

1155 East Court Street
Iowa City, Iowa

14 October 1945

Dearest Sal,

I was awfully glad to hear from you again. I had misplaced your last letter and didn't know where to write. I was going to write to Granada again in hopes a letter would be forwarded, when along came your September missive. What? no pictures of Miki and Spike? I have found out what children are for--to show or send pictures of to one's friends. I herewith enclose one of the Beardsley family and one of Grandpa, Betsy and Anne, her cousin. I enjoyed the snapshots you sent of you in New York. I made a few remarks that sounded like, "My, how those children have grown." I still think those pictures you took of Spike playing on a bed in Granada are among the all time high in baby pictures.

I very much appreciate your invitation to come and visit you. I'd very much like to do so. It's possible that we might trip East ~~before~~ after Dick gets back and before we return to California. But until Dick does get back, Betsy and I are parked right here in Iowa City. When you wrote I was eager to get out of Iowa City for various reasons and was considering several possibilities. I got as far as train fares including those to New Rochelle, but when the practical aspects of such a move faced me I realized it was foolish. So here I am in Iowa City eager to be gone but resigned to staying. Thanks a lot anyway for asking me; I appreciate your invitation. I've always wanted to visit New York for longer than a week-end at a time (I lived two years in Troy, New York, you know) but have yet to do so. We could do some exploring together if we could get someone to look after our kids. I'd like to see your kids again, not to mention you and Kan. Kan's work sounds very interesting and very much worthwhile. I'm glad he's doing so well, though I can imagine his hours must be getting you all down. I don't see how Kan can get along on so little sleep. I hope the project is finished by now. Is your third floor rented by now? I wish we could be in it for a visit at least, but we'll take a raincheck on the invitation.

I don't remember when I last wrote to you but I remember when we last saw each other in Boulder. Gee, how I'd like to be in Boulder again. Beautiful Boulder. Or Beautiful Berkeley for that matter. I feel like one of the Children of Israel in exile. Well, as I was about to remark, let's carry one from Boulder. Dick went to Honolulu and Betsy and I to Iowa City. I took second year German in summer school that summer and then lapsed into domesticity that fall. When my conscience would prick me too much, I would get out the manuscript on Johnsons' Mexican textiles and try to work on it. But as you well know, children are not conducive to study. It was next to impossible to get

anything done. So this summer when school was out, I hired a high school girl to look after Betsy mornings while I wrote. Sally, it was a long drag but the paper is now finished and sent off to Dr. Sauer. I just finished it last week. Making the drawings and readying the plates nearly floored me. But now I am a free woman and beginning to scatch around in the papers that have been accumulating on my desk and trying to set things to rights in my other paperwork especially letters--so here I am.

Betsy has passed through the various stages that babies pass through and is now entering little girlhood. She'll be two in November. She has an excellent disposition I am happy to say and excellent health. I've decided that colic was her trouble in Boulder, though I was too dumb to know it then. I'll have to have three more babies to properly utilize what I learned about babies with the first one. I'm sure no other baby could be so difficult. Or could he? Betsy loves to swing, slide, and teeter, dotes on riding in cars and buses, and is forever asking to take a walk. She identifies Dick's pictures as Daddy but does the same for men in uniform--several times to my embarrassment.

Dick has spent most of the war in Honolulu except for the Iwo Jima campaign and a stint on Guam. I don't know ~~hw~~ where he is now. He was scheduled to go to Japan with the 6th Marine Division but ended up in a backwater. I haven't heard for 10 days or more and so assume he may be in Japan by now or caught in the Okinawa typhoon in transit. Time will tell. Now that the war is over, he has been able to say that he was working on Japanese aircraft but beyond that I know nothing. Everything seems to be sewed up tight. Reports from Japan indicate that the Japanese are very conciliatory and speak English better than we speak Japanese. We need men less for translators than for supervisory work. Dick hopes to be home by the early part of next year. Speed the day.

About three weeks ago Arden and Isabella King passed through on their way to New York. I don't know whether you knew them or not. Arden was an anthro student when we were there. He passed his qualifyings and then got a fellowship to Duke University in North Carolina one year and then a teaching job at Washington University the next. He's 4-F and still ~~at~~ Washington teaching. From them I gleaned a bit of Berkeley news. Kroeber has recovered from his heart attack? and is back at school. He is going to England this late fall to receive some sort of honor. Lowie has indicated lack of interest in the headship of the department and Julian Steward is rumored as Kroeber's successor. Olson spent some time with the Army in civilian capacity (six months) but is back at school again much the same as ever except slightly better pressed. McCown has been in SF all this time in the Signal Corps doing some sort of decoding. He gets over to Berkeley regularly for a day or so each week. Larry Angel is teaching in a medical college in Philadelphia. Jean Johnson was killed over a year ago in Italy. Irmgard took Kirstin (Betsy's age) back to Mexico for awhile but is now back in Berkeley in the same apartment. Bill Elmendorf is in the Philippines, Eleanor in a house in Berkeley that belongs to a friend (Army). Frank Fenenga after much drifting around is

Did you see the article in a recent issue of Harpers or Atlantic on the legal (illegal) aspect of Relocation? I'm glad to see it appear. I only wish it would have wider circulation. How are your pop and mobster brothers and sisters. Where's King? Come Jean with all the dope please. Don't. What has happened to Don? Jane Raymond is teaching in Berkeley high school commercial subjects. (My bookmate)

finally in OTS in South Carolina? Barbara and Lynn are with him. There is talk of his having to stay in three years, poor fellow. Walter Weymouth is married to a clerk in Hagstrom's grocery and both continue to work, she in Hagstroms and he in the anthro museum. Remember where we spent so many hours? Bill Wallace is still around as teaching assistant. The shipyard gang has all escaped the draft and I presume will soon be back in anthro. Treganzas have moved down near Johnsons. Marian has been sick more or less ever since she had the baby and the baby has not been well either. Alta Bates was short on nurses and asked Marian to come back which she did when she shouldn't have. In short the Trigs have been having a rough time. Gordon and Mina Hewes are still in Washington D.C. Recently Gordon has been drafted and put back on his same job only at \$60 a month or whatever a private's pay is. So Mina now has taken a secretarial job to make ends meet. Heizer was offered a job at UCLA this fall but was unable to take it because if he left the shipyard the draftboard would be on his neck. The other story is that he didn't want the job and so didn't take it. Take your choice. If there is anyone I've omitted, let me know and I'll rack my brain. Since I never write to anyone my information is scanty at best. If the Kings hadn't stopped, I wouldn't have known this.

How is Miss Gladding? I haven't heard of her for a long time. And what is the news of Miss O'Neale. Couldn't you arrange to have your master's awarded in absentia? It's a shame to have done all that work for no end. You've run all around the race track but failed to touch the ribbon. Kan, please urge Sally to touch the ribbon. She's done all the work and might as well finish.

A couple of weeks ago my brother Robert, his wife, Alice, and their daughter, Anne, paid us a visit. They had been near Santa Fe, New Mexico, on the atomic bomb site. Robert is a physicist. ~~Not~~ It was very interesting to hear their account of life on the mesa and the local views on atomic bombs. Bob saw the text ~~book~~ bomb go off and had with him some of the green glass globules of fused ~~sand~~ sand from the heat of explosion. I gather that most newspaper accounts of remaining radio-activity are neither here nor there as it has not yet actually been determined. Also, the basic data on which the atomic bomb was built was all internationally published by 1939. The only "secret" is the laboratory experience in working it out and that could be learned by any nation with the materials and scientists requisite. The Santa Feans feel that if we don't tell the other nations the processes, they will go ahead and work them out for themselves anyway and perhaps learn some improvements. It's better to cooperate than to engender a rivalry which will precipitate another war.

Anne is three months younger than Betsy but an inch taller. She is also much more aggressive. It took them about a week to get used to each other, then they began to have fun together. We had quite a lively time throughout. Alice is a Stockton girl though I didn't know her when I was there. We got pretty well acquainted this visit and I think she is swell. Hooray! One in-law that I like. Please give my love to everyone and write again before Xmas.

And send pictures, please. As ever, Grace

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