

March 2, 1943.

Dear Andrew:

Your letters were much appreciated even if I have been tardy in replying to the first. My eyes gave me a great deal of trouble and it was easy to put off doing tasks which involved close use of them; and then, a few weeks before Christmas I had a very bad cold and I'm still suffering from its neglect in the way of a lame arm, neuritis, which limits me a great deal--it is my right arm. The consequence of all that is that I have a great pile of correspondence greatly in arrears, and I shall start with you for your first letter is on top of the pile as the oldest. So, pain or not, I plan to work through the lot at the rate of at least one a day, or I shan't have a friend in the world.

It was good to hear that you are both contented--that goes a long way if one is shut off from the rest of the world. And I think it is marvelous that you are in such healthy and beautiful surroundings, even if it is cold at times. The mountains, in their ever-changing loveliness, bring a great peace and a vast satisfaction to a beauty-loving eye.

Tell your father that I miss him very much (and you too for that matter). And if he works as hard around the mess hall as he did here, he is certainly doing a good job. I am sure he would much rather be taking care of the grass and flowers, and how I wish he were! Try as I may, it is very difficult to get any one who really takes an interest in gardens, and of course men are scarce. Tell him I've taken good care of his chrysanthemums and the dahlias--the mums particularly were lovely for two months. But things do not look as they did under his care. Many of us wish, and I think there is a plan under way, that our good Japanese neighbors could be released. How we miss the abundance of fine vegetables too! We have plenty to eat; but your people have what we call "green fingers" they understand and like plants and flowers and have a gift to make them do well.

Jim reported at the Midshipman School the 22d of February. He was sent to Columbia University in New York, and was much delighted, not only to be working toward his commission in the Navy, but to be in New York. I will send him your letter when I write. He graduated on the 7th of February, and received his orders to report for school work at Columbia two days before that date. His mother came out to spend the Christmas holidays with us and to have a good visit with him, and we were delighted about that, as he only had five days in Oak Park--the town near Chicago where he lived with his parents. The Navy allowed him to drive his beloved Ford V-8 home, and then he took the train to New York from there. There were fifteen of his classmates sent to the same University, and, when he got home, he discovered that one of his high school friends was to be sent there also. He writes that he is delighted with the school; that his officers are "keen" and he likes them; and that the food is "swell." He gets up at five-thirty and is in bed by ten! That must be hard for Jim. He hated to get up early in the morning and loved to be up late. The work is hard--he has many classes and I suppose lots of drill. It will all be good for him anyway.

I think it is splendid that you are leading a normal, if not your usual, life. The idea of the proms and all that goes with graduation is good. All that sort of thing is much curtailed in the schools and colleges here and will grow more so as the war goes on I'm afraid. The city is full of soldiers, sailors and marines every week end, and, on the whole, they seem a very merry and happy lot. Do you get the Los Angeles papers?

The neighborhood is much the same--only one change in the apartment back of where the Deans lived, next door to us. I see Mr. and Mrs. Fensler occasionally, and they are both well. They were pleased when I showed them your letters--you write a very nice letter by the way. I am not sure whether I will remain here now that Jim has gone "off to the wars", as the house seems rather large and lonesome; but it is not easy to find small apartments or flats and so I may be forced to remain here. If I do leave, I shall tell Mr. Fensler about the box you left in the basement and he will see that it is taken care of I'm sure.

Although I've travelled across the states half a dozen times by automobile, I've never been in the Wyoming mountains, seeing them in the distance and wishing to explore them more closely. But I daresay they are very like the Sierra Nevada range, and I've been to many of the beauty spots there, and love their serenity; but I daresay a young person would like a change occasionally. I'd like a change myself, but it is not considered very patriotic to travel just now, and that is right of course. I want very much to go to Mexico City, but must postpone that visit until after the war. It is a mountain city too, and, I understand, very beautiful; also I'd like to visit the New England states. Now that I have the leisure, it is too bad to be held up by other considerations.

Do you have movie shows? I'm not a great movie-goer; and, of course, there are not so many as there were, and most of them deal with war stories and are depressing. I like to laugh when I go. I have been wondering whether you have them, and also whether you have plenty of reading matter. I fancy you have a good deal of free time. Is there any chance to ski? Can you take fairly long hikes?

It is raining very hard today, the third good rain we've had this year--the first was torrential and there was the usual damage done in various districts; but the last rain, and this so far, is the good steady kind that soaks in. They have been of sufficient spacing as to be most beneficial. I had to send for a new nozzle for the hose, and what do you think it is to be made of? Plastic. They say at the May Company that they are very durable and satisfactory, but I wonder! The calla lillies are blooming out in front and there are a thousand roses on Belle of Portugal vines--the poor things will be beaten to death by the rain. Old man wistaria is just about to burst into bloom--I hope the blossoms will not be ruined. He certainly is hard to keep pruned back, and is wandering all over the house. The large banana tree in the back yard was blown down in the first storm--I wonder it wasn't the leaning pine.

Give my very cordial regards to your father. Tell him I hope he keeps strong and well, and that I hope it won't be long until he is back supervising things in the neighborhood.

Thank you again for your nice letters. Use your spare time to read and study, and have a good time too.

Sincerely yours,

Kathleen Brewell