



Upland, Ca. 91786  
1968

HAPPY CHRISTMAS GREETINGS,

and "THE ODYSSEY OF THE PICKERINGS":

We pause in reverent thankfulness to the God of all grace, who has seen fit to not only preserve our lives, but give us good health (for those our age); plus a year of blessings both temporal and spiritual.

On May 16<sup>th</sup> we started North via Hiway 101 to visit friends and relatives in the San Francisco Bay area. The first nite we stopped at Salinas, after driving thru "The Artichoke Capital of the World." Next day we stopped at our Calif. Conference camp ground to see if we might find old friends. We found Mrs. Tosh, whose husband had been our Conf. Supt. when we lived in the Presidio of San Francisco. We enjoyed visiting with her, then departed via Hiway 17. We missed the connection between that Hiway and Interstate 680, but finally found our way to and over Dunbarton Bridge and got on the Interstate. We stopped at Walnut Creek at "Motel 6," one of a new chain of reasonably priced motels. From here we visited our friends, Dr. and Mrs. Howard Winegarden, called at the Baugh residence in Leisure World. We were surprised to find Mrs. Baugh alone as he had passed on some weeks before. We worshiped on Sunday at Pleasant Hill Free Methodist Church, not far from Walnut Creek. Here we found Mrs. Jacob Moyer very active in the church even tho not young any more; also Dick Mack and his fine wife and family. Dick was a student in the College Young People's Class Bertha taught when we worshiped at the Oakland Church, which Pleasant Hill now supersedes. We had Sunday dinner with the Macks and had a chance to renew old acquaintances and make new ones.

Mrs. Moyer entertained us with lunch on May 21<sup>st</sup>, in her apartment in her son's home in Berkeley, after which we drove over to the Presidio and looked around. This was my last duty station. Next we stopped at Col. Williams apartment, but did not find them. (They occupied one side of the duplex quarters when we lived in the Presidio.) So we continued our journey to the Bill and Lois Pickering home, our relatives, in San Jose. We had an enjoyable visit with them and their children. While there we drove over to the Willow Vale Community Church (Free Meth.) whose pastor, Rev. Newland, was there and showed us around their nice church plant. They are making excellent progress in this new location.

We spent a day with Lela and Paul Forbes which we enjoyed. Paul was one of Bertha's "Pickering's Plucky Pullers," the name her class of intermediate boys took, when we were in Omaha, Nebraska.

We departed next day from Bill and Lois home and arrived at our home after enjoying (?) some of San Bernardino Freeway's "stop and go" traffic at the rush hour.

Since God had been good to us on this trip, when summer traffic was over, we again left home Sept. 10<sup>th</sup> at 4:30 a.m. - to avoid the heat in crossing Mojave Desert. However, seriously speaking, God answered my prayer in that the sun did not come from behind heavy clouds until 10 a.m. We found considerable finished Interstate Hiways, so, tho we had no intention of traveling far each day, we reached Beaver, Utah, 450 miles from home. I noticed that in Beaver water

flowed in the gutter on Main Street constantly, thus keeping debris out of it. This is what Boulder, Colorado had when I was growing up.

Next stop was at Little America which we reached rather early as Wyoming's "I" Hiways had a minimum of 55 miles and a maximum of 75. When I turned off the "I" for accommodations I thot I was driving into a truck terminal, there were so many trucks as well as cars. In the restaurant, the place mats gave the story of how "Little America" came to be established. The story goes: A man herding sheep in that area years ago was caught in a blizzard with temperatures below zero. He managed to weather the night but he devoutly wished someone would build a way station out in that "God forsaken place," and so later he was able to establish "Little America." It is indeed in a wide open space.

Before leaving next day we ate a leisurely and hearty breakfast yet were in Fort Collins, Colo. by 3 p.m. Here we got a snack and phoned Margaret Ashing, our niece to see if she could take us a whole day ahead of our schedule. Margaret, and Raymond, her husband, adjusted to our early arrival and informed us it was their 35<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary - so we helped them celebrate it. I called Ruth Crow, our niece in Boulder, the next day to let her know we were in the area. That afternoon, Ruth and her husband Kilton, our nephew Wendell Neisler and Beulah his wife, Lorena, wife of Willis Neisler, brother of Wendell, who had passed away July 4, 1968; all drove over to Longmont to see us. After visiting a short time it was decided for all of us to go over to Boulder to Ruth's home and eat our evening meal together. Fran. Neisler, Ruth's other uncle who was spending the summer in Boulder, joined the group. We all had a very enjoyable time visiting around the dining table.

We worshiped in the Longmont Free Methodist Church over Sunday. Margaret, the Sunday School Supt. asked her Uncle to speak to the school, and of course he was happy to do so. Being there brought back many precious memories of when I was a young man and my sister Sarah Knapp was active in the church there.

Monday we drove to the home of Ruth and Kilton Crow for a few days. We did little sightseeing, having done that in 1967, but we drove around some, noting (with Ruth's help) that the corner of 20<sup>th</sup> and Pearl Sts., where the hall had stood which the Free Methodists rented, and in which I found the Saviour when I was a teenager, is now occupied by a filling station. Well, I was filled with joy that nite I bowed at the altar in the hall and God, for Jesus sake, forgave my sins and made me a new creation.

One evening, we and other relatives enjoyed an evening meal and visiting in the home of Margaret and Joe Hudson. Margaret is Ruth's younger sister. The Hudsons have been in Mississippi for a time where Joe built homes; he is now doing this again in Boulder. They left a son in the South. He graduated from Le Tourneau College, Longview, Texas, and also won a fine Christian girl for a wife. He is now employed as a scientist somewhere in the South.

The mile high environment in Colorado began to bother Bertha so we left Sept. 18<sup>th</sup> to begin retracing my "covered wagon" route - one of the purposes of our present trip. We drove North and East to Greeley, then thru Ault, then East on Colo. 14 to Sterling. Between Ault and Sterling we went thru New Raymer, which replaces the Raymer which along with Stoneham were abandoned towns when we went thru 75 years ago on our first trip. Canfield Ranch, the midway stop then between Greeley and Sterling is apparently gone. The map shows this barren area as "National Grassland." Driving thru we noticed most of it fenced, a few farms with people living on them; several oil wells pumping. East of Sterling we passed thru Iliff, Red Lion, Sedgwick, then Julesburg - the towns with the same names as when we drove thru with our covered wagon years ago. From Julesburg we continued on Hiway 30 retracing as near as possible the route my parents took enroute to Colo. in the fall of 1893. We made a night stop at N. Platte. Here

is where Lottie and I as little children played on the grass in the shade of large trees in front of Buffalo Bill's (Wm. F. Cody) town home in 1893. The motel keeper said the town house was no more but his country home, a short distance from town, is where they observe Frontier Days during the summer, with live buffalo, etc. to see. We drove out but everything was closed.

The next day for part of the time we used Interstate 80 with 70 mile speed limit, which made faster traveling and we enjoyed the nice rest stops provided. At Central City, Nebr. we turned North on Nebr. Hiway 14 as this is the route we traveled with the wagon. We stopped for the nite at Neligh, Nebr. fearing there might not be motels at Niobrara, where we expected to cross the Missouri on a ferry. Early next day we reached Niobrara, Nebr. found the ferry, which is apparently almost at the same place it was in '93. It is powered by a diesel motor instead of steam as in those early years. It is possible for autos to use the ferry because a dam across the Missouri River maintains a constant river level. I remember one time we crossed on this ferry the horses had a long hard pull thru sand and a steep climb up the bank of the river. None of this now. After crossing the river we first visited Olivet, S. Dak. where Bertha had lived on a farm North of the town from the time she was 11 until 15 years of age. The Church they attended is gone, but the town has a new court house and a new school. We found a few who remembered "when" and they gave us most interesting information. Bertha even found one of her school mates, now a widow, some older than she, and gleaned from her more information as to the people they both knew when teenagers. As Olivet seemed to lack a restaurant we drove over to Menno and ate our noon meal there. We then drove North to Alexandria where we bot gas. This was a large town - or so I thot - when a child in S. Dakota, but now it seems a small village. However, Interstate 90, when completed will go just North of the town. Next stop was Fulton, S. Dakota, the town nearest our farm. This town is slowly disintegrating, as businesses close up or leave. It now has a Post Office, Bank, Methodist Church, grain elevator, and little else in the way of business. Mr. Soladay, who with his wife were our gracious hosts while we were in Fulton, was considering going out of business as he had lost his mechanic and since he sold farm machinery and the like, it is difficult to continue. There is no grocery store so the Soladays buy their food in Mitchell, about 11 miles to the West on a good hiway.

My father's homestead is the home of a Mr. and Mrs. Bertrum Bender, grandson of the Bender who first bot it, when we left in 1897. They are a fine young couple but his son has an engineering degree and not likely to farm. Mr. Bender told us he farmed 800 acres, hence one sees frequent abandoned homesites with only a grove of trees to mark the place. They raise a lot of corn, turn it into silage, and feed cattle during the winter - even pile the silage out on the ground near the feed lot, packing it down with bulldozers.

We arrived at Fulton Sept 20<sup>th</sup> but the Corn Palace in Mitchell did not open until Monday the 23<sup>rd</sup>. However now only the outside of the building is decorated with grain. This was practically completed on Sat. when Mrs. Soladay took us over to Mitchell to a museum she is sponsoring and I took pictures of the different sides of the Corn Palace. An Indian is the present artist who directs the picture making by using different colored grains.

Sunday Sept. 22<sup>nd</sup> we attended the Methodist Church with the Soladays after which we enjoyed a ride thru the countryside and noon meal at a wayside eating place.

We left the Soladay home and Fulton about 10 a.m. on Monday and later in the day stopped in Albert Lea, Minn. to visit briefly with Mr. Dyson, Mrs. Soladay's brother who runs a drive-in soft drink and snack bar by the roadside. We stopped for the nite at Winona, Minn.

We were on our way by 9 a.m. the 24<sup>th</sup> of Sept. and arrived early in the afternoon at the home of Walter and Jessie Metcalf, my cousins on my mother's side of the family. Jessie was canning tomatoes. We spent from Tues. p.m. until Fri. morning with Walter and Jessie. They surely improved the time while we were there. We visited the cemetery where my mother's parents are buried-- Charles H. and Mary Ann Metcalf; also visited the Underhill cemetery where Isaac H. Pickering, my grandfather was buried. He died young - 54 years, 7 mos. and 11 days. The cemeteries were well kept but the Metcalf tombstone was weathered on the side where Mary Ann Metcalf's name was engraved. Walter and Jessie took us over to the William and Vincent Metcalf farm where they do "muck" farming, raising immense carrots by the acre, also mint. They have a still by which they extract the mint oil on their joint farm and market the oil in large drums. This makes mint growing more profitable. When we stopped at the farm the men were laying a cement slab in the feed lot so as to improve the feed lot and not waste the stock food. That evening both men and Vincent's wife, who is a teacher, came over and we visited until after 10 p.m. The previous day we visited two of Jessie and Walter's daughters; one, Mrs. Soda lives on a farm in a fine new home and the other Mrs. Steinhouse lives in Montello. The Steinhouse's have 8 daughters, quite a house full. Mr. Soda is also a "muck" farmer. The so called "muck" it seems is simply drained marsh land which yields well. The soil is loose and powdery when dry, hence carrots grown in it are of unusual size. One carrot was enough for us and the three Wells, as we took carrots and tomatoes with us to them.

Leaving Walter and Jessie Metcalf's farm home we drove over to Packwaukee, then South on U.S. 51, by passing Portage, Wis. and turned South to travel Westward on State 33 thru Reedsburg to LaValle, then South to Ironton and over a country road to Valton. We located Fern and Maurice Moon by phoning to them. It was about noon so Mr. Moon proposed we go out to eat. We did and later wound up at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Mortimer. Here we enjoyed a chicken dinner in the Mortimer home. Mrs. Moon and Harvey Mortimer are sister and brother. We visited, looked at photo albums, etc., so did not get back to the Moon home until late. Mr. Moon, a retired bank examiner now keeps busy helping where it is needed, such as taking interest in caring for the Friends church there in the country and seeing to it that the cemetery where Rev. Nathan Harvey (Bertha's grandfather) and others are buried, is cared for. Nathan Harvey, like my father, was on Sherman's march to the sea. Both of them got dysentery and had to drop out of the march. Nathan recovered to be a hospital orderly while my father was captured, exchanged as a prisoner and invalided at home. My father served in the 32<sup>nd</sup> Wisconsin Infantry; Nathan served in the 12<sup>th</sup> Wisconsin Infantry. The bedroom we occupied in the Moon home was built, we were told by Mr. Moon, partly from lumber salvaged from the former Friends Church and "Friends Wood Academy," which was next door to their home as he had remodeled the parsonage for his home. It is a lovely setting. A few of the students who attended the Academy we know. Anna L. Harvey and George S. Davis (who later married and became Bertha's parents); Horace Harvey (Zella Stone's father); Charles O. Cook (who later became Aunt Ethel's husband) and others.

In the Friends Church to which the Moons took us and which they attend, there stood, up near the front, one of the table-desks used in Friends Wood Academy. Mr. Moon had found it somewhere, refinished it and had a bronze plate placed on it identifying it as one of the original desks used in the Academy. The Friends church now uses it for the Sunday School Secretary. The Moons invited us to spend Sunday with them. As I look back I wish very much that we had. We left in the morning.

We did not take the boat trip across Lake Michigan as we learned that it was long and expensive and that it might be stormy - and I am no sailor. So we

circled South of Chicago on a toll road with 70 mile speed limit. One noon we ate at an "Oasis" restaurant where we could look down at the cars speeding both ways. On the toll road we started in with a ticket for which we later paid \$1.50 and then for 5 different times we tossed in the wire basket provided at the gate, 35¢ each time. We considered it a good investment however as we breezed right along, making 444 miles this day and surprised the Walls in Spring Arbor, as we were ahead of our schedule. Sylvia was recovering from a tonsilectomy the day before. Sunday we worshipped in the full Spring Arbor Free Methodist Church.

My son-in-law, Dr. F. Wesley Walls, Academic Dean of Spring Arbor College, asked me if I would bring the Chapel devotions at the College Monday forenoon. I consented with some misgivings. Wesley started to introduce me by saying, "My father-in-law has been on a trip—immediately there was a ripple of laughter thruout the students in attendance. Wesley smiled and then remarked "the use of the English language has become a dangerous thing," or words to that effect, as we say in law.

I got along very well, with the Lord's help. I was glad to tell the audience of young men and women that I had traveled the Christian way for over 60 years, using Matt. 6:33 as a guide; that I had found it a good way to travel life's hiway, and which had proven most happy and satisfying to me thru the years. I recommended it to them, reminding them that they were favored young people, having the privilege of attending a Christian college such as Spring Arbor. Wesley had it all taped. It is now on the tape we made in the Walls home in 1967 when, at his request we reminisced on incidents, amusing and otherwise, involved in the circumstances leading to our marriage and in rearing of our four children.

We had missed Francine as she was back at Seattle Pacific College where she had spent her first two years of College. Burton has an apartment in the Walls apartment house on High 3rd and W. Etruria, as does Francine and a girl friend. Certainly Forrest and Vi Walls are very happy over their first born son, Ryan Wesley. His picture reminds us of Forrest when he was a baby.

While at the Walls home we had a chance to visit some with Mrs. Sadie (Sarah) McDonald and daughter Beth who teaches in the College. Saturday evening Buffy entertained them with an evening dinner. Bertha and I drove over to get them. When I arrived Beth remarked: "I thot you would be wearing your cowboy boots." I promptly pulled up my pants legs and showed them. Mrs. McDonald remarked: "They are fancier than I thot." Incidentally I wore my boots all during the trip.

We spent two Sundays with the Walls, but Oct. 7<sup>th</sup> found us on the way to Winona Lake to see friends there at our church headquarters, and to attend to some business. We arrived in mid-afternoon, attended to our business and met Rev. Walter Groesbeck in his office. Walter is one of our young men whom when we were living in Omaha was one of the male quartet which Bertha encouraged and helped to sing at the Church there. He invited us to spend the night in his home. He had a lively teenage daughter who favorably impressed us. Gertrude, his wife, had passed to her reward about a year ago. The whole Church, I think, prayed that she might be spared. Now the teenage daughter needs a mother's guiding hand and evidently the Lord has prepared such to take this responsibility.

We also had the opportunity to visit briefly with Dr. Lamson, Editor of The Free Methodist, our church paper. He recalled with emotion that when his father was the pastor of the Ontario Free Methodist Church - the building we are now having to part with because of an underpass going in front of it - his father had what he considered one of the best revival meetings of his entire ministry.

Later Elizabeth wrote that she had attended the wedding of Walter Groesbeck and Marion Williamson, at Spring Arbor, Mich. Miss Linda Groesbeck, daughter of the groom acted as bridesmaid. Rev. Charles Kirkpatrick and Rev. Sebree, pastor of Spring Arbor, Free Methodist Church performed the ceremony.

Leaving Winona Lake, we ate noon lunch in Warsaw and then on to Bloomington, Ill. for the night, about 6:30. Next day enough rain fell to wash off the windshield and by eleven a.m. we were in front of Harold Fleming's Bank in Litchfield, Ill. Frank Fleming was in the bank and he got his father Harold from the dentist. We were happy to see them. I remember I told Harold some years ago that they were too far away for us to make the trip. Now we were here. Harold's wife had suffered two strokes, after an auto wreck and is now in a wheel chair. After dinner with Harold we drove to Francis and Mayme Fleming's home where we spent the nights while in Litchfield. Mayme still has a beauty parlor in her home but she only works part time. Francis works at the bank after banking hours. Both Frank and his brother David are employees of the Litchfield National Bank. Harold Fleming, the oldest son of my sister Mary and Will Fleming has been the bank president for years.

Harold took us to the Dirkson Nursing Home, Springfield, Ill. to see Grete, (She is now in Litchfield Nursing Home and happier). We visited with her for a while and then went over to visit Charles Fleming who was a circuit judge for several years but just now needed the care of a nursing home also. Later in the evening we visited Charles' wife, who still works in a business office.

The next day, October 11<sup>th</sup>, with Francis Fleming leading us, we got on the road to Greenville, Ill. Here we visited Greenville College Library to note our name on the bronze plaque as one of the special donors; called on Dr. Ford, the new Executive V.P. as Dr. Richardson was not there. We found the Krobers were away but we saw and talked with one of Anita's sons, who volunteered the information that his fiance lived or was going to school in Spring Arbor, Mich. It looked as tho marriage was in the offing. It is nice to be young as well as old.

In the afternoon we set out for Rose's home, the Brewers, who live several miles from Greenville. We had to make several inquiries but finally arrived at the Brewer home. We were glad to find the Brewers, including Clarice awaiting our arrival. They gave us a cordial welcome. Clarice showed us over the farm and seemed so happy as she showed us her girlhood home. She seemed to revel in just the fact that she was there on the farm.

We were up next morning about 8 o'clock, ate a leisurely breakfast, visited; then took some pictures, and upon invitation of Mrs. Brewer we drove by the Primitive Baptist church they attend out in the country. It is in a lovely setting and provides shade for those who attend and eat their noon meal out of doors when weather permits. They also have a dining room when the weather is inclement. We then drove, directed by Mrs. Brewer, to where Clarice was waiting on the road which would take us to the Interstate leading to St. Louis.

We managed to take the right turn off and drove into the parking lot for the Memorial Arch. It looked as tho it was built on filled land and is within 150-200 feet of the West bank of mighty Mississippi. It was 75¢ to park and \$1.00 per person to ride the elevator to the top of the arch. We had to descend to find the ticket office and the place where the 5 elevators, each carrying 5 persons are operated. We had to stand in line quite a while even tho they take 25 persons each trip; and run every ten minutes. An attendant stated that it takes 5 minutes to get to the top, you are allowed 2 minutes at the top to look thru the narrow windoes, and 3 minutes to descend. I don't think I got any picture from the top because my view finder seemed so fogged up I could not see what I might be taking. When we were going back to our car I got a shot of the whole thing with my movie camera.

In traveling along Lindburg Blvd. in East St. Louis I learned how important it is to accompany the man who takes your gas credit card after filling your gas tank. I do not always do this and this time I found that the man who had just driven off, had my credit card (Texaco) and they presented me with his.

It being Sat. P.M. I could not report the loss to the Texaco Headquarters in St. Louis, so I wrote them a letter, telling of the mix-up. When I got home however, the unauthorized holder of my card had used it signing his own name!!!! When I got the debits I wrote a letter pronto to the Los Angeles office and they said they would take care of it.

We stopped at Rolla, Mo. Sat. night. Sunday we had mist and heavy rain at intervals, but we had an almost complete Interstate so travelling was not difficult except at times it was difficult to see because of sudden heavy down-pours. We ate a noon meal, gassed up and also bot a small cream pitcher at one of the many "Nickerson Farms" along the hiway. We reached Oklahoma City by stopping time but we took the wrong road as we could not read the large sign on the Interstate Hiway because it was right in line with the sun. This was the second time we had had this trouble. However we got on to what was the old road and found a good motel.

Next day, Oct. 13<sup>th</sup>, we followed the Interstate thru Fort Worth and reached Waco in mid afternoon but we did not seem to remember the roads well enough to find Arlington Drive, where the Longeneckers live. So finally Frances came and led us to their home. We found that both had a very busy week ahead of them. The three girls are happy in their school work and are trying for straight A's.

I phoned Brooks Medical Center, Ft. Sam Huston, and got an appointment with a dermatologist as both of us had unwanted growths on our faces. We first had to drive to Ft. Hood so that Bertha could get a new "ID" card as her's would expire two days before her appointment to see the Dr. at Brooks Med. Center. Of course without a current ID card you can't get anywhere in a military post. We have been enjoying this trip particularly because "the air is changed daily" - it is nice to be able to enjoy that.

Sunday we worshiped with the Longeneckers at the Christian and Missionary Alliance Church. We also celebrated my entrance into Government and Military service at Fort Riley, Kansas, by inviting Clair and Frances Weller; Frances and Justin to go out with us for a steak dinner - we got Pizzas for the Longenecker children as that was their preference. We had a lovely time at "The Hickory Stick." Justin presented me with a humorous card; we had a lovely evening. We were commemorating 58 years which had passed since that memorable morning, Oct. 22, 1910 when the newlyweds Bertha and Frank Pickering arrived at Fort Riley, Kansas.

The morning of Oct. 23<sup>rd</sup> we said goodby, but before we left Frances led us in a heartfelt prayer. We were glad for Christian children.

We secured a motel near to the Post of Ft. Sam Houston, and made our appointment okay. The Dr. soon called both of us and said he thot he could take care of mine. He told me to get on the table and he went to work. He cut out what he said he thot was a cyst which had been giving me trouble, then cauterized it with an electric instrument but put nothing on it. He examined Bertha's growth on her right cheek and said, if he did anything he would have to see her again in 2 weeks. Since we had no absentee ballots for the National election we could not stay but he said there was no hurry. So we spent two nights in San Antonio where we lived from 1915 to 1926. We did not find a way to our Sharer St. as the freeway (Interstate) has taken over so much as to obliterate things that were landmarks except for the S.P. Railroad; it is still there. We called up old friends and associates; drove down town and had a "look see" at the Hemis fair grounds but did not go in.

As we were leaving S.A. we learned that Frieda and John Newhouse were moving to California so we drove over to their home, near Kelly Field and got a set of dishes which our daughter Elizabeth wanted and Frieda said she could have. We visited awhile and then soon got on the freeway over and thru San Antonio and were on our way West. We stopped for the night at Ft. Stockton at 4:45 as driving West against a bright sun was difficult. We left Ft. Stockton at 8:45 a.m. and drove to Globe, Arizona for the evening stop at 6:20.

The next day, Sunday, we dressed for church and drove to Phoenix First Church for the morning service. Bertha wanted to hear the son of a young man she knew when she was 17, preach, as he is the pastor there. However, when we got there we found it was a "homecoming" service commemorating an anniversary of the building of the present church. Rev. J. O. Wiles was the pastor when the building was going on and he did have many interesting events to narrate. They also read notes from former pastors and others who had been associated with the former church. Dr. Lamson, the Editor of our church paper, wrote that when his father was pastor of the former church, he was the janitor - for 10¢ a week, and that included cutting wood for the stove. He did not say just how old he was then.

We stayed over Monday to visit with our friends of many years, Lester and Pauline Finger. Their son and his family are very active in this church. Monday night, with "Lester Howard" driving his car, we, that is both father and son and their wives, and us, went to a nice restaurant and had a steak dinner together.

While in Phoenix I called Brother Frank Andamson, retired missionary from Africa. They now live in Glendale, Arizona. They have - or did have - a son and a daughter working in this field.

As we left Tuesday morning, Pauline guided us over to Lester Howard's home where the younger Mrs. Finger gave us some special dates which were grown in their front yard. Then it was "Westward Ho" with 65 miles the speed limit in both Arizona and in Southern California even on the Interstate Hiways. We reached home at 4:15 Mountain Time but 3:15 Pacific Time.

Thus ended a wonderful trip, on which we had for the most part good weather, good roads, not too much traffic, no accidents, no sicknesses, and a smooth running Plymouth Fury III - we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Thus we "Thank God and take courage," Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

Sincerely,

*Frank*

Frank and Bertha

*We hope that you  
and your children all  
have a good Christmas,  
Cousin Frank*