

**Doris Kingsley Condit Lantz - A Tough Old Bird**  
**19 Oct 1904 - 29 May 1995**

*Background: Below are notes – and a transcript – from conversations with Doris Kingsley Condit Lantz, who grew up near Soldier Creek, Grants Pass, Oregon, and later moved to Medford, Oregon. The notes were taken with the goal of preserving some of the family's history. On several occasions, between 1989 and 1992, I met with Grammy Lantz, to look over old photographs, old bible notations, and to complete some family history charts, as best we could. With Grammy's permission, I taped the January 27, 1992, session in it's entirety, and a transcript of that session, as well as of my notes from the earlier sessions, comprise this material.*

*I never knew my own grandparents. Grammy lived next door to me in 1973 - 1974, and I came to like her very much, many years before I married her granddaughter. Later, I came to know her even better, and to respect her as "a tough old bird," as she called herself. This material may be copied in whole or in part, without permission or pay, for non-profit purposes, with proper attribution to the author.*

*Bill Leslie.*

=====

Notes from a conversation on August 10, 1989

Her father, William Henry Harrison Condit worked for the Southern Pacific railroad as a mechanic, grinding valves, etc. He lived in Grants Pass, Oregon, and learned to vulcanize tires, earning up to \$50.00 per day. He saved to buy the Cardoza Ranch, on Soldier Creek, from a Portuguese sailor. He paid \$2,000 for 80 acres. Doris has a handmade chair from the ranch, Patsy and Carroll Lantz, have another chair. He (William Condit) homesteaded an additional 40 acres from the railroad for which he paid \$ 2.50 per acre. He owned a garage in Grants Pass, Oregon. There is a motel there now. He retired from the gas station and built a new house on the ranch, bought mules, built a sawmill, cut logs, and did it all himself.

William Henry Harrison Condit's father was a painter, and he died of lead poisoning.

Doris's brother Bud (Irving Robert Condit) was a suicide. He was adopted in Portland. His father left him with a woman with pay for one month's food and housing, but his father never returned. Doris' mother went and picked him out. The family named him Irving Robert, but called him Bud, and he married Helen Bowers. He had a daughter who is now married and lives in Lake Oswego, Oregon. Her name is Colleen Condit Martindale. Her husband works for Safeco.

-----

January 6, 1991

Estelle Inez McClure's mother's maiden name was Shore. (This would be Doris' maternal grandmother.) She was from Virginia. Because she was a staunch Southerner, the War between the States was not discussed in the household. She traveled by horseback from Virginia to Indiana, then by covered wagon to Kansas on a visit, but she settled there. Estelle's father, Robert McClure, was a farmer. He bought farms and cleaned them up, and sold them for a profit. Estelle's family moved from Indiana to Aberdeen, Washington.

Doris remembers sitting in the cab of a railroad engine in Grants Pass while her father was grinding valves, and her mother was across the tracks at a tent revival.

Harry's father was a painter who died of lead poisoning.

William Henry Harrison Condit (Harry) met Estelle in Kansas when she was 14, and when he was 20. Harry was sent to business school in Fredonia, Kansas, by his parents, but he didn't want to go. Instead, he bought a horse and traveled all over the West. He camped at Mesa Verde, Colorado, with the Indians. Through all of the times of his travels, Harry kept in touch with Estelle's family, somehow. Estelle was looked on as a bad marriage because she was a farmer's daughter, and she detested his family for this reason, because they looked down on her. Harry wrote to Estelle before they were married, telling her that he was sick. She came to Portland to visit him by train, (maybe?), and he surprised her with a proposal and a marriage license. They were married in Portland, Oregon in 1893. They moved to Grants Pass, Oregon in 1898.

Estelle made all of the family's clothes. She would buy a size 16 pattern, and tell the kids that they would grow into it. Judy Green had the Condit family bible (just the four gospels?) that Estelle had owned.

The Portuguese sailor that they bought the farm from is buried in Grants Pass, Oregon in the Oddfellows cemetery.

Harry's second wife, Martha, gave Harry lemonade after he spent a long day in 105 degree weather raking hay. He fell out of his chair, dead. It was rumored that she killed him, but Doris didn't feel that anything would be gained by having an autopsy performed. Harry was cremated in Grants Pass, and supposedly his ashes were spread on the ranch.

The markers for Estelle and Bud have been moved, apparently by being bumped into by a tractor in the cemetery. Ken Lantz was going to look into it. Harry's mother lived in Hayes, Kansas, with Harry's sister, Bessy (Elizabeth?). Doris and Bud (Irving Condit) visited her there once. Bessy taught in school there. Grammy's cousin Ray Dahl was gassed in WW I. He died on Whidby Island in Puget Sound, Washington. Aunt Ella Dahl had married a Swede named Stohrdahl (sp?) He beat her and the kids, so she divorced him, unheard of in those days. She took the name Dahl, and raised the kids herself. Sons were Charlie and Ray. Charlie was a messenger boy for Western Union, and ended up Chief Operator in Seattle.

Ray Dahl was in the Army in both the Spanish American War, and in WW I, and never quite recovered from being gassed.

Estelle McClure's brother William died in Puyallup, Washington. Pearl Wilson was another sister of Estelle McClure's. Another sister, Viola, died and is buried in Newport, Oregon. Some cousins still live there.

Among Estelle's family, the youngest usually died first, the oldest usually lived the longest. Somewhat strange.

-----

Transcript from conversations on January 27, 1992

=====

Bill: You were talking about Grandmother Condit, who died at almost 94. She was born February, 1842, and died in July, 1934. It would be 92, I guess.

Doris: I've been known to figure my grocery bill up. I'll plunk the money out, and the gal would look at me with her mouth open. It was just right. If I buy two or three things in the store, I'd figure it up

This photo is Crystal Dahl. She was my cousin's girl. She died June 1929, or June 19, 1929. We're not sure. I don't know. Let's see. She died June, 1929. She didn't have a date (day) on it (the photo.)

Bill: That's your cousin's girl?

D: That was Aunt Ella's son's. She died October 4, 1937. Aunt Ella was born in 1861. She was in her mid seventies. Something. Seventy five or six or something. How did I figure that Grandma was 94?

B: The notes that I have from the book, from the Condit Family history said she was born in 1842. You have that she died in 1934. So she would be 92 by my math.

D: Yep. Whatever. the second. Viola was the third one.. .no, she was

B: Are any people from that branch of the family still alive? That you are in touch with?

D: No, I guess not. Will was born 1870, and I have no record of him. He was the only boy. They were up in Puyallup. And Stella was born August 7, 1874 to my mother.

B: That's my sister's birthday. Wrong year, of course.

D: I hope. She died June 24th, 1932. And Beryl was born December 4, 1881 and died February 22nd, 1917. No, can't read my writing. It's no wonder you couldn't. And Harry was born August 22nd, that's my dad, 1868. Died in 1940, June 12. He was 70. Well, he couldn't have been in the family history when he died because 1916 was the last time it was published. He died June 12, 1940. And I was born October 19, 1904, and I'm not dead yet.

Kristi Leslie: (from the kitchen) Good thing!

D: Huh!

B: The notes on your newspaper clipping say 1940. Said he had his home on Louse

Creek.

D: Yep. That's when he died. (1940) And Irving was born May 21st, 1908 ... and died July 12, 1936.

B: Didn't you say, or maybe it was Ken (Lantz) who said that you thought maybe he was troubled by his health.

D: Bud? (Irving) No, he found out he was adopted, they never told him, and he shot himself.

Ken Lantz: (from the kitchen) Because of that?

D: Well, Dad was kind of hard to get along with. Bud said one time, "No matter what I do, it isn't right." and I said "Look him right in the eye next time he says something like that, and say, "No matter what I do, you're not happy." And he tried it. He said "Dad just looked at me. "

B: He probably didn't realize he was coming across cross all the time...

D: No, he didn't.

B: He meant well, but it just came across sharp. Do you know how he found out he was adopted?

D: Somebody told him. They told him they heard his grandmother died. ..somebody with a big mouth. And he was going to get a lot of money. Somebody with a big mouth.

D: Uh... Audie Pugh - you got her down there? Oh well, Austin was a cousin, but I don't know who he belonged to. No last name, born 1901. I can't read it.

B: Do you remember where you got this bible? You told me last time I was here, but I can't remember.

D: It had to be my dad's, or Mother's. A lot of that is in her writing...that fine writing, and the death's are mine. So it was either her's or Harry's. Audie was ...I get tired and I can't think. Audie Pugh was Aunt Vi's daughter. And she married a Jensen. And he died. He had four kids or five, and she raised them, picking berries in the Summer and teaching school in the winter. Anyway... Jensen. And then she married a Cheney (Note: Spelling unclear). Yeah, Dick Chaney was one of her kids.

B: Who's Dick Cheney?

D: Audie Pugh married Jensen, and was divorced, and then she married a Cheney. He's the one that had four kids. He died and she raised them. And there was a Ralph, a Dick, and I don't remember the names of the rest of them.

B: I noticed in the genealogy that you had out of the book, how it had changed from Cundit to Condit to Conditt, and then in some families it was Conduct.

D: Yeah, I wondered about the Mormon Tabernacle organist. Conduct. It was a while back, some years ago.

D: That must say Mama. I didn't know that was in there.

B: If this (bible) was a gift, in 1888, it would have been from Ann Elizabeth Buckingham Condit ... he would have been just 20. Maybe, when he set off on his own, or something, on horseback.

B: There's a lock of hair in this one. It's not labeled.

D: Does it say whose it is? That's mighty yellow.

B: Could it have been from the time he got the bible?

D: Is there another lock of hair?

B: No. Just some bible references. There's a note at the bottom that looks interesting. Says the bible is from...no, that doesn't belong to this bible. And then there are some flowers.

D: I think that was Audie's lock of hair.

B: There's a little note in here...let's see if I can make this out. Says sent from Grandma ...

D: McClure?

B: Little. ...I can't make it out... it looks like crayon. It might be Tuttle.

D: Suttle. Sent from Grandma Suttle. It rings a bell, but I don't know who Grandma Suttle was. It was probably the only bible my mother had. It was Dad's.

B: It might be an adopted relative, we always adopted them when I was a kid. And you've got the birth records of all the kids here written down. Carroll Lantz born June 28, 1929. Were all your kids born at home?

D: No, at a maternity home. They kept you for 2 weeks. My doctor insisted on 2 weeks, and most of em got out in 10 days. He said I would thank him for it later. You got good care, and your food was brought to you. I remember thinking when Ken was born, I'm sure going to enjoy this, because there would be no rest when I got home.

B: Colleen Condit.

D: That was Bud's girl, born March 4, 1930. I think she lives in Oswego. Her name is Martindale. I don't know why my folks saw fit to think they could keep it from him (Bud) in a small town, the fact that he was adopted. That would be an awful shock.

B: They recommend these days that you shouldn't keep it a secret for that very reason.

D: Well, it makes sense.

B: It shakes your roots. ...you have to question suddenly your whole identity, and there is no need for that.

D: I think this has to be Audie's hair, because I took a lock of each of my kid's hair and put them in the bible or somewhere.

B: Audie who?

D: Audie Pugh Jensen Cheney. And she's buried in Newport. Some place I have a picture of those four kids, the boys she raised after he died: He's the one that was in World War I, and they were given a choice of acreage in Tule Lake. I don't know how he came to get it, but he got the biggest one, and they lived there. We went over there, and took Aunt Vi home after mother died, and he said not to wander back too far, because there was quicksand back there. Tule Lake's in California, just over the line.

B: Do you remember any traditions being passed down in your family? Things that when you look at Ken, you could say, "That's where that came from?"

D: That's where his... Shut that off for a minute.

.....  
B: I meant to bring a copy of a map of the ranch. shaped, wasn't it. It was Z

D: It was three 40's, North and South. The two forties that they bought after they were married.

B: Remember the graves that were found on the ranch. Can you tell me about them?

D: Dad found them when there was a fire went through there, and burned his little bridge. And he was rebuilding the bridge, and he needed some rocks to shore it up. He saw a pile of rocks up the creek, and he went to move some of them, and they were shaped like a grave. And then he got to looking after the fire went through... We'd never been back up in the brush, I don't remember how many (graves) he said. Do you remember how many I said when I was in my right mind? Seems to me three or four. He decided to get his rocks somewhere else. He wouldn't touch a grave.

B: That must have been near the house then, because that bridge was just close to the house.

D: Yeah, we went up beside the fence, the chicken fence. I never saw them. It was after I was married. Ralph and I had two kids. I don't know. Sometime in the mid thirties. He assumed that they were soldier's graves, because I have crossed guns, from the soldiers caps. The woman that had owned the ranch gave us the guns. She kept the canteen. It was under the, near the

live oak tree, and on the upper forty, the upper part of the railroad forty that he homesteaded. I think that I have a map that I drew, if you want it.

B: You were saying that the forty that he homesteaded was where the crossed rifles were found.

D: The graves were on the lower forty. The crossed rifles were found on the upper forty. Here's the sketch that I did. It shows the house and the spring and the barn. ditch, and the graves.

B: And the That's the lower forty then. The lower bridge. Just upstream from the newer bridge (that I saw) would be right where the old bridge was.

D: Yeah, it was. And this is the barn that burned. And there was an old barn over here that we stored hay in. That puts it by the house, doesn't it. Right across from the house, looks like.

B: Is this a another barn across the creek?

D: Yeah, that's an old barn. This was the barn that we had the stalls in, and the horses. And this was an old barn that they didn't use except to put hay in. This fellow was loading the hay on the wagon, and he pitched a mama snake with a bunch of little snakes up at my feet. I couldn't throw them back, they went down in the hay.

B: On this map you also have an old mine marked, at the top of the three forties.

D: That was ... I don't say what kind. I think it was something that they used to harden iron. They wanted to open it up, and dad wouldn't let 'em. He told them it was on his property, and he wouldn't give right of way. It was off his property. He buffaloed em. Manganese.

B: Was he good at buffaloing?

D: Yep. He was good at buffaloing. In those days, the man was the boss. You jumped. The wife jumped. When he said jump, she jumped, right? I always said that if a man ever hit me, he'd get the first blow, and I'd get the second, and he wouldn't have a chance for a third. My dad taught me how to defend myself. Keep the thumb out when you get a fist, and you punch.

B: Did you ever have to use it?

D: Nope. But I tried it out on him when he wasn't expecting it, and knocked him against the door jamb. He says "You were supposed to tell me when you are going to practice on me." Well, I just tried it out. It worked. We were taking a first aid class one time, and there's a pressure point, here I think. And he tried it out on me, and I started to pass out, and I was dopey all evening. Dopeyer than usual. I'm easy to knock out.

B: This gold, your brother Bud mined it?

D: Yeah, he got that at the Victory mine. He was up on Peavine Mountain. Down towards Galice. It's good gold mining country. And this man that worked on the ranch. Dad found him

sick in the sand house at the round house. He knew him from somewhere way back. He brought him home. And we were on the ranch. The poor man, I don't know what his last name was, we called him Mel. He got better, and he worked on the ranch and helped around, did the gardening. Did the irrigating. And then after a while he went back to mining. He went up to Peavine Mountain and located this old Victory gold mine. And he stayed in a shack there, and he was mining the pile, the tailings. And Bud was mining the pile, and got this gold out of there. And there was one nugget about this big across. He used mercury to get the gold, and he made Bud a little nugget out of it, it didn't look like a shiny nugget, it was just dull.

B: Is that the one that you have on a stick pin?

D: No, that one came from Imparapa (sp?) Upper creek. It was given to Mother by those Indians that Dad hunted with. Near Golden. It came from a mine up in there. And Bud had it on a stick pin, and his house was robbed and he lost it.

B: I thought that I saw that you still have it.

D: No, I got that from some place else. A neighbor gave it to me.

B: Your dad used to hunt with the Indians?

D: Yeah, on Cow Creek. Cow Creek Indians. Their name is McGuiness (Sp?) I think. And Dave McGuiness was the one that did the hunting, and there was a Joel McGuiness that was crippled by infantile paralysis. He did the mail, and worked around the house, and Patty was the older one. When their mother died, Dad bought a coffin, or somebody bought it, I assumed Dad did, and loaded it on a trailer, and i"10m too'k off for Cow Creek in the middle of the night, and she's buried in a cemetery up Cow Creek. Rather crude deals. She went to put some flowers in a Indian woman's hand, and she wasn't even stiff, and they buried her that way. She was probably in a coma. But they didn't do things according to Hoyle.

B: Do you remember your first paying job?

D: They used to have a big thing about ten feet long built in the shape of a lemon. And they sold lemonade. They had no entrance, no door. They had a shelf on each side, and when nobody was looking, you jumped the shelf. And my dad didn't believe in women working outside the home, but this was right in front of his service station, so he figured he had me under his thumb. And I could have the job. Ralph used to get off work and pick me up, and we'd go for a ride. It was in June, uh, when were we married?

B: That's what I'm looking up Grammy.

D: I met him in May, and we were married in August. August 1928.

B: Do you remember how much you made?



D: Oh, heavens no. After Ralph died, in about '55, I went to work in Penny's warehouse. It was a good job, I outfitted my sons in new clothes. Ken came back from the Presidio. He was in the (National) Guard. He was in cook's school. He came home the day Dad died. He got to see him. He made the kids take turns driving all night, and he ... (Grandma cries... At Grammy's request, I shut off the recorder)

D: I'm a big baby. We came down off of Mount Tabor, walked up the steps, and he had a heart attack and died.

B: He didn't get to see any of his great grand kids.

D: No, Sharon was born in December, and he died in October. October 26.

B: She was born in '52, Kristi was born in '59. So she was seven years older than Kristi. I guess that's why the families aren't closer.

D: And Carroll and Pat lived in Eugene when she (Kristi) was born. He was working for Pierce. And then they moved to Albany. And they moved to Springfield. When his children weren't in school, they used him for a troubleshooter. When somebody would steal some money from one of the offices, they'd send him down to do the bookkeeping, to find out what was going on. Carroll. He was managing the offices when he was just a kid. He was old looking because he was tall, lost his hair, and then they sent him to Oakland, and he worked in the Oakland and San Francisco offices. Then back to Springfield. Then back to Portland.

B: You were born in '04. Do you have any memories from the first World War?

D: Yeah. We used to ... I was in sixth grade. We used to sing "Raus mit the Kaiser, he's in Dutch." They taught us all those songs in school.

B: Did you have kinfolk that went away to that war?

D: Just a cousin. Ray. The older sister. I can't think of her name. The older sister of mother. Ray had fought in the Mexican war, Pancho Villa, so he was sent overseas, and he was gassed. He recovered from that, more or less. Ray Dahl. They put him on paperwork, something, anyway he came home, and became all right, evidently. He bought a place on Whidby Island to retire, but I was never there. I got a good picture of him.

B: How about the next war? You were 37. Where were you when you found out. You were at church, weren't you?

D: I was playing for church. I found out when I got home. They didn't announce it in church. They always said that I played while Rome burned. I was playing in church. I was (also) playing in church when the house caught fire. Ken used to smoke, and he'd gone to bed, smoked in bed, and dropped a cigarette in a pile of clothes. And he quit smoking. They dragged the mattress that was on fire, it burned through the floor. They threw the burning mattress out the window, or tried to, it was a little window, so they dragged it down the stairs and threw it out the back door. I

got home from church, and here's a burning mattress, that had been put out, in the yard. The kids said, "Mom always plays while Rome burns."

B: When was that?

D: Hmmm. He must have been about sixteen or seventeen. Remember the paper drives and rubber drives in the second World War? They tore up all the railroad tracks. In the little railroads. But we'd gather acorns for gas masks in the first World War. We lived next door to a lot with oak trees. We lived in Medford, didn't have much scrap around there. Ken and I used to drive our bicycles out to Jacksonville. About five miles, on a Sunday afternoon. That's an interesting cemetery out there.

It's worth climbing up the hill for, There was one man that was killed by the Indians, he had a great big high (grave marker)" his children were all killed by the Indians,

B: Tell me again how you married Ralph.

D That's a good one. There was a dance in Medford, a known band was coming to Medford. And this boyfriend that my folks wanted me to marry, he didn't keep track of anything, Ralph came down, I was taking pipe organ lessons in the theater,., we lived in Grants Pass. I'd seen him go by, I was always waving Hi to him. He'd go to the back room to work. And he came down to the pipe organ, and he says, "If you aren't engaged or something, how would you like to go to that dance?" Well, I had an engagement ring, but my friend didn't want me to wear it, So I thought, to heck with you. and just held out my hand, and no ring. So I went to the dance with him, I don't remember the name of the band, but it was an honor to have them. So we dated a few times. That was in May. And he never did propose to me. He just started talking about what we'd do when we got married. He was a good worker that way.

B: Did that seem a little presumptuous of him?

D: It was so different. I mean..., We'd go for a ride after he got off work about four o'clock. He was a projectionist at the theater. This guy that my dad wanted me to marry, he hurried up and got my ring sized. He was going to have me wear my ring if I was going to step out on him. Anyway, he groused about it, but I kept seeing Ralph. He'd pick me up in front of my Dad's service station, when I was working in the lemon. So, we decided to get married. He said he had to go home to Idaho to visit his folks, so I could go along if I wanted to, so I went. We scheduled a wedding for Sunday morning. I was playing for the Episcopal Mission church. He didn't go to work that morning, so I played for church, and then I met him over at the parsonage at the Methodist Church. My mother found out about the wedding. Sears Roebuck advertised that they would send out the announcements. They felt sorry for this little country gal who didn't get them in time, so they came to my mother before the wedding.

B: Was she mad.

D: No, she and my brother started to cry. So she said, "You mean you're going to get married without any of the family there?" I said, huh, I didn't figure you'd go. I said my gal friend is coming down from Washington to stand up with me, and he has the man he works with to stand

up with him, and you can go if you want to, if you promise not to shed any tears. She said "I'll not, I won't break down and cry, if I can just go." And I said, well, fine. So my brother found out about it, and he had a habit of taking the guy out at night, after he got married, and take his shoes away from him, and take him about seven miles outside of town, and leaving him. So, the boss knew, Ralph's boss, Ralph was married that morning, so he said you better get out of here early, let your partner run the rest of the last show, and you kids take off. Because her brother came in, and all of his friends are sitting up in the balcony, lining up for some mischief. So we took off about nine o'clock, and when the show let out about ten, we were long gone. We went to his folk's, in Idaho. We got as far as Roseburg that night, some place up there. We went over the pass, uh, the one out of Eugene, up through the lava beds. There's a lava bed up there. My poor little brother, he got skunked.

B: You were married in '28. What were you driving, do you remember?

D: A Chevy roadster. It was a beautiful little roadster, had a top you could put down.

B: Did you get all the way to Idaho without breaking down?

D: Oh, sure.

B Was he a catch? He was to you, but what did people think

D Uhhh. I didn't care what they thought. I was going to live with him, not my folks.

B: Did your folks like him, tho?

D: I don't think my mother ever got acquainted. I don't think his mother ever liked me any better than my mother liked him. So what.

---

*Ed Note: In late July, 1945, Ralph Lee Lantz was relocated by his employer, Pierce Freight Lines, from Medford, Oregon to Portland, Oregon. His wife, Doris Kingsley (Condit) Lantz and two sons, Carroll (age 16) and Kenneth (age 14) stayed in the family home in Medford. Ralph and Doris kept up a regular correspondence, which has come to this editor. Doris was my wife Kristi Lantz Leslie's grandmother. Pierce Freight Lines trucks carried letters – as well as Ralph's dirty laundry south, and Doris' letters and Ralph's clean laundry north. This was a temporary transfer, but during the month or so, Ralph was under consideration for a number of posts, including Salem, Eugene, and Portland. The correspondence is interesting because of the insight that it gives into these two people – and their sons. It is noteworthy that during this period two atomic bombs were dropped on Japan on August 6<sup>th</sup> and August 9<sup>th</sup>, and Japan surrendered on August 14<sup>th</sup>. No mention is made of these events. This is not uncommon. In local newspapers and in correspondence, the focus is much closer to home, and is not on events far away. The sixteen letters from Doris to Ralph have been merged into one long letter to improve readability. Dates and repetitive elements have been eliminated. This type of material seems so mundane to many people, but it is a treasure because it tells us, not what our ancestors did, but who they were.*

-----

Dear Daddy,

I suppose that by now you think I have forgotten you, but not so. With Carroll (Ed: He apparently caught a freight truck and went North to visit his father) there, you probably heard all of the news anyway. I suppose he told you about the truck leaving early. Well, we got him one at Grants Pass anyway. Sara just left today, so now I can write again. I thot I was a night owl, but by the time she gave up and went to bed, I couldn't write a letter.

I can't come up this week end now. Shoepert is in Portland with her baby in the hospital. The music committee wanted to know when I was leaving and when I wanted my next Sunday off. (Ed: Doris played organ for the Methodist Church.) I told them I did not know when I was leaving and if I took another Sunday off. it would be later. Today, I killed and dressed 8 chickens. 4 weighed 2# and 4 weighed 2 1/2#. That will help some. I'll try to get 5 more next week. I am playing for a funeral Wed. at 1:30. He is a Methodist but no one we knew. Marsh is playing for Annie's wedding, and getting \$7.50 for it according to Joyce.

Just thought of Ken's jacket. He ended up with the \$11.79 leather jacket in the catalogue. I do not like the cut as well as Carroll's, but the leather is very nice. The jacket Ivan sent me came yesterday. (Ed: Ralph's brother Ivan Lantz was serving in India in the Army.) It is made of cream wool and embroidered in colors. It is late so I will put this one on the truck. It may be quicker than the mail. ...Your laundry arrived today. I will work on it tomorrow.

Isabelle brought me a quart of cream to-day for 50 cents. Her mother does not want to make any more butter. Carroll made the butter to-night and got 2# from the 1 qt. of cream. They really have a good cow. I got 1# the first time I bought a qt. and 3/4# from the other qt. of cream. ...Carroll is afraid to spend his money for the bus fare so will not go up probably. Says he has to save his money for the insurance. I don't suppose he should ride the truck again so soon. The dentist fixed the tooth I broke. He charged me \$3 and I paid it from my check that I got when you were here. \$2 of it has to go to church also, so don't ask me where my check went.

Carroll ate at home quite a bit and set a place for Ken but Ken never came home sometimes until 11:00 at night. He did not do much for the chickens I guess, or Carroll either. Another \$1 paid for my dress at the cleaners, too...I have fixed 4 qts of green beans for the locker. I have not kept the beans wet enough so will have to do better from now on.

We saw our first jet propelled plane go over this evening. It sounded funny, made a different noise and left a trail of smoke. Gladys' husband said two of them landed at the airport yesterday and this one landed tonight. ...Carroll came home tonight and hid behind the bush in front when Sis barked at him. She went out through the hole in the screen and just about bit him. ...I have a bit more collecting to do this afternoon (Ed: I think that Doris collected commercial accounts that owed Pierce Freight Lines) so I will let Carroll have the car to go to the show. It has some gas in it now again. ...Just do whatever seems best about your work when the time arrives. Carroll likes Portland if we can just do something for his hay fever.

Your letter written Sunday and mailed Monday a.m. arrived here on Wed. morning. I bought to-day another yard of material for more shorts. It is on the line now. I did not boil it as one cannot tell what will happen to war time material. ...I played for a funeral at 1:30 and then took Ken down and bought him a pair of shoes with your No. 2 stamp. ...The preacher called yesterday and said he wanted to know am I or am I not going to be here. Well, I couldn't tell him. He was having bulletins printed for the coming year so I said "just leave my name off." He wanted it on if I would

be here for at least 6 weeks so it is on. Don't know why he called me anyway. ...The neighbors enjoyed their chicken a lot. Guess I will send one up with Carroll along with his ration book. We are getting ahead a bit on meat points.

... I have just finished putting a not too artistic patch on your old blue underwear and will try to send you something better in the near future. I am sending your laundry on tonight's truck. Also am enclosing an agreement to let another real estate agent have a try at selling our lot. They are putting sidewalks (cement) on 7<sup>th</sup> Street. I don't know if below M Street or not. ...The chickens are growing fast. I'll try to get 2 more soon. I'll not try 8 again at one time. Some job. ...More of those new planes went over last night. Hope you see some of them soon. Perhaps we will some day ride in one of them. Can go to New York in the time it takes now to go to Frisco. ...(Ed: On notebook paper now) This seems to be the only thing to write on outside of the bathroom and we can't spare any of that. ...It would be fine for Ken to have a watch. He would sure be proud of it. It is a good idea. He asks for so little and is usually broke. He cut vines tonight and pulled weeds yesterday besides watering the lawn. So you are coming home this week end. It will be grand to have you here again. We do miss you, Pop. ...Ken is trying to irrigate the trees in the chicken run by running ditches. More play than work, I guess. ...The big wedding is over. I hope Annie enjoyed paying Marsh \$7.50 for playing for it. Marsha phoned for me to bring her the keys and I told her I was too tired but I would take them to Annie when I went to work which I did. The old battle ax left the organ unlocked as usual. ...I'll try and remember to send you the new Geographic. Carroll finished reading it. Ken never reads anything but funny books anyway. ...How is your stomach behaving? Hope it is better. Are you eating any oranges, grapefruit, or juice of either? You can't eat straight meat and potatoes any more like you used to, you know, and get away with it. ...The chickens are growing fast. Wish I could take time to do 10 more. Will get 2 in the morning. ...According to the paper there was a Jap bomb on South Peach Street all right about the time we heard about it. It landed on the Tice farm. (Ed: balloon launched incendiary bombs) ...Ken is taking your laundry to the office so that it will go out to-night on the truck and this note also. Just in case you are coming home over the week end I am keeping one suit of underwear here and sending the other. ...It would seem to be better to go (Ed: to move) to Portland for the year if there is a chance of Eugene or Salem. Would of course prefer Eugene or if we are in Salem, Carroll could go to Portland to school. I think both of the boys sort of want to go to Portland now. Let me know as soon as you do something final as they want to know at church. Will we then rent or sell?

Tonight I want to do 2 more chickens and clean the house inside just in case you are home tomorrow. It is getting cloudy again, suppose we will have another electric storm. It struck a transformer in town the other night and Medford had its first twister. It messed up the airport hanger and a flying brick got some of the sending equipment. Also the smoke stack went down on the Domestic Laundry. We were just on the edge, two flower posts went over in the back porch and some of our sunflowers. Nothing else of news.

Yesterday afternoon the Bills asked me to go pick blackberries. Then their battery was dead so we took our car. Went out back of where the Agate School used to be. ... They gave me all they picked with the exception of enough for their dinner. I had enough for 10 quarts in the locker. Also put 3 qts of beans in today. I intended to wash also but it is pretty late now so will kill some chickens instead. Ralph's folks are going to let Ralph and Carroll have their car to go to Crater Lake before they leave (Ed: Carroll's friend Ralph was moving out of town.) Seems that Ralph has never been to Crater Lake.

I forgot the dinner at Frames. There were the Frames, Pierces, the dock foreman and his wife, Isabelle and I. I was asked on Sat so it was probably an afterthought. A.C. said "Aren't you ashamed to go out and eat a good dinner like this without Ralph?" I told him I had to eat even if you were gone. ...Carroll wants to come to Portland on the truck and meet Ralph there for a few

*From the genealogy files of William Leslie, 37625 SE Kelso Rd., Sandy, OR 97055 (503) 668-6018*

*Williamleslie99@gmail.com13*

days. Ralph's Dad has a large room with a davenport bed as an extra for them to sleep on but I told him he must go and stay with you at least part time. Ralph's dad stayed up there to work. They used to live out near the "Grotto" but this time are trying to get a place 1 block off Sandy Blvd out either in the 30's or the 40's. I don't remember which he said. The price of the place was \$5,200 and they offered the people \$4,800 for it. They have not yet had an answer on it.

Wish you were here and we could go after huckleberries. They are supposed to be ripe now. ...Ken went on the bicycle for groceries for me. I got 1# of bacon to-day. Think I'll put it in the locker until you can have some. The kids don't care much for it anyway. There is no pork to be bought in the shop so we had lamb chops today fried in bacon grease.

Carroll kept a record of what he spent while we were gone down to the penny. It was \$3.65 in all so he paid me the balance of his insurance. Ken did not have any of the 5 to return.

Ken fed them once a day. Said he did not know they ate twice a day. Oh, well, that is past. I'll feed them up. It was a rooster. Only 2 pullets out of 21 fryers. Some average.

I finally got a letter off to Ivan about the jacket. I wore it to church on Sunday. When I steam pressed it, it stretched enough so I told him it was a perfect fit, which it is now. ...Will kill another chicken in a few minutes, have finished off 20 now to date and ate one today. ...Just finished my chicken. It is the 21<sup>st</sup> one I have killed, weighed 3# and was another ...It looks as if we have a house at least maybe. I believe the man's name is Parmeter or some such that is going to work for Pierce. He has a house in Portland 3 mi. out approximately. It backs against the highway into Portland and the railroad is across the highway from it. Guess it is in Eastmoreland anyway. (Ed: The Lantzs swapped homes with another employee of Pierce who was also being transferred. During the war, housing was in tight supply.) How about trading rent with the man who is coming here from Portland? Your taxes are probably less on this place than they would be on the Portland house.

That apartment house job sounds like quite a proposition. However, one of us would have to be there all the time, and I'll bet you did not tell her you have a dog. What would the kids say to getting rid of Sis?

I killed and dressed 4 chickens this evening and made 6 pts of bread and butter pickles. That leaves us 25 chickens, one of which we will not want to eat for it is a runt. The four tonight weighed 12 ½ lbs. They were nice ones. ... I have 3 packages of Camels that I bought 2 days ago. You can give them to someone if you have enough Chesterfields.

Will have to air mail this as I missed the truck this evening.

These letters are variously signed:

With Love,    The Ax.            Love, Mom

=====