

Postmark Seattle, WA March 1957  
C.W. Whipple  
5910 Latona Ave  
Seattle 5, Washington

Dear Donald & Jeanne

We appreciate very much Donald's sending for us to read the story of Jeanne's life. It is so very sweet and tells us what a dear sweet person your Jeannie is and that she loves you very dearly and needs you too. You have found a jewel, you know and we know it, and a very capable jewel too that she is, the happiness you two are finding in each other & the

children's is a wonderful thing. Here is to many years of it. It is good to read so much happiness in your letters, you both certainly deserve it.

We went to church this morning and heard a very good sermon. It is difficult to find a place to park the car any ways near the church.

Dad had to let me out at the church then hunt a place to park. I am not very happy about having to do that way. As with the sloppier drive out to Snoqualmie Falls Thursday. The spray from the falls was so thick we could not see the falls. I walked around a little in the stones. Have not felt good since.

Love to All, from Mother. And love from dad.

28 ½ Feb 57

Once upon a time there was a little girl, who lived in a big city, all by herself with her mother, her father, a very striped kitty-kat, and a very large doll. This very large doll was frequently a victim of strange maladies, needing much tender care. The little girl had no thought of ever having a real live doll all her own, but she did think that for all her life she would know how to take care of sick dolls, except she didn't think of them as dolls. The little very much striped kitty-kat was never dressed in the very large doll's clothes, for she had enough to do just being a happy kitty kat, without bothering to try to be something she was not.

The little girl was different from a lot of other little girls. She never dreamed of the time she would have a home, or a family all of her own, and be quite grown up. The little girl knew that she would grow up, of course, for she was an intelligent little girl. She read many books. Often she did not know what some of the words meant, but they looked pretty on the pages, and she did learn to ask the big fat dictionary what the words really said. The dictionary liked to tease the little girl, and sometimes would not tell her what the words said, but would hide the words behind still other words, till the little girl learned many many words by just trying to find out what one word said.

While she was reading the many books with the many new words, she was growing up into a very tall young person, and learning that the lovely pictures the words painted, and the lively songs they often sang were just things she could only find in books. She knew that first girls became women, and boys became men. She knew that they chose somebody to live with and then they used the same name, and the same house, and the man mostly went out all day and came home tired and cross and dirty, and that the woman stayed home and became equally tired, cross and dirty, and they never, never, never said any of the nice things that she had read in the book. Mostly they said almost nothing at all in any of the houses she had ever visited, so she thought that the people who put the pretty words on the pages must surely be finding the words in their heads when they slept at night. She wasn't really sure just how the people who wrote the words ever did find the words. She read many strange fairy tales of things she knew were not true at all, and they got all mixed up in her mind with things that perhaps could have been true, but she had no way of learning such a thing could be true, and real, and not just something someone dreamed, and then found the words in the friendly dictionary to put onto the pages.

One day when the girl was no longer a child, she grew quite lonesome. She knew for sure by this time that the books were the only place she would ever find the happy words, and the lovely pictures, and the sweet songs. A young man asked her to share his name, and since she had nothing else to do at the time, she decided that she might just as well do nothing else so she went with the young man.

Fortunately, by this time the young-girl-woman had found that she could retire at will into a lovely world of her own, and see for herself lovely things without reading a book. She had to learn to see without taking time to read a book, for by

this time she had a little boy who was very busy asking her all kind of questions, and she had no time left to read a book.

Sometimes by accident the boy-man she had gone with saw that she was dreaming, or heard her say words that had a bit different sound than the words of every day words- sounds, and he did not understand. Sometimes the young-girl-woman was foolish enough to let the boy-man know that she even went so far as to dream dreams and then the boy-man would not understand these either. Finally the young-girl woman decided that the only way to keep these dreams safe was either quit dreaming them or quit letting it show on the outside of herself when she dreamed them.

Finally the young-girl-woman could no longer understand why the boy-man could not understand her dreams, and she could not understand much of anything they talked to each other about and all they seemed to do was to be cross, tired, and very ugly with the words to each other. The young-girl-woman had three very fine children, and she saw often that they had dreams and that the boy-man was not being kind to their dreams any more than he was to her dreams, so she decided the time had come to take her dreams, and her children, and her children's dreams and go some place where they would all be safe. She was afraid to go alone but as long as she had her dreams, and her children, and they had their dreams, she knew that she was not really alone.

One day the young-girl-woman had a chance encounter with a stranger, who accidentally spoke aloud of a wee dream he had. Just a very wee dream, and just a very few words, but it was enough to make the girl curious. Maybe the words and pictures of words she had in books so many long years ago where also read by others, and maybe all the boy-men people were not like the one from whom she fled. She stopped in her headlong flight long enough to listen to a few more of the dreams of this strange boy-man, and the more she listened, the more certain she became that she had found what she had not even been looking for. She did not know she had been looking for a sharer of dreams because she did not know such a thing existed except in books.

This strange boy-man told the young-girl-woman that he loved her very sincerely. The young-girl-woman believed him. The strange boy-man asked the young-girl-woman to marry him, so that she could share his dreams, and he could share hers. He had never said or done or thought anything that hurt her dreams, or her children's dreams, and suddenly the young-girl-woman began to feel that the writers of the long-ago words had perhaps known such a sharing themselves, and had written such words for her to read. The young-girl-woman learned quickly that the word love was not just four letters lined up side by side on a piece of paper, but that they were golden, glowing hearts, beating together, holding each other safe, shielding each other's dreams from people like the first boy-man she had known. The young-girl-woman was given a great gift suddenly, for she was permitted to feel inside the mind and heart of this wonderful strange boy-man, and she found that his mind and his heart were like hers-firm, yet soft, and very tender, so she promised herself that she would always be very very careful indeed not to do or say or think anything that might in any way hurt this very wonderful boy-man who loved

her so very much. The young-girl-woman knew very well, and for a very long time that she loved this strange person. She knew it for sure in the very same instant that he knew he loved her, and she trusted him, just as he trusted her.

They shared their hopes, their dreams, their children and their children's dreams. The children she had taken with her to protect he also protected, and helped her share their dreams, and helped her teach them what they both knew, which was that love is not just letters lined up on a page in a book. He helped her in every way he could, and she learned another lesson, which was that love is the most wonderful thing in the world, and for the rest of her life she was the most happy young-girl-woman in the world, for she had a wonderfully loving person to share with. She always loved him, and she promised him nothing, nor did he promise her, for they had only to look into each other's hearts to see the truth in their hearts, and know that love is for them both the very breath of life.

Postmark March 1957, 3 cent stamp  
C.W. Whipple  
5910 Latona Avenue  
Seattle 5, Washington

Dear Donald,

Jeanne's letter is for you two of course but we think you should have a letter from your mail box.

We love you so much Donald and we are so proud of you in every way. I think you know the many different things that I am thinking about. Oh, for the ability to express myself. I will never be able to in this world but expect to in the next. We are thinking of you and praying for you thru difficult days and my prayer now is that Virginia will not live to suffer much longer. She cannot get anything out of life now but just to suffer on, the dear girl how we wish we could do something to relieve her.

We are so thankful for Jeanne. Someone for you to love deeply and to do so many nice things for you. Jeanne is a capable woman. I like people who do things. We are fine but cannot say we are enjoying the weather too much. Larry must be ok they have not said otherwise.

Love, Mother

Postmark May 9, 1957, 6 cent air mail stamp  
Mrs. C.W. Whipple  
5910 Latona  
Seattle 5, Wash.

Tillicum, WA. May 8, 1957

Dear Donald,

Here we are doing our best trying to fill just a little of your place. We will not fill the bill very well but at least we are interested in all the very nice things she says about you. She is in love with you as much as you are with her.

We are enjoying Suzie. She is one of the most attractive and cutest little youngster I ever saw. Dad has just come in from a walk to pass away some time and entertain himself besides. Jeanne is down on the floor in the living room cutting out a dress for Jeannie. Now that being done she is making tea for us. Dad drink is ice water.

Oh yes, and Jeanne put my hair up in curlers this afternoon. I certainly need a little dressing up. It is nice to have some one fix my hair. If you get any sense out of this letter you will be lucky. Jeanne is talking. Dad is reading. Jeanne just now said, Gee, I wish I did not have to go to work tomorrow. It would be so nice to stay at home and visit. We think so too. Dad and I are going to your place tomorrow to mow your lawn if it does not rain. The lawn rally needs it.

What kind of weather are you having? I know nothing at all about Indiana. Seems we do not hear much about that state. Just hope you can enjoy every thing and come back all rested.

I think we will have Jeanne and the children at the corner where you turn to get to Rankin's while we drive up to see Virginia for a little while. That would be kinda early Sun. afternoon. I must quit writing now and help get our dinner.

Remember we love you very much and so interested in all your interests.

Love, Dad & Mother

Postmark Aug. 26, 1957, 2 3 cent Liberty stamps  
5910 Latona  
Seattle 5, Wash.

Dear Donald, Jeanne, and family.

Just a few words to let you know we have survived the last two weeks and trust you have come through it all in one piece. We were certainly glad to hear that Mrs. R. took things in such a good spirit. It has certainly made things a lot easier for all of us. She seems to feel alright about mother too, and that pleases me no end. She may have it in for me but I don't know why. I have always treated her as good as I could.

The six pictures I took with my big camera came out fine. Instantaneous exposure at F8 with Verichrome Pan only thing I couldn't hold the camera still!

I tried three different ball point pens and finally hunted up a pen and a bottle of ink! Ball points give me a pain in the neck. Glad to hear that you got moved ok and hope you got the old house clean enough to get our \$15.00 back. Mother and I have been living over these two weeks with you, don't even think, "out of sight, out of mind." Last Sunday we took in the band concert in Seward Park with the Stokes and Tuesday we all four went to Mount Baker and I climbed to the top of Table Mountain, a small climb only  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, but a nice view from the top. Took some pictures but not much good, but will send you some when I get copies. Coming down I dropped the camera, a 2x2 almost like a Holiday. It rolled several hundred feet down the mountain. I climbed down and picked up the pieces. The roll did not unroll and 8 pictures came out ok or almost ok. What a trip. I also took a roll with my Holiday on Kodacolor. They are not back yet. Love & the best of every thing till we see you again. Larry is with us this week and Eleanor and Oeleta with 9 girls are over on the peninsula, camping or something.

Love to all- D, J, J&S from Granddaddy.

Aug. 25, 1957

Dear Donald and Jeanne,

We like to think of you happily settled in your own home even though there is plenty to do yet. You are fortunate to have the double garage where things can be stacked out of your way.

Don't feel too badly as long as you are all comfortable and you are together that is the main thing. We loved your 'we've moved' card and the sweet and lovely things you said, thank you so much. It is grand to have the privilege of helping the deserving couple. That you are. I am sorry you get so tired, just hope things will be easier soon when the first excitement is over.

Larry is staying with us for three days. Tonight he goes home. Larry got a look at Jeannie picture. He went all over-board with curiosity. He is nice to have around, so interest in every thing. He will be in the 9<sup>th</sup> grade this fall. He is growing up fast. I am not mad at Mae, of course and I hope she is not mad at me. She called us Fri. to tell us about Hazel. I called a few minutes ago to ask about her. They say she will not be out of danger for a week yet. She is really critically ill. Mae said it seemed that it not only rains but it pours for them. I wish the pictures were better but some of them are quite good.

It is wonderful that we have them anyway. Ours are some better than yours. The Stokes took us to Mt. Baker Tues. We went away up as far as the road goes thru. Dad and Mrs. Stokes took a long hike to the top of Table Mt. Saw great scenery and a tiny baby rabbit. We were all plenty tired when we got home.

Take care of your selves, be happy.

Love From Mother

Postmark Oct. 1957, 3 cent stamp  
C.W. Whipple  
5910 Latona Ave  
Seattle 5, Washington

My dear,

This you may or may not give credence to, but I shall write it anyhow. Stranger things have been known to happen than for one to have a very vivid dream while wide awake.

Within a matter of a few hours of receiving and studying the snapshot of your father, I had a sensation that it would take more words than I have to describe. It seemed to me that your father came here to me, offering us the hand of friendship, and told me that it was time for me to come to Washington, and he was here to help me, and that he and your mother would be family for me and the youngsters until you could take over completely. He gently told me that he was here to help me come to you, and proceeded to take matters into his own hands. Don, I was wide awake, believe me, and it was just as real as real can be. On the grounds of that incident, plus the feeling that I have had constantly since then that I am (when I say, I naturally I mean we) are under his auspices, I am today filling out form 57 and if completed by tonight will put in the mail addressed to personnel at Madigan. Do you suppose it could be possible that your dad is, or would, contemplate such action in actuality, as to come up here? Such a thing would indeed be a godsend to me, and it is a thing that under your circumstances you could not take the chance of doing.

Am I letting my imagination run away with me again? Do I really see him come in the office, and do I really hug him around the neck, call him Father, and introduce him to my boss as Father Whipple (or just as my father)? Do I take off from work, and go out to the house with him, and really start acting on the nebulous plans we have previously formulated? Don- for a minute just let me hold on to the thought of how fine it will be to have family-all my life I have felt the emptiness-oh hell, why go into that and waste paper. Just let me say that it would be not merely a pleasure, it would be an unmitigated blessing for such a thing to happen-I want you so desperately. You meaning all the things you represent, and all the dreams we have ever dared to even half-dream for our lives. Can-do hold me tight a minute. Your father has his arms around me, and if he doesn't watch out, I'll cry all over his shoulder. To think that I may have family-could you by any stretch of the imagination know how it feels to me? Don-if he could come up-no, that is probably just a pipe dream of mine. There would probably be his health, or the family finances, or business obligation, or something of that kind, that would mean no, he couldn't come up. Heck, I don't even have a suitcase. He could sleep with Butch, & I would bunk with the girls at no discomfort to anyone-what in the world had got into me to be making such plans? I must be completely nuts.

Facto resto-I love you, and will gladly spend the rest of our days proving it.  
Yours truly, Jeanne

Dear Donald.

“God is Love.”

“In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.” Through his love god created his only begotten Son, thus expressing the truth that “God is love” and showing its perfect realization in the Love Trinity of, Father God, Mother God, and Son God, the Love Trinity of God.

Through love they created man in their image, a creative image of man, woman and children to live in love; and through love to be creative of other children of love.

This Trinity of God made only one stipulation, command, request or law of the Trinity of man, and that was for man to love God and to love each other without reserve. They indicated there was but one reaction in man’s conduct or appreciation of God’s love in blessing them, and that was to break the law of love.

When man so forgot himself and God’s love for him that he broke the law of love, “God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him should have everlasting life.”

So all peoples are drawn by the chords of love into one great family to live everlastingly with Him, and this wonderful relationship still rests upon that one great “Law of Love.”

All people who are willing to embrace the opportunity Love has opened up to them are in the family of God, brothers and sisters together of the one perfect Family in Heaven. Your love makes you a member eternally of this perfect family of love.

Love Dad

Postmark Jan 12, 1958 3 cent stamp  
C.W. Whipple  
5910 Latona Ave  
Seattle 5, Washington

Dear Donald & Jeanne

We are delighted to accept your invitation to celebrate Jeanne's birthday with you. Sounds great and lots of fun. We will see you the eve. Of the 24<sup>th</sup> unless the roads should be dangerous in that case we would call you. We appreciate a whole lot Jeanne's wanting us.

We get a great deal of joy from Donald saying how happy he is and what a wonderful wife he has from that too we know that Jeanne and the children are happy. We have not had any word from Eleanor lately. Just hope things are going well with them too. They had New Year's dinner with Maude & Edna and all had a happy time. Eleanor said she had a nice letter from you, Jeanne, and would answer as soon as she could. They started the children to school last week. I too shall feel sick at heart if Mrs. Palm should have to leave. She surely is a nice person.

Dad is upstairs typing on his second book working hard. He wants to get thru with it so he will be able to do some of the other things he wants to do. Nothing new to write about, except Dad bought 30 tulip bulbs at Sears yesterday. They are in the ground. We are enjoying your very good candy.

Love to all, Mother.

Postmark Feb. 20, 1958  
C.W. Whipple  
4910 Latona Ave  
Seattle 5, Washington

Dear Donald & Jeanne

I have been planning to write to you for days it seems to tell you that we would like for you to have a birthday dinner, Jeanne with us. You may have planned something else but how about a week later if you have. I guess you feel like getting a good rest more than anything else.

We had very bad news from your Auntie Linnie. Helen wrote that last saturday evening she slipped in the snow and broke her hip. She is in the Arlington hospital and had to wait until yesterday for surgery. So the shock would lessen and heart examination, etc. Helen is very worried of course and so are we. I feel very sure that Helen has written to Carl's but she may have been too busy. Wish you would call them. I am having a lot of trouble with my eyes again. The salve I use for them is so severe that I probably wait too long to use it. My foot is alright. I found out it is tough to have something wrong with ones foot so you cannot walk on it. I'll bet you are getting the spring fever. Dad has planted a few seeds. Thanks for the cute things you sent. Dad took both of them, not fair.

He said he would give me another whistle to use for getting his attention. His idea is good.

Lovingly, Mother

Postmark Feb. 5, 1958  
5910 Latona Ave.  
Seattle 5, Washington

Dear Donald & Jeanne,

Tomorrow is Suzie's birthday. We hope she will get lots of packages to open. That is important. I have been over to the church to a woman's meeting most of the day. Luncheon program, etc. Mrs. Stokes takes me to the door then parks her car, she is a good friend.

Yesterday was such a lovely day we took them for a ride up with us about twenty miles of Stevens Pass. Would not have come back then, but the Stokes were expecting company. When Dad gets started on a trip he wants to keep right on going. Maybe it is a good thing we had to come back when we did.

The car runs fine now that it has a new carburetor, but when we were almost home we had a flat tire but did not take dad long to fix that. It is so much fun to go up to the passes or near by to us the snow on the mountains and to be in the mountains is wonderful.

Last week I was laid up with a bad foot. I went to the doctor Monday after we were at your place. He gave me a salve to build up new skin. I had to cripple around all week trying to keep off it.

We went to the doctor again this Monday He said it was getting well as I knew it was. Have to see him in two weeks it will be entirely well before that time. We were really worried because my sores are so slow healing.

Eleanor has gained 6 lbs. She said Oleta told her the lines had all gone out of her face. They think the deal of selling the house is going thru. The house here in Seattle, that will be good luck for them. I must get busy and get us something to eat.

Love, kisses from Mother & Dad

Postmark Oct. 24, 1958  
C.W. Whipple  
5910 Latona Ave.  
Seattle 5, Washington

Dear folks

Just a few lines to let you know we are still here and still happy and getting ready for our trip south. But all work and no play would make Jack a dull boy. So Tuesday, being a nice sunshining day we had to get out and soak up some of it. So with Maude & Frank Stokes we drove down to Salt Water Park and had a picnic dinner close to the beach and a stroll afterwards along the beach, to hear the sea, and see the sound, also sea gulls, ducks and sea life along the beach. I love to just wander & wonder at the works of nature, and the sea shore is one of them. Then in the afternoon on the way home we went over to Auburn to the little place I once had down there. An old couple, Babylon, still live there. The place has changed a little. They built a nice small cottage and had a well bored. The garage I built is still there. Also my first little shack, flowers, berries, grapes, fruit trees, now big & bearing. We brought home some of the most delicious pears I ever tasted, and a few King apples, winter apples not ready to eat. They invited us to come down next spring at cherry time. There is also a big mulberry tree, full every year. I just wanted to see the place again.

Yes, Jeanne, I am going to fix up our family tree, with what information I can get together. I should have done this years ago but you know how we put things off.

We will leave here shortly after 8 o'clock election morning after we have voted and will stop to say hello and good bye to 36 Beverly. Thanks for your offer of the car top luggage carrier but we will not need it. We are traveling light, will stay at motels and are not loading the car down with non-essentials. We think we can make it in four driving days, 300 miles a day or 1200 miles for the trip. I think that will not tire mother too much.

While down there I will go over any stamps with them and when I get home first of the year I will probably do some more collecting, though not extensively.

I have new tires all around and a check up, grease & oil change & everything else I could think of, to remove all possible chances of trouble on the trip. Mother & I sure enjoyed your visit here. We love all four of your very dearly, and this will grow as we get better acquainted with each other. Donald and we have been separated so much we really have to get reacquainted with him. Love is so grand.

Love to all from Dad

Dear Donald & Jeanne,

Your letters were so dear and sweet. I cannot express to you how much we loved and appreciated them. We too enjoy your Sundays with us and have mentioned it many times since. We hope to have many more just as nice. I wish I could express myself as well as you folks do.

Your happiness together with the children, nice home and all makes us many happy thoughts. Eleanor said Donald taking the am off to see us when we start touched her right in the pit of her stomach. It is such a sweet thing for you to do. She said you will miss us. Well, we hope you will a little. We will see Donald then the morning of Nov. 4<sup>th</sup> rain or shine. Unless of course if the car should refuse to run which it had better not do. We are busy these days getting clothes and other things ready to go. Dad thinks we will not be heavily loaded.

I am taking my painting materials. There is not much news and I suspect your Dad is telling you about the good pears & apples. We love you always.

Kisses to all, Mother

Postmark Nov 9, 1958  
1700 Parkside  
Burbank, California

Dear Donald, Jeanne and the girls,

This is Sunday and I want to write and tell you about our trip down here. It has been a most wonderful experience for us in a great many ways. The traveling itself was most delightful and without a single incident or car trouble of any kind. We were not always able to find a Richfield Station to use our credit card, but we had rather anticipated that so it did not bother us at all.

The rain persisted off and on until we reached the California line, but not bad except for short intervals. There were long stretches of clear weather and some real sunshine. On the whole it may have been better for us as it evidently kept down the heat so we traveled in comfort. Mother was not bothered much with the heat as I had been afraid of. When we hit the California line the sun was out hot and bright. We took a piece of newspaper, looped it over the top of the window on mother's side and raised the window to hold it and it let her ride the rest of the day in shade and comfort. It really worked just fine.

We got to Eugene about 4:00. Found an excellent Motel then went back a few blocks to a restaurant, and had a good dinner. But our Motel was on the highway and traffic continued all night without let up. It did not bother me very much but it kept Mother awake and much disgusted. But we had a nice day. The hills and trees were beautiful and we had no difficulty getting through Portland. I had looked up the details on the map and had a simpler hand drawn map which took us through without a hitch.

We left Eugene about 5:30. It had just started to get light, but it soon started to rain and soon was coming down in torrents but by broad daylight it slacked off and we had a reasonably nice day. By 10 o'clock the sun came out and at 10:30 we were in California and climbing in the mountains, but the grades were low, the traveling was easy and we made good time. The mountains were wonderful, clear and bright, no clouds. Mt. Shasta stood out alone in the distance without a cloud for about two hours in the best time of the day. The scenery was gorgeous. We passed through the little town of Shasta at 11:45, a few miles on we stopped and ate lunch and arrived in Red Bluff at 2:35 and decided to call it a day. We gassed up and inquired about a motel off the highway. We found a quiet place two blocks off, in a grove by the river, a sort of resort for river sports I believe and there it was quiet and Mother got a nice nights sleep. We put our baggage in the motel and Mother lay down for a nap. I wrote to you and Eleanor and strolled up town and mailed them in the P.O. I found a nice Chinese restaurant, easy access, went back and got Mother and we had a grand Chinese dinner, egg foo young, noodles, tea & all. We had a good nights rest and Mother slept well. We were off again about 5 the next morning. The weather was clear, scenery grand and the day began to warm up. We stopped in Modesto from 10:05 to 10:50 and had a big chocolate malt at a road side drive in. Just after 12 we stopped outside Fresno and ate our

lunch. Up till now we had wonderful scenery. The sun came up and we had a beautiful crimson sunrise with a few cumulus clouds in the far sky. But now we noticed the far horizon becoming hazy, at first a rather red haze in the distance as though it was a reflection or prolonged red of sunrise, but the farther we went the thicker the haze until it closed in around us about fifty miles before we reached Bakersfield. The country was level and the road straight ahead, and it seemed so strange just driving through the thick haze. It was not fog, it was the smog of Los Angeles extending hundreds of miles inland. It did not clear up again. We drove the rest of the way in the smog. This is Sunday morning about noon and the sun is just now beginning to break through a little. We drove through Bakersfield a little before 3 o'clock and it was so dark we began to hunt for a place to stop, a motel back off the road.

But we had no such luck. It is all mountains from Bakersfield to Burbank. We stopped and got some gas and inquired. Just nothing so we drove on. Six miles up grade 6% and one stretch more than that, then five miles straight down, these several miles 6% climb again, and all of this 2000 to 3000 feet elevation. Smog was so thick my eyes smarted like from smoke from a bonfire but we could not smell it. That is the only good point about smog. It doesn't smell. Finally we came to a motel of sorts in the hills, and as it was now 5 o'clock and getting dark we had to stop. The motel was passable but Mother could not sleep well for the traffic. But we went to bed early and got up late so it was not too bad. As for me I slept just like an old log with moss on it. We got away Friday morning at 8:30, picked our way through the smog and in 45 minutes we pulled up in front of their house. Vada and George had left for Seattle just 35 minutes before we arrived. I wouldn't live in Los Angeles if you gave me the whole town. My eyes have smarted ever since I got here. I walked over to a lovely little park yesterday. Standing at the base of a palm tree the top of it is dimmed in a gray fog, so is the other side of the street. It is so thick you can't tell the color of the traffic lights till you get almost to them. The news said this is a 32% smog, only 29% in Burbank, 22 in for Los Angeles next the coast. I would hate to see 100 % smog. Excuse me; I know now why Los Angeles people brag so unreasonably ridiculous. It is a mass complex, a whole city trying to like the impossible. Forget my craziness.

Love Dad

Dear Donald & Jeanne,

I wonder what you are doing this morning. We are a long way apart now, but we made good time coming. Dad overstepped his three hundred miles a day Thursday and drove almost five hundred. We spent that night within about twenty miles of here and it would soon be dark and we knew also that Oleta's sister, brother in law and baby would be here and they would not be prepared for us.

When we arrived here they had headed for Seattle thirty five min. before. That is having company from Seattle fast. No doubt Dad is telling you about the

smog, we could barely see the green highway lights as we came in. It has been as bad ever since until today is some better. Eleanor feels badly about it being worse than usual when we came. We hope it will be better in a weeks time at least for by then this ballet that they are so busy about will be all over and there will be time to take us places, etc., etc.

I think we will make Maude & Edna a visit tomorrow. Eleanor will go over in her car to show us the way. We feel very much at home here. Eleanor gave up her nice room to us. It is near the bathroom and is airy and nice. The nights are cool and the smog keeps out a lot of the heat of the sun no doubt. Anyway it is comfortable. The smog smarts Dads eyes. David is busy at this table with me making a poster for his junior achievement co. It is something especially for boys from 15 to 18, to teach them business methods and is sponsored by three successful business concern. David is sales manager, the girls are doing many things too so all in all this is a busy place. Just hope the smog clears so we can see the mountains and other things around. We think of you often and so glad for your happiness.

Please excuse this crazy letter.

Love from all, Mother

Postmark Nov. 17, 1958  
C.W. Whipple  
1700 Parkside  
Burbank, Calif.

1700 Parkside  
Burbank, Calif.  
Nov. 17, 1958  
Monday morn 6:30am

Dear Children of Mine,

I am sitting by the front window which faces in a generally easterly direction writing on my lap in a rocking chair so you must take this scribbling as you find it and like it or else.

Most of the family is still in bed although there is stirrings in certain quarters of the house. Eleanor is up, out of in the kitchen in her pajamas with a robe over them preparing the day's lunches for the five children. David has finished ironing his slacks and has them on now and fully dressed. I saw Denise & one of the other girls flying around their quarter, which open off the kitchen through a small hall, with a small second toilet attached. In this way the kids really do not bother the main part of the house. They must all be getting up now, the kinds I mean, for it is nearing 7 o'clock. This big black cat is in the house all night and takes her choice of which bed she will sleep on. The sun has just come up and is shining through the Venetian blinds where I am sitting. Mother, Oletia and Roy are still in bed. Mother will stay in bed and sleep or try to snooze until the whole house is up. Some of the girls are beginning to eat now in the dining room off the kitchen, while I can see various dressing operations going on, hair combing, belt fastening and other girlish feats & fancies. The sky is almost clear this morning although the city hangs in a sort of haze. It is possible to see the surrounding mountains dimly in the distance. They are quite close to Burbank on two sides, quite high & close, you can see the house and buildings and lookout antennae quite plainly on their top. From one of the main streets yesterday I could see the street run right up to the foot of the mountain and then start up it, a quite broad street, as it was as close, and then branch out into side streets or valleys with homes as high up on the slopes as they can get, then bare mountains above them. Every little ravine or valley is built up as high as they can stick on to the side of the hill or find footing for an automobile to drive.

Eleanor just asked me if I want my eggs hard, or rather she told me I did and asked for corroboration, although she knows I like eggs cooked, not just raw & warmed up. The country everywhere is built up, or covered with buildings but all the town or towns I have seen, Burbank, Glendale, Pasadena & S. Pasadena are sort of sprawled out or spread out, like a small town or communities. No tall buildings, all not over 4 or 5 stories high, streets wide and many parking places for cars while trading. Police even patrol these parking places for stores marking the

tires. About  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour only is allowed for shopping. Lockheed Airplane Factory and airfield is right in town on all sides, with traffic about like Boeing in Seattle. 7.30 Oletia has appeared upon the scene in dressing gown, to the kitchen to see about the girls getting ready for school. Eleanor has fully dressed. You see you are getting a close up of a regular morning set up here. Better keep the information private, see. Occasionally we get surprises as we drive around. We have seen no heavy traffic except passing Lockheed at closing time in the evening there was a lane up of about two or three blocks for awhile. I have seen no dense traffic like downtown Seattle. Of course Seattle is five times or more as big as Burbank both in population and sized and apparently also in auto traffic. I have only seen three or four city busses and at a distance. They simply do not enter into the picture here at all. I see bus stops marked along the main streets, but as they only come every hour or so they are not noticed. The towns are against each other and you can't tell what town you are in without inquiring. There are some signs the native understand. For instance on the main street of Burbank, I saw a big sign or banner across the middle of the intersection. It said Burbank, on the other side it said something else, Glendale or Los Angeles.

The peculiar things is that Los Angeles is everywhere surrounding the whole territory and these other towns are all inside the City of Los Angeles and when you cross over the street you are out of Burbank and in Los Angeles. When we were going over to Maude & Edna's Monday morning, the road goes through Glendale, I got lost. Seeing a Postman I asked him the directions. I might just as well have asked how to find Timbuctoo. 7.50 David starts for school afoot. The Postman said we were in Los Angeles and he knew nothing about Burbank or S. Pasadena except they were off in that direction, pointing.

So we drove on, still in Los Angeles I guess, until I found a Service Station. These attendants know about everything, so we soon were retracing our tacks four or five miles and back on the right road. You see the streets wind around every which way and you can't tell what direction you are going, especially when you can't see the sun for the smog. The street we were on had an exactly square right hand turn and of course we naturally went right on, on the street we were on without turning to the left as we should. Mother is up. 8:00 the town is sort of spread out, no big business section with tall building on both sides like Seattle or Portland. Surprises, twice right in Burbank, 6 lane paved streets with traffic. I saw a line of cows going into a building for the evening milking. Dairies in operation right in the busy section business houses and paved streets all around them. 8.10, Eleanor takes the girls to school in the York auto. Roy has been driving Eleanor's Plymouth to his work, which is only a few blocks away. A.B.C. Studios.

8.15 Blanche has called me to breakfast. So I will take a breakfast break. 8.45, breakfast over Eleanor reappeared from taking the girls to school bringing hot chocolate covered donuts, cinnamon rolls & maple bars crème filled to eat with hot chocolate. Roy & Oletia ate with us. I hear them planning to take us places today. Will have to tell you about these things in the next letter. I fear I will not be able to finish this one before they hustle us off to see the sights. When Vada and George Matthews, with their new baby, Oleta's sister when she came to Seattle to be with

this summer when the baby came, arrived two weeks ago the gangs here were just entering upon an enterprise of great emotional importance to them, the preparation for a Ballet Concert given by Patricia McCoy, Dona's dancing teacher. I will have more to say about the concert later. Vada's visit delayed them about a week and used up time they badly needed for every sort of preparation for the concert and they could do nothing while Geo & Vada were here. We arrived 35 minutes after Geo & Vada left for Seattle. We stayed over Sunday, but Monday morning we beat it over to S. Pasadena and stayed four days with Maude & Edna. This gave them time to get something done and also gave us a wonderful time with Maude and Edna. With them in the car to direct us we drove all over Pasadena & S. Pasadena, and was shown the sights. Over there the town also is spread out. No big business section.

Maude & Edna have a nice 4 room apt on the ground floor, two blocks from the Christian Church, where Edna works, two blocks from markets, city hall, banks and one block from the U.S. Post Office of S. Pasadena. Big fine churches all around & close to this civic center. Streets broad and lined in some instances by old and great tall palm trees, not particularly lovely, but different, strange and picturesque. Streets wide and quite. No traffic to mention. Nobody much on the streets. The markets and store and parking lots just used comfortably or moderately. I walked all over this part during the days there, not many people on the street. Only a very few children were playing around. I could stop and look at the strange plants & flowers along the streets for sometimes 14 or 30 minutes with no one passing by. A very quiet old town. I must stop & get ready to go out and see the sights. When I get back will take up where I left off. Goodbye for now.

3pm back. Roy York took Oletia, Eleanor, mother and I in his car and we went down through Hollywood, past the Bowl, Beverly Hills, South Monica to the beach. Along the Ocean Beach drive we saw where the great earth slides were last winter. There are many tractors and big dirt movers and trucks still working there to make new highways and dispose of the debris of the slide. The beach is long wide and flat with no flotsams, just yellow sand for miles. Nothing but blue ocean till you reach Japan. We drove miles down the boulevard and came back through Westchester and Culver City. We had lunch in the car at a drive in on Wilshire Boulevard. They are not putting up their Christmas decorations, trees, lights and ornaments on both sides of the street and for a mile, called the "Miracle Mile" down the center park space of the Boulevard-Wilshire. This mile is built solid on both sides of the street with modern stores, modern architecture, no poles, billboards or unsightly structure, but no really high buildings. Los Angeles seems to have a city ordinance against high buildings because of the earthquakes. They are now considering a new ordinance in which more adequate concrete foundations and steel framework might be adequately employed to make higher buildings safe. We saw the new Mormon temple, the largest in the world they say, on top of a hill where it may be seen for many miles. The day was reasonably clear, but quite hazy in the distance. We came home in time for Roy to pick up the children from school. They are all home now, 3:30.

We stayed with Maude & Edna three nights and came back here Thursday afternoon. Edna has Mondays off and we sure visited. Maude had a lot of family genealogical material and I have been copying it. I already have about forty pages of it and still have the Hale family to copy. Grandma Headrick was Mahala Hale. Tell Jeannie that I am gathering material to build the family tree she asked for. Believe me there is plenty of dope for several trees. Grandfather was one of a family of 32 children. It is sure from copying down all the details, born, died, married, had children, so many come, so many daughters, cousins, great cousins, second cousins, etc without end, clear back to England and as early as 1450. Family trees, grave yards, family bible records, tax records, deeds to land, wills and marriage licenses. Anywhere they could get the information. It will take me some little time to straighten it all about and get it into a readable form. This is all without any of the Campbell information which still needs quite a lot of investigation. Now, back to S. Pasadena and the girls there. On Wednesday night we went with them to a Mission Meeting at the little Christian Church where Edna is helping with the works. It was a small meeting, less than 25 people present but we had several very good talks. They have a small church, less than 50 in the Sunday school, but Edna has been able to build it up from 15 a year ago. The church is hopeful and they expect to build a larger church in the near future, not very near I am afraid from the looks of things. They are on the back corner of a block where the other corner is occupied by an enormous and beautiful Episcopalian Church. There are a lot of churches close around. Too many for best results. But the girls enjoy the work, it is their life & at present part of their livelihood, so that is good. They have a nice apartment, Maude has a piano, and they have nice furniture & rugs, a small living room, bedroom, dining room, kitchen and service room with a wring dry automatic washer. They live quite comfortably and are happy except for Maude's heart condition.

The mitral valve between the auricle and ventricle is gradually growing smaller, and is supposed some time to so hinder the blood passage as to cause death. For this reason she must exercise very carefully and watch her diet also. She still can walk to church and to the market & business center of S. Pasadena but must take frequent rest lying down.

We came back to Burbank to find the bunch here literally head over heels in the Ballet Concert getting ready for the performance on Saturday night in the auditorium of a big high school several miles from here. Eleanor is the business manager, got out and rustled up all the advertising for the programs to defray their costs and some over, and in addition did all the art work., drawing and arranging all the advertisements on all four pages of the program, which was printed by the affect method by photography from the pages she prepared without help. I am enclosing a copy so you can see for yourselves some of Eleanor's handiwork. Two of the York girls were in the performance of the first number. In fact Donna York, the Birthday Girl, was the star of the play and a real star she was too. None of the other dancers could be compared with her, for her work was far above them in excellence. Debra, the little sister, came in to interfere mischievously with the party. She was really cute but not outstanding as she is so young and so small. Patricia

was excellent in her duet & solo parts. She is only 23 but a finished Ballet dancer, studied under teachers from the Russian Ballet Co, etc.

I do not know much about Ballet but this Russian Ballet that tours America has the finest teachers in the world and these are the ones Patti has been taking lessons from. Of course she is still studying. Donna practices her ballet every day. Oletia had the job of making the costumes for Pattie and the man she danced with are well as those of Donna and Debra so you see she has her hands full. Roy is an electrician, a theatrical electrician and provided the lighting and the tape recorded music as we are making the scenic background and arranging the stage and settings. So you see they were a rather busy bunch.

The smog began to clear away some while we were over in S. Pasadena and it rained a few drops on Monday and Tuesday afternoons. Wednesday in the forenoon we had a nice clear view of the mountains and of course things close also. When we left S. Pasadena to come back to Burbank it was clear but when we got to Burbank it had hazed up again. Friday it rained a few drops again and we had a really clear view of the hills especially in the morning. But the smog sticks pretty close most of the time. Even today on our trip the distant scene was marred by the smog. They say they are not bothered much by it, but I think they have just learned to not notice it.

On our trip today we saw the grounds of late of the Movie Companies, Walt Disney, Columbia, Natural Broadcasting, American Broadcasting, M&M, etc. Acres and acres of building with fronts only, great paper mache rocks, statuary columns, tree forms, knocked down buildings etc., acres and acres of them. Men were working on some of the Western town streets & fronts. We saw the hills and locations where they carry on their Lone Ranger and other shooting, robbing and murdering scenes. Most if it is in the immediate neighborhood of Burbank. Some of the studios where they put on the stage or audience shows such as People are funny by Linkletter etc are in Hollywood, but the lots where they erect the scenes for movies are in Burbank. We drove past most of them today stopped and looked through the fences at the activity group on and the properties.

Mother & I are feeling fine. Mother is lying down since our trip today probably taking a nap. I will have to close. Evening is coming on. I will have to save the rest for some other day as this letter is long enough already.

Love and the best of everything for all of you from mother and me.

Dad

Postmark Nov. 26, 1958 (4 cent stamp)  
C.W. Whipple  
1700 Parkside  
Burbank, Calif.

Dear Donald & Jeanne

Unless I start writing I am sure I will be forgetting a lot of things I want to tell you about. You see I don't remember so well and if I write it now, well that will be it. I think of so many things all the time that I would like to tell you and of course some of them are sort of q-t, if you know what I mean, not just news to be broadcast. Wednesday, Eleanor drove us over into Griffiths Park. This is a foot hill mountainous rough district of several thousand acres of wild country, for the most part unsuited for city building lying between Burbank on the north and Los Angeles business districts or main part of the city. At the base of these foot hills runs the Los Angeles River that is sometimes it runs. The river is a concrete river sides and bottom with a little concrete channel about 4 or 6 ft wide in the center, in which there is usually a few inches of water. We saw one place Wednesday where the little channel in the center was full and the water spread out over the wider flat bottom almost to the sides. This dry concrete river runs on for miles, sometimes just running parallel to the street with a fence and some greenery to hide it. One place I thought it was an alley. We drove about a mile or two to get over the other side of the river to Griffiths Park. There is a horse bridge close to us because there is a street of several blocks along the Riverside Drive given over to horses, riding schools stables to be rented by the day or month, horse supplies etc. They cross these horse bridges only about four or five blocks from us, over into Griffith's Park, where they are almost in the wild, and all right in the midst of town.

The first thing we went to see in the Park was their "Travel Town". Here they have a collection of vehicles of various kinds, old mountain trucking, wagons, old horse drawn road plows, scrapes, scarifiers, manure spreaders. City horse drawn fire engines, hose carts, hook & ladders, old delivery wagons, patrol wagons, early automobiles. A San Francisco Cable Car, several old Trolley cars, small dumpy steam logging engines, about a dozen big engines and RR coaches and cabooses. Southern Pacific, and numerous others I cannot remember. One parlor club coach, the first streamliner parlor coach ever built, cost \$100,000, now out of date after 20 yrs of service, donated to the Museum by the RR I took some pictures and bought four slides so you can see how it looks, (out in the desert).

Then we drove on farther into the park. The RR equipment was on flat ground close to the river. We went on Hollywood Mountains Boulevard, I should imagine about 5 or more miles as it wound in, around, and over Hollywood Mountains to come to the Griffiths Park Observatory and Planetarium. It was a nice road, grades not too bad, but crooked as a dogs hind leg, switch backs, hairpin turns, chasms and straight downs everywhere. At the various turns at vantage points you could look out over the vast smog covered cities & towns which taken together make up Los Angeles and make out the distant hills except in the extreme distance where smog takes over. Down here they thought it was a nice clear sunny

day. It was about a second rate sunny day, right where you were standing, but as the landscape deepened so did the smog until the distance was lost to a camera. They just don't notice smog unless it is awful.

At the observatory we did not look through any telescopes or see performances in the planetarium, but the alcoves of the building on both flanks were filled with interesting scientific articles, copies of the planets & moons and even a model of the moon satellite we tried to perfect. There were probably a hundred interesting items. I should have purchased some slides but we expect to drive to Mt. Wilson and see the big observatory and if we do we will pick up some slides there. In the center of the foyer a 50 ft pendulum weighing 250 lbs swings continually back & forth over a graduated circumference, divided into 42 parts, representing 42 hours which is the approximate time of one complete revolution, exactly 24 hours at the poles, 0 at the equator. Figure that one out if you can, I haven't time.

About 2:30 to 2:45 each day we are out anywhere, I mean Eleanor in their car, they have to rush back home to pick up the kids from schools, and then take them to various after school extra lessons. Debra, the smallest one takes skating lessons every day 4:30 to 5:00 but goes on the ice at the rink at least by 4:00 for practice before the lessons. Debra is the most wonderful ice skater for her age the critics say and she is destined to be a great sensation when she grows up. I saw her skate and she is a very nice performer, a better skater after 6 months practice than I every way, but what she will be or do in the years to come is another story I am sure.

Donna has a ballet lesson also every day about 4 or 5 o'clock. You see they keep busy around here. They are so busy at doing so many things they don't have time to live, that is normally. Not many regular meals, like you and we are used to, where the meal is prepared, put on the table, the family sits down and eats the meal. They gather up the kids so late from their extra lessons (Denice takes music) they have no time to prepare a meal so they pick up something on the way home, spread a tablecloth on the living room floor in front of the fireplace. The young fry gather around on the rug, we older ones in a chair or on our lap as best we can. Morning, ordinarily is also just a pick up too. Saturday & Sunday they have a little more time. I bought a nice round steak beef roast. They boiled it and made up a big kettle of stew which lasted two days, so much as good. Wednesday night Eleanor brought home Chinese food and we sat around the room and ate it. They often pick up the evening meal somewhere as they bring the girls home. Breakfast is something else again. Nobody got up regularly, we don't see the kids eating on school mornings, they pick it up as best they can. We do the same when we get up. They usually have a Communion Service in the morning at 7:30. Then the kids rush off to school. Eleanor takes the girls in the car. On the way home she picks up breakfast for the adults, donuts, etc., etc. Rather a sort of hand to mouth I call it. On days we are out with Eleanor in the car sight seeing we get started so late we have to pack up hamburgers etc at some drive in, often so late we have to rush home to pick up the kids, etc. You get the picture of the daily life. On Thursday, yesterday, we inspected the Hollywood Bowl, took some pictures, etc.

It is large up the back on the side of the mountain but very narrow across, but seats about 20,000. The big dome which covers the stage is mounted on railway wheels and is drawn to one side, giving access to a large flat stage for such exhibitions as Barnum & Bailey Circus which was shown earlier this summer. Of course it is open, no roof, but as they have no rain most of the year it works very well. It is a wonderful bowl.

From there Eleanor drove us up into the hills, really small mountains, on which they have built residences, thousands of them, anywhere they could find a toe hold, a lot half the width of the house is common, it sticks out over the chasm, often supported on tall framework often 50 ft high. We see porches sticking out over the gorges, a hundred feet down. Give me level ground. (Special Police Bulletin over the radio. Keep off the Santa Anna Freeway till 5 o'clock or later. There has been a congestion of traffic caused by an accident on one of the other freeways. Take some alternate route). Yesterday I heard two such special Police Bulletins directing motorists to keep off certain freeways because of accidents. I have not driven on a freeway yet. I have watched the traffic below us on the freeways from our vantage points high up on the streets over these mountains. Of course I can't keep off them forever but I can try. Put it off as long as I can. We will have to tell you about all the sights when we get home. Too much for now.

The gang is home now. One is practicing on the piano, on the flute, on a half size violin. The others are studying, or acting like they were.

The weather is beautiful (?). Sunshiny and warm as a nice day in June. When we first arrived, where you had your snow, we had two nights down here when the thermometer dropped to 27, froze a lot of trees and fruit estimated at over \$4,000,000.00 as we heard over the radio. We don't take a newspaper so must pick up what we can wherever we can. Mother & I had to sleep under two blankets for several nights. I guess the cold spell is over for now. Leaves are falling from the trees all over town, and crews are hauling it away. In Burbank all the trees along the streets, and there are lots of them, more than any other section of Los Angeles, belongs to the city. Regular crews care for them, prune them regularly, replace dead or unsightly, specimens & remove the leaves. It makes a very pretty street & town. The camellias are beginning to bloom. Here there is a big gush full of pink and red blossoms. A pink bush is beginning to burst open. I saw a lovely large white blossom, today on one bush. They we come on quite rapidly now. The narcissus are six to eight inches high but the hyacinth are still dormant. I saw one big amaryllis blossom yesterday in a sheltered nook high up on the mountain over the Bowl.

Sunday noon- I find a little time to go on with my writings to you. I hope that you can get out of all this wordage I put down some idea of the mental impressions I am receiving while here. It is a beautiful warm sunshiny day, a summer day for shirt sleeves and lying stretched out in the shade. It is what they here think is a perfect paradise. It is for them and possibly also for me if I keep my gaze close at home and imagine that the sunshine which filters though to us is read sunshine, but I must not let my gaze wander farther away then across the street. For everything, that is distances get lost, until the mountainous hills, close to or right in the city

which we should see very distinctly are lost to view almost if not altogether in smog. Sown here they get used to it, and I guess their bodies or eyes get acclimated to it so after a few months they don't notice it. But I am not young to stay long enough to get used to it. Too much of too much is too much for me. Me for the primitive life and the wide open spaces, where I can see and breathe something that seems like nature.

Last night, just at dusk, early evening before the dinner hour the radio came on with a report. "Please keep off of Santa Monica Blvd. It is terribly congested and will be for two hours. Choose some alternate route to travel. There have been no accidents but the cars are almost bumper to bumper for miles and moving extremely slow, stay away." The police department sends up helicopters who watch the freeways from the sky and then send out these reports. It must help a lot for we get some such report as this almost any afternoon or evening. Sometimes traffic is jammed for hours. Last night another dinner off of the carpet in the family room about 8 o'clock. I suppose one reason why they ate in there last night was because they had brought the washing home, which they had done at a Laundromat during the afternoon. The first washing since we arrived, and a huge one of a half dozen laundry bags at that and it was spread out over most of the table in the dining room. In fact it is still there and probably will remain until they can get the ironing done. Mother is ironing at one side in the living room and has been for hours. The pile does not seem to grow smaller. I wonder if I am just getting too old to appreciate the new modern ways of living. Roy went to work at some theater where there is a play going on and will be gone all day. He might get a relief for lunch but he thought he would not. So life goes on. He has had three days work last week. In a couple of weeks he is engaged to go with a road show which will show here for about a week and then travel up state, with about two weeks in San Francisco. Work seems to come in bunches or snatches, like the minstrel in the "Mikado." Monday evening we have all been invited out to Raymond Crouch's for dinner-6:30. All of us includes Maude & Edna. I don't know where it is yet except it is a good many miles from here. Roy may be working in which case he cannot go. Raymond Crouch is the son of the elder Crouch, from whom the York's bought this place where they are living. The elder Mrs. Crouch is now dead. She was Eva Crosby who lived neighbor to us in Canon City, Colo., a member of the church & Sunday school there, and a girlhood pal of Maude. They visited back & forth for many years here in Los Angeles before Eva died a few years ago. This is the house they lived in here in Los Angeles.

Monday 3:15 pm. We have just picked up the girls from school. After taking the girls to school this morning, then breakfast and about 10:00 N.B.C. called Roy for the days work. He will be home about 5 or 6. Eleanor took us in her car about 10:30. We visited the outdoor Theater across the ravine from the Hollywood Bowl, owned by Los Angeles, where they put on the Passion Play ever year. It is in a ravine, with steep side and a steep hillside slope behind the stages, a natural back drop of hill, trees, vines, paths and high up on the hill the three crosses. It must be a thrilling sight to see this Passion Play which is patterned after that of Oberammergau in Germany, and played with local talent. I took what pictures I could. Then Eleanor drove out onto the freeway, which goes through the pass or

ravine between the Bowl & the Theater. This is the first time we have been on the freeways. Usually 5 lanes in each direction, running comfortably full most of the time. M.P.H. about 70, 60, 50, 40, and trucks. If you want to travel fast you watch your chance and get over into a fast lane. She followed the freeway into down town Los Angeles. We saw the City Hall, U.S. Court house, R.R. Union Station. It was the noon hour; cops were directing traffic at important crossings. The crowds on the street were about like Saturday P.M. crowds in down town Seattle, but the autos were not so congested for there were five lanes and travel was only one way on important streets. We drove around till 1:30 then into a side street where there is one block of old Mexico. We parked for almost 2 hrs and went through the shops, made a few purchases and obtained a few more slides. I took several pictures also. Then we ate lunch in a real Mexican place, Mexican food cooked by an old Mexican woman right in the same booth on a gas stove. It was tortillas wrapped around some kind of filling, mostly vegetable or greens similar to a hamburger but without the meat, and all if it hot with Mexican peppers. It was very palatable in spite of appearances. Then we had to get back into Burbank, miles away, 10 or 12 or more, in time to pick up the girls from school at 3:00 o'clock. Oh, yes, I knew there was something I was forgetting. The weather, you know that little problem so many people talk about but never do anything about. Well, they ought to. It was a lovely warm cloudless summer day, just perfect in every respect except one for taking nice pictures of what I saw. The smog was so thick that the people along the street were wiping their eyes. One man even had a large towel, walking right down through the crowd at Hollywood and Vine wiping his eyes. And everybody's eyes smart. Buildings were almost lost to sight of more than a block or two away. The tops of the City Hall and Court House were quite dim from the street where we were right in front of them. The girls we picked up at school said they had been playing volley ball, with a very white ball. There were two courts side by side and time & again the two balls would get all mixed up. They could not see the balls from the other end of the same court. Glorious sunny California. I doubt if any of the pictures I took will come out right. But we got an opportunity to see down town Los Angeles. Roy says this smog is the worst he has seen. Well we saw it too, and that is something. This evening at 5:45 we will start somewhere to Raymond Crouches. Maude & Edna will be there too. Eleanor will drive Mother and I out there, wherever it is. Tell you about it tomorrow.

Wednesday morning, Nov. 26.

Here I am again. I hope I don't disturb you folks with all my chatter & patter. I have had to shut up about making any comments about the smog. From here on I will just endure it in silence like everybody else does down here, and thank the Lord for those days that are clear enough to see anything.

Monday night we drove through the smog 15 or 20 miles out to Raymond Crouches. Well it was night and you could not have seen very much anyway. They say Mr. Crouch has a walnut ranch. He invited us to come out sometime (when the smog was not so bad) and say it. But we had a nice time. Maude & Edna were there. Mr. Crouch, his two sons and their wives and two children, a boy & girl in their teens. They served us a lovely Thanksgiving dinner, turkey, dressing,

cranberries etc., etc., and we sat around the living room afterwards about a half hour and listened to anecdotes and experiences of Nigerian Missionary life. These two Crouch boys had been Missionaries in Nigeria. The boy & girl had been to Nigeria with them when younger, but had to come back to America for their education. The wife of the older Crouch son developed asthma so bad they had to return to America to live. She could not stay in Africa. They went out to the outskirts of Los Angeles hoping to find a place where the smog was not as bad. But it seems as though it is no use to try to escape it. The other son and his wife will return to Nigeria next year but leave their two children here for schooling. Why such a short evening. You see Maude had to go to bed early on account of her heart and one of the Crouch boys had brought them over so had to take them home. That would take an hour and a half at least each way. You see Los Angeles is a big place and an hour or two one way or the other seems to be taken for granted. After this experience down here I think I could be happy anywhere, away from town, traffic, smog and the eternal bragging about the non0-existent.

Yesterday Eleanor and I visited Mr. & Mrs. Minturn. They own the Bible Book Store where over 8 years ago I purchased the Numeric Greek and English Bible edited and translated by Ivan Panin. We were there in their home and listened to the story of this Bible and their connection with it and other Bible enterprises for over three hours. It is too elaborate or fantastic to try to tell you in a letter. Mr. Minturn was by trade, an electrical engineer and became connected with this Bible research, Nobel Research Foundation as an electrical engineering consultant on the development of phenyl constituents of the resins used in plastics with which Nobel was experimenting to develop formulas for the converting of California's waste agricultural products, such as orange peel and walnut shells into commercially valuable plastic. A few years ago, as soon as the processes were fully developed and were being put on the market the plastic cartel, moved in on them, stole everything, broke up the whole business and took over for the big plastic companies, and with it went the Bible research, for the one corporation was for both business, plastic research & Bible research. We will try to tell you something more about it when we see you but as far as I am concerned it puts an end to my hopes of help from here. It seems like the Devil must have a hand in it. It is early morning. Mother has gone with Eleanor to take the girls to school. We will have breakfast when they return. Last evening from 4 to 5 we went with Eleanor and the three girls who are taking ballet dancing lessons and watched Patti, their teacher and the class ("") go through a lesson of about an hour. Also we will have more to tell you about this ballet business when we get back. Eleanor is taking over the business end of it as financial manager, etc.

More when we get a chance to tell to you. Mother does not seem able to find time to write, but says for me to tell you that she still loves you and sometime will find time to write. This week end we are going to Mexico.

Love for now, Dad

Postmark Dec. 2, 1958  
Burbank, CA

C.W. Whipple  
1700 Parkside  
Burbank, Calif.

Dear Donald, Jeanne, and Suzy,

Monday we just rested up. We got home Sunday night just after sunset and stopped at a drive in for a malted milk just before stopping. Sunday afternoon was hot, and we got quite uncomfortable in the car. The traffic was not bad except in one spot where there was a three car wreck in a portion of the hiway that was narrow because of construction. They always seem to choose the bad places for their wrecks. From the news reports it seems there was a series of four or five earthquakes while we were traveling Sunday afternoon, but they were slight and we knew nothing about them. Now to tell you the news to get you up to date after a long quiet spell.

Thanksgiving morning we, Blanche, Eleanor and I, got up at 5:00 and before 7 o'clock were on our way to Mexico. The weather was clear and sunny and we soon ran away from the Los Angeles smog. Everything was clear on the trip, all sunshine and no smog anywhere, and when we got back home Sunday evening there was not much smog here, much better than before, but there is always some smog, never actually clear. But out of town, all down the coast and in Mexico there was no smog.

We went in our car. Eleanor did the driving; we three sat in the front seat. I'm in the middle. That way we could all see everything and we sure had a great time, and such a wonderful visit with Eleanor for four days. There is not much open territory along the way going down the coast. Los Angeles goes on mile after mile, and then a few miles of open territory and San Diego starts in and no more open territory till you get into Mexico.

We took some sandwiches with us and ate lunch in the car just before entering Mexico. The entire country is made up of foot hills, small mountains or big hills, not rocks but soil with something growing on them almost everywhere, but not green as this is the dry season. All the hills are covered by small bushes, larger than sage brush, but smaller than trees. Only a small part of the land is formed, it is too hilly. Where they can get water in the little valleys they have truck farms, nut, lemon & orange groves & some olive & avocado orchards. These orchards are nice & green and the trees are loaded with green fruit. In some places there are some orange trees that have yellow fruit on them, but most of them are green. They turn yellow several months before they get ripe. But it seems to me that the orange groves are few and far between most of the time. San Diego is just another town. I don't see much difference. From there to the border is all town all the way. You know when you get to Mexico because there are huge steel gates clear across a six lane highway, three in and three out of Mexico. Going into Mexico they don't stop you to see if you are bringing anything into the country, they hope that you are,

the officials instead stand there and motion to you to hurry and get in. One would think they were in a rush to close the gates or something. They sure welcome you with open arms, empty of course.

We spent the afternoon till 3.00 o'clock roaming over Tijuana, through the shops trying to finish out our Christmas shopping. Shop keepers start talking to you before you get into the shop and don't stop till you are gone & down the street. As you walk along the street each shop seems to have a man urging you to just come in and look, "it won't cost you anything to look". There is not a very great variety of merchandise but shop after shop carries the same things. When you stop at a street crossing to let the traffic clear so you can get across a man with a lap board hung from his shoulders will get right in front of you trying to sell you jewelry, watches, trinkets, etc. If you stop anywhere, someone will try to sell you something, or a bootblack try to black your shoes, 10 cents he says, then when he gets one shoe blacked, he has to have another 10 cents for the other shoe. You drive up to the curb where there is an empty place to park and a parking meter, there is also a little boy who is waiting to persuade you to let him put in a Mexican coin instead of a U.S. dime. Then he makes the difference in exchange between the two coins. But they are honest, and it doesn't cost us any more. There are a few nice buildings on the main streets, but the town is built of shacks with dirt roads, ragged people, dirty children, messy cluttered yards and trash & junk everywhere.

They had one nice statue at the head of a street, of some local or national hero. Got a picture of that one. About 3 o'clock we started on down the Mexican coast. Just open territory, no farms, ranches or anything much, just shacks. No cattle, a few ponies, a few burros, and once we saw a herd of several hundred goats. I don't see how even a goat could live in that hot barren land. It did have vegetation, dry & dead.

Just at dark, about 75 miles from the border as we were approaching a town we came to a motel. The entire York tribe had been down there and Eleanor knew where this motel was. It was comfortable and we had a good night's rest. It was on the edge of the cliff and we could hear the surf all night. In the morning I climbed down to the beach and found abalone shells and other treasures and piled them in the back of our car. Along about 10 o'clock we drove 4 miles further to Ensinado, a town of about 15,000 people, a few paved main streets, but dirt roads no sidewalks, shacks all sizes and colors, adobe occasionally, but most houses not as good as adobe would be. There was one point of interest worthy of mention that was a new Catholic Cathedral they are building. They have the concrete walls up, the roof on and are using it for services, as best they can while finishing it, which is a long slow process.

But inside at the front they have a very beautiful large statue of the Christ about 15 ft high. The door was open. We went in and sat in the pews for a while in meditation. On the other side of the front was an altar, where they evidently celebrate Mass. Farther back toward the rear at one side was a large crucifix. I took a picture but as it was inside do not know what I got. But it will be a nice building when it is finished. We saw a priest leaving just before we arrived.

Workmen were busy all around the building. We drove around the town a while and then ate a real Mexican dinner in a real Mexican 'joint'.

We made a few purchases and I tried to find some slides but failed. We drove back to Tijuana, finished our shopping and headed north. There was a jam at the border and it took us about an hour to get across. There were two lines of autos 5 or 6 blocks long, moving at a snail's pace on the Mexican side. Up and down between the two rows of cars were dozens of Mexican salesmen, afoot, with their hands full of things to sell, walking up and down and asking at every car for sales. We finally got across, almost dark; dark closes in quickly when the sun goes down. There is no twilight, it just comes night. We drove back to San Diego to find a motel, but as it was dark we had quite a time and did not find a satisfactory place till we came to Del Mar, just outside San Diego on the north. Here we found a nice motel and slept till late in the morning. We got away about 9:30 and headed north, debating whether to go home or somewhere else. We decided on the somewhere else, drove up the coast a ways and headed inland through orange groves, mountains, valleys and small towns toward Escondido, then for the little town of Vista. This is where Glenn Lepley lives. Glenn was an inspector at Boeing in 1940-43 when I was there and when he left Seattle we kept in touch. But I had only a P.O. Box address. When we got to Vista, I went into a telephone booth, hunted up his name & address and called up his residence. His wife answered. Right then the fun started. It was Saturday about 10:30. Glen was not home, but was about 12 miles out in the hills where they are getting ready to build a new home. He was working on a pipe line from a well he had bored 200 ft to water up to a reservoir on the hill. She told us to come up to her house and we could go out in our car and see Glenn. We did it. She came down the road, we picked her up and drove out to where Glenn was working up in the brush on the hill putting in pipe from the well. She called up to him to come down, that she had a surprise for him. He came down. He got his surprise all right, and then things began to happen. He had on overalls, blue jacket, dirty boots, and an old hat, but he said, "We will all get in my car and I will show you around". So we left our car at the side of the road, piled into his car and started. He took us up to their building site, on top of a small mountain, then over to the home of the lady from whom they obtained the site. Here we were served a wonderful turkey dinner with all the trimmings, beautiful grounds, on a mountain where you see for many miles in every direction with ice blue Pacific in the distance. We can't tell you much in a letter, but will have more to tell you when we get the chance. Glenn said, "I believe we have time to drive to Quest Haven (that is their religious shrine) and then to Palomar before dark." The observatory closes at 5 o'clock. Of course we said ok, let's go. So we went. We got to Palomar Observatory one minute before 5. They kept it open for us and a few others that were there till we could look around.

The interior of the dome and instruments was well lighted. There was a large scale drawing of the telescope, the location of the 200 inch mirror and the position of the observer with lines indicating the path of the light beams. Indeed a marvelous thing to see for one's own self, not just magazine pictures. Outside after they were closed, darkness had settled over the countryside and we could see the

lights of Los Angeles, San Diego and all the dozens of lesser towns scattered between us and the ocean.

Then the trip back to Vista through the mountains and winding roads. An experience never to be forgotten. We came to the spot where our car had been parked. Eleanor drove it in to Vista with Mrs. Lepley as guide. In Vista they took us to a fine café for a good dinner, finishing just at 8 o'clock. We all then went to a community hall where there was a lecture with photographs and slides on flying saucers and other unidentified lights and phenomenon. I don't know about others but we came away with the same ideas about flying objects from outer space as we already had-bosh.

Then home with Mr. & Mrs. Lepley where we had a good nights rest and breakfast, and looked over their flowers and fruit. Tell you about them when we see you. Then get ready for Church. We went with them to Quest Haven, which they had sown us the day before, but this time for a worship service. The religion is called "The Christward Way". It is a mixture of Buddhism, Hinduism, philosophy, and some ideas from Christianity & Judaism. I had studied and became thoroughly acquainted with it years ago. It was not new to me. I had heard their prophet or goddess or whatever they consider her years ago in Seattle, but Eleanor had never known about it. We will have to describe her appearance and actions to you first hand, as it cannot be very well told in writing. After the meeting we had a cafeteria style lunch on the Church grounds and then back to the Lepley home about 14 to 16 miles away in Vista. By about 3 o'clock we were on our way back to Burbank. Four days filled full of sights and adventures, never to be forgotten. I took pictures till I ran out of film. Will take them over and get them developed right away. This is Tuesday morning now and I have been taking some more pictures this morning. We got your good letters and just love them. Suzy's letter is especially grand. Tell her both Grandmother & Grandfather like her letter, and will try to see Santa Claus for her before we come back. Forgive me for talking so much about ourselves.

Love Dad

Dec. 2-58

Dear Donald, Jeanne, Jeanie & Suzy,

Just in case you might think your Mother is not in Calif. any more. I think I had better write you a few lines and let you know I am still going strong. We enjoyed your letters so very much and the children's letter were wonderful. Thank you Jeanie for yours and Suzy's. We think of you most all occasions and wish for you to be with us.

I think dad has written most of the news which is good for my eyes soon get tired out.

The smog is not bad now. I think it bothers Dad more then it does me. The sunshine is wonderful. We ate our breakfast in the back yard where the shade felt good. Think of that in December. We wished for more money while we were in Mexico so we could buy more and better things for our loved ones. How ever we did manage to buy a little something for every one. Time is going so fast. What would we do without you there to come back to. I am being wanted on a lot. Just hope I will not I will not be spoiled.

Love from your Mother

Postmark Dec. 11, 1958

C.W. Whipple  
1700 Parkside  
Burbank, Calif.

Dear kids, all of you including Suzy,

We came back from S. Pasadena where we were with Maude & Edna this forenoon. I did our weeks washing and have it hanging out to dry. Mother & I just ate our lunch, a glass of milk and some crackers. It is 12:30. It is warm and the sun is shining bright. Mother is sitting under the shade of a fan palm tree, alternately reading and I suspect trying to go to sleep, which she will soon accomplish. I am writing in the shade of a small tree or shrub with leaves about like a cottonwood tree. The upper half of the tree is covered with dead leaves, the lower half green and nice. They had a frost when we first came down and it ripped off the tops of tender shoots & leaves & banana leaves six or eight feet long. They now hang dead and dried up in shreds. But nothing else much was hurt. The back yard where we are is really nice although they have an awful time with crab grass in their lawns here. The nice lawns here are not grass at all but a small plant similar to clover, but the leaves are all of an even green, no marks. The children are at school. Roy is asleep for he worked last night. Eleanor & Oletia have taken their weeks' wash to the laundry mat. So mother & I have the place to ourselves. I can hear a couple of birds having a sort of argument or something across the way. Saturday afternoon Mother & I went over to S. Pasadena and stayed five days till today.

The smog was not too bad going over but Sunday it closed in. We went to church with them, to Sunday school, and to a sort of social meeting at night. Mother is looking over at me with a sort of guilty look on her face. She says to tell you she loves you and feels like she ought to write, but, she's just too tired to lift a pen. Just pure laziness if you should ask me. I had to wheel her to a new spot where there was more shade. Yes, there are wheels. It isn't a bed. It isn't a chair. It isn't even a wheel chair. It's kind of crooked like a giant green caterpillar, with the fuzzy rubbed off and little wheels on two of his legs. (Drawing of a caterpillar with wheels shown in letter). You can show this to Suzy so she will know the kind of a contraption grandma is trying to go to sleep on. I just heard the cuckoo clock in Dawn's room cuckoo one for one o'clock. I also am aware of a little dog next door that things we must be a couple of tramps or burglars. And the garbage truck out front is in gear hoisting stuff up into the sky and dropping it into the truck. They have about a dozen different kinds of hoists and trucks down here. A different kind for each city I guess. (Drawing of modern day garbage truck).

Monday the smog was terrible. It closed up the airports and some places you couldn't see across the street. It was better by spells, but there were lots of auto wrecks. People couldn't see the signs to know where to turn and when they stopped or even hesitated, wham.

But in spite of the smog, Edna took me to town at noon. Ran out of ink and could not find more so here goes. She took us to lunch at a famous or fabulous cafeteria, "Clifton's Cafeteria". Also known as the "Garden" because in the basement they have a room, small, like a reception room, said to be patterned like a room in a common home in Palestine at the time of Christ. Here two women dressed in Oriental dress, also of 2000 years ago explained the exhibit to us. Also, they had souvenirs for sale in this first room and when we came out I bought some slides, so we will be able to show you as well as tell you. The next room was an almost dark room, oriental, where we listened to a record telling of Christ's agony in the Garden. When that was finished we went into the next room. It was much larger, representing the Garden of Gethsemane at night. Along one side flowed the book Kidron, actual water and a small falls. There were two trees, olive trees I guess and the walls & ceiling were painted to match. On one wall was Jerusalem in the distance. At a large rock in the middle of the room was a life size replica of Christ kneeling and praying and in the background the three disciples asleep.

There were some lighting effects & on the whole a very nice scene. All this was free to anyone who came.

Then we returned to the main floor and ate a nice luncheon. The entire interior was decorated, walls and ceiling painted and covered with vines, foliage, trees, rocks, and things to make it look like out of doors. At the rear a balcony floor up steps, and higher still and behind the tree tops other tables and alcoves. To one side was a mountain scene with water coming down over a water falls. Real water but a false falls. It was a really nice experience. Also we visited an art gallery, in a store where they sell oil paintings and spend about an hour there. They ranged in price from \$37.50 to \$3,000. Many were really nice. All this was right in the heart of down town Los Angeles. We could see across the street all right, but couldn't see the top of the tower on the city hall. We went on the bus. 31 cents carfare each way, and I guess the bus driver knew where to go for he got us back to Pasadena ok.

What a wonderful town this must be if we could see it. They say down here that there are clear days. I have got some slides which must have been taken on these rare occasions.

Besides the services at the church, Sunday was also of importance for one of the church members, a retired school teacher, drove out to Whittier and brought in Pheobe Whipple, my brother George's second wife. She lives in Whittier, so we could have a visit with her. She was there for church, came home to Maude's with us for dinner, so we had a nice visit.

Then late in the afternoon this lady took Pheobe home and Mother & I went along. George preached in Whittier and they had purchased a lot to build a new church which George never saw. We saw the new church; the old one has been torn down now. Also living in Whittier was a Mrs. Davis who lived in Seattle and was in my Sunday school class. Pheobe knew her, so we called on her and talked old times. The ride was nice in spite of smog. Tuesday the smog was terrible, they claimed the worst in seven years. We did not go anywhere or do any thing.

Wednesday morning the wind had changed and blown the smog out to sea. It really looked pretty nice in Pasadena. We could see the hills. Wednesday night the church had a missionary meeting and a woman missionary from Africa showed slides. The talk & slides were very interesting.

Mother did not get much sleep. You see, there was one fly who seemed to think he lives here that kept trying to torment her so she would leave. I folded up an old apron and proceeded to kill the fly. But after ten attempts to kill the fly, mother told me to lay off while she was still alive, so I quit.

From now on it will be nip and tuck, more nip than tuck, I am afraid. This morning when we left Pasadena it seems quite clear, but before we had gone far we could see the smog hanging over the whole valley below us. I wonder if it was ever clear. There had not been a clear day since we arrived.

We gave David the big stamp album and he was certainly thrilled. He as spent many hours over it since then. Also we have been handing out the extra stamps we have to the girls and they are having a great time with them. We are not through with them yet. We received your nice letter telling about your Christmas goodies, but we can't be both places at once, so will have to wait till we see you. Did I tell you Eleanor picked up a bug of some kind in her meal in Mexico & has been having a bad time, but we believe she is better now, though still weak.

Love a lot to a lot of you, Dad

Postmark Dec. 20, 1958  
C.W. Whipple  
1700 Parkside  
Burbank, Calif.

Dear Donald & Jeanne,

Friday we visited the Los Angeles Museum. It contains about everything, art, statuary, paintings, minerals, gems, artifacts from all over the world. Egypt and mummy, sarcophagus, Chinese, Hindu, Japanese and several large rooms or halls with scenery of Africa with the stuffed animals in their native habitat, Arctic bears, seals, sea lions, and prehistoric animals & birds. Right here in Los Angeles is a 20 acre park, right on a main boulevard, which is a tar pit which is ages past trapped the prehistoric animals, and from which has been dug elephants, mammoths, saber tooth tigers, lions, wolves, small horses, small animals, big & little birds, bats, bugs, insects, etc. The actual skeletons recovered have been restored and are on display in great cases in a big long hall or gallery. In one end is a painted background and a foreground of natural settings in which these animals are shown, life size. It is a wonderful scene. I was going to try to get a picture of it, but that was impossible because the smog is so thick in the building that if you go back far enough to get things in the picture, it would be too dim, & the colors all dulled. The same way all through the museum. Paintings dull when viewed from across the room. Smog is no joke down here. I wouldn't live here any great length of time if they would give me the whole Los Angeles County.

One of the County Commissioners just elected was put into office on a platform that promised the people he would work for a law to compel every car to be equipped with a smog eliminator and every factory burning oil to change to natural gas for fuel.

When we are out on the freeways and boulevards, the trucks are thick, the big kind, burning diesel oil and spouting black smoke everywhere they go. The factories and trucking companies, and automobiles companies and oil refineries are fighting all these preventative measures with millions of dollars. Every once in a while we have what they call an alert. An alert is when the smog gets so thick you can hardly see across the street, and the health department is afraid of mass deaths from its effects. The alert is actually a notice to every factory, oil refinery and company burning oil to stand by, ready to shut down at a moments notice. But they never yet have gone that far, they have not yet ordered a general shutdown. That would paralyze the city. So they just take it and after a while it eases up a little. More & more physicians are putting 'smog' on death certificates as the causes of deaths. A fight is on, mostly kept hush hush because the Los Angeles Board of Health will not accept those certificates which name smog as the cause.

This morning the sun is breaking through a little and casting a dim shadow. Twice this week the weather department promised a little rain, which would help the situation, but instead we got just some low clouds, which they call fog or dust or smoke that only makes it worse. But everybody goes right on with whatever they are doing, saying nothing. Apparently I am the only one who sees it.

But we have other things of interest to watch down here. One the television yesterday we saw the funeral of the god Krishna Vanta, pall bearers, widow, members of the cult, all barefoot, all walking carrying the coffin. They say he is not dead, but has been reincarnated in the body of some one else. This is the cult that had their monastery blown to bits with 20 sticks of dynamite last week down in the south part of Los Angeles. (By the way we saw a bronze statue of the god Krishna in the Museum Friday which was made in about the third century B.C.). This head of the cult Krishna, who was blown to bits with seven other members of his cult was quite a character. He was one of those reformers who had formerly committed about all the crimes in the book and had a record about as long as your arm, and was posing as a God, and had everybody work for him and turn over to him their wages. In return he repaid them by allowing the female members of the cult to sleep with him, to help keep him warm, for he was naturally very cold blooded. He was not too choosy either, whether the women who slept with him were single or married old or young. It seems that after sleeping with a God they didn't want to go back to their husbands so two of these abandoned husbands got together with some dynamite, after making a tape recorded record of the whole matter and blew up the institution including themselves. Los Angeles is lousy (not for sure of that word) with false Gods.

We had a regular meal last night, that is we sat down to a table and ate like ordinary folks should, had a hot dish and roast potatoes, that is all of us except Donna. She has been too sick to go to school the last few days so she lies around on the bed, eats in bed, etc., and does not dress, but she is a very extra sort of individual, she still has strength enough left to go to the dance studio and dance, on her toes an hour or so each day, with a private lesson extra thrown in for good measure. Then back again to her bed. Last night she slept with her mother, but her mother didn't go to bed till long after midnight. At 4 she was still up.

I guess I must be sort of crazy writing all these things to you folks, but you know something, misery likes to share their feelings with others. It does a little good but not much. Mother is up now. It is 9:30 and we hear a little action in the other part of the house. Such a life. You get up but you can't make a noise or leave your room, you just about can't do anything. You never know whether the others have eaten their breakfast, one at a time, standing around the kitchen or sitting on the floor in the living room. We often miss it altogether like yesterday morning, Mother fried us an egg and I had a glass of milk and Mother her coffee, we alone that is. The pies Mother baked made a change for one meal. I just heard Mother say she was going to get us our breakfast now 10 o'clock. I asked her if the others had eaten and she said she didn't know, she guessed not. Mother just came back in, she says, "Who am I to go in there and start breakfast. I'm not hungry; I can wait if the rest can." So we wait. What we are to wait for I don't know.

I discover that Mother is writing to you and she just announced that she wants her letter mailed as soon as she finishes it, so I better send this along with it. That's all right, something else will happen to write about so I should worry. The days are hot, the nights are cold, the air is thick, the water warm, the flowers are all waiting for spring to come. The trees are bare of leaves on whole streets; the

streets are littered with the fallen leaves. Another ten days we are to have the Tournament of Roses. They sure need something to cheer things up, but where will they get the flowers. 10 o'clock. Eleanor is just now taking Donna to a dance lesson and will bring back our breakfast, donuts & something else I guess. What a life.

Dad

Dear Don, Jeanne, Jeannie, & Suzy,

We are enjoying the pictures of the children on the Christmas card and your lovely greeting card more than new can say. They are on the dresser where we can see them every time we come into the room.

Yesterday was the last day of school for the children here. They have a two weeks vacation. The folks here like to stay up late and sleep late of mornings so now there is not any school to get them up. Which leaves Dad and I sorta on the spot. We are supposed to get up, get our breakfast or do most anything we want but that is not so easy. For we might awaken some one even if they think not. Eleanor does the work around this house. Denise and Diana wash the evening dishes and takes their time to it too but the time is not all lost for they usually have fun doing it. Denise is a pretty girl and does her hair beautifully. She is too tall for Jeanne's coat so Diana gets it.

David is doing much better. He is held down and not allowed to go over board, makes him seem kinda meek sometimes. He has only had swimming lessons last summer but one day last week he dove in and saved a boys life at the school pool. While others who were better swimmers stood around & watched. Then said nothing about it at home then the next day he told us after he had heard a great deal said about it at school.

Donna said he forgot the life he saved.

The boy he saved told him he was going to learn to swim, he had his lesson. Dad is telling you about our trip to the museum. It's good that he is giving you so much of the news but I wonder if there is going to be much left to tell you when we get home. The smog does not get any better.

One thing sure we would not want to live here in Los Angeles County or anywhere very near and I am sorry the folks here have to live in it. It is getting worse all the time and something surely will have to be done.

Lee and Jenny came up fro San Diego last Saturday, and stayed until Sunday evening at Maude's. Dad & I were there, also Phoebe. Eleanor came for dinner. Lee is great big giant of a fellow. He is nice. We like him. They like to talk about their grandchildren, I believe they have eight.

I know you folks are going to have a wonderful Christmas. Would just love to peek in on you. Your cookies, candy and all the fixing are a lot of fun. Roy left a week ago with a bunch of men for couple of three weeks so I think our Christmas here will be small as they are going to wait until he came home for part of it. I do not know yet just what they plan. Doubt if they know themselves. We are looking forward to our little Christmas with you after we get home.

Eleanor & Oletia have painted a picture in their front window of the Madonna and child, five other children, the star, rays of light from the star to the child.

A white tree is on the porch next to the picture, three spot lights shine on the tree. Many neighbors are decorated with stings of colored lights.

Love & kisses to our dear ones, Mother.