

Jan. 23rd 1945.  
18 Columbia Circle,  
Tacoma, 9, Wash.

Dear Pearl and Eric:

You may well ask, what has happened to the silent Jewetts? I believe, if my memory serves me that I must have skipped a year in my life without writing you. Certainly, nothing to brag about! I shouldn't wonder if I even failed to thank you for last year's Xmas gift - that beautiful book, "The Robe." I am ashamed of myself! Haven't a legitimate excuse to offer even - no illnesses on either side of consequence, no accidents or fallen armpits, no loss of jobs, except for mine which doesn't really count; no fires, only a transfer into the Great North West which gave us a lovely trip through the California Redwoods, up the scenic Oregon coast line into this beautiful State of Washington. And here we find ourselves camped almost at the foothill of magnificent Mount Rainier - she's only 52 miles away, but on a clear day (and we have precious few) you would think you could reach out and touch her!

The Company Roy works for decided to organize a new Naval Supply Depot in Tacoma, so a few of the boys were sent up here to do the work. For Roy, who was suffering from a mild case of "Battle Fatigue" from the monotony of his chores at Port Hueneme, the change came as a welcome release. But, I wonder if the symptoms aren't returning now that the new job is settling into about the same routine. These construction men, the only thing that thoroughly satisfies them, is new work with new fields to conquer, if they don't keep moving they truly go stale. What a life! But I really don't mind it - it is stimulating, one can't deny that. Anyway, when we moved from California, Roy rebelled at me working. I had to stay home and keep house or else. Actually I haven't minded it at all. The only time my conscience bothers me, and that is several times each day, is when I hear these desperate appeals for the nurses - it makes me feel like a heel! However I shall abide my time, and see if FDR pushes me into my uniform again.

When we came to Tacoma the housing situation was terrible - we just could not find a thing. Fort Lewis, with it's 30,000 inhabitants and their families had occupied everything. There seemed only one thing left for us to do, and that was to BUY, so buy we did. From the FHA. The little five room house is really quite a find, it is all of concrete construction and located in a very nice district. We have a full basement - AND A HORRIBLE COAL FURNACE. I had forgotten that most people are dependent on furnaces during the winter. These last few years of living in California and Hawaii have spoiled us no end - how terribly dirty furnaces are, I seem to spend all my time cleaning. Is it that way where you live too, Pearl? Perhaps you have a better deal. My furnace must be one of these Victory models, where one saves on nettle or coal, and then spend your savings for extra soap. 'Tis really nothing to complain about, how fortunate we are to be WARM, WELL FED, AND SECURE! What HELL the peoples all over the world are experiencing!

I am enclosing all kinds of letters which I have gathered during the last year. Perhaps, some even came from you. I was surprised to see that we have received no less than six letters or messages from Mother, during 1944, isn't that wonderful? It really pays to keep writing, and we should.

I have been sending all my letters through Uncle Wilhelm. You have his address, haven't you? C. W. Jansson, Djurgardsgatan 11 B. Gothenburg, Sweden. If the European War ends within a few months, we should enjoy better service. Of course, the Japs are at the other end, and there is no doubt a planned bottleneck there. The Russians are really going to town now, aren't they? Wouldn't it be wonderful if they went right on through before the Germans could offer much opposition?

Edith must be in Philadelphia by now. I wonder how she likes it. How many miles away are you? I have so little knowledge of the distances in the East. Hope you get to see her once in awhile. I shall miss her so much. She gets around as much as the rest of us, doesn't she?

I haven't much news as you can see. I could go into great lengths about telling you how I have furnished each room, but that wouldn't interest you much. It has been the high spot in my life of course, and I have had lots of fun doing it. In fact, I'm not through yet. I suppose, by the time, the house is liveable, and the garden is planted, Roy will say - "O. K. now let's put it up for sale!" One real joy, has been taking all our stuff out of storage and unpacking it. There was a barrel of dishes I have seen since I left Peking in 1928. So many other things I haven't used since I kept house in Peking. It has been a great thrill to unpack everything, look it over, move some of it upstairs to be used, while a number of things had to go back into trunks, because I lack the storage and cupboard space upstairs. It is almost like living again. Certainly, it brings back many memories of happier and more prosperous years. Those were really wonderful days - nothing can ever compare to those years - 1923 to 1928 in Peking!

Is the honeymoon over at Niagara Falls, and are you going to remain there permanently? That sounds like a nice place. Wish I could see it too. Hope you got to visit your folks in Wisc. last summer, Pearl? Did your brother get to go into Finland, Pearl? Or did the Russians take that over?

That's all for now. Shall do my best to write more often in future. Love to you both and to those husky noisey boys of yours,

*Margaret*

Roy and Margaret.

Jewett,  
Star Route, North,  
Newport, Ore.

1948

*M & R. on the way*



Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Rinell,

Harbor Point,

Celina, Ohio.