

January 4, 1944.

Quite a spell since I started this letter, but things have happened since then. The kids were sick until New Year's Eve when they got up for the first time and that day Dad got sick and went to bed so I have had my hands full doing all the chores. I milked both cows, fed the pigs, chickens and all the rabbits, and believe me, by that time I didn't have enough pep left to do anything but my housework and take care of the sick ones. So far I have been very fortunate and haven't been laid up, but I haven't felt too good any time. I have had a headache for the past ten days and of course, that may be caused by my not wearing glasses. Speaking of glasses - I lost them one day at Forestville and they stayed lost all summer. When they had closed the dryer up there I went up to shut things up and while looking around I saw them hanging up on the wall. Gosh, I was glad to see them, not only for the cost of them nowadays, but the time it takes to go and have them fitted is the worst. Now I forget to put them on when I am doing this kind of work and I know that my eyes suffer from the strain.

I have had letters from your folks and Tsugiye, besides a lovely gift from your folks and I haven't had time to answer any of them. Lloyd wrote for a letter of recommendation and I did get that off the other day, but outside of that I have done no writing at all. This sickness business is no good at all and we are thankful that the weather has been such that we couldn't get out and do much anyway, but on the other hand, it is harder to get well with such miserable weather and it is tough on trying to air things out and getting the washing done.

The dried apple situation is still the same - I sent out cards last night for a meeting Thursday night - we are going to try and comply with the Wage and Hour law if it isn't too late to fill out the forms in order to get that extra 1.04% per pound allowed those who filed forms in time showing their increase in wages. It may be too late for us, but we are going to try and show that we didn't understand that we had to file separately. Anyway, a government representative is to be there and we will find out what we can do. In the meantime, we can not finish up our accounts and it is balling up everything. I have held up finishing up your accounts and making up the statements, but I don't know how much longer I can do that without seeing Geary and if everything is well here tomorrow I am going to try again to talk with him. He has been very busy in court for weeks and the girl told me to wait until after Christmas. Well, on account of the sick ones here I have not been able to get over there, but I will have to within the next few days. I still haven't cleared up the affairs of the running of the ranch for the coming year, either. Of course, Sam has been pestering me about the pruning - he has already said that he can not finance the running of the place this next year. The truth of it is just this - I found out that he wanted Smith to go in with him so that Smith could put up the money, but Smith was just too smart for him and besides he claims he hasn't the money to spare, anyway. Irma told me this herself so I know it is true. Then I found out that he was hoping that I would let Andy go in with him and do the backing, but when Joe told him that there seemed to be something between you and Andy that didn't smell just right, the wind went right out of his sails and he gave up there, too. He knew last year that I did not care to have Andy around in view of what you people had told me before you left, but he thought he would try it again, I guess. I can't for the life of me understand why he can't save enough money out of the amount he has been making to get started for himself and as Joe and I talked it over here lately - if I have to worry about his finances, the people he has around him, keeping the equipment in shape for him and a few other worries that are bound to arise during the season,

then I might as well shoot it all the way and have the full responsibility myself. I don't mind telling you that I have had reason to be very disgusted with Sam during the past year and a half and I shall give him all the rope you people desire me to give him, but no more in my behalf. I wish you would express yourself more fully about him - if you people want him to have the place by all means, regardless of who finances him and who sticks their noses into the deal up there, I am perfectly willing, and it will have no bearing on my part in the game. As long as I know that you are satisfied I will not worry about who goes and comes or how the work is done because I will have the knowledge that you are perfectly satisfied but as it is now, I feel that he is not responsible enough and that if I give him all the rope he wants just of my own accord that I will have a worry on my hands and then have to account to you folks for making the error of giving him all the rope. Get what I mean? In other words, I want my hands clean - I don't want to do something that I feel is not just the correct thing, unless you give me authority to do so. I know that Geary will take my word on almost anything that goes on, as long as it seems to be fair and honest, but I want to be guided by what I feel is your desire, also.

Sam wants to prune up there by all means. We quit pruning here because the 1.00 per hour made it too expensive for us. Sam had not started to work yet when we quit so he moved out bag and baggage within the next few days and went to work right away for Winkler - I understand at 1.00 per hour. I haven't seen him since, but he has seen Joe a number of times and each time has mentioned the fact that he would like to get started pruning there, but always not knowing what he should get for it. Joe and I finally decided to have him give us an estimate of what he thought it would cost to do just the pruning and he finally sent down his figures the other day. He had all the figures for last year's work and it all added up that he gets 1.00 per hour, however, he gave me the amount of hours that it would take to get over it and he added 1/4 increase in wages over last year. The total was 591.00 for pruning alone and I sent back a note telling him that if he felt he could get over it all in 550 hours he could get started anytime. I haven't heard from him since and I don't know whether he is going to do it or not. It makes me so darned mad to have to be at his mercy on that pruning. None of the rest of the work bothers me, but that pruning is something that can't be done by very many people - that is, the way you people want it done. If he refuses to do it for that, I will have to give him what he wants, but I won't be happy about it.

Guess I told you before that I had a prospect for the house. Mr. Silk sent him to see me and I put him off until we had time to get up there and move the furniture upstairs so we got it done before Joe took sick. Since then it has rained almost steady and I don't think they have moved as yet, but they have a few small things moved in already. We took one of our Mexicans up with us and moved everything upstairs excepting the rug in the front room and the one in Grandmother's room. I hated to roll the up for the moths to ruin, anyway, and as long as they could use them I thought it best to leave them right there. I took my sweeper up there and really gave them a going over after we had all the furniture out. Most of the furniture went into the bedroom at the head of the stairs and dishes, kitchen utensils and small furniture we put in the other bedroom. We put the two washing machines and the gas cook stove in the tank house and threw that big tarpaulin over them. The tank house is locked up and we locked the door that goes upstairs and I told them they would be responsible for anything missing after they moved in. They seem to be decent people and their reputation is very good around Forestville as far as I could trace. They have one girl at home, 11 years old and the rest of the kids are married or in the army and navy so there shouldn't be any trouble on account of kids. He promised me that he would look out

for everything and keep things in repair, that is, such as nailing up here and there when necessary, also that they would clean up the yard and keep it clean. I already bought some roofing paper and he is going to put a roof on that shed next to the barn so he can keep his car in there. The windstorm completely uncovered that and took off most of the roof of the woodshed. I don't know whether or not we can get shingles for the woodshed, but if I can he will roof that, he said. Mr. Silk and I talked it over at length and decided that it would be best to let them have it at \$10.00 per month with the understanding that he should keep things in shape, rather than to try and collect more and have to fix up for them a lot. I don't think I could have found anyone quite as suitable. Everyone else kicked about the bathtub - well, he has his own portable one and set it in there. Then there are holes in the floor and he said that was O.K. he had a big piece of linoleum and he put that on the floor. I could not gas tanks for anyone, but he has his own and is moving them right into the cabinet and using their own stove as she was used to it and knew it was perfect for baking, etc. One party I found last year had a nice new oil heater, but didn't know where to put the flu so that did not suit them. These people have a heater with an oil tank attached and does not need a flu, so they can set it anywhere in that front room and use the fireplace when they want it. He did not complain about having to put his car out there in that shed, which was something the others did not like to do. I really feel that if they turn out to be decent about being clean, etc. it is a very good bet on them. I had really given up the idea of renting the place until I talked with Mrs. Norton lately and she was so afraid of someone doing damage there, then Mr. Silk told me he thought it was a mistake not to have someone in the place. I know that personally I will feel much easier as I won't have to be worried every minute about someone doing damage for spite and it will also save me from running up there so often to check things. The day we moved the furniture we also cleaned up all the debris in the barnyard and the garden and burned it all. The wind had raised heck with the big trees, lots of broken limbs and small twigs covered the yard. They trimmed the big ones for wood and burned up everything else. We piled up all the old lumber near Norton's fence and the place looks fine now. That darned storm also blew paper off of the dryer porch and on the roof between the dryer and the packing house. If this guy is really a half-assed carpenter as he claims I am going to ask him to fix that for me. When Sam moved up there he came down and asked Joe to go up and fix his wiring for him. The wind had blown the wires loose from the pole near the dryer and then tore them loose where they go into the cabin. Joe worked on them for an hour or so and had them in shape again. He is so damned helpless, he wouldn't try to fix anything and doesn't make any bones about asking us to do things for him. He also told Joe that he wanted to move Frank's stove back there from the barn where he stored it when he moved down here this summer, but he was never home when Joe was up there so I don't know what happened about that. He has his own stove up there now, but Frank's is much better. He asked me to give him Frank's gas stove which I have never seen or heard of and he looked as though I was lying to him when I told him that. I have never heard of a gas stove stored anywhere on the place, but he says that when you folks left that your Dad left this stove and told him he could use it. I asked him if he was sure it wasn't sold and then he said maybe it had been. You know when you left your Grandma and Tsugiye told me to try and sell the wood in the shed if I could. Well, I told Sam that I was going to do that and he informed me that that wood had been given to him so I never said anymore about it. When I went into the shed the other day to show the renter where he could store some of his junk there was a little bit of wood left and Sam told me later that somebody must have used it because he had left more ~~xxxxxx~~ than that when he left for the hop field.