

**Lorna Livesley Chambreau
letters to and from
family and friends
1935-1939**

September 19, 1935
422 11th North

Dear Aut—

I have been going to write you for weeks, all year in deed, no kidding. I want to keep in good with you anyway because I might take you up on your most charitable "invite" to come down there this winter!

I thought I was going to write you a swanky note on some Olympic Hotel stationery, but I got foisted, it isn't like the balcony friendliness of the Royal Hawaiian. Here in our cold North everyone is a chyzer and they fully expect you to be, so they put signs up—"For the Use of Guests Only"—and keep their damned stationery to them selves. I hell with 'em.

I had to come here to meet Mrs. Moore — you know the Mrs. Moore, bedecked and bejeweled by too much money. Then the people I'm doing the big book for. Well, Ruthie has been bugging me gorgeous feminine girls all morning and must have decided I wasn't taking it very gracefully 'cause she certainly left me here eagerly enough.

So you get the benefit
of this time I'm spend-
ing waiting for her. They used to teach
me in school to never waste a moment
You know, so virtue wins again!

No kidding, popeye, I'd love
to come down this winter. I'm dying
to see Paris, whom I hear, has gotten
very beautiful and full of "it". I
know Hawg would shock me
to death at his size et al after
all these years; I can't even think
of Charles, who was so far on the
way to being a lady-killer when he
was here; and Uncle Howard might
even be lurking around to be
appreciated. Mom told us of so many
cute things you pulled when they
were there that I'm sure you
must be the same damned ass
you always were. Any way all
in all, I think we could have
a swell time being assy in San
Francisco together, don't you?

Sis thinks I'm utterly
screwy, tho' do don't say I did.
- it warn you!

I suppose I have to be
business-like tho' and ask

about everything, such as:

How far, my dear Mrs. Do little
are you from the city center? Just
what expense and reconnoitering
would be entailed getting ~~litter~~
and you? Naturally I should
expect to make a compensation
for my board or room or both -
now would that be satisfactory?
In words of one syllable - have
you room? Have you the
endurance? Have you a
little maggot in your bone?
How long would you expect
me to stay? Why? When? What?

Mom says I shall have
to make and save the money
myself - naturally! I have
a scruple or two anyway, though
it seems to me I managed to
steal a good piece of fat off
the family meat-bone yet. So,
you see, I couldn't come for
a month or so any way.

But oh boy, oh joy how
I do want to come! Not only
to see you, but ever since I've

Started to school I've had my eye on either San Francisco or New York - probably both. You have felt an eye on you have you? Maybe you thought it was a search light.

Every one agrees that there is very little commercial art work here in Seattle and that is most unanimously conceded to be notoriously underpaid.

My work seems to be well enough liked, but there just isn't a market for such "exceptionally good work" here in Seattle.

I'd hate to leave tho, on the other hand. I've "found" myself and my friends and interest these last couple of years. Now we're getting morbid and it would be hard to leave. Right now a group of us who consider ourselves rather talented have broken away from the school and have started a radio program from the book of "Pinocchio" with music and stuff. We've worked enthusiastically and hard as most

young things just out of school do, and the auditions we've had have proved very successful. How we doin'? BUT - we haven't ~~sold~~ it yet! It's a heck of a lot of fun, tho.

Personally, I've had much jolliness out of breaking into business and showing up lately. I only hope I can keep some of this enthusiasm until I reach the "foolish forties."

Mother and Sis are staying out at the Edmund Meany, talking clothes, sororities and ~~and~~ all day - all right. Once in a while I'll see my lonely Garrett and join them in the midst of their luxury, but truthfully they rather bore me - the group of them, I mean, not mother and sis.

Juji is still being dutiful staying at home keeping the pot boiling for Dad and Dad. But I think she's beginning to boil inside now. She wants to try her wings, too. And I'm all for it. In fact I think I'm partly re-

sponsible for her state of unrest.

Well write me all about things at 'Old 452 11th. (You would know the place now!) I have Uncle Phil's old room I understand. But it never occurs to me. I don't remember the place well enough to be haunted by ghosts of the past.

My love to all -

Lorna

Letter from Liz to Lorna--1937

A mood poetic comes to me and lingers as I ponder,
And so I think I'LL send some lines to Lonie way out yonder.
I have theurge to write a verse about my daily grind,
If only now sufficient news and potent words I find.

These past few days, so full of air and sun and rain and hours,
Have sat each one upon my step, and each one at me glowers.
They cannot speak in oral tones yet they say things to me,
About how I should spin and toil and not be so lazee.

So just today with Colgate's smile, I said to Wednesday
morning,

"I'm going to show you! Damn it, yes! My body I'm adorning."
And so I took and old, old suit and ripped it seam from seam.
The threads flew here and buttons there--my eyes did fairly
gleam!

Next I brushed it till I thought the warp and woof would part,
And then I pressed it with the iron--and then the job did start!
I had to fuss and fume and swear to make the pattern fit.
And still I cannot comprehend How I did mangge it.

But suddenly by hook or crook I had a coat cut out,
And still I'm not so very sure just what it's all about!
But bravely I began to sew on mother's '18 Singer,
And when it comes to peddling--I'm really a humdinger!

I zipped this way and zoomed around the sleeves and sides
and hem,
And made mistakes, and took them out, and then repeated them.
I sweated blood, I gnashed my teeth, I tore my matted hair
And swore I'd be a nudist, and no more clothes I'd wear!

My Mom she smoothed my edges, and gently took the coat,
She carefully sewed here and there---now this did get my goat,

As she without a single trial completed what I started.
But now my coat is done, and I am quite light hearted.
A really tricky number this, with buttons to the chin.
It keeps the cold air out, and keeps my body in.

Enough is said about the coat.
Of something else I now shall wrote.

And so, I sat and read a book to give sufficient while
For buttermilk to take effect, skin to purge and undefile.
I then was like a bird at bath, the water fairly danced,
I washed away the slimy stuff, and then I stood enhanced!

I gazed with wonder in the glass--in fact I had to stare,
For there instead of beauty, the same old me did glare.
So now I'm through with potions that "change in one grand
sweep"--

I'll stay my own sweet, purest self, and sit alone and weep.

My mother said to me one day--today it was, by Gee!--"I wish you'd clean the cupboards, dear, they fairly sicken me".

I clapped my hands in fiendish glee as cupboards I adore,
"nd leaped upon a ladder nd brushed things to the floor.
The air was full of odds ands ends smells of yesterday
I sang and twittered merrily--to me it was just play.
Dishes clattered, books took wings, and food became
en masse;
When I was done the shelves were bare, and Dixie said,
"You ass!"

I cleaned the cupboards, Yes, I did, and--Oh, my God'--
the floor--

It heaped way up with stuff and things that I did want no more.

So then before Mom could see what I ~~may~~ had cast I opened up the kitchen range and threw in stuff so fast!

I filled the stove so doggone full that it did roar--it groaned--

It did a dance upon the floor--the chimney shook and moaned
But I kept on my fiendish task and cared not what I burned
"ns when my mother finally came 't'was one more lesson
learned:

That bottles, cans, old razor blades, should go out in
the junk.
that stoves were made for cooking, and no for all that
junk.

She loosed her ire inch by inch and beat my ego down;
The grate was full of hardware did make her fret and frown
I had to laugh--it was such fun! But really I declare
I sadly fear that I am nuts, but no one seems to care!

RAIN

Falling gently, gently falling
On the sod so dark and sweet,
Patt'ring softly, softly patt'ring
Like a million elfin feet.

Lulling kindly, sweetly soothing,
Is its music rendered low ;
Such a humming, throbbing murmur,
Calming all that's grief and woe.

Gleaming sadly, sadly gleaming,
In a flitting ray of light,
Drenching thirsty, scented rose buds,
Melancholy in its plight.

Hesitant now, now much stronger,
Is the force with which it comes;
Always weeping, sometimes pleading,
Never cease the elfin drums.

---*---

Within, a light shines from a lamp----
Some music plays---it plays so low---
And intermittent sound of life,
But sadness will not go.

The rain has clouded up the sky---
Intent---a morbid role---
Each drop falls slow---so slow---
And beats into my soul!

Its gloom, its sighs, its secrecy,
Its utter loneliness---
It tears me, yet it shuts me up---
Dementing moodiness!

The sun comes out---reluctantly---
As if it could not feign
To be itself---a golden draught---
It's humbled by the rain.

Letters to Lorna from
family & friends
before & after Mike's birth

April to July 1939

April 11, 1939

Dear Old Tootie;

Well, step by step and mile by mile you are getting to be a BIG girl, aren't you? Or should I say month by month? Anyway, I hope the baby you are having will be as nice as the one I had twenty four years ago, and bring you as much pleasure and joy as mine did. Yes, and heartaches, too, for that's all part of the whole, obviously, and helps to build the elusive thing known as character, if any. A child that brought one nothing but joy would be too utterly too, don't you think?

Read the enclosed letters that I gleaned at Ant's Sunday and see what a conscientious, sweet little busybody you used to be, and you won't wonder that we love you so much, I know. One, you see, was written on your birthday ten years ago. Well do I recall buying you the tennis racket because it took my last bean and I had no prospects of another, but it was only one of many such incidents, and you were smart enough to see why I did it, too, weren't you? You were always a pretty smart child, as I recall, and though in later years I have often had cause to doubt it, still subsequent events often prove that you were still using the old bean, tho it seemed so doubtful at the time.

I hear your husband called on you over the week end, and Tiny seemed to take quite a fancy to him. Was it the DM in her because he liked her baby? She said he had either changed or she was just beginning to know him. Would really like a chance to do so myself, if I can sneak up on him sometime. I always liked him better than the other members of the family, you know, and felt that he had possibilities, but that again may be attributed to the DM instinct in us that makes us endeavor to like what those we like like, if you get me?

Was a little worried about Roddy after getting Tiny's letter, but hope the change of food and dotters will prove what he needed. Tiny sounded weary on the phone; poor little mutt, she has certainly bitten herself off a large mouthful this past year, but just give her time and she'll weather thru if anyone can I know. Too much responsibility too fast gets some people, but I don't think it will her. Hope Liz being there will pep her up; at least she ought to get some belly laughs out of it, and that's what does the most good after all.

Hope the little donations I sent will meet with your approval and Mishell's. Ant said to tell you she would LOVE to make the gowns for you and would save the featherstitching for you to do if you wanted to. However, she can't get the outing flannel there, so she said for you to mail her about ten or twelve yards of it and she would get busy. She suggested you get the lighter weight kind, since yours will be a summer baby, and said she wouldn't make them quite so roomy as Tiny did hers. Do that little thing now; outing doesn't cost much. 15¢ a yard or so, tho don't get it too light and sleazy. Would suggest, too, that you get some of your other stuff while you can get the discount, in case you quit working, you know. Might lay in a couple dozen curity dipes, huh? They are the best. Then with your shirts and a few blankets you can get by for awhile, and other people will give you the dressier thins, I hope, I hope.

Well, Liz will tell you what little there is to tell, so I'll cease. Had a very nice trip to Coules; Ant has a darling house, so new and clean and shiny and would so love to have you come and make her a little visit before you get too incapacitated. The camp looks so pretty now, with the green lawns and the flowers and all the good looking new buildings, and the dam itself is fascinating to see. IF you decide to go to Portland how's about coming home for a week or so and then having us drive you down? Well, save the thought.

And much love and happy busday. Your busday is an event for me, too, believe it or not, as you'll realize when _____ comes.

Mom.

Yakima

April 12, 1939

Dear Tootie: (Don't call me Tootie)

Since this is your birthday and Mom says that you think I am still sore at you for Marrying that Chambreau guy, I think I had better write you a letter and correct the wrong impression and also wish you a happy birthday, many happy returns and all the ~~of~~ greetings.

You always had the idea that I did not like Chambreau and I feel that I am responsible to a great extent for your marrying as you did. I did a lot of talking about Chambreau and no doubt you had a good reason to think that I did not like him. However, I have only seen him twice in my life and neither time gave me much chance to form much opinion of him. It was his type more than him that I did not like and also it is a well known fact that most fathers do not like any prospective son-in-law but, of course you were too young to understand that. (I'm ducking)

I have always told Mother that I expected you to get married just as you did and I think that you would have done it regardless of how you thought we thought of the man you intended to marry and I really cannot tell why I was so disappointed when you did do it just as I expected. While Mother had told me that you were crazy about Ed. and were going to marry him some time I did not think, after Tiney's episode, your work and other things, that you would do it right away and when you did it was too much for me.

because

My dear, I do not want you to think that I did not come right over and did not talk to you about it when I saw you that I was not going to ever get over it. I admit that I told Mom that it did not want to see you right away but it was because I wanted time to think it over and did not want to trust myself. I knew that no matter what I said to you, and there is no telling what I might have said - I know myself - I would have to modify some time and would probably say something that I would regret the rest of my life. I knew that no matter what I said about you getting married would run off like water from a duck's back and I knew and never had any intentions of ever interfering with any plans that any of you kids had about marrying. That is something for you to decide and it is your bed to lie in after you make the decision and even if I thought it would never work out I would never interfere and I never would have said a word against you marrying Ed if you had asked me about it. I admit that I would have probably tried to induced you to delay it awhile, which you probably well knew and feared but I am not so dumb as to think that I could stop love. If two people are really in love they will eventually marry in spite of hell and high water, much less a mere father.

Lorna, the part that I hated the most was what it did to Mother. I have never been close to you in such things and did not expect much consideration but your mother has been a most wonderful mother to you girls and always invited your every confidence and I think that you should have let her in on your plans. No doubt you thought she would tell me but you should have had confidence enough in her to have trusted it to her. She, like all mothers forgives and makes you feel that it was alright with her but I know, dear, that it hurt her a lot and that she will never entirely forget. But as she says that is the lot of parents:

someday you will know.

I did not intend this to be a lecture but I do want you to know and understand that I hold nothing against you. What would it get me? About all I have left in life is the interest in you kids and you have your lives before you. You could get along if I refused to ever see you again but what would that do to me? I am not going to antagonize you if I can help it as I would be the one to suffer. And it was that fear that I might that I did not want to talk to you until I knew that I could say what I really meant and wanted to say and not have some passion make me say things that I would always regret and suffer for.

I suppose this is all hard for you to understand but I hope that you can and will not be too harsh in your judgement. I am too old fashioned to understand your modern theories but I hope that you are right and I sincerely hope that you will be happy and everything will work out satisfactorily in spite of all our fears.

I have been paying some urgent bills and checking over my bank account and find it in the usual condition - not quite in the red. So I will have to tell you as I did Tiney that \$21.00 that you got on your 21st. birthday has to be added to by one instead of increasing by one! So here's the buck. Maybe this Fall we can get the wedding present: will try to have it reach you by the first anniversary.

Sis just phoned and wants to ride home with me and is coming up - so will quit. Lots and lot of love, Tootie, and I mean it. Tell Ed it will be safe for him to see me now: if you like him so much maybe I can find something in him to like and I assure you I am open minded about it. According to Jessica I shouldn't hold anything against him anyway.

Manny, many happy returns, Tootie,

Pop

630 and still no Sis - that girl is
as slow as her Dad

(Aunt) Alice Woolittle

May 24 1939

Lorna darling and Michael who is going to be a She;

Have had this envelope addressed for ages hoping to get a few words in it tho I don't owe you a letter but here goes anyway.

I think of you so very very much that I just have to contact you a little bit and too, I have had several of your letters to read so am somewhat of a parasite and want to get that off my shoulders.

So I don't get to make the gowns, uh. Well, what do you want? Have some pink yarn I never used for Toe as I planned and when he was a boy I lost my inspiration and can't seem to get thrilled about pink for a red head so what?

Are you happy? Are you well? Are you sorry? Are you glad? A little bit of everything at different times I am willing to wager knowing the little Lorna so well)

Seems like you are so far away. Is there anything I can do for you? I am yours to command even to taking the child if you don't like the looks of it. Rather feels sorry for the poor thing as I fear it will be neglected when genius burns but then on the other hand I think she is lucky to have such talented parents.

Madder than ever at you that you wouldn't let me meet Ed when you were in Alameda. Pill.

Wish I could think of some cute things to say to make this letter interesting. But can't. Don't think She is going to be a dancer for account of her ability to kick at this stage of the game.

Did you get the birthday card I sent to the store not knowing your other address? You did? Very impolite of you not to write and tell me so. You want to do everything right now so She will be perfect. Hope you spend every evening looking at sunsets and things so She will be artistic and that Chammy plays Her lots of music so she will be a musician.

I have been doing a lot of garden work and think of Her while I am amongst my flowers so She will be sweet. You were a cute baby but you could get awful mad and red. Over just a little milk, too, if the bottle had held whiskey I could understand it.

If you don't have much to do why not write to me once in awhile? Tell me something you want or need for the layette. To make or buy or one of each.

We don't do much here but work. Charles hasn't gotten on the dam yet but has been gardening and fixing over the automobiles and we are going to

have a nice yard if things will just grow.

Doris will be home ere long and we hope to get over after her. Then I will see Roddy. Doris is in love again and seemsto be quite happy about the whole thing. Can't you write her some words of wisdom?

Howie is so busy we only get a chance to see him gulp his food and see him sleep. Fishing, baseball, school etc. etc. He will be thru school next week. His heart is very free. Think Sissy is his only love so far.

Note from her yesterday and she and Emery are coming up Saturday. Will we be glad to see her and how. Why don't you come?

Lots and lots of love,
ant.

How about a sketch of yourself for my collection? Full figure and how full.

Yakima
June 19th 1939

Monday Morn--

Dear Tootie;

Which would you rather have, me or a letter? Guess there isn't much choice this time, but I'm merely taking a rain check on that invitation, I want that understood. Had you on my mind all day, and night, too, after you phoned, and if it hadn't been for the clutching family would most certainly have been on my way two minutes after you called.

Howsomever, even the clutching family couldn't have stopped me, I fear, had it not been that I sadly lacked the wherewithal, as herein before mentioned. And I was a little leary of driving down alone, and couldn't find anyone that could go with me, that is, anyone that wouldn't be a nuisance and cramp our style as soon as I got there, if you know what I mean. Mae Stone said she would drive down with me any time I was going to stay a few days, and that would give her time to go out to Astoria on the bus and make June a little visit. And that's probably the way it will be, provided you ever give me another chance.

Tiny said she didn't mind if I went, but I had the feeling she really would, you know how, altho she seemed to think I should go. Oh well, there's no use going on and on about it, I'm terribly disappointed, and very flattered that I seemed to be wanted, and hope the folks will go away again and the invitation will be repeated, cause I'd love it!

As you said, tho, I think its probably been a good thing for you two to have some time alone, and hope you profited by it in all ways. You seem to lack the umph that you generally see in a newly married couple, but maybe you are both shy, huh? And I suppose the incessant rain didn't lighten your spirits any. No one knows better than I that pregnancy

gives one feelings that one never had before, and hopes never to have again. Its been cold and cloudy here, too, for days, with a dab or two of rain, but I like it because I know when it does change we are going to fry as we usually do, and I'd rather freeze.

What will this Federal Theater closing mean to Ed? Los of his job, no doubt, but might that not be a blessing in the long run? Or might it? Anyhow, how soon would it be? Seems like there are plenty others of that WPA stuff that ought to be buttoned up first, and give the people with talent and training a break. But the government doesn't do things that way it seems.

Anyhow, don't let it worry you. After Mike comes you can come home and recuperate if you want to, you know that, while he dings around and finds something else. Then after you are your old bouncing betty self again you probably could go back to work for awhile, couldn't you? Anyway, I think its nice of me to solve your problems for you, but above all don't worry. Said she with a smirk and wondering where the next meal was coming from. Things will look much rosier once Mike is out in the open, and you are your own man again, believe me.

Having these Jakes here certainly disrupts the household, but of course we like it, tho I must admit I wouldn't want it to go on indefinitely. Roddy isn't as pretty as he was, I don't think, having lost most of his hair; he looks like the Doctor now. But he's still plenty cute, and we like having him around. But our usually quiet existence is certainly knocked for a loop. Yesterday was plenty hectic; had Emery in to dinner, too, and then the four of them went up to Jean's and left Grandpaw and Granmaw with the baby, but he was awfully good, so we didn't mind.

Business is ROTTEN, thank you for inquiring. Pop

said at breakfast this morning that if I really felt I should go to Portland today he would try and borrow some money from the bank, but you know that it isn't that important, or is it? He wanted to go down with me, I know, and what would we do with him after we got there? Well, let's not go into that subject again; I feel mean to have muffed the chance, but it wasn't my fault, believe me.

Well, the rest of the family seem to have congregated for breakfast, so guess I'd better cease and get to work.

Lots and lots of love,

Mam.

July 1939

Friday-

Dear Norny;

Your letter was quite a relief, but not so flattering as I had anticipated. I pictured you sobbing in your beer because I didn't get down, but you seem to have done all right by yourself, dining out and what have you. I doubt if you could have sustained me on a head of lettuce for a week.

You didn't say, but I presume the family are back by now, huh? I don't think it hurt you two to have that time to yourselves, but am afraid you are too much like your maw in one respect at least. Because Edward isn't as attentive and stuff as you would like, I suppose you just sit back and take it, as I've always done, but after 25 years it has dawned on me that one has to work at that as well as everything else in married life, and you can't start too early. If I had it to do over again I'd be more inclined to demand attention, and that gets to be a habit as well as the other extreme. If you get what I mean. I know Ed "isn't the type" and neither are you, and neither were we, but you get out of it just what you put into it, so why not do a little demanding? Maybe he thinks you don't want it. I notice that when Tiny thinks she isn't getting the attention she should have that she goes after it in a big way, and I notice, too, that Jake seems to like having her "come and get it"; and don't they all?

You won't heed this bit of advice learned thru years of experience, of course, who does?, but remember it one day when it too late, willya?

Will send your letter on to Toe and she can attend to the brass ear thing, if any. I don't particularly like the leaking business so soon; they used to say it meant you were witnin two weeks of the event, but "they used to say" ain't is, so I wouldn't know. And I definitely DON'T like those swollen legs. You know, of course, that you

are supposed to STAY OFF your feet at the slightest sign of swelling, don't you? Doesn't your docter TELL you these things? It generally indicates bladder or kidney disorder that might cause some complications, and really you can't be too careful at a time like this.

I didn't mean to make this a lecture, but you are much, much too self effacing about this whole thing. One would think that you were a self breeeder like the fishies, or something, and the compelled the carry all the burden alone. Don't be dumb, Tootie, you are a big girl now. If I had a place to stay, and knew more definitely about when littlesireahh could be expected, I would be inclined to come down and stand by with you. Not that I'm a bit of good at a time like that, but its worse to stay here and worry and wonder. Every time the phone rings at an unusual hour I get the jitters. Would you like to have me there?

We freeze one day and fry the next, and how's your weather? I spent the afternoon and evening hopping with Pop in the lower valley and seeing how the other half lives, and just between you and me I'll take vanilla. Pop was on the hunt for malehops, isn't that cute; they are supposed to be cut out of the yards this year, the idea being to produce a seedless hope I believe. A male hop, I discovered, is covered with little round, hairy balls, isn't that cute?

Speaking of ops, the op men are convening in Portland July 5th and 6th, I believe, so if you see any queer acting people on the street you'll know how come. Opp will be out, and then up here. If Op should have to come to Portland to drive him up I'll string along. He hates that trip up from there by train or bus, but now that they have such good air service Pop thinks he'll come that way.

Well, I'm supposed to be getting beatiful in fifteen minutes, so no more now. Please let me know more definitely, if you know yourself, when this event is to be, so I can sorta make my plans accordingly. And in the meantime, absorb some of these things I'm telling you. See? You won't let me get away with it, why should Ed?

Love, me

July 1-1939
Yakima

Saturday the one
of July already!

Dear Humbug;

Well, here we are again. Maybe if I sorta sneak this in a box somewhere Uncle Sam will forget there's a flock of holidays coming up, and sneak it into your box. Just returned from a sody and dish of conversation with Madlin, who is plenty burned up that she has to work on Saturday afternoon while the boss hies himself to a cool spot. Is is warm, isn't it?

Well, I'm thoroughly disillusioned if that picture looks like me; here I've been kidding myself I was MUCH better looking than that, but maybe not. No, the croquet set has long since departed, and wouldn't have been worth a deal anyhow, as it was a very cheap one to begin with. They have delightful lil sets now in wicker and bamboo that one can get for around \$20---shall I send you one?

Am mailing the coat and a lil something for Michael Madelon to add to hisher wardrobe. Toyed with a few pairs of stockings, and gowns and stuff, too, but decided that would have to wait a bit, since I needs must buy Jidn a lil trinket for his birthday tomorrow, mostly because his wife expects in, and in my days of affluence I set precedents that I find very hard to break. You know how?

I doubt if Mrs. Harkness is as nonchalant about your aches and pains as she wants you to think; that's just the way mothers have, you know, of cheery and gay when inside they feel like an everripe melon, so I wouldn't get the impression she doesn't care. No doubt, too, she feels the responsibility of someone's else datter on her hands at such a time; I know I would. But you did have me worried, and I don't mean maybe, and I gm going to phone again one of these nights, even tho I think people with a telephone that answers to the name of Murdoch don't deserve to be phoned!!! How would that name be

for Michael, by the way?

Answering your questions:

Gordon was plenty burned that he didn't get to work lonher himself, but it seems there is memblings and grumblings at having two Livesley offshoots on the job, and anyhow he knew it would only last until one of the other men were ready to take over---see?

One of Madeline's admirers sent her a hige sheaf of lilies this morning, and I^m about asphyxiated, or however you spell it, they are so darned pungent. He's one of these God's-gift-to-women men that likes to think one woman should have this type of flower, while this one is suitable only for another---you know, the kind you read about but never know? Anyone, can you see why Mad would rate lilies?

Madlin, Jean, Doxie, Helen and I drove to Ellnsburg last night, in our car, to see Emery, and the poor kid was fussed to death when we all swooped in on him. It started out just to be Sis and I, but seemed to gather momentum by the time we left, even going so far as to yank Madeline Mead off the bus in Ellensburg and bring her home, too. Sis is going up again tonight with the Dahlians. Poot Emery has no place to go after he leaves the hospital; he and his father batch, and the old man can't take care of him, and it seems his various sisters are too busy. I told him he could come here, but doubt if he will. He's a very reserved type, as you probably know. Why do all my datters seem to attract that type?

Well, now comes the chance I^{ve} been waiting for, but no soap. Mae Stone says she is going to Astoria next Thursday, and would drop me off right at your door and pick me up again Sunday---what a chance---BUT Sis is going to the hospital Wednesday for her repair work, and will have to be threse 3-4 days, and of course I couldn't leave. The Dr. seems to think she had better get it over with, as there has been no improvement for a month, and he says this draining business isn't doing her any good, and she'd better get it over and "forget about it."

Tell Mrs. H., tho, that I'm keeping her invitation on the books, and will most certainly be down when, if not before. I suppose I really should be there to sustain her during the ordeal of becoming a grandmother for the first time, since I'm such an old veteran myself. Tiny says she can hardly wait to be an aunt, isn't that dumb?

The poker club meets tonight and if I make scads of money I'll buy you a pair of socks, even tho I'd much rather buy the green chiffon nightie I saw for \$7. It would certainly do things for you, Toots.

Well, really, I think you are quite smart child, you know it? You seem to have things pretty well worked out in your own little mind, and probably advice from outside only tends to clutter it up for you. One is certainly prey to one's emotions when they are preg anyhow, and I guess it's a rare male creature that senses it and really helps at such a time. Anyhow, no one knows anyone's else husband, so they can't really apply any rules to others. I wish it were possible to pass on to you gals, now that you are all, or practically, married, some of the things I've learned in 25 years about this institution called marriage, but no one wants to hear, I guess, nor would profit by it if they did, so--- Everyone seems to want to make their own mistakes, don't they? Oh well, maybe tis just as well.

Madlin and Liz havd come and wanna play, so I might as well stop this. Liz' folks left this morning for the SF fair, and she and Liz are planning big stuff.

Lotta love, and HURRY UP!
Mom

"Sis" Livesley

Seattle

Friday

July 21, 1939

Dear Footie and Mickey,
Well, how are you two making out by now?
What do you think of this funny world, Mike, and
does your mother think you are worth the
trouble? Why don't you let us know what you look
like or don't you know? Roddie wants to know if
you're a pea-soup eating Frenchman, on account
as how your ma said he was a "moth-eaten
Fossky".

Geeg, it's taken me a long time to get around to doing this — although I'd thought about it enough times this last week.
I've kept myself fairly busy since the folks left trying to be a convalescent (how the h — do

you spell it?), doing a
good job of keeping
house and entertaining
"my boys" (Bud & Emery).

It wasn't a very
exciting week but I had
a fairly good time as
Emery is still recuperating
from his operation and we've
been playing together
all week. Yes, we've
played nice too.

Emery wanted to
come to Seattle for a
couple of days to see
if he could find a
more interesting, as
well as better, paying
job, as he apparently
does every year on his
vacation, so Junior &
I decided we might as
well come along - so
here we are.

Roddie is as cute
as ever, but his ma
still seems to be
having trouble on

account of him, so we're taking her to the doctor's today. Pa Jake seems to be doing all right, though. However, he doesn't seem to get any younger. Queer isn't it?

Why don't you come back here so we could go and call on you? We have two cabs today (ours and Jake's) and no place to go — a hell of a note in a big time town like Seattle.

Is having a baby more fun than a mastoid? At least you wouldn't have icky messy drains and apparently it doesn't take much longer.

Guess I'll try it some time. In case you're interested, my ear is getting along fine, although I still have

another mile or so of
drain that still has
to come out.

The last we heard
from the folks they were
in Victoria, but I suppose
you've heard as much if
not more than we
have. They're supposed to
be back sometime today
however.

Oh hell - as you've
probably thought by
now - I'm in no
mood to do this - and
I can't keep up with
Tiny & June anyway
unless I concentrated -
so good-bye for now.

Lots of love to
you & your infant,
"Sis"

Ruth Lwesley

1939

July 15th---such a SILLY time
to have a birthday!

Well----I'm breathless, floored, flabbergasted, and what have you!!!! And incidentally just DYING to turn right around and come back down. You didn't KNOW you were going to fool us like this, didja, you little so and so. Isn't it FUNNY, and why didn't we stay down another night?

Jeez, I'm as thrilled as I was when Roddy arrived, and I didn't expect to be---quite. And can hardly wait to see the little devil and get all the lowdown. Did you ever fool Beatty, but isn't it swell it happened as it did? Of course we'll never forgive ourselves for leaving, but guess we would have been in the way, so maybe tis just as well. Is everybody thrilled, and how, particularly, does Ed feel? ~~Smrtxxuf~~ He ought to be able to put the program over with a bang tonight now.

Well, words fail me, so guess I'll have to say the rest with flowers or something. Think I'll phone Me-Etta tonight and get the dope, and oh, what a relief!!!! Had you on my mind all the way home last night and felt like a heel leaving you, but I guess you understood how twas. We stopped at Columbia Gorge Hotel and had a very ritzy meal, and got home about eleven, tired and more than a bit sleepy, needless to say.

Is it still fun being in the hospital? Won't send this airmail, as it probably wouldn't do any good on Saturday, but will write again, and will certainly get down as soon as we can after we get back. Now REST, and unlax, and get to feeling like a million dollars.

IS HE RED OR BLACK? Jeez, do I HAFTA wait a week to see you both?

lots and lots of love, me

(Relatives
on boat trips) July 15, 1939

Dear Louis; Just congratulations
from another Grand mother. Your
Pop & Mom are so puffed up we
can hardly live with them.
Hope you are getting along fine &
We all looking forward to seeing
Michael. Love Hazel

Heard the last of the broadcast Sat. P.M. - O.K.
and about Mike & K. Warren
Hazel writes too nice

7 a.m & shakey we can't
love to you & the new
Phool (P.L.)

Really enjoying the trip after
the good news from you
what a papa! so glad to happy
for you & can hardly wait
to see his royal highness -
both of love and

Hello Goota - Ed was
fin Saturday - How is Mike
Be seeing soon Pop

Personally I think Phil
is "that way". He's hanging
over the rail right now
Eddie

Saw Timie's baby for the
first time Sunday and am
in hoping to see you
before long - Love, Clara Bell



"Tiny" Jacobsen

Sunday-July 16-1939

Dear Tootie,

Well well and well, at least "WE" did it---congradulations and etc. I was so thrilled when I got the telegram yesterday that I jittered for two hours; I saw the Michel before I even read it and that was what got me. Lordy you must have been thrilled seeing as how you so definately wanted a boy!! I ~~immediately~~ called Jessica at the store as I had to tell some one and Jake had just left when the news came. Jessica called back and said she certainly made a mess of her work afterwards.

Everyone thought it was so cute of Cham-y to send the message to Roddy instead of the old folks and so did I--- Roddy said to tell Mike(?) he'd write him as soon as he got his sleep out and got on his feet a little. He also said to tell him it seemed pretty tough getting started in life but not to give up as he'd be the boss in a few months. Well, I'm afraid I'm not very good at this sort of thing but all I can say is that I'd never be able to tell you how glad I am it was Michel---When I read Roddy the telegram he said "It's a derned good think he wasn't a sissy girl 'cause I know you'd make ~~me~~ be nice to him, and now I can lick him---I'm the oldest and will I let him know it"

Have been expecting the folks for the past few hours but nothing from them as yet. I suppose they just about left at the time you decided to produce, eh? But I do think it was nice of you to live up to your promise and get it over with before the boat trip, even if you did just get under the line!

Will you apologize to Michel for me for not having the afgan done, but tell him I'm running wild on it now and that it is his cousin Roddy that is slowing it up-thank you!

Gladys Dillion was in the other afternoon with her baby and I wish you could have seen the two of them together, it was one of the cutest things I have ever seen. They held hands, play with the same rattle and would smile at each other every time they looked that way, I certainly wish I had gotten a picture of it.

As per usual, one gets so thrilled about a baby and its sex that they forget the there is a mother involved too. How did you get along? Isn't it fun though---oh? Are you going to enjoy you rest to the upmost? God I certainly would if I had a chance at it ag'in. Anyhow, I'm looking foreward for a letter as soon as you feel up to it. I doubt if you feel as sorry as I did the first day, as you had a lot harder time all along then I, but I hope you feel swell. And that bulle-s-las tummy, that is wonderful, isn't it?

I am enclosing the letter I started sometime ago so you can see that my intentions were good and all about the desk but right now I am not in the mood to write but I just had to say hello to Michel and will write later when you find the "outside world" more interesting--- how long are you in for, Toots?

I think it would have been worth the price of admition just to have been around to watch Chammy through all your ordeal and when he foud out that she was a he.

Gotta get dinner now and for heaveans sake, get all you can out of beging sick cause it doesn't take long for a yone to forget that you are an invlaid, and you know you are suppose to be treated as one for the first year---ha ha, am I la ghing..... so I still have to get dinner.

Loads of love to Mae pa and Jr.C.
from
ma-pa and Jr. J

Jessica Clark Mon. 17th 7 P.M.
July 1939

Hi Mama -

Lordy am I ever thrilled.
I've been calling people all
over town. Linie called me
Sat. and when we got there
talking I had to go off the
flood on account of I was
so excited. I almost came
down Sat. Then when I
heard He had arrived I
postponed my visit. It would
just have been in the
way so I'll wait until you
go home. Linie I want to
see him. Funny me think
ing I'd come down. I was
almost ready to go off my
nut cause I was worried.
Believe it or not I wrote
you a letter last week and
tried to read it over & I
couldn't make heads nor
tails out of it. I was
anxious for you, and was

upset cause I'd just heard
The Matthews is married
again. I don't care now, but
I was sort of miffed for
a day or two.

Do you think he'll be dark
or dead? What does he weigh?
Most important one you O.K.
I'm so full inside I'm having
a time getting it all out.
I'll try to tell you some of
the news around here, but
I'd rather talk baby.

Of course you heard
about Ella. Has it been
and wholly unexpected?
Especially happening to her.
of all people. She married
the radio operator on the boat
she took to Calif. Came back
just long enough to pack
a few more things & then
they started off again for
N. Y. by way of Panama.
They were married on the
boat enroute

Ray and Max done it Jan 1st
They kept it a secret until
they ^{Came} back from their vaca-
tions. She had to quit work
Cause he worked there too.
Aileen surprised us too one
fine day - so that made
the in 3 weeks. Not bad!
Incidentally everyone has been
pulling for you up there
and were so happy when
I told em this morn. I'll
have to call Irene Phillips
Mother too. She's been coming
in and asking when, almost
every day. Mother & Aunt
Doris were damn relieved
& send all their love. (Unquotd)
Pondal is in S. F. (for about
three weeks). I'm hoping
her a good time telling
her. I've been wanting to
send something for him
but Mother wouldn't let
me until he arrived. She
doesn't believe in doing so

except for the few essential
things. Consider it bad luck
Now this part is for Buzzzy.
Jemmie Jean called me
to this little & said she'd
got a man to visit Lyutes-
ested in Pin. O. It wouldn't
mention names, but said
he was very reliable. She
wanted me to quote prices.
I wouldn't do it. I felt
that if he was interested he
could write to Buzzzy himself.
I'm thru with this beaten
around stuff. Then they wanted
me to write to him & get the
dope. I sorta pushed that
aside with the excuse that
Chamboeau was too busy
for a few days being a
father. So it wask the
man asked T. J. to get your
address & he'd write to you
direct. I gave it to her
so you'll probably hear
soon. Did I do right?
Say I'm bussed & this is

Tiny. I hear Buzz had
a radio broadcast Sat night &
that it was a success.
Honestly I'm so thrilled
I could yell. Please after
this drop me a post card.
methinks you are mad
with me for not writing
more. I asked to be forgotten
I'll bet anything I don't
nobody has thought about
all three of you as constant
ly as I have. After all you
and Buzz are practically
closer than anybody. And
now Michael too.

When can I come down
to see you? It's up to you
to set the date. I'll wait
until you are home, but
soon. I won't be able to
stay long, but I'm a cover
anyway. I think I could
persuade Vexler to take me
but hell what would I
do with him after I got
him down there. ah me!

I called Elsie Jane when I
heard & she & I stood and
blubbered over the phone.
And I thought I wasn't
sentimental any more. Maybe
you catch on how I am
chilled.

I'm so lonesome for you
kids and it doesn't leave up
me kit. Please Come back!

Honey I'm going to quit now.
and this I promise I'm going
to drop you a card every
day then will I be forgotten.
When you get a chance &
feel like it will you write
I am so anxious to hear

I'm going to take this up &
mail it & drop down to see
tiny for a while.

So much love to
all three of ya'
Fat.

July 17-1939
Tuesday A.M. -
Seattle

Dear Mama-Dotie:-

Here we are, somewhere between Seattle & Point North, and am going to have a letter to mail just in case, and in hopes, we'll stop where it can be mailed.

Am so anxious to hear how you are - and Michael, too, and plenty anxious to see you both. However, expect I'll have to be patient awhile longer.

How do you like hospital life by now, and the experience of being a brand new mama? Fun? Fuddy

lands every time you
mention Nicholl - says
he thinks it going to
be more fun to have a
cousin near his age.

I listened to Ed's pro-
gram, even tho' it had
sorta jerky. I got a
big kick out of it and
think Ed has a really
good radio voice. Didn't
you get a big thrill out
of it, and wasn't it
fun to be all the you
ordeal before instead
of after? Gee! did you
feel everyone, including
yourself!

Aut missed Lee
bus to Yakima but fin-
sly got into Seattle

about 9.30 yesterday morning, and we got going about noon. The girls have done, and knew they would, but not Wedell. We are all enjoying Clara! too-obviously new romance & does she strut! No fool like an old one is not.

Dixy can hardly wait to see you & Michael - everyone seems to approve of the name - not that it matters. Jake said he that Dixy was about as thrilled over the news as over Riddell & weren't Eds (or rather Misals') telegram cute? Or don't you know?

We are going to Soncie
Island, if that means
any help to you. Its quite
Cloudy & over the morn-
ing & we all sorta re-
toed across the Strait
to Victoria, & we thought
we might.

Its nice trying to
write - too much audi-
ence & rolling anyhow -
but I want you to
know I'm thinking of
you and we all
send love & stuff &
hope you are feeling
swell!

From
$$\frac{50}{35} = 15$$

1861-21-Lynd

Yakima
July 26-1939
Wednesday the 26th.

Dear Lorna:

How's the little mother and chee-ild doing this hot weather? You sure picked a fine time of the year for your little experiment in maternity. As you probably know by this time Tiney and her off-spring came back with us - what any one would want to make a visit to Yakima in the middle of July for, is more than I can figure out -- but her Doctor said it would be good for here and that Roddy would eat it up and he sure is doing it. The heat doesn't seem to bother him at all but it sure does his maw. Of course, if she and the rest of us could go around like he does it wouldn't be so bad.

Maddy went back to work this week and to the fan with her but Mom insisted that she get the Control Board to buy her a fan and bring hers home. As the Control Board was in Salem she has taken my fan instead so I want you to fully appreciate this effort I am making to write you: an exact 100 degrees here in the office and no fan. However, the fan just stirs up a lot of hot air that doesn't do any good: that's how come Maddy got away with it.

We had a fine trip with nice weather all week but sure wish we had set it for this week instead so we could have dodged some of this heat: it was fine here last week. We would have come around by Portland and seen you on our way home if we did not have to bring Slim and Hazel back and also Tiney. Sorry Mom could not get down today to take you home but we will make it before very long as we are both anxious to give the new arrival the once over. Would liked to have be able to made a trip down when you were in the hospital but just having been down there and on the boat trip decided to postpone it until you were home when we could see more of you and see the baby for more than a minute thru a glass cage. It so happens this summer that I have considerable trouble keeping the bank in the mood of cashing my checks so we are not always in a position to say just when and where we are going. Course you people in the government employe cannot appreciate that.

But we will be seein' ya soon, or Mom will at least as she will thumb a ride down if she can't make it any other way. In the meantime, take good care of yourself and, and for all the fact that it is hard for me to realize you as a mother, I have no doubt but that you will see that Micheal is well taken care of. Lots and lots of love,

Dad.