

June 4, 1946 -

At last I am really ready to depart on a short (4 weeks) trip to the northern part of South America. The red tape that a person goes through "wears one down" until he feels he needs a "double" vacation to recuperate.

First our own American passport (though only one year old) must be re-validated--two forms filled out with personal information thereon, and also two photographs attached--then a vaccination certificate not more than two years old (or 1 year if travelling on an Army plane or ship). Of course I had to have a leave order from The Panama Canal; then, since I am visiting both Colombia and Ecuador, I had to secure visas from the consuls of each of these countries. The Colombian visa was easy--I drove to the Embassy one afternoon at 3:30 and they detained me about 30 minutes. I filled out 2 more forms and gave them 2 more photographs and they charged me nothing. Then--I began trying to get a visa for Ecuador. I made 2 trips to the Embassy before I knew it was closed until August. The ambassador had returned to Quito and closed the place. Then I went to the consulate. I was informed I had to secure a letter from the Air Company stating I had my ticket in and out of Ecuador. I also had to have a letter from the Health Department insuring them I was in good health, a letter from the police stating I was in "good standing", and four more photographs. It took me about 48 hours to "round up" all this dope, then I spent an entire morning with the Ecuadorian Consul filling out papers, tourist cards, having him write letters to the immigration officer and others, and he requested three more photographs, also that I give my fingerprints (at least he didn't ask for my great-grandmother's given name, and examine my back molars).

And, oh dear, my "family" and friends insisted on feeding, ^{partying} and gifting me before I left--to my embarrassment--since I had a vacation in the States only last year.

Of course I did appreciate and enjoy their kindness, but felt it was just too much.

It took me an hour or two to get my ticket written up and other information at the airport--but I finally got it all accomplished--threw all my borrowed heavy clothes into a hand bag and was off "to the races".

June 5: Quito, Ecuador -

Yesterday was a perfect day and I had a wonderful flight. We left Balboa airport about 11 A.M. and landed at Cali ^{Colombia} about 2:30 P.M. (Oh me, how hot it was there--it seemed like the torrid zone[^], alright, though they say the nights are very cool). We came on into Quito airport about 5 P.M.

We flew high all the way and it was very smooth sailing--a few big puffy white clouds below us but no storm clouds and we could see the water, mountains, rivers and vegetation the entire route.

They served us hot lunch aloft and ice cream in the afternoon before we landed at Quito.

I was travelling with a young girl who has been in school in the States and was going home to Guayaquil (Ecuador) for summer vacation. She knows many people on the Zone whom I know and I enjoyed visiting with her coming down here.

Just before we got into Quito we came in view of three very glorious snow-capped peaks--they rank well up with some of the highest in South America. I am not sure of the spelling of these but believe they are: Cayambi, Cotopaxi, and Chimborazo--this last named is the ~~highest~~ ^{highest}. They all looked beautiful with the bright sunshine on them. They are all practically on the equator as is Quito--and our plane notified us as we crossed the imaginary line--dipped salute.

But, oh boy, howdy, was it ever cold when we got out of the plane at the airport. I buttoned up my top coat and shook in my shoes. Customs wasn't too much trouble, but the immigration officer had to have a few papers and photographs and what have you. If all the pictures of me that I've handed out were laid end to end they would look like a rogue's gallery--at least I think any native of any country could recognize me if they put all my pictures on display.

I was cold and weary last night so I had my dinner early (at least it is early for this place)--about 8 o'clock--and I turned in soon thereafter. It is now 8:30 A.M. and I am still in bed. I had my breakfast "sent up" as that seems the proper thing to do in all these countries. You should hear me airing my Spanish--and does it ever need airing--but that is the only way I could get what I wanted to eat. I ordered my cafe con leche and pan tostadas and frutas--but they came up without the fruit. When I told the waiter I wanted fruit and specified orange juice he returned with a large plate of fruit and a glass of orange juice. I thanked him and devoured most of it. The fruit was one large banana, two big slices of papaya and a mangosteen. I ate the papaya and half the mangosteen and drank the orange juice--drank some of the hot coffee (with mostly hot milk) and a piece of the toast. It really tasted good to me. The bill was 8.70 which is suces or less than 65 cents.

Now I must get up and get dressed and take a look at this city.

I understand there are more than three hundred thousand people here--mostly Indians.

June 6 -

First I made a trip to the bank to exchange some dollars to suces and I feel very rich now since I have quite a large roll. The exchange is 13.13 to 1--so for every 20 dollar bill I got 260.+ suces. I have found all native produce very cheap here but imported things are out of sight.

Well, I went to arrange my trip with the tourist agent to go up through the valley to Ambato and see some of the gorgeous scenery at close range--and to my utter delight Mr. and Mrs. MacIntosh (the agents) invited me to be a (paying) guest in their home. They have a ~~large~~ beautiful home about ten minutes ride from the main part of the city and just across the street from a new hotel, the "Cordillera". I have a large, beautiful, sunny room with two large windows opening one to front and one to the side of the house, and a very beautiful mountain

view (Mt. Pichincha). Since coming out here I have extended my stay here in Quito to over a week, and could easily spend my entire vacation here without tiring of it. A Mr. and Mrs. Walters, both of whom work at the American Embassy, also live here with the MacIntosh's and they are very pleasant and interesting.

I made a trip to the Embassy and met most of the girls and men out there. They are all very charming and most helpful in getting me acquainted with Ecuador.

Last night and this morning I have been just resting admiring the scenery and watching the Indians traipse back and forth up the mountains with loads on their backs that everyone says weigh from 50 to 500 pounds. You cannot even conceive of their strength unless you really see them. Of course I had seen similar ones in the Andes in Peru several years ago, but you forget from time to time about those things.

Last night we all sat in front of the open fireplace talking and playing a cute little game with dice--then we turned in early, and how I enjoyed the luscious bed I had with all the good wool blankets.

This morning I am going to get my "first" real bath since I left home and this afternoon I shall go down town and visit some of the shops.

June 10th -

I have been neglecting my "notes" the last three days but for good reasons. I have been meeting guests for two evenings, two more ladies from the American Embassy--Clara Rall and Jean Scism--also a Mr. Harris with the Foreign Liquidation Commission. Extra special dinners both evenings and bridge one evening.

The shops are all rather small but very interesting. Many silver pieces and beautiful hand painted pictures and all kinds of gadgets made from the tagua nut. My purchases will be slim since I have little space or additional weight that I can add to my luggage.

And now, oh dear! I must record the most interesting trip of all.

Mr. MacIntosh, the man (and wife) with whom I am staying, conducted a 2-day tour up through the mountains to Ambato and Banos. There were 5 of us--Mrs. Flager and daughter, Marjory, Mr. Kendall, Mr. MacIntosh and I. Ambato is about the fourth city in size in Ecuador and a most fascinating place. I judge it is about 50 or 60 miles from Quito and up through the most beautiful valley I ever saw. All the way was like some famous Van Gogh painting. Any artist would have about gone crazy wanting to stop to sketch or paint the scene in front of him. There were mountains beautifully green--with cultivated fields in all shades that looked like jig-saw puzzles perfectly placed together--many graceful eucalyptus trees in great groves, symmetrical lines, or scattered at random along the landscape. Every little house whether a thatched roof hut or a stone or adobe house seemed to blend into the over-all picture. At times there would be a large hacienda surrounded by low walls made of mud, bricks, blocks or fences; with huge ornate gates at the entrance. Some of the dirt walls were covered with shrubs and flowers--and along the road right up to the timber line were many wild flowers. We had several miles of driving over the barren plateau above timberline before we started back into the valley on the other side of the mountain range.

Now I have forgotten to tell you the nature of the road bed itself. It is fairly well graded up and the foundation is partly gravel, volcanic ash or sandy clay--but down the middle is a strip paved with cobble stones. These stones were laid by the native Indians by hand, then dirt thrown over the stones to partly fill in the crevices. It is amazing how smooth the stones--but to me it is very rough and when I first started I kept wondering when we would strike a smoother road--but after about 20 miles I got used to the "jiggle" and settled down quite relaxed. We reached Ambato about noon and went to a pension (a hotel and restaurant) run by some refugees--a very interesting and "foreign-looking" place. It has quite a pretty flower garden, tennis court, 2 guest houses, and down a bluff behind the place a swift-running river. *It is called Villa Hilda.*

The rest and food were most refreshing--and what a Sunday dinner. They served everything from hors d'oeuvres to ice cream. There was soup, steak, roast chicken, asparagus, potatoes, salad, etc., etc. Everything very tasty and served by French maids. In fact, I believe the man who owns the place must be French--though a German seemed to be managing the dining room.

While I am on the subject I must tell you that there are many many refugees here. It seems that before or at the beginning of the war there were many Jews, "Checks", French and other European nationals hustled out of their countries and Ecuador was apparently one of the easiest countries for them to be admitted into--so they came in droves and practically all of them went into business here; as a consequence, many of the stores, hotels, boarding houses and other lines of business are run by these people. You see many German-Jews.

From Ambato we drove over a mountain road cut along the side of the mountain and overlooking another dream valley--if possible more gorgeous than any we had seen. Some parts of the road, the drop-offs at the side of the road, were perpendicular for many feet below, a little breath-taking at times, but with a careful driver not frightening. We reached Banos (meaning baths) about 4 P.M. This place is surrounded by mountains, contains many pensions, some mineral baths, a few stores, one huge cathedral--very beautiful without and most ornate within, with many famous paintings.

We drove on down the valley for several miles, along one of the most turbulent rivers I ever saw. There were many waterfalls, cataracts, and great gorges cut through solid rock in the most fantastic ways. At one place a bridge was constructed across a gorge that dropped 200 feet to the river below. Along this river the vegetation had become tropical--very similar to Panama jungle. There were huge ferns, long tendrils of vines down the bank, wild orchids and other tropical flowers. At places the road was cut out under huge mountains of rock and at many places there were walls of rock extending straight up for many many feet. The construction of the road was no small engineering feat.

We returned to a pension at Banos (The Edita) in time for another large meal before "turning in" time.

The next morning we drove back to Ambato in time for their market. I never hope to see anything as colorful as that. Not even the market at Chichicastinango in Guatemala quite came up to it.

(Ambato was also destroyed by the 1949 earth quake + the cathedral with priests + 60 children at their - 4 - first communion were killed)

Banos was almost completely destroyed by earthquake in 1949

All along the road winding down into Ambato were the Indians--hundreds of them practically all on foot with heavy loads of their produce on their backs and some driving burrows with huge packs on them. And when I say they were carrying just about everything, I mean just that. Most of the women and some of the children had babies strapped to their backs and many had additional huge loads besides them (the babies). They had all kinds of fruit, vegetables, chickens, hemp (that was stripped into long strings that hung on their backs like huge capes of fringe), wool and hides, jars and pots, grain and dried beans and nuts, and heaven only knows what else. They never take the loads off their backs until they reach the market, but they rest with the load sitting or resting against a hillside or some embankment. Many of them walk all night and half a day to reach Ambato. Some of them drive sheep, pigs, goats or cows to sell or exchange. Most of them are filthy; the women have no shoes and wear a shawl, the men wear ponchos, hats and usually sandals. Some of the men ride but few of the women. Many of them go in a dog trot all the time, up or down the mountain side. How can they do it?

As we drove into Ambato we stopped on a hill above the market and looked down on the seething mass of humanity. From that distance it was beautiful--even scintillating. Here were these thousands of Indians who had come in from every direction, dressed in their ponchos, shawls and hats--every color of the rainbow. You could all but imagine the mass of color had been made by the sun shining through some huge prism that had broken the light into the myriad of colors.

But--the illusion soon vanished as we drove down into this crowd. All the Central and South American countries have similar markets but the multitude in the market at Ambato was more appalling than any I have seen in any other place. Some of their produce was wonderful. Their beautiful blankets and yard goods of the finest wool and weave are unexcelled. Their "Panama" hats--which are a true product of Ecuador as you know--are the most beautiful in the world. They raise good cattle, sheep, hogs and goats, and sell meat, hides, milk and wool. They also have grain, fruits, and vegetables. Some of the largest apples I ever saw, fine oranges, some bananas, papayas, pineapples, and many other small fruits and berries--among them a black cherry and luscious strawberries. There were beans, corn, tomatoes, peas, potatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, artichokes, and flowers by the bushel basket and gorgeous ones. But the dirty, filthy, unkempt looking people that you had to look at and mix with took your appetite for food. I suppose most of these people don't know what it is to bathe--and you see them occasionally bathing in a contaminated stream or a muddy pool. They sit with their dirty children around them picking vermin out of their heads, all of them using the streets or open sewers for refuse of every kind (and when I say every, I mean just that). Their stands for feeding them hot soup, or stew, some kind of fried cakes or tortillas, were swarming with flies and no doubt other insects. I had to keep a very firm hold on myself to keep my stomach from rebelling.

Of course no fruit or vegetable can be eaten here unless it can be peeled or scalded first. We got strawberries and made jam, peas and made soup, oranges for the juice, avacados and pineapples--all were delicious.

Before returning to Quito we had another delicious meal at Villa Hilda's.

As days go by I find myself meeting a few more Americans (U. S. citizens) connected with schools, central educational organizations, missions, and the embassy.

I also find myself interested in their activities here and feel that with their whole-hearted cooperation with each other and tourists' agencies a better knowledge and understanding between our countries will soon be attained and the result will be a mutual benefit--socially and financially.

The shops in Quito intrigue me because of their native handicraft--weaving, leather goods, beautiful silver, brass, the use they have made of the tagua nut both carved and in artistic paint designs. Then they have many artists here and a very fine art school where water colors and oil paintings are beautifully done and the detail of paintings on a small bone 2 x 4 inches is as painstaking as a canvas half as big as a wall to your room.

The most inspirational thing I have done is drive to the top of a very high hill all but in the center of Quito and get the unobstructed view of the snow-capped peaks that surround this place. There are six peaks visible that are always covered with snow. For nature to throw up such monstrous mounds at the equator and keep them covered with snow seems paradoxical.

Everyone who comes to Quito goes to the Equatorial Monument, so of course I went out to see Latitude 0°0'0" and to step back and forth between northern and southern hemisphere as often as I wished.

In reaching the exact spot on the equator from where the original surveys were made to determine the curvature of the earth we drove from a very green valley around a mountain into a real dry desert-land but kept our view of at least three of the snow-capped peaks. I had pictures made standing "on the line" between northern and southern hemisphere, and again with one foot in each.

But at last I said goodbye to Quito and flew on to Cali, Colombia. There the city is only about 2 or 3 thousand feet high and at 3° north of the Equator and very warm. The airport, a new one since the Colombian government had usurped the original field for their Army Air Corps, is about twenty-five miles from the town and over a rough dusty road.

I was soon established in the Columbus Hotel, very swank and modern and filled with Americans--mostly wives of business men who have made or are making themselves very wealthy--transacting or establishing business with Colombian enterprises. There were a few of our Army (air corps) there at the hotel but most of them have been withdrawn--only F.B.I. left.

The Nevilles (English couple whom I had met in Balboa) soon contacted me, took me to their very lovely home for tea, also drove me over the city, had me for dinner and in general made my three days in Cali most pleasant. I also met many American women at the hotel, had one session of bridge with them and got fairly well acquainted with the town.

The altitude in Quito had kept me from doing much walking and it seemed the change from the high altitude to the lower at Cali also affected me somewhat. Most people notice it, I understand, though I had never been affected by flying at nineteen or twenty thousand feet over the Andes.

After a few days in Cali, I went on to Bogota, the third highest capital in the world. (I had previously been at the other two--La Paz, Bolivia, 11,000 ft., and Quito, 10,000 ft.) It was cold in Bogota and it didn't seem such a friendly city. There are many prosperous looking people there, pretty shops, parks, drive-ways, churches, and other buildings. The main hotel where I stayed is the Granada--

rather old but somewhat elaborate. I also found some Americans and English there but not as many as there were in Cali. Most of the Americans were business men; their wives and families prefer living at a lower, warmer place--nor do I blame them. I soon left Bogota, too, for the ideal climate and altitude of Medellin, Colombia. This is a dream place--a place where many Americans have come and I'm sure many more will come from Balboa for a vacation.

I elected to spend my vacation at the Club Campestre (Country Club) about ten miles from the city proper and a more wonderful place I have never been in. The Club-Hotel combined is in a most beautiful valley with gradual slopes off to very high mountains in every direction. All the buildings are gleaming white, with red-tiled roofs--rather Spanish (to-modern) style, and the grounds and buildings are kept immaculate.

Never have I seen any prettier formal gardens, such well-kept lawns, and such breath-taking flowers--everything from the lowly periwinkle and snapdragon to the most gorgeous lilies and orchids by the bushel basket (no kidding either). There are geraniums higher than your head, asters that are as large as your large yellow 'mums and of every color, roses and daisies and bougainvillea and coralita and almost every kind of a tropical and temperate-climate flower.

The sun is bright and warm, the shade requires a light wrap, the nights--two wool blankets. I love it!!!

I'd have to be a horse and twin colts to eat all the food they serve me. All of it well-prepared and delicious.

The broad verandas have polished tile floors, multicolored furniture, leather upholstered. There are many potted palms, soft lights and from every direction a heavenly view of the mountains, soft clouds and blue sky.

There are few regular guests at the Club--but many members who come to enjoy the wonderful golf course, the many tennis courts and the inviting swimming pool.

This is a perfect place for a change of climate and scenery for a Canal Zone-ite and only a few hours by air. The air-transportation not half what it is to Miami, and I'm sure the hotel here more reasonable than any first class one in Miami or Miami Beach.

One really should speak some Spanish to enjoy this place most. But I find my meager knowledge of the language sufficient to "get me by" most of the time. Occasionally I must call in an interpreter, which is usually possible.

Every American or Englishman or German who has been here in South America a few weeks has picked up enough Spanish to make himself understood. I met one American in Cali who had been there five weeks and was transacting his business, with at least two dozen native employees, and he said he spoke no Spanish before he came down. So it can be done. And I am sure if I remained here for a few weeks longer I'd double my vocabulary in Spanish. Each day I find myself adding another word or two.

There are one or two people here who speak English and I think I get more rest by not having so many English-speaking people around me. I really rest and relax, more.

June 22 -

I find the days slipping by and my wonderful vacation growing rapidly to an end. I'm sure the rest and change have been very beneficial to me and I do expect to return to this place some day. A friend of Mary Ethlyn's will join me in a few days--then I'll do the shops in Medellin.

I have ^{had} calls from "friends" of friends in Balboa who live here in Medellin and two invitations to teas--may go to them since they are later in the week.

June 25 -

Yesterday I went into Medellin with two other guests of Club Campestre. We had a rather interesting day, saw a few of the shops and I met Mr. Joel Riley at the Royal Bank of Canada and Mr. Vourvoulia of the National City Bank. They each wanted me to meet their families and visit them. Perhaps I shall.

Of course we went to the Nutabari Hotel--a rather amazing place in a town that seems almost like a small village. This hotel is eleven stories of stone and brick and is most modern and swank in every detail. Inside it is all picture windows, modernistic furnishings, elaborate floor coverings, lights, a beautiful lounge, ladies' room, cocktail bar, and tea room overlooking a beautiful swimming pool on one side and garden with fountain on the other. You might wonder when you first see it how this country could support a place that would do credit to New York City, but when you learn the number of millionaires among the Colombians and the number of big American and British business men who spend much of their time here you can realize why the swank hotel.

I had no idea of the wealth in this country. Practically all the business men in Colombia are very wealthy. They have magnificent homes each with private swimming pool and seldom less than four or five servants. Even the middle class have two maids all the time. I met very few who had less than four servants--so you get some idea of how they live.

This Country Club is rather a gathering place for the elite. The women swim, play tennis or bridge in the afternoons; the men golf, swim or tennis, then visit the bar. Nearly every evening there is an orchestra for dancing. On Saturdays, Sundays and holidays they have a special orchestra (ten or fifteen pieces) that plays all the popular music from the States and many Americans come out for special dinners and dancing. At other times these Colombians have a queer custom of securing about three "roving musicians"--they have a guitar, a kind of a banjo and a pair of "gourds" they rattle. These musicians go with a crowd of young people and play all afternoon and evening for the same little group who pay them so much by the hour. Last Sunday one such group came here to the hotel about 2 P.M. They played for the same little crowd of young people until about 5 P.M. in the dining-room, then went into the cocktail lounge and continued playing until about 3 A.M. The music was monotonous, not very "musical" but with a rhythm for a kind of a rhumba dance. The musicians usually sang some rather meaningless Spanish words with their playing.

Most of the young girls are very pretty and quite well dressed--and very conservative. There seems to be no rowdiness, but a general good time. The men are like most Spanish men. I, for one, can't much admire them--they all seem too much on the lounge-lizard type. From remarks from a few of the young girls with

whom I have talked, they say that they would much prefer marrying Americans--and they doubtless make very excellent wives, they are pretty, intelligent, and seem to be very good mothers.

As I look back over this little trip, it seems the things that stand out most in my mind are: the quaintness of Quito, the filth of the Indians there and yet at a distance their picturesqueness and their clever handwork, the sheer beauty of the landscapes, the grandeur of the snow-capped peaks; at Cali - the heat, the kindness of my friends and the number of Americans at the Columbus Hotel; at Bogota - the rareness of the air, the coldness of everything and the number of people (of the poorer class) stretched out ~~prone~~ in every park or grassy spot soaking in every bit of sunshine possible; in Medellin - the grandeur of the Nutabari hotel, the wealth of the people, and at the Country Club--the beauty of the surrounding mountains, the gorgeous flowers, and the brilliant stars at night. No where here does time seem to mean anything to anyone--their planes are always from two to six hours late, they serve breakfast until 9:30 ^{or even 11:30} in the morning, lunch until 2:30 or 4 P.M., and anyone who goes in to dinner before 8:30 dines alone. They serve dinners until 10 P.M.--or later, I presume, if someone should straggle in and ask to be served; and they think nothing of dancing until 4 or 5 A.M. This is just routine, and for a while it is the life--at least an interesting vacation.

I have been invited to two or three teas in private homes and have found them quite delightful. Most everyone's home is out away from the city in very picturesque surroundings--they are beautiful and comfortable and the people very hospitable--and wealthy.

There was a big luncheon served for a group of Colombian women here at the Club, and the centerpiece on the table was dozens of the most gorgeous orchids--purple, yellow and a spotted orchid. No one seemed to think any more about them than we would ^{zinnias}, but they nearly took my breath away. I all but gasp over one beautiful orchid and to see so many of them at once seems like a dream. We have vases of them on our dining table all the time and also have flowers in our room.

One night the International Rotary Club gave a big banquet and dance here. The crowd was rather cosmopolitan, but the Colombians were in the majority, naturally. The music was much like any American orchestra would play--familiar waltzes, rhumbas, etc., etc. The people here don't "go in" for elaborate dress, but the men wear business suits or sport clothes all the time (day and evening) and the women dress similarly.

They have many silver shops in Medellin and much leather goods, the other stores have imported goods and it is very exorbitant in price.

I have done very little shopping but it has been interesting to look.

June 29th -

Now my return ticket is O.K'd, my reservation on the plane for Balboa made for tomorrow morning rather early--so I must again say "hasta luego" to a wonderful and interesting vacation.

HAYNES & KEENE

Shoe Store

819 Massachusetts Street
LAWRENCE, KANSAS

8-8-46

Dear Mr. Simone-

Thanks for your letter and the kind words - Gled you are escaping this hot weather - We head north Sat. a.m. early - We go up on # 71 to Turtle River. Hope the fishing has picked up at Gull Lake -

The Rev. Geo. C. Fetter has accepted our call at 3200 - $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ of his retirement pay - and probably we should pay moving charges - your pulpit Comm. is well pleased and the Congregation's reaction was good at least there were no votes against him. He is a good sound man and a Northern Baptist. He's not dynamic but I'm sure all will enjoy them - His wife was not along but references spoke most highly of her - one daughter a Univ. soph - one girl married - They lost their only boy in service. Now good luck and good wishes to you both - and Dolphs boy - Sick -

To,

Mr. W. C. Simons,

President



Lawrence Daily Journal
World.

Lawrence, Kansas

R

3/ U. S. A

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

From

Dallis Singh Waraich
V.P.O. Rahwali, District Gujranwala
Punjab, India



24/11/49

From

Dalbir Singh Waraich,
V.&.P.O.Rahwali,
(Gujranwala) Punjab.

To

Mr., ^{id} W.C.Simons,
Present
Lawrence Daily Journal World,
Lawrance Kansas.

Dear Sir,

I am highly thankful to you for making efforts obtaining the present address of my uncle Dr., G.S. Waraich. Under, your advice we have written to Surgeon General Kirk to let us the present address of Dr. G.S. Waraich. I hope that he will make efforts for achieve his present ~~you~~ address and will let us know accordingly.

I request that if you don't feel in-convenient you should also write a letter to Mr. Kirk in this connect. ~~After~~ After receiving reply from Mr. Kirk, please convey the same to me.

I shall be highly thankful to you for your undue efforts.

Yours faithfully,

(DALBIR SINGH WARAICH).
Dated the 26th:
April, 1946.

July

HAYNES & KEENE

Shoe Store

819 Massachusetts Street

LAWRENCE, KANSAS

7-15-46.

Dear Mr. Simons.

Well how are all of the fishermen getting along? I trust you are enjoying the camp life and are able to keep Mrs. Simons and the boys supplied with "Wall eyes". Haynes - wife left one week ago. Last card stated that they were at Macinac island.

I plan to get away 10th of Aug.

The Rev. Geo. Fetter, who followed after Frank Jennings at Minneapolis is to be with us this coming Sun. He is getting \$3300 there and that is the figure no doubt which we should meet if everything is satisfactory. Kenneth is in Colorado with the geology field class. Dick, I guess is still at Casablanca of - We had a good one in June for the shoe bus. With best wishes & kind regards to Mrs. Simons
Tommy Dick -

TEXAS
Pharmaceutical Company



1659
P. O. BOX ~~1057~~
SAN ANTONIO 2, TEXAS
July 15, 1946

Mr. W. C. Simons
Route #3
Brainerd, Minnesota

Dear Mr. Simons:

It is most unfortunate that you were given the wrong preparation when you requested Allercreme Skin Lotion and were supplied with Allercreme Oil. For your information Allercreme Oil is intended solely as a substitute for soap and when applied to the skin it should be in the form of a lather which is made by adding one or two teaspoons to a wet wash cloth.

In accordance with your request, we are sending you two bottles of Allercreme Skin Lotion.

We exceedingly regret the inconvenience caused you and greatly appreciate your advising us about it.

Very truly yours,

TEXAS PHARMACAL COMPANY

A. R. CLARK:wd

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

1201

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter

NL = Night Letter

LC = Deferred Cable

NLT = Cable Night Letter

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PRESIDENT

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MAF36 NL PD

MINNEAPOLIS MINN 23

MRS DON A FREEMAN

TREE TOPS GULL LAKE BRAINERD MINN

M 1946 JUN 24 PM 5 53

LILLIAN M GOWDY PASSED AWAY AT HER RESIDENCE MINNEAPOLIS
SUNDAY MORNING JUNE 23RD SERVICES NEXT THURSDAY WIELANDER QUIST
CHAPEL OR ONE DAY LATER IF REQUESTED BY OUT OF TOWN RELATIVES
OR FRIENDS PLEASE ADVISE RETURN WIRE IF YOU PLAN TO ATTEND
CHARLES S BREARLEY ATTORNEY AND MAY OLSON
HER COMPANION

Calif. Hot Springs, Cal.
June 20-1946

answered
June 28, H
W. G. Simons,
Lawrence, Kans.

Dear Mr. Simons:-

I am up here at Calif. Hot Springs for a little vacation. While looking over last Sunday's "L.A. Times" I came across this enclosed clipping, that possibly you might be interested in same. Mr. and Mrs. Mull are possibly related to Grant Mull, who was a long time mail carrier in Lawrence, and Miss Lottie Mull who was principal of the old New York School in about 1898. And boy, did she have some temper. Too bad some of our present day teachers aren't more like her, we might have less juvenile delinquency.

Every time I read anything about former Lawrence people, it makes me homesick to see my old home. I intended to drive back to Lawrence in May, but wasn't well enough to make the trip. I can possibly make it, & expect to drive back this Sept.

I saw in the Journal World where you had gone to the Mayo Clinic for a check up, hope they never found too much wrong.
Calif. Hot Springs undoubtedly has the finest

-2-

climate in the world. 3200 elevation, the thermometer during the day of the summer months rarely goes above 80, but the nights are always delightfully cool. Have to sleep under blankets.

While during the winter it rarely goes ^{very} above zero. While 3 miles above us but a 600 acre tract known as Pines Flats, 4500 elevation, they are snowed in during the winter months. Pine Flats is dotted here and there, with a great many cottages, used during the summer.

With a fine, all year mountain stream running thru' the property.

The water we have here at the Springs comes boiling out of the ground with a temperature of 120° F., and the softest kind of water. The minerals it contains makes it so soft, takes very little soap.

People come here all crippled up with arthritis and other rheumatism, and after bathing & drinking this water, they usually leave feeling like new. You would think from the way I write I own an interest in the place, but I don't. But anyone coming here for a vacation and treatment, must bring along a well filled purse, as prices are extremely high.

When coming up here in the mountains is a most beautiful sight. Not a bit of fog or dampness up here, while at Bellflower we have a terrible lot of fog, and about the dampest

climate in the world, far damper than in Long Beach, only ten miles apart.

Well, I didn't intend to write so much, as I know you are a busy man. If I can find a pretty rock while I am here, I will send it to Lawrence for Will Johns rock garden.

Here's hoping I'll be able to make the trip to Lawrence in Sept. and will see you then.

Wishing you the best of health, I am,
Yours very sincerely,
J. C. Pine.

SECTION ON DERMATOLOGY

DR. PAUL A. O'LEARY
DR. H. MONTGOMERY
DR. L. A. BRUNSTING
DR. R. R. KIERLAND

MAYO CLINIC
ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA

July 16, 1946

1-465-836

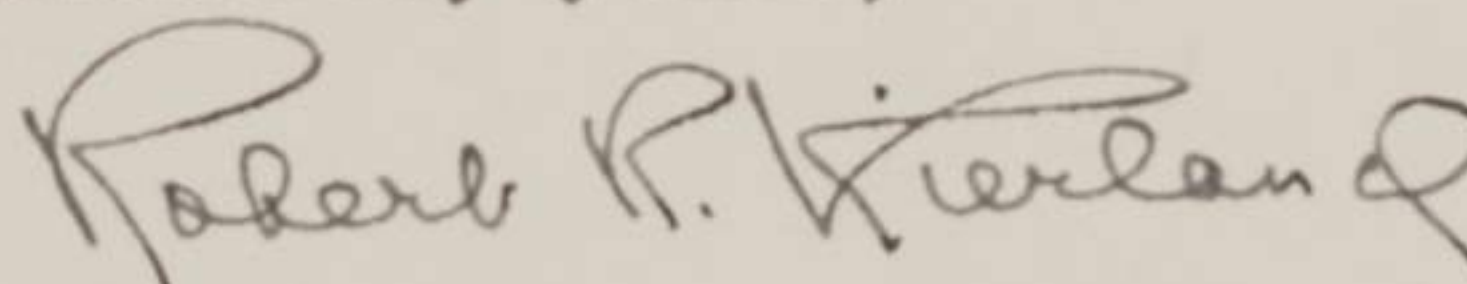
Mr. Wilford C. Simons
Route 3
Brainerd, Minnesota

Dear Mr. Simons:

Thank you very much for writing me concerning your recent reaction to the Allercreme Detergent Oil. I am glad you discontinued its use, and trust that once more your skin is on the road to recovery.

Best wishes.

Sincerely yours,



Robert R. Kierland, M.D.

rrk:ve

File

Chicago, June 17, 1946

Mr. W. C. Simons
Lawrence Journal World
Lawrence, Kansas

My dear Collie,

In my conversation with you we referred to the present status of the Luella apartment building.

The insurance company's engineer's estimate shows the replacement value for the building as \$96,000.00 with the land \$30,000.00, or a total value of \$126,000.00.

There is outstanding against the building 735 shares of stock as of June 1, \$37,000.00 first mortgage, and notes without interest \$15,000.00, indicating, on par value for the stock, a total of \$125,500.00 liabilities.

It was decided at the Board of Directors' meeting, in view of the present unsettled conditions, that we would continue to reduce the mortgage rather than declare any dividends at this time.

I believe you will note from the above that it is a conservative investment under present conditions.

Sincerely yours,

Chas. H. Hoinville

Chas. H. Hoinville
Treasurer
7301-09 Luella Avenue
Building Corporation

CHH:NM

Mrs J. H. Dellinger
935 W. Cheyenne, Rd
Colorado Springs
Colo.



Mr. W. C. + Dolph Simons
Lawrence, Kansas

Robert Simons
Mr

The World Co.

Colorado Springs
June 21-1946

Dear Mr. Simons:

I should have answered
your most kind letter sooner
but knew Edna wrote a card and
I've been so busy.

Yes Bernice is a very
seriously ill boy. The doctors
here give us no encouragement
at all. So tomorrow we have
a doctor down from Denver.

Pray God he will be able
to help the girl a way to
help Bernice.

We all appreciated your
Father's lovely letter too so
I will make this one to you
both. Yours + Mr. Simons

Surely did lift him.
letters here came all the
There from the fellow workman
at the office and he sure
did enjoy those too.

Im sure he would
appreciate a letter from

14177. Blackstone St -
Jackson, Michigan
June 17 - 1946

Mr. W. C. Simons
Lawrence, Kansas

Dear Cousin Collins, -

I appreciate you letting me know about Lillian and was especially happy to know your sister had been with her. Lillian loves both of you very much and frequently writes "brother Collie" and "sister Gracie". A short note from Lillian's nurse told me she (Lillian) had come home from the hospital and seemed as well as we could expect - she doesn't gain in strength though; her poor hands are so weak.

It will be wonderful if Lillian is able to collect this money you referred to. I know she has been anxious many times over having so little and with sickness added she must be worried.

June 22nd. is Lillian's birthday.

Yesterday Eugene and I packed a small box for her - just inexpensive necessities when one is ill. I know it must be as difficult for her to get shopping done as it is for me. Regardless of the jokes thrown their way I still think the mail order houses are wonderfully convenient for such as us.

I wrote recently to our cousin Ezra Cook to find if he knew anything about our grandmother (Hall's) relatives - they were sisters Martha and Hannah Hall. Lorenzo Cook, his grandfather was brother to your grandmother. He didn't tell me about Halls any farther back, but sent me information about the Cooks. I must write again as he said he would gladly help me anytime.

I know Betsey King Hall my great grandmother was born in Bennington Vermont. My great great grandfather Hall came from England his only possession "a Bible and a grammar" - grandama used to say. He settled in Connecticut and taught school there - when they came to New York state and from where I am trying to find out.

Frost killed all our fruit except berries. Strawberries are ripening now we have both everbearing and seasonal. Eugene has canned 10 pints using saccharine, syrup and sugar as sweetening. He intends to can more. He should have plenty of raspberries later.

I was so disappointed that we didn't get any labor legislation passed. It will all begin again in a few months. More than anything else I want to see the Wagner Labor R.A. amended - that I believe is our fundamental trouble.

He can't buy soil pipe to finish our bathroom nor lumber for our porch - both have been started several months.

Eugene is busy as always - and just as patient and kind.

I am gaining steadily. Dr. W. is treating me for cirrhosis of the liver. Like you wrote I am always hoping and thinking "this will be my last illness, I am well." I have a school girl three mornings a week.

Must close now and start supper.

Much love to yourself and your sweet wife - Your cousin Kathryn -

June 19, 1946

Mr. L. A. McNalley,
Attorney-at-Law,
Minneapolis, Kansas.

Dear Mac:

I wish to compliment you upon the excellence of your letter to Nortz Lumber Company. A letter of this character might well be incorporated into the law books to instruct young lawyers how to ~~see~~ the proper thing and to ~~do~~ it incisively. I am going to send the copies you gave me to Lillian.

We find that the rain for the last twenty-four hours is the heaviest for a similar period in twenty-five years - I think, something over six inches. The wheat field immediately south of our house shows no apparent damage from our sleeping porch and I hope that your fields will not have been damaged.

We were very happy to have Janet with us for commencement and wish you could have been with her.

Lovingly,

Dad

WCS: jm

June 19, 1946

Mr. O. W. Maloney, Jr.,
2712 East 31st Street,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Dear Owen:

We are carrying today an editorial entitled "Graduated by War," which, perhaps if applied to your case would make you eligible to graduation. Please give it consideration, because after all, a degree is worth something to men who in themselves are worthwhile.

It looks kind of lonely in the north room, but we can't keep our children or our grandchildren forever.

With much love,

Granddad

WCS:jm
Enc.

CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED	
DOMESTIC	CABLE
TELEGRAM	FULL RATE
DAY LETTER <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	DEFERRED
NIGHT MESSAGE	NIGHT LETTER
NIGHT LETTER	SHIP. RADIOGRAM

Patrons should check class of service desired; otherwise message will be transmitted as a full-rate communication.

COPY OF WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

June 17 1946

HOTEL HANFORD
MASON CITY IOWA

PLEASE RESERVE DOUBLE ROOM WITH TWIN BEDS, AND SINGLE
ROOM WITH CONNECTING BATH FOR SATURDAY NIGHT JUNE 22
OR SUNDAY NIGHT JUNE 23 . PLEASE WIRE COLLECT, W. C. SIMONS,
JOURNAL-WORLD, LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

W. C. SIMONS

June 19, 1946

Miss Lillian Gowdy,
3751 Aldrich Avenue South,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Dear Lillian:

I have just received from McNalley, copies of a letter he had received from the Nortz Lumber Company and his answer to same. I think you will see by Mac's letter that he is clearcut in his thinking and direct in action. I certainly hope he will be able to get something worthwhile for you out of it.

Not knowing anything about the share value at the time of your purchase, it would seem to me that perhaps a lesser amount now would be of greater value to you than to pass the stock on to somebody else and have it be enhanced later on. The money is yours and the best that can be secured from it now might be wise action.

I sincerely hope that you are feeling better and that you are on the way to recovery. You have been an inspiration to those who have been so fortunate as to be in touch with you.

Much love,

Your brother cousin

WCS: jm

Enc.

June 17, 1946

Mr. and Mrs. Dolph Simons,
Route 3,
Brainerd, Minnesota.

Dear Dolph, Marie and boys:

We had your good letter this morning mailed on Saturday, the 15th, which was pretty quick work. We have mailed you at least four letters, the last being mailed yesterday from Gertrude. I am enclosing herewith a letter from Jameson addressed to you or Mr. Murray.

Pat, Blanche and Eileen came in yesterday afternoon, as did also Janet, who came down with the Musgraves, whose son Max is one of the graduates. Gertrude and I and Owen took lunch at the Eldridge at noon yesterday and we had a dinner party for eight last night, for which, incidentally, I planked down the cash. Gertrude and I didn't go to hear Joe King in his baccalaureate sermon last evening, but the rest of the family did.

It has been very warm, but by closing the house early in the morning and keeping two fans running, we have managed to get by without great discomfort.

Everything is moving along nicely at the office. The temperature is 89° at this moment, but no one has been complaining. Jessie is back on the job and Dorothy is doubling for June this week. Ernie has put in some good work cooperating with the potato growers. The office runs like a well greased and well balanced machine. I think even the newsroom has perked up quite a bit.

I don't see how John could have taken off the shutters alone. That's a big job even for a man, and two can work at it so much faster than one. You are

Mr. and Mrs. Dolph Simons

Page 2

June 17, 1946

fortunate in having a splendid pair of boys, and I in having such a fine son and grandsons.

I shall take your letter home to Gertie and we shall profit in the advice in regard to taking certain eatables with us. We can raid our own canned goods department at home or can buy as may seem best.

Had a short and pleasant visit with Roy Roberts at the hotel last night and met his daughter, Kate.

I was rather shocked this morning to hear that John Merwin had died on the golf links of a heart attack. He has been in the post office for quite a number of years.

We certainly appreciate all that you are doing to get things in shape, but I again hope and request that Marie will not try to do too much.

With much love,

WCS:jm

June 15, 1946

Chancellor Deane W. Malott
The University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kansas

My dear Chancellor:

I have just received a copy of the pamphlet
"Freedom of Expression" for which you have my
thanks.

I trust that the movement for the William
Allen White Foundation, which started off with
much enthusiasm and sincerity, will be carried
to a successful conclusion.

I am at this time enjoying reading his
autobiography.

Cordially yours,

W. C. Simons

WCS:df

June 15, 1946

Mr. Dolph Simons
Route 3--Gull Lake
Brainerd, Minnesota

Dear Dolph:

I was glad to receive your good letter written Thursday at eleven o'clock, and to find that you and yours were happy to be back on the old stomping ground.

Everything has moved along nicely here at the office, and I can assure you that I am not putting in too long hours nor working too hard.

The Larremores will take lunch with us today. Tom and Amy are here to have some sort of a reunion of the old glee club that he led so successfully some years ago.

The bread famine is still on, but no one seems to be suffering, and it will doubtless be called off shortly. I am glad to know that the Marine strike will not come to pass. The potato situation has not been good, but Ernie is working actively with the potato growers, and at my suggestion yesterday, we put on the wire "copy enclosed", hoping that other Kansas dealers would take advantage of the opportunity to truck out Kaw Valley potatoes.

We are expecting Blanche and Pat in today for commencement exercises, but I think they have an engagement Sunday in Topeka.

Mrs. Drew has continued to help Gertrude as formerly, and Gertrude has found Mrs. Moreau's niece is still quite enthusiastic over the prospects of the trip.

It has been very dry. Rain has threatened on a few occasions, but has not fallen. A brisk wind has made the nights more bearable.

Noting what you said about your Masonic application, Mr. Smith, the secretary, is in here at this moment, and I will send you an application for you to sign. I know that Ernie wants to go in at the same time that you do, and I want to be here when that is done, and furthermore, I am afraid that if you went in to No. 6, there

would be some wonder on the part of the Brethern as to why you should not go into the same Lodge that your dad was in, so we shall have the application made out for Acacia Lodge No. 9.

Yesterday Gertrude and I attended the funeral of Fern Evans, and later I also attended the funeral of Prof. Hopkins. I was present also at the funeral of Dr. Burdick, as I think I mentioned in my former letter.

As you are now on the mailing list, you will undoubtedly find much more news in the paper than I can give you.

I shall have Ramsey water your yard as it will need it.

Love to all

WCS:df

Dad

P.S. It so happened that just as Ernie and I were talking about Masonry, Mr. Smith came into the office. I asked him for blanks, and he came in and filled out a blank for you and for Ernie. Ernie has signed his and has written his check for \$25.00, one-half of the entrance fee.

For the moment, thinking that yours would be due at the same time, I wrote a check for a like amount, but I think it would be better if you would write a World Company check over your own signature, replacing mine with yours.

You will doubtless be acted upon in July, and then cannot be completed until later when you have learned your lines.

I think it was kind of nice that we have the publisher and the advertising manager going thru at the same time, and have them recommended by myself and by the managing editor.

I am holding Ernie's application and check until I hear from you. Please sign your name in full both on the upper and the lower lines as candidate.

W.C.S.

Encs.

June 15, 1946

Mr. Frank Ylinen
Route 5
Brainerd, Minnesota

My dear Mr. Ylinen:

Dolph has asked me to send you the assessed value on our Gull Lake property, and the best we can do is to tell you that on March 25, 1946, Dolph paid \$29.58 as taxes on the west 200 feet of Lot 5, Section 29, Township 134, Range 29, School District No. 26.

Under date of April 8th, I, W. C. Simons, sent you a check for exactly the same amount, \$29.58, for my tract 275 feet east and west and south to the south line of Lot 5, same description as above.

If you can check the books to see what the assessed value was last year, it is satisfactory to us. While my cottage and my ground is slightly larger than Dolph's, the well-house with its equipment is on his ground. Also the dock, which might be the occasion for the same valuation, although in prior years I paid slightly more than he did.

We appreciate very much your kindness in looking after the matter.

Sincerely,

W. C. Simons

WCS:df

June 13, 1946

Mr. and Mrs. Dolph Simons
Route 3--Gull Lake
Brainerd, Minnesota

Dear Marie and Dolph:

Mother and I wrote you a letter which was mailed last night. Everything is running along smoothly at the office.

I attended Dr. Burdick's funeral this morning, and called at the Weaver Store and invited Mr. A. D. Weaver to go with me, which he did. As we stopped in front of his north door, he said, "the next one of the old settlers I am expecting to pass away is Prof. E. M. Hopkins", and at that moment, although we didn't know it, Dr. Hopkins' death had been reported. I was surprised that the Burdick funeral was so little attended. Outside of a small group of Masons, a large group of honorary and regular pallbearers, and a good representation from the faculty, there were few others there. It really indicates again how quickly men are forgotten when they pass out of active life. Burdick was undoubtedly quite a man. Kollender said this morning that Burdick was the father of military training at K.U., and that it was largely due to him that the opposition of Pacifists and others was overcome in order to establish ROTC at K.U. His son, Harold Burdick, was the first Commandant.

I don't know of anything else particularly new on the street. The janitor in the office has become so satisfactory that Farris released Ramsey for full-time work for us. I think our boy, Jack, who is an excellent worker, will now do some work for Farris at his country home. I mentioned in my letter yesterday that Farris had bought the Garich Apartments.

A number of new houses are under construction in the town.

It turned cool last night, the thermometer on our front porch registering a low of 65. The last two nights Gertrude has slept in her own bed upstairs, as it seemed quite warm at bedtime down stairs. She has a queer way of sleeping sometimes and likes to lie corner-wise or cross-wise in her bed, and you can't do that quite so well on a Hollywood bed.

June 13, 1946

She still maintains the apartment as headquarters.

Ramsey brought in a half a bucketfull of fine new potatoes, a volunteer crop from potatoes overlooked last summer in our garden.

Ramsey watered the plants at your house yesterday.

I hope you will find things in good shape and will have a successful week. Nothing of importance has come up for your special consideration.

Love to all,

Dad

WCS:df

June 6, 1946

Miss Lillian Cowdy,
3751 Aldrich Avenue, South,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

My very dear cousin:

Gertrude and I returned yesterday afternoon after having spent several days with Blanche and the family in Tulsa. We found your letter dictated to Mrs. Olsen. I have just dictated a letter to my son-in-law, Leo McNalley and I know he will give it prompt attention.

The fact that the money advanced by you and Jean was for stock, rather than for a loan, is both good and bad. It is good in that the stock cannot outlaw and bad from the standpoint that no dividends may have been declared, altho in the face of the earnings of the company, it would appear there should have been some dividends for stockholders. I am sending you a copy of my letter to McNalley.

I am so sorry that you are not recovering as rapidly as we all hope, and if there is anything that I can do for you, please let me know. As I said in previous letter, if it is a matter of money, I shall be glad to respond.

We had also, a letter from Grayce stating that she was again considering coming to you if she could be of any help. As you know, I have few relatives outside of my immediate family and I not only love you, but prize highly, the many splendid virtues that you possess. I am a little afraid that you may just tire of fighting back, in which case your recovery would be retarded. The will to recover helps a great deal. As I have previously told you - mother Reineke broke her hip when aged eighty-nine years and recovered beautifully to live until she was ninety-five.

Please have Mrs. Olsen keep me in touch with you and thank her for me for the kindly attention she is giving you.

Affectionately,

Your cousin

WCS:jm

June 6, 1946

Mr. L. A. McNalley,
Attorney at Law,
Minneapolis, Kansas.

Dear Mac:

I am enclosing two letters, one to the Nortz Lumber Company, Devil's Lake, North Dakota, and the other to Miss Lillian Gowdy, then in Eitel Hospital but now at her home 3751 Aldrich Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Altho we sent the letter to Nortz Lumber Company by registered mail, we have not heard from them. My letter to Lillian Gowdy, whom you will recall is my cousin, now in her late seventies or eighty years old, explains about the report that I received from Dun and Bradstreet.

Upon our return yesterday afternoon from Tulsa, where we had been visiting Blanche, Pat and family, I found two letters, one dictated by Lillian to her housekeeper, Mrs. Olsen, and the other a short note from Mrs. Olsen. Lillian is probably in a critical condition. She broke her hip, perhaps a month ago, and she has been very frail for a long while, being badly afflicted with arthritis. She needs money to pay her hospital bill and she does not believe she will recover.

You will see that in my letter of May 27, I suggested that she place the account in the hands of her attorney, or if it was her wish, I would give the account to you for collection. The letters received yesterday put a different face on the matter.

The investment was in the common stock of the Nortz Lumber Company, or its founders, and dividends rather than interest were paid up to ten years ago. Under the circumstances, the company probably should be required to show what had been done with its earnings and what is the present value of the stock certificates with any unpaid dividends that may have been declared. You will understand the situation and what to do far better than any suggestions I might make.

We are expecting Janet in this afternoon and shall be very happy to see her and Mike. In the near future, we are hoping to inflict our presence upon you for a short while. Please have the fatted calf in good shape.

I know you will handle this matter promptly, because that is your way of doing things.

Love,

Your father

WCS:j
Enc.

3751. Aldrich Ave So
Minneapolis 8 Minn.



W.C. Simmons,

To Lawrence Daily Journal World,
Lawrence,
Kansas,

May 31. 46.

Dearest Cousin,

I arrived home Tuesday 28. not because I was considered well. But because they needed the room badly however I am happy to be home with those who love me. They are doing every thing for my comfort. Mrs Olson was able to secure a lady Miss Buchanan. who lived with me a year. The Karty Bros. had offices in the Lumber Exchange Bldg. The Elder Partner, was a fine man. Jean & I invested, \$1000. each in Lumber & Coal business in N. Dakota & Minnesota shortly after the elder Karty Bro died the business fell to other Brothers I have received no dividends in the last 16 or more years. I have several times asked them if they could not buy out my interest I have received yearly.

Asking me for proxy to vote
my stock. From your report
I realize they have been able
to do this. But made no
favorable reply to my request
I think it might be advisable to
put the account in hands of
G.A. McKelley. If you receive
no favorable reply, the \$2,000
would help me toward my hospital
bill which is large.

My mind is clear. Give my
best love to Gertrude, Grace and
Dor. I still can not move my
left side without great pain
I shall hope to see you and pray
to be better by that time. I have
much to be thankful for please
write to Grace and Dor and tell them how
much I love them. Mrs. Olson is writing
as I cannot sit up in bed.

Your Loving Cousin William
Over

P.S. Miss Gowdy just
told me this was common
stock.

MS.

June 1 46

Mr Simmons.

Miss Gandy did not seem so good from midnight on very nervous & fever she does not think she will recover I don't know but I haven't thought that from the first. I am sorry to trouble you with this as I know you people have had so much. Miss Gandy does not know I am writing this.

Mae Plow.

June 4, 40

Mr Simmons

Miss Gurdy thought this
letter might help.

Miss Gurdy is feeling fair
does not move leg.. yet.

But we are getting along
Mrs Buchanan is here taking
care of her.

Respt-

Mae Olson.

May 20, 1946

Nortz Lumber Company,
Devil's Lake,
North Dakota.

Gentlemen:

I am a first cousin of Miss Lillian Gowdy of 3751 Aldrich Avenue S, Minneapolis, Minnesota, who has long been one of your good friends. Miss Gowdy had the misfortune to trip on a rug in her home, which resulted in a broken leg, or hip. She is now in the hospital and at considerable expense, and I am writing you at her request, hoping that you are in a position to repay a portion of the loan she made you some time ago. She is a wonderfully fine soul, but she is in urgent need of money at this time.

An early reply will be greatly appreciated.

Very truly yours,

W. C. Simons

WCS: jm

Minneapolis, Minn. March 14, 1946.

My very dear Brother-Cousin;-

I was very sorry to hear of Gertrude's serious illness, but rejoice that you were able to bring her home again in a very much improved condition. I hope all is still going on well, and that your great anxiety is over.

I would have written many times in the past three weeks, if I had been feeling up to par; but this is the first time I have sat down to the machine to do any writing, as I have not been feeling up to ~~par~~ ^{par}. It has been a long hard Winter, continued cold up to a few days ago, when it turned warm, and now our snow drifts have nearly disappeared. I have been spending a great deal of the time in bed; not in extreme pain, but too weak to enjoy sitting up.

Everything has been going on quietly and peacefully here. The presence of the boys do not disturb me at all; they are so quiet, and so helpful and kind. Phillip is taking an eighteen months' course in Electrical Engineering at Dunwoody Institute, and after he finishes he expects to prepare for a home and marry his school-girl sweetheart. Milo is still suffering from his experiences at Owinawa, and though working daily, is taking treatments at the Veterans' Hospital. Our George is well and eagerly looking forward to the fishing season, when he hopes to have sport over the week ends. He is the Naval Mechanic, 25, and is my favorite.

My last letter was written about Feby. 20th, when I wrote a birthday letter to Grayce. I am now owing a letter to Kathryn, who is so kind as to write me often. It seems that she has not been very well lately, and her relatives in Rome are trying to persuade them to sell their home at Jackson, and move back there. I think it would be a great mistake, when they have their home so nearly paid for.

I must get up strength enough to go down town soon, and pay my taxes for another year. They are considerably higher than they have been for several years. I also face the possibility of having to put considerable money in repairs this Spring. I should have the house painted again, and I may have to have an Asbestos roof. I would not mind if my income would cover it all; but I have to dip into my principal for these larger expenses. If I only live a few years, I may get by nicely. My property has never had a dollar of incumbrance, and I pray that I may never have to resort to that. Of course my heaviest expense is Mrs. Olson as housekeeper, and Mr. Cook as caretaker outside. Of course, I can not get along without this help.

My friends are fine about sending me splendid reading matter, that gives me much inspiration and comfort. Our International situation is anything but inspiring. We are asked to make many sacrifices for the poor in other lands, and I am only too willing to help. I would like to cut down to two meals a day.

My thoughts are with you and Gertrude at this time, and I pray that all may be well with you both.

When the streets dry up I hope to get out a little, and walk half a block a day. With four cars in the family, I may have an auto ride once in a while.

With loving remembrance,

Lillian.

THE LAWRENCE, KANSAS, JOURNAL-WORLD

MADE IN U.S.A.

May 27, 1946

Miss Lillian Gowdy,
Eitel Hospital,
Room 106,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Dear Lillian:

C
O
P
Y
Upon receiving the letter from Grace regarding the indebtedness of the Nortz Lumber Company, I wrote them a kindly letter, as I think I have already advised you, and sent it to them under registered mail with receipt required. The receipt has not yet been received by us and the delay may be due to the railway strike. At the same time, I wrote to Dun and Bradstreet, Inc., asking about the credit of this company. I understand that it is in fine shape, having a fine surplus and a net income for 1945 of over \$19,000. Its net sales for last year were slightly over \$550,000. The company is in a position where it could pay you in full, without any discomfort, and if they are honest men, they will certainly let you hear from them promptly. If they are dishonest, the debt may be outlawed, but I doubt if they would wish to have their credit impaired by claiming the benefit of an account being outlawed where the claim was undoubtedly just.

Y
Please let me know, and if you wish, you could place the account in the hands of your own attorney, or, if you wish me to do it, I will place it in the hands of my son-in-law, L. A. McNalley, who is a most capable and successful lawyer.

If the company was poor and hard-up, there could be a little justification for your consideration of forgiving the debt, but where the company is prosperous as it is, and you are old and need the money, there is no reason why they should not pay willingly and if not willingly, why they should not be forced to repay your note with interest.

We love you. Everyone who speaks of you speaks with love and kindness and we want you to get well. If there is anything that we can do, we shall be very happy to have you let us know. We are planning on going to Minneapolis as soon as possible, but will probably wait until after the graduation of our granddaughter, Marilyn Maloney, from the University.

Lovingly,

Esler
Your brother cousin

WCS:j

From the desk of—
V. C. WIKSTEN, M. D.

Milk and milk products
except butter

Irish potato

Peas

Free
Gold

DR. CHAS. C. DENNIE

1524 PROFESSIONAL BUILDING

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Rx

GRAMMES

Starch Bran	} one Tablespoonful of each in both water.
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no soap.

Five cold

U. S. Reg. No. _____

FEDERMANN DRUG STORE, 1101 Grand Avenue; Phone, HArrison 7424

May 27, 1946

Mrs. Kathryn Drought,
1417 N. Blackstone St.,
Jackson, Michigan.

Dear Cousin Kathryn:

I received your card of May 22, yesterday, the 26th, which was not bad service considering the strike. I had known about Lillian's accident and I have been trying to keep in touch with her. Sister Grace, Mrs. Don A. Freeman of Brainerd, Minnesota, spent several days in Minneapolis to be with her.

The matter of a debt owed to Lillian was referred to me and upon investigation, I find that the parties owing her are amply able to repay her in full, and I have so advised her in a letter of this date.

I think perhaps, that Lillian could now be at home if Mrs. Olsen had additional help. Perhaps she has gone home, but I have had no word to that effect.

I am glad that you are feeling well, but I would like to know that you were able to take a fencing lesson, tennis, golf, or something that would indicate that you had passed from the position of an invalid to a person of good health. I don't believe that God ever intended that one endowed with your fine intellect and clear understanding could be physically disabled. You are a brave soul and are entitled to and deserve the love that your family and relatives have for you.

Love,

WCS:jm

May 27, 1946

Miss Lillian Gowdy,
Eitel Hospital,
Room 106,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Dear Lillian:

Upon receiving the letter from Grace regarding the indebtedness of the Nortz Lumber Company, I wrote them a kindly letter, as I think I have already advised you, and sent it to them under registered mail with receipt required. The receipt has not yet been received by us and the delay may be due to the railway strike. At the same time, I wrote to Dun and Bradstreet, Inc., asking about the credit of this company. I understand that it is in fine shape, having a fine surplus and a net income for 1945 of over \$19,000. Its net sales for last year were slightly over \$550,000. The company is in a position where it could pay you in full, without any discomfort, and if they are honest men, they will certainly let you hear from them promptly. If they are dishonest, the debt may be outlawed, but I doubt if they would wish to have their credit impaired by claiming the benefit of an account being outlawed where the claim was undoubtedly just.

Please let me know, and if you wish, you could place the account in the hands of your own attorney, or, if you wish me to do it, I will place it in the hands of my son-in-law, L. A. McNalley, who is a most capable and successful lawyer.

If the company was poor and hard-up, there could be a little justification for your consideration of forgiving the debt, but where the company is prosperous as it is, and you are old and need the money, there is no reason why they should not pay willingly and if not willingly, why they should not be forced to repay your note with interest.

We love you. Everyone who speaks of you speaks with love and kindness and we want you to get well. If there is anything that we can do, we shall be very happy to have you let us know. We are planning on going to Minneapolis as soon as possible, but will probably wait until after the graduation of our granddaughter, Marilyn Maloney, from the University.

Lovingly,

Your brother cousin

WCS:j

May 21, 1946

Miss Lillian Gowdy
3751 Aldrich Avenue South
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Dear Lillian,

Upon receipt of a letter from Grace, I wrote to Nortz Lumber Company as mentioned in the copy of my letter to Grace which I enclose herewith. I hope that they will respond.

I note that your birthday will be on the 22nd of June and I trust that it will be a happy one in that you will be well on the way to recovery.

If there is anything that I can do further, I shall be very happy to have you let me know.

Your brother-cousin,

W. C. Simons

WCS:ss

Mrs. Don A. Freeman
Route 3
Treetops
Brainerd, Minnesota

Dear Grace,

On receipt of your letter, I immediately wrote to Nortz Lumber Company, Devils Lake, North Dakota stating that their good friend Miss Lillian Gowdy had suffered a serious accident and had been put to considerable expense and in her emergency had asked me to write them to make her a payment at this time. I sent the letter by registered mail asking for the returned receipt so that I would know that they had received the letter. I am in hopes that they will respond and if they do, of course it would make the debt collectable. My letter to them was as one friend to another and I told them that I was a first cousin of Miss Gowdy's.

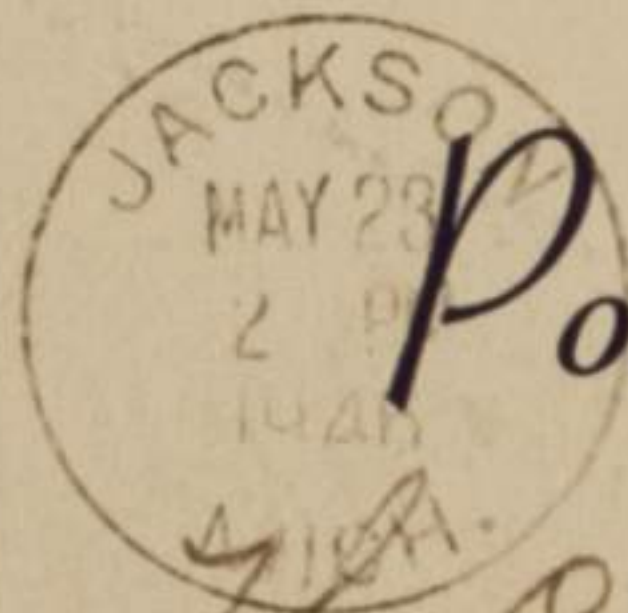
We had a very pleasant time last week with Dorothea and family, Returning home Saturday afternoon, We had Dolph and family for dinner Sunday and last night Janet, Mike, and a woman friend of Janet's and her son for the evening. They left for home this morning. The report on Mary Beth from Monticello is excellent. The letter to Janet stated that of the students who had come to the college with a straight A record she was one of a total of only two or three who had maintained that record during attendance of their school. Dorothea and family expect to move Saturday of this week to their new home in Wymore, Nebraska where they have purchased another lumber yard. They sold their home in Dawson to a good advantage. Their children are mighty fine.

I hope that Don is feeling better and that we will be able to be up there before a great while.

Much love,

WCS:ss

W. C. Simons



Post Card



Mr. H. C. Simons
Daily Journal - World
Lawrence
Kansas

Mrs. Eugene Drought

- 1417 N. Blackstone St. -

Jackson, Michigan

May 22 - 1946

My dear Cousin, -

Rec'd a letter from Lillian's housekeeper today informing me that Lillian fell and broke her leg near the hip May 3rd. She seems to be getting along well. Perhaps you know, but Lillian loves you so much I wanted to be sure you knew so you could write to her. Poor darling. I wish I were near her. she has been so sweet to me. I love her dearly. Her address is Eitel Hospital, Room 106 - Minneapolis. I shall have my nieces write to her it will help pass the time. I am gardening nicely, out on the porch every day. Do hope you and your sweet wife are well. Love, Kathryn

May 21, 1946

Mr. Clyde H. Knox
Waldheim Building
Kansas City, Missouri

My dear Mr. Knox:

I am always glad to hear from you. You are right in saying that the years are passing rather rapidly.

Business with us has been good and revenue taxes exceedingly high. We have placed orders for several pieces of equipment to improve our office, but do not know when delivery can be made.

If I were in the market for the purchase or sale of a newspaper, I should certainly call upon you. I think it quit interesting and surprising that you have been able to center your efforts on this sort of work for so many years.

It must be between forty and forty-five years ago that I knew you and your brother here. Are the other members of your family living? Of my three sisters and one brother, one sister alone remains and we have the pleasure of spending part of our summers in our cabin which is near her home.

If you have occasion to visit this part of the country, I should be very happy to have you as my guest.

Cordially yours,

W. C. Simons

WCS:ss

May 11, 1946

Miss Lillian Cowdy
Eitel Hospital
Minneapolis, Minnesota

My dear Lillian:

A day or two ago I received a letter from Mrs. Olson telling me of your accident, but she failed to mention how I could reach you. I am today in receipt of a letter from Grace enclosing a letter to her from Mrs. Olson in which I find you are in Eitel Hospital.

I understand that Grace will be down to see you Monday. I had asked her by letter to send you flowers from Certie and me. I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am that this accident occurred, but I am quite firm in my belief that you will recover from the accident.

Mother Feineke broke her hip in a fall when she was eighty-nine years old and recovered so that she lived until she was ninety-five years old. My little mamma fell out of the bed and broke her wrist when she was probably about eighty, and the bones knit promptly and apparently the arm was as good as ever.

If there is anything that I can do for you, including the advance of money, please let me know and I will respond promptly. You are very dear to me, and I want to help you all I can.

Lovingly,

Your Brother-Cousin

WCS:jl

May 8, 1946-

Mrs. Grace Freeman,
Tree Tops,
Route 3,
Brainerd, Minnesota.

Dear Grace:

On Sunday, April 28 Janet, Mac, and Mike were with us. Last Sunday Dorothea, Bus and their three boys were here, arriving Saturday evening in time for dinner, and leaving after the noonday meal Sunday. This weekend, we shall have Blanche and Eileen with us. As you know Marilyn graduates this year, and while Owen will not receive a degree, he will probably consider it the end of his college career. We have enjoyed having him with us. It is fine to have Dolph and his family here, and the other children so nearby that they come in often to see us.

I marvel in the recuperative power that Gertie has shown. She is really a wonder. We made our seventeenth trip to Kansas City for x-ray treatments today, and will finish the twenty treatment course Saturday of this week.

We are looking forward to joining you as soon as things can be arranged.

We have been eating our own homegrown radishes, onions and lettuce, and have been buying homegrown asparagus and strawberries. We have put out rhubarb, asparagus and strawberries this year, and our raspberries will bear this year for the first time. Crops are just about a month ahead of time.

We sincerely hope that Don is much better. If he could dispose of his outdoor advertising plant, it might be wise to do so in order to winter in warmer climate. But, perhaps under your present arrangement, Purinton's can