiny community in themselves. Our cabin, the smallest, stood off to one side, nearer the highway.

But, getting back to our pregnant cat - it seems quite common for white, blue-eyed cats to be deaf. She also had a most winning personality, a beloved cat, especially dear to Dorothy. Strangely, we've forgotten her name. Loving cars, she went everywhere with us. As she would climb into any car that she found with a door open, we had to watch her closely. Our neighbors, especially Mr. Kind, helped in this. As he had a filling station, Mr. Kind kept an eye on her, more than once retrieving her from a customer's car. She was so lovable that many drivers would have welcomed her.

She came and went, in and out of the house as she liked. She slept on the foot of our bed. As her time approached, she began searching the cabin for a delivery station, finally selecting the bottom of our garment bag. Objecting to that choice, we found a box of suitable size and kept putting her in it. She refused to stay.

Her time came in the night while we were asleep. As usual, she was on the foot of our bed. Awakened by her mewing and restlessness, we put her in the box. Again she refused to stay, trying to climb back on the foot of our bed. Finally, we put her in the box, took it and her out of the house, into the garage, and closed her in. We left her there until the ordeal was over. She had four tiny, squeaking, squirming kittens.

The next day she disappeared. Of course, we had to do away with the kittens. We never saw her again. No doubt she climbed into someone's car and rode away with them - with or without their immediate knowledge. It was months before we could accept her disappearance as permanent.

On February 7 and 8 of that year - 1937 - came one of the deepest snowfalls we've ever had. It started slowly and gently shortly before

noon on that quiet Sunday. At first we thought it would be only an inch or two. But as the day wore on it fell more and more heavily. Before dark there was four inches. When we went to bed it was eight inches deep and still snowing. Great was our excitement at the thought that there would not likely be school tomorrow.

Upon rising the next morning we found that the snow had stopped falling, leaving a world of white. The snow had drifted against our screen door, three feet deep. We were trapped inside until Mr. Kind dug us out an hour later. Tramping around outside, we found there to be about a foot of snow. As we had no phone, Mr. Kind also brought us the news that the schools would be closed.

For days we tramped through the snow, to the store, to visit our friends. And they visited us. We slept, read, went over to the school house for showers. In short, we had a delightful time. Although thawing began about the third day, the snow lasted all week, with no school.

At the end of the basketball season, a successful one for us, Dorothy wanted to fete the team by having them at our house for a dinner. As there were eight boys and two of us, with only five places to sit, and barely standing room for ten persons she had to settle for cookies, ice cream cones and soda pop from the bottles. We didn't have enough dishes and glasses to serve them otherwise. Everyone took turns sitting and standing. As the boys were out of school before I could leave, they went over to our cabin ahead of me. Although they didn't know Dorothy and she didn't know them, they were hitting it off in great style when I arrived a half hour later. It was a gala occasion for all ten of us. One of those boys - perhaps the brightest one, certainly the most interesting - lost his life in World War II some six years later.

The Duttons' home on N.E. 81st had become an impossible financial burden upon the family. Never financially able to buy the house, they had been renting it since 1918. During the times they had to leave it temporarily they had always sub-let it to other tenants. When Dorothy's brother, Dwight, was discharged from the army after World War I he was eligible for a home loan under Oregon's new G.I. loan program. He took out the loan and bought the house for his mother. Upon his death in 1930 it had gone to Mrs. Dutton.

Now, renters kept moving in and out. The agent who was handling it couldn't collect the rent, or if he did, we never saw any of it. The final blow fell when tenants moved out during freezing weather without telling anyone and without turning off the water. A pipe burst allowing water to lie on the floor.

After making minimum repairs we let the Oregon Department of Veterans' Affairs take it back. This wasn't done lightly, far from it. The entire family felt bad about it, especially Mrs. Dutton. Therefore with none of us in a position to live in it or keep up the payments there was nothing else we could do. Besides, there was still \$1500 owing on it, while its market value under the severely depressed conditions of that time was not more than \$1200, perhaps even less. At any rate its loss hung over all of us for years. We still drive by it every now and then.

Before letting the house go back, of course, we had to get the furniture out. We had already taken the books out before renting it. Keeping with us all we could of the oldest and best books, we had taken the rest to Maurice. He kept a selected few in his house,

storing the remainder in his woodshed. Many years later we learned that one of them - long lost - was a first edition, a valuable old book of her father's, entitled THE MUSICAL LYRE. Maurice had taken the piano, too, along with the old Maytag washer with its hand wringer and an old 3½ feet high Victrola phonograph and its records, mostly of the teens and 20s era. It was hand powered - you wound it up with a crank.

When Dorothy resumed teaching we got the phonograph for her to use at her schools. In 1942, upon leaving Sheridan, we had no place for it, and simply left it at Dorothy's school.

At Scappoose we had the sewing machine and a small dresser of Dorothy's mother's. Alone all day in our tiny cabin with nothing better to do, Dorothy painted the dresser with white enamel. Much later, about 1948 when we were at St. Johns, we were so crowded that Dorothy gave the dresser to our next door neighbors. Much to Dorothy's chagrin, they removed all the finish revealing a beautiful old piece of furniture.

When we had everything that we could possibly find a place for out of the Duttons' house we advertised the rest of the furniture on a Sunday, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.. This was probably about March, 1937. About 9 a.m. a second hand furniture dealer was at the door, wanting to look at it. More than a little put out at him for being so early, we reluctantly let him in. He made a ridiculously low offer for the lot, an offer which we scorned.

As the hours passed and no one came, our hopes sank into despair. About 2:30 the dealer returned, repeating his offer. Feeling that we were giving it away, we nevertheless accepted - from sheer desperation. We've forgotten the amount, all of which went to Mrs. Dutton who was heart-broken. Actually, there wasn't a great deal of furniture. And most of it was of mediocre quality. There were two beds, a dresser, a cot, two stoves, a dining table, breakfast table and several small end tables. It was a sad day for all of us.

Then came 3 dull, wet, dreary months for Dorothy. Couped up, alone, in a tiny cabin of two miniscule rooms. with only a small radio and a newspaper (no telephone) for company, the mostly dark days dragged by interminably. She fought back, embroidering two pictures and framing them herself. They grace the wall of our guest room to this day. She also sewed and visited the wives and children of our male teacher friends. She even did some baby-sitting for them. This was the first time she had ever been completely isolated from her own family and friends.

When school was out for the summer her outlook brightened - even if our financial prospects didn't. In those days teachers weren't paid during the summer months. Without income or savings our outlook was grim indeed - until the community rallied to our cause.

As his son was in my 7th grade class, I became well acquainted with the superintendent of the local pickle plant. He offered me a summer job - hoeing cucumbers in the vast fields of his company. Needless to say, I leaped at the opportunity. I would receive 35¢ per hour, nearly \$3 a day!

He also offered the two of us another opportunity in which Dorothy would play a major role. He would let us have one half the garden site at their home. He would have the ground prepared and seeded with the small, gherkin cucumbers, a delicacy. Dorothy,

with my help on evenings and week-ends, would hoe them as needed. When they ripened, after school started in the fall, Dorothy, with my help, would pick them. He would haul them to the pickle plant for us. We would share the income equally, with him.

We, especially Dorothy, worked hard for most of the summer, tending our precious crop. Then, shortly before school started in the fall, came an unexpected development.

One of our friends heard of a teaching job that Dorothy might be able to get. As the teacher in a tiny, one-room school on the north end of Sauvie's Island had become ill and wouldn't be able to teach, the school board was looking for another teacher. The school was so remote that most men and single women didn't want the job. That left the school board with little time or choice other than married women. Dorothy applied for the job and was hired.

With both of us teaching when school opened, our patch of ripening gherkins was left with no one to pick them. Twice, the superintendent closed the pickle plant two hours early, taking the crew out to pick the gherkins. That saved only a small portion of the crop. Most of it went to waste. We received \$10 as our share of the income.

That summer - 1937 - was an eventful one. My principal had us house sit for him about ten days while he and his family took a short vacation. They had several acres just out of Scappoose, with pigs, goats, chickens, pasture and a garden. We fed and watered the animals and gathered the eggs, eating some of them and some of the garden. Their Nanny goat was kept tethered to a tree. Every hour or so that silly goat wound herself up in her rope, tight against the tree then bleated loudly and plaintively, until someone came and disentangled her. It was most exasperating, especially for Dorothy, while I was in the fields hoeing cucumbers.

Apparently the word got around that, having grown up on a farm, I qualified as a "farm sitter". Another family with a small "stump ranch" offered us \$20 to stay on their place two weeks while they took a vacation. This time, in addition to feeding the livestock, I had to milk six cows morning and evening, run the milk through the separator which operated by a hand crank, feed the skim milk to the pigs and chickens, and put the cream in 5 gallon cans to be picked up by the dairy company.

Dorothy plucked food from the garden, fed the chickens, gathered the eggs, and washed the separator. Insisting that it was only whole milk, she drank the cream, disdaining my contentions that it really was cream. Finally, I told her that she could take an egg-beater and make whipped cream of it. When she scoffed, I took the egg-beater and proved it. She was aghast - not only then but also when, back in our own cabin - she got on our bath-room scales and found that she had gained ten pounds.

While living in that tiny cabin we had lots of company. Today, we have very little. Was it because we and our friends and relatives were then numerous, young, and active, while today they are few, old, scattered, and inactive?

My brother, Milt and his young family dropped in to see us at least twice while on their way to or from the beaches where they camped, fished, and played.

Dorothy's brother, Noble, came to see us and to show us his wares. After teaching his first year at Birkenfeld, in the Coast Range near Vernonia, he was trying to support himself during the summer by selling, door to door, women's Real Silk hosiery. His youth, good looks, and charming demeanor made him highly qualified for the job. Unfortunately, Dorothy couldn't afford his prices - \$1.50 per pair. (More at the top of page 238.)

Dorothy's roommate at Monmouth, our mutual friend and classmate, Harriet, stopped to see us on her way to her new job - teaching in a one-room school at Mayger, on the Columbia River, about ten miles below Rainier. She had just left her husband of five years and was initiating divorce action because of infidelity. A few weeks later her parents came to see us, requesting our help in trying to dissuade Harriet from that action. It was in vain. A year or so later she married again - Don Fluhrer, son of the local grocer.

Last but not least, Dorothy's mother and her Uncle Albert (by marriage) came to spend a few days with us. Mrs. Dutton had lived with Noble that winter. Just before school was out for the summer she had gone to Portland to be with her youngest sister, Aunt Louise who was dying of cancer. After her death in June Mrs. Dutton stayed with the widower, Uncle Albert, for a time then went with him to visit various relatives before bringing him to spend a few days with us.

Not knowing, or having forgotten, that we lived in a tiny two room cabin, their consternation upon arriving almost equalled ours. To solve the sleeping problem, Dorothy and her mother slept together in our bed. We rented a sleeping room for Skook in the home where I had roomed the year before. I slept on the cot in the women's faculty room at my school.

On a warm Sunday morning Dorothy and I left Skook and Mrs. Dutton alone for an hour or so while we went to the store. After lunch Skook and I planned to drive out to our cucumber patch to hoe gherkins while Dorothy and her mother rested and visited. When Dorothy and I returned from the store we found them trying in vain to get my bib overalls on Skook. They said they had been trying for half an hour without success. We could hardly suppress our laughter - they were trying to put them on backwards.

At that time - 1937 - there was no bridge across Multnomah Channel to Sauvies Island. Sole access was by a cable ferry at Burlington, about midway between Scappoose and Portland. Dorothy drove our Model-A to and from school, some 15 miles each way. Her driving time was about 45 minutes.

That winter must have been mild for we don't recall any difficulty with snow or ice. But high water was a potential hazard every spring. Each May during snow melt in the Cascade Mountains - this was before Bonneville Dam across the Columbia River was completed - the lowlands, including Sauvies Island, were always in danger of flooding. The high water crest usually came within a few feet of the highway. Sometimes it covered the highway. This caused us a good deal of concern.

One morning in January, 1938 we were startled to see my Sister, Dorothy's wedding announcement in the paper. It was a complete surprise. She was 22.

A short time before her last visit to the hospital, Dorothy started to write up her teaching experiences in her 3 one-room schools, the first of which was Willow Bar. The following few lines are as far as she got.

"Willow Bar"

"I had been quite ill in the spring of my 4th year of teaching. The doctor said I should take a year off to regain my health. Ken found a 2 room house with sink, toilet and garage in Scappoose where he was teaching, and by Christmas we had moved in. I had lots of spare time and very little money. By spring we were tired of having to have showers in the grade school, to do the washing in the wash pan - sheets and towels wouldn't fit. - I bleached the collars off 2 of Ken's shirts trying to get rid of "ring around the collar", and he didn't have enough shirts for that! Scappoose wouldn't have a husband and wife teaching together - this was still depression time. The only schools that would even consider married women were the little one roomers in, usually, difficult to reach places."

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I've already written that she was hired to teach at Willow Bar in the fall of 1937. Her 2 years there were the happiest of her 29 year career. She was completely independent, running her school just as she saw fit. The kids walked to school. The road ended a short distance beyond the school which had electricity but no water. Dorothy stoked the wood stove which kept them warm. She also did the cleaning, receiving 5 or \$10 extra a month for those janitorial services. Twice a week the chairman of the school board brought them a keg of fresh water.

Some of her 8 children smoked at home. Dorothy could smell it on them - even her 6 year old first grade girl who had nicotine stained fingers and could strike a match on her thumb nail!

For physical education, geography, nature study they would tramp through the woods and around the marshes, and along the beach of the Columbia River, inspecting plants and observing birds and animals. Occasionally, they would have to flee from waves sweeping up the beach from the wakes of passing steamships on their way to or from Portland. These excursions helped a great deal in developing a fine relationship between teacher and pupils.

Twice in those 2 years, when she didn't get home at a proper time, I had to go to her rescue. Once was when water got into the car's gas line. The other was when a wire running from the coil to the distributor came disconnected. Both times our friend, Wendell Hill, the Oregonian carrier took me. Once she was still at school; once she was sitting calmly in the car beside the road, reading.

As summer approached, with both of us earning money, we looked for and found a furnished house to rent when school resumed in the fall. It was a real, 5 room house, with living, dining, 2 bedrooms, bath with tub and basin, kitchen, and garage. There was a wood burning heater in the living room, and in the kitchen a wood range with water pipes running through the firebox, providing hot water for dishes, baths and washing. In our new-found affluence, we sent most of our cleaning to the laundry.

When school was out in the spring of 1938, we went to summer school in Portland - held in Lincoln High School. That building

is now a part of Portland State University. It is called "Old Main". We lived in a housekeeping room on SW College Street between 5th and 6th Avenues. I think the big, old house is gone now.

When summer school was finished we moved into our rented house. Mrs. Dutton moved in with us. She had spent the summer visiting various friends and relatives in the Portland area, especially Uncle Albert Smith (Skook). His wife had died the preceding summer.

I have two vivid memories of that year in the rented house. The first was the way Dorothy labored to restore the finish on our beautiful, round, oak dining table. She spent weeks getting off the old finish, scraping and sanding the surface and finally applying many coats of finish. The result was a thing of beauty, of which she was, and rightly so, very proud.

The other was that Dorothy became very ill with erysipelas. Lacking anti-biotics in those days, we kept her badly swollen nose covered with an evil smelling black substance, perhaps on the order of tar or creosote? She was out of school 3 or 4 weeks. As they couldn't get a substitute, the school was closed. She lost no pay and didn't have to make up the lost days of school. I don't recall ever seeing her so dispirited, not being able to stand the sight, smell, or thought of her huge, black, smelly nose!

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Insert. This incident, in the summer of 1936, should have been on page 227. It was while we were visiting my parents on their farm. (Damn this typewriter.) We had just gotten settled in nicely when Dorothy received a telegram from her Aunt Agnes saying that she, Mrs. Dutton, and Auntie's long-time teacher friend, Miss Viva Hammond, were driving in the latter's car to the San Francisco World's Fair. They would like Dorothy to come, too, right now. She could ride with them, free, paying only for her own meals and room - and Auntie would lend her the money. As Louise was living in San Francisco, Dorothy could stay with her, while their mother stayed with her brother, Claude who also lived there. When the others returned home Mrs. Dutton would remain with Louise, spending the winter with her.

It was too good an opportunity to miss. Next day, I took Dorothy to Hermiston and put her on the train to Portland. They had a great time. Dorothy kept a log of their trip, showing, mostly, the exhorbitant prices that were being charged for such things as meals and rooms - like \$1.50 for dinner and \$6 for a room!

I stayed on at the farm until shortly before school was to start then went back to join Dorothy who had returned to their home on 81st. A few days later I went on to Scappoose to seek living quarters for the two of us. Before I found anything, the temporary job came up for Dorothy, as a domestic at the Weinsteins' - as already recorded.

* * * * *

Returning to where we were - We left Scappoose when school was out in the spring of 1939. After 4 years there I saw no indication that our principal was thinking of leaving. I had waited long enough, and went looking for a job as principal, finding one at Cornelius, and another one room school for Dorothy at Seghers, some 3 miles south of Gaston which is 5 miles south of Forest Grove which is 3 miles west of Cornelius where we would be living, only 11 miles for her to drive - all on paved highways.