

2838 No. B'dway
Seattle Washington
Feb. 26th 1916

Dear Harold,

I was so glad to get your interesting letter and to hear how you are getting on. I had a sick spell beginning Christmas night but am as well as usual and around the house. Will be very glad when spring comes and I can go to some country place for the summer. Our old camping trips are a pleasant memory to me, and I often sigh for the mountains. I remember the trout and huckleberries of Lake Kichelas and what good times we had when you and Norman were there. Norman is still in Arizona – has had a long siege of typhoid fever – was recovering when we last heard from him.

Today we hear that Orion Denny has passed away – he was paralyzed – has been sick a great deal for a long time. And so they are gathered one by one.

After our deep snow it turned quite spring-like – crocus are in bloom in the yards now – it is a splendid clear day with the mountains looming up grandly. Your Uncle Victor and Aunt Lillie are kept busy with running this big house – he takes everybody riding to market and to school in the “machine” and is scout-master for a patrol of very lively boys.

Your Uncle Tom's family are much improved in health, Louise is going to the U, Tommie is the picture of health and Claude is surprisingly improved.

Well Harold I did hope to hear that you were thinking of having a home of your own: I can tell you from experience that marriage is not a failure. “When you choose for your-self you must make a good choice.” Other people should not knock you out of the happiness which is your right.

I hope you will take care of your health by as much out-of-door life as you can get.

No – not yet – Elizabeth and Madge are not quite ready for matrimony.

Now Harold don't wait so long before you write again – if you only knew how glad I am to get a letter.

With love
from
Grandma and
all the rest.