

Letters to Alvina

1903-1922

Alvina Leistikow Bottge ranged in age from 17 to 36.

The letters were transcribed in 2005 using Dragon Naturally Speaking software.

8/12/1903: from her uncle [John] August Leistikow in Ripon, Wisconsin.

Alvina is 17, and August is 30.

ID	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	text
14	August Leistikow	Ripon Wisconsin	Alvina Leistikow	Renville Minnesota	8/12/1903	8/8/1903	

Dear Niece,

Your kind letter at hand was glad to hear from you. You wanted to know why I didn't write, I tell you why I wrote you the last letter over a year ago and I've been waiting all this while for an answer. At least, I heard from your folks, -- I'm glad to hear that your folks are all well, -- well I must say that we are all well yet so far, but sickness comes you know unexpected. So we got to live in hope. The farmers are pretty nigh through harvesting here. We have lots rains this summer. I thinks the crops won't going to be as good as last year. J.C. Timms [Julius Timms, married to Christina Leistikow, Alvina's aunt] is getting ready to pull out thrashing. Some have started already. We had a busy week of it here in town. We had a street show what they call Carnival. It was running great every night. The streets was crowded. It was one jam-jam into another. I will name some of the plays. High diver he does 60 feet and turned back somersaults in tank of water 4 feet deep, 16 feet square, and had a snake eater bite the head off and skinned the snake and started to eat it until it was eaten up, and had nigger shoe, and a Ferris wheel it when around run by an gasoline engine and \$.10 for a ride, it went round 75 feet high. There was several other different shows, they had, they will be in Berlin at fair time.

I'm still cutting gloves and mittens. I would like to put in threshing one fall in Minnesota. I think it would do me lots good, although my health is pretty good so far my weight is 185 pounds. Aunt Gusta says I'm too fat yet. We had two weeks vacationing. We wind out to Gusta's folks and helped them make hay. I pitched hay and it done me lots good to get out. Herman and Frank [two Leistikow uncles], they quit farming and went in to Dartford [subsequently Green Lake, WI] in saloon business. Herman, I guess he is doing good business. I haven't seen him for some time. I must go out and see them.

I had a letter from Cousin Fred from Germany is. He says he isn't feeling very well. He sends his best regards to you all. I answered his letter the other night.

I bought me a little place. Rent is pretty high. I have an acre land and number fruit trees on it. Not a large house, large enough for us, on a good street, lots of traveling on the street, lots are high, they sell all the way from \$4050-\$5000 for lots.

Alvina, I don't know any more to write for this time. Aunt Gusta says not to feel disappointed that she didn't write any. I wanted her to do some of the writing, but she told

me to do the writing. So I done so. Let us hear from you soon.

We send our best regards to you all,

from your Uncle August Leistikow.

Goodbye (don't fail to write)

11/2/1904: from sister Frieda [8] addressed to Alvina [18] in care of "J.C. Timms" [Julius Timms, married to Alvina's aunt Christina Leistikow]

I D	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	tex t
1 3	Frieda Leistikow	Renville Minnesota	Alvina Leistikow	Ripon Wisconsin "in care of J.C. Timms"	11/2/1904	11/2/1904	

Dear sister Alvina,

We are expecting a letter all that while. Mama wrote a week ago last Sunday. We like to have you write every week, Lydia [14] sent you a letter Saturday. Mama is busy sewing. She made Emma [10] two school dresses and one Sunday dress and Ruth [4] and me the same.

I don't like the teacher very well. He is quite strict. We are learning to draw maps in school.

Mr. Field is dead. Papa was to the funeral today. One day more, we are through with husking corn.

We're going to have company next Friday evening, Lydia and Sue Dawes. Willie Zaskey is very sick. They don't expect him to live. He had a reaction last Monday.

Ada [16 months] can run about the floor like a little squirrel. We went to church last Sunday. Tony wanted to know why you don't write to her. Now I must close for this time.

With best regards, from all to all, I suppose you are having a good time.

Yours truly,

sister Frieda

[So it appears that Alvina spent at least part of her 2-3 month sojourn in Ripon, Wisconsin, with Aunt & Uncle Timms. She appears also to have spent part of the time with [John] August Leistikow and his wife Augusta, another aunt and uncle in Ripon.]

11/20/1904: from her mother Emma and her sister Frieda

ID	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	relationship	text
20	Emma Leistikow, Frieda Leistikow	Renville, Minnesota	Alvina Leistikow	Ripon, Wisconsin	11/20/1904	11/21/1904	mother and sister	

Liebe Tochter,

[starts with a page and a half in difficult German script—from her mother or father?]

Papa and Uncle Frank [Bratsch, Emma's brother] took Dole and Barne out to Alberts and weighed them, can you guess how much they weigh? 2785. Poor Barne weighed 1450.

Tone says she thinks you want to pay her back, but please don't do that, write to her once anyhow. Tahoe's sister got married. They wanted Tone to come but Tone did not go; Tahoe could not leave his school; she said she would not go if he could not be there.

I didn't get me a cloak. I couldn't get what I wanted, so I didn't get any.

Oh yes, I was a going to tell you about Willie Sanke. Dr. Clay had said he has quick consumption. He had an operation on his lung. They took 3 cups of matter out on his side. They took a piece of his rib out to get there, it was awful.

I suppose you're having a good time, but be careful what you do -- and be a good girl. I must close for this time. It is time to go to bed. Goodnight, best regards to you and all from us all.

Your truly Mother,

Emma Leistikow.

Write soon, we are all glad to hear from you; specially Papa, he is just wild for your letters, we are all though.

Aunt Gusty said today, she was so sure that you was coming back before Christmas.

Dear sister,

We received your letter and was glad to hear from you.

We're going to a play tomorrow night at Renville. Arthur is going to come and get us. Tony Zaskie said that Willie was a little better. Sue Davies and Lydia came along with Papa last night. I tell you, we had fun.

I'm getting to like the teacher better every day.

Ruth [4] and Ada [16 months] are playing in the sand every day on the side of the house. We have had beautiful weather. Emma [10], Ruth and I [8] went to Lavins today, but they were not home.

Teacher is always the umpire when we play baseball.

Papa and I went to church today. Mama made me a cloak. It's a dandy. Emma got one by Walker's ready-made.

I almost forgot, Maria Warner and Steve O'Brien are going to be married on Thanksgiving day. They're going to have a big wedding at Warners.

I must close for this time.

Best regards. Love to all.

Your truly sister Frieda.

You want to know how Am was. Don't worry, he's all right. Good night. I must go to bed, it's time.

12/14/1904: from her mother Emma

ID	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	text
4	Emma Leistikow	Renville, MN	Alvina Leistikow	Ripon, WI	12/14/1904	12/18/1904	

Dear Daughter: --

I must answer your letters, Lydia [14] was home last Saturday. She said she wrote you two letters, but you didn't answer her one; we bushelled figs last week. Herman Lantz [hired hand?] was here and helped us, he came again Monday. Papa should help them haul would from the river, and Papa is sick in bed. He caught an awful cold; Herman stayed here. He is doing the chores for us. He helped me last week cut the fat and make baloney. We made a lot, from four livers. We killed the cow too right away; I pried out 12 gallons of lard and 12 pounds of tallow; and pried 5 gallons of meat down.

Dear daughter, you wrote that people was talking about you; we haven't heard anything yet, who told you what?

Christmas is coming. I haven't been to town yet. I am afraid that I won't get there in time. Ruth is telling me she wants a big doll this Christmas, but I'm afraid she won't get it. Uncle Frank [Bratsch] said that the boys should have a piano, but they don't want it, say I haven't heard from Fears Wool yet I am afraid that is lost.

Emma Gebard has got a little girl about a month old. She lives now in Todd County. Young student Pankow and Lenz are home for Christmas already;

Jane is married, now she lives in that big house where Horwitz lived. He is going away; about Christmas.

Nora Lew is going to get married on Christmas.

I must close for this time. the rest of us are all well accept Papa, and I think he will be all right tomorrow. I hope so, anyhow.

Your truly Mother, Emma Leistikow

Please write soon, best regards to you; and all. My wish a Merry Christmas and a happy new year, und gutten Gesundheit.

12/22/1904: from her mother Emma

ID	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	text
12	Emma Leistikow	Renville Minnesota	Alvina Leistikow	Ripon Wisconsin	12/22/1904	12/22/1904	

Dear Daughter,

I sat down this morning to write a few lines to you, we received your letter and understand that you are worrying about the place, it was as Lydia [14] told you, but it went back, I don't think that it will be sold this trip, so don't worry.

I was going to write you a long letter last night, but we had company. Mr.Yerke, Albert and family, Uncle Frank [Bratsch] and family were all here.

I was to town last Saturday to see Santa Claus. I have two dolls to dress yet. Ruth [4] got a nice big one, it was a dollar. You I got a set Safner and Hanksh. I am sorry that I couldn't get everybody some, they must excuse me. I sent my best wishes to all, and with them a Merry Christmas, and a happy new year. Papa is going to Renville this morning to take in a box to send to you. I hope you'll get it in time. If it is good weather we are all going to church Saturday. The minister is going to start six o'clock.

I must close for this time. We all send our best regards to you with a Merry Christmas and happy new year.

PS is if you are through with visiting then you better come home; if you want to get in by Dark they haven't got anybody yet, they had one on till Christmas, Mrs. Hans Dales sister, she helped them out. I think they thought you'd come back by Christmas, they asked me every time I come in when you was coming back, you can do as you mean to.

Yours truly, Mama,
Emma Leistikow,
Renville, Minnesota.

Please write soon.

PS We are all well and hope the same of you all. Write soon.
Goodbye.

Lydia send you a story book.

12/26/1904: from her mother Emma

ID	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	relationship	text
19	Emma Leistikow	Renville, Minnesota	Alvina Leistikow	Ripon, Wisconsin	12/26/1904	12/30/1904	mother	

Dear Daughter,

We received your letter and box with the presents, and we thank you all very much for it, Ada [1 1/2] was the happiest one, she hugged and kissed her dolly dearly. I guess I didn't tell you to go to the express office, but I hope you went anyhow. We sent you a little box too by express.

The children each get so much that that I cannot name it all, so many little things.

We went to church in the evening. It was very nice. The children could sing good. Lydia is going to be home two weeks. Mary Lee is going to have her wedding Wednesday with Mr. Grinniger.

Papa is going to Renville this afternoon. It is snowing. It snowed all night, but it is so low, just right for a good blizzard.

Dear daughter, Papa said, if you couldn't do any better than that then you should come home. You can do better here, you had a good long visit, I think it is best for you to come home. Aunt Gusta said she is going to get an organ. Anyhow, if you come back, you shall learn Johnny the Nots.

I must close for this time. We are all well and hope the same of you all.

Your truly Mama.

Emma Leistikow.

Our best regards to you at all. Write soon, please.

Tell Louis [Timms, Alvina's cousin], we thank him very much for his kind letter. We were very glad to hear from them. We will try to answer it sometime.

E. L.

1/9/1905: from sister Emma [age 10]

ID	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	text
11	Emma Leistikow	Renville Minnesota	Alvina Leistikow	Ripon Wisconsin	1/9/1905	1/12/1905	

Dear sister: --

We duly received your kind letter, seeing that you would come home with Papa if he would come to Ripon, but he won't come to you, better come home as soon as you can. I will write you what Santa Claus brought Ruth [4] and me for Xmas. Ruth got a very large doll, a handkerchief, two sets of dishes, a hair ribbon, and a storybook from Aunt Gusta [Augusta Zaske Bratsch], Uncle Frank's wife. And I got three handkerchiefs, two-story books, a work box, a hair mill, tablet and lead pencil.

Mama presented Herman [Lanz, a farm hand?] a linen handkerchief. He thanked her for it. He said he had not got any Xmas presents from home, though we did not believe him.

We have our Xmas tree standing yet, Papa said we should let it stand till you would come home, but I think we will have to untrim it soon. It is not a very large one. We had a nice large one at church. It was so cold that we did not drive to school. Our school started today after Christmas. We had two fires in town this year, Balzes livery barn, Mrs. Brighterus old American house. It started to burn in the bed. It did not burn all down. They hit out two windows. I'll chop off.

Your sister.

Emma Leistikow

1/9/1905: from sister Frieda [8, nearly 9] to the 19 y/o Alvina

ID	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	text
17	Frieda Leistikow	Renville Minnesota	Alvina Leistikow	Ripon Wisconsin	1/9/1905		

Dear sister: --

I must write you what I got for Christmas. I got three Xmas cards, two-story books, two handkerchiefs, a workbox, a tablet, a lead pencil, and a hair ribbon.

Now I will write you what Ada [1 1/2] got. Three dolls, a hair ribbon, and a box of blocks. It was dreadful cold today that we could not drive to school.

Papa drew two loads of wheat to town today, and Herman [Lanz, the farm hand?] drew one load of wheat to town.

Papa, Lydia [14] and I was to church last Sunday. It was quite cold coming back from church.

Willie Shemel broke his hip last Tuesday. Hans and Joe went to visit school and one of them pushed him down from the schoolhouse steps and that's where he got it broke.

We have had two two weeks vactations this year.

Last Friday and Emma [10], Ruth [4], Herbert, Johnny and I were on the snow banks and had a merry time coasting down the long banks.

Ada likes to play with her blacks.

Tonight Ruth pinched Ada's fingers in the cupboard door and she cried like everything.

We all were to church New Year's.

Now I will close.

Your truly sister,

Frieda

1/10/1905: from her mother, Emma

ID	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	text
16	Emma Leistikow	Renville, Minnesota	Alvina Leistikow	Ripon, Wisconsin	1/10/1905		

Dear daughter,

I must write a few lines to you. Papa isn't coming for he has no time, he sold our farm to Uncle Frank [Bratsch]. He bought old Mrs. Hammon's lot. He is going to build up a saloon, you know how much I fited against it, but it is no use doing it. He says he knows best what he can do and what he can't select. We're going to have an auction inside a month. I very much would like you home, for I have my hands so full that I don't know what to do first. He hasn't bought a house yet, but there is 15 for sale, all kinds high and low.

First Papa intended to surprise you and come down, but now he changed his mind, he says he can't get away. It is impossible. I must close for this time. It is 12 o'clock now. Try to come home as soon as you can.

Your dear Mama.

Emma Leistikow.

Best regards to you.

Write when you are coming so that we can get you. We are all well and hope the same of you.

Goodnight

3/6/1905: from [John] August Leistikow, an uncle living in Ripon, WI

ID	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	text
9	Aunt and Uncle Leistikow	Ripon, Wisconsin	Alvina Leistikow	Renville, Minnesota	3/6/1905	3/7/1905	

Dear Niece,

We received your kind letter some time ago and was glad to hear from you. We must say we were very lonesome after you had left. There hasn't been much Toilet Powder used since you left, and we haven't had no raised donuts with cotton in since that night, I'll never forget we had more fun than a bushel of monkeys.

Louis and Carl [Timms cousins] were up last Friday night. Ana was over. We had a game of Flinch but there was more cheating, you know Aunt Gusty [Augusta, August's wife] and Ana, they understood it pretty good.

Carl was asked up to Ana's house Sunday night. She was home alone. She had the shades pulled right to. I will josh her next time I see her. And you must do it also when you write her. Well, how does it seem to your father since the auction. He had a good birthday party. And I would give anything if we could have been there, it seems impossible to me that he has sold out. To think of those nice horses. But things will happen. Frank Baily [husband of Lena Leistikow, another aunt] quit the glove business. He and Lena has gone to the lake [Green Lake?]. They're working for Mr. Savig. He is an old bachelor and has all kinds of money. He has one of the nicest cottages on the lake shore. It cost some over \$15,000. And Aunt Lena, she does the baking and the housework. Uncle Frank tends to the furnace now. When Spring opens he will have to tend to the gardens and the lawns. They get \$50 a month, year round, or as long as they wish to stay. They want nothing out but their clothing.

Alvina you started for home just in time. The same week we had a big snowfall and followed by big wind and a big blizzard. Trains from all points were blocked in for several days. We are having fine weather now. The snow is leaving us gradually. There isn't much frost in the ground, which the water will soak in again as it melts the snow away. The farmers will be glad when the snow is going. We got the worst roads now we have had for some time and haul no loads, up so high and full of pitch holes.

Alvina, I must come to a close for this time. My eyes are getting rather dim and sleepy. Aunt Gusty is lying on the couch fast to sleep. I must awaken her and go to bed.

Best regards to all.

I hope your Pa will get along nicely with his building. Goodbye all.

From your Aunt and Uncle Leistikow.
Ripon Wisconsin.
531 Haul St.

Write soon.

7/2/1905: from Louis Timms, cousin in Ripon, WI

ID	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	text
2	Hans "alis Louis"	Ripon, WI	Alvina Leistikow	Renville, MN	7/2/1905		

Dear Cousin,

It may be to some surprise to you, to receive this letter, but I know that you will not think hard of me for being so neglectful in writing to you. I know that it would be very unreasonable for me to try to apologize to you, as I have not sufficient reason upon to bring a good excuse for not directing the enclosed letter before today; I trust, however, that you'll be reticent with me this time, and pardon me, upon the reason that I will give.

Last February, I wrote you a letter, and as I was under the impression that I had mailed it to you, I was waiting for you to either write or to give some reason for not doing so. Well, last Friday evening, mother [Christina Leistikow Timms] was running over some of the rummage at the writing desk, when she came upon this letter I'd written to you, but neglected to mail. So all this time I was in the wrong and I think that I and no one else was to blame for your waiting so long. If you can find it in your heart, pardon me, I would be "yours truly" and much obliged forever more. I'm very sorry that you should feel as though I did not intend to answer your letter and hope that you will try to be reasonable and not think so in the future. But I will leave it to your best consideration and will that is, I will submit to your decision.

Ripon and all who live in it are as well as ever, as much as I am able to tell. All the relatives are well and have undergone no change of which I know.

And Martha [Alvina's aunt, Martha Marie Leistikow Wilson, 30] was down a few days ago with the three youngest cousins, and stayed a week with the friends here.

Uncle Herman [Leistikow, who had quit farming and become a saloonkeeper] bought back his old place and has gone into business again. His folks are well.

Billy Hoff [Huth, husband of Anna Leistikow], our uncle, is gone into the saloon business since yesterday, at his brother-in-law's place [Frank Leistikow's ?].

Uncle [John] August [Leistikow] has vacation for a week now. Carl [Timms, Louis's brother] and I were up to visit them last Friday, and Ma is putting up strawberries, for Pa [Julius Timms].

Maureses [Fred and Alvina Leistikow Mowers] are well and little Lenny [their first child Leonard] is growing fast.

Grandmother [Hannah Reck Leistikow or Fred Mowers mother?] is well.

And so are all of my folks. Our home is now nearer to its completion that it was when you was our guest. It is all finished, but the finishing of the room downstairs and a coat of paint on the outside.

I've send you a few of the promised pictures and although I did not have so much success as I would like to have had, I think that you'll be pleased to get these. When I make some more I will send you more.

How are all your folks? Please answer this letter if you will, and tell me all about yourself and my dear relatives and Renville. Regards to all, from all, I am,

Sincerely, your cousin,

Hans,

Alias.

Louis

1/25/1906: from cousin Antonia Bratsch [19] in Waukesha, Wisconsin

ID	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	text
15	Cousin Antonia	Waukesha Wisconsin	Alvina Leistikow	Renville Minnesota	1/25/1906	1/27/1906	

Dear Cousin:

I've been wanting to write to you for such a long time but never got started.

I thank you very much for the fancy work bag you sent me for Christmas, that is what it is used for, isn't it?

How was Santa Claus to you this year? He was very good to me. I suppose the folks have told you by this time what we got.

We are having a dandy winter, it is spring or fall, whatever you want to call it, all the time.

Have you been in the back door lately? Be sure and have someone raise you up so you can look into the other part, but don't make so much noise, you are apt to scare Mr. Bottge out of one of the side rooms.

How is everything and everybody in Renville. You ought to know lots of news by this time.

How are your parents and sisters, are they all well?

I feel fine and dandy, and just about over the grip. Have you any parties there? We go to one and two every week. I am almost as well acquainted here as I am in Renville.

How is Clara? What is she doing with herself this winter?

One fellow struck the other fellow in the head the other day. Say, but that was a lucky strike. Ha ha. Guess I will chop off. Please write soon. Best regards to your parents, sisters, Wilkens, and that many more from hubby and myself.

Your Cousin Antonia

[Cousin Antonia dies 6 months later, 6/26/1906, cause unspecified. Her sister Theresa dies in 1910, age 17, of diphtheria. Her brother Arthur drowns in Lake of the Isles in 1915, age 25.]

1/9/1907: from the schoolmate away at college in Wisconsin

I D	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	te xt
8	Ernest Birkholtz	Northwestern University, Watertown, Wisconsin	Alvina Leistikow	Renville, Minnesota	1/9/1907	2/10/1907	

Friend Alvina,

While reading the locals of the Renville paper today I learned of your severe illness, and as a friend must express my sympathy. We were all quarantined for two weeks, as a case of smallpox had developed in our building, but have been set at liberty last Wednesday. Everybody had to be vaccinated and the result can easily be imagined. The majority was laid up with a sore arm. I myself had to miss the recitations for several days, but have since recovered and am enjoying my best health.

The weather in Wisconsin is excellent. Sufficient snow for fine sleighing.

As your illness, according to the paper, is severe I again express my hearty sympathy and advise you to put all faith and trust in Him, from whom all blessings flow.

With wishes for your soon recovery, for "Every cloud has a silver lining" I am your schoolmate and true friend.

Edward Birkholtz

2/3/1907: from Louis Maurice, beau in Alden, N.D.

ID	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	text
3	Louis Maurice	Alden, ND	Alvina Leistikow	Renville, MN	2/3/1907	2/15/1907	

Dear Alvina.

Your kind and most welcome letter of 20th received January 31. "I say this, so you won't blame me not answering before." But as I get mail about two month it's impossible for me to deliver this letter sooner than it will reach you -- so and now Alvina, I tell you another thing. I wrote you a long letter long ago, but as we didn't go to town till about after two weeks and when we went there was your letter, and naturally I kept it for myself and decide I write you another one. And while you are reading this I tell you something about N.G. I mean N.D. Well, well, I really don't know how to begin -- oh yes -- I think everything looks so downish here. Not that we indulge in kissing here very much, but because it looks that way anyhow-see. Another thing, we are having terrible blizzards, especially first of February. We had such a good one that we didn't dare to go to barn about 25-30 yards from the house. (I was with my brother Vincent, because it was too cold in my shanty) and my other brother got pretty lost carrying hay to barn. But otherwise it's all right, beautiful scenery -- glorious sunsets. And all kind of signs on the sky pretty near every day -- and enough coal enough to eat -- and what else fellow wants -- he! Of course I want lots of things as wife or at least a neighbor with a nice gal for instance like you -- wouldn't that be joy. I must confess, I am quite lonely some time. It seems to me I'd give anything to be back in my old place, and perhaps in your heart -- oh I mean in Emma's oh no I don't really know which one. ha--

But I say with great lord Byron:

I live for those who love me,
for those who know me too;
for the heaven that shines above me.
And the good that I can do.

How you like the verse, isn't it saying quite a little. And now that enough of sentiments for this time. I talk of business. So Pete [Bottge] is going to sell his horse and buy a wife. I suppose he gets her for nothing as far as that goes, but I am sorry I won't be there to witness the bargain. For I think I would match to the green very nicely, don't you. Indeed it be a fair June rose that be sold to buyer. I mean, buyer of dry goods in J.H. Dale & Co. I wish my best luck to you. And if it should turn out unlucky then come to N.D. -- to a country where are lots of good people patiently waiting for their chances. Country here is quite romantic with lots of houses, grazing and grass and cattle and best of all the large wolves howling around your shanty. You think you are in second heaven. (I suppose you think so where you are 31 June) And I enjoy it as I would enjoy a dance of demons -- on top of my roof. I am a very sorry for your ankle. I give you piece of advice how to cure it. Well before you go to

bed, say all your prayers you know, then take cold cut and skin here and put those skin on sore ankle. And go to bed and sing all night, some love song, and I am sure next day you be able to dance in French heels. And nother you want to be careful not to get your nose too downish or it looks too much like Pete's and proverb say that there should be one nose downish and one upish. So be careful. And tell Emma if I find her nose downish when I come back there be some trouble, will you? Now I will close my epistle for this time, and if it don't fly to stove, I write a longer one and don't forget to remember me to Pete, and you can give this kiss from me.

Yours as you please to love me.
Louis

Say tell Curnal, if he don't write soon -- and tell me all about his housewife etc. there be some trouble.

And a line from you will be much appreciated in this wilderness and in my present state of mind (it's very feeble).

My present address is Alden North Dakota Stellingner County. Slaving only 6 mile to post office now.

[Louis was apparently also in love with Alvina's sister Emma.]

2/9/1907: from Ernest Birkholtz, a schoolmate away at college in Wisconsin

I D	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	te xt
7	Ernest Birkholtz	Northwestern University, Watertown, Wisconsin	Alvina Leistikow	Renville, Minnesota	2/9/1907	2/10/1907	

Dear Friend,

As I read the locals in the Renville paper today I noticed that you were ill and as you are an old friend and schoolmate of mine, I thought it proper to write a few lines to you.

A case of smallpox broke out among six boys here two weeks ago. We were put under quarantine for two weeks, and all of us had to be vaccinated. I had a very sore arm as a result. Luckily no other case developed in the meantime, so we were set free last Wednesday. With 180 boys in the same building I was very lonesome to be shut off from the world. It was a good lesson for me and taught me what freedom is.

We had very fine weather during Christmas vacation and I enjoyed it very much. The thermometer has never been lower than 8° below zero all winter. We have about a foot of snow on the level here. Although we have fine sleighing, I have not yet had the opportunity to enjoy a sleigh ride, which I consider the best of all enjoyments.

We have a nice school here with all the modern equipment and latest conveniences. We have to study hard, but that is what we are here for. I first did not like it as well here as in the former school, but feel very much at home now.

There's much consolation in the first in the fact that your spirits are good, and that the illness does not affect any vital parts; I had every confidence that, with God's blessing and the careful attention of your friends you will soon have regained your former health. I should be very pleased to hear about your condition in the future. Remember me to your sisters and parents.

Kindest wishes and sympathy.
I am yours ever, sincerely,
Ernest Birkholtz

5/31/1907: from Louis Maurice, a lonely beau in Alden, N.D.

ID	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	text
1	Louis Maurice	Alden, ND	Alvina Leistikow	Renville, MN	5/31/1907	6/3/1907	

Alden, N. Dak.

May 31st 1907

My dear friend Alvina

Your kind and welcome epistle at hand was appreciated and read with pleasure. Indeed, it was surprise to hear from you. I thought you had forgotten that old fiddledeedee (myself) long ago. But I see you can remember good thing if you want to, eh?

I thank you for your charming smileful likeness. It do me lot of good to look at you, even on paper. Only one thing I regret, and that is that such a pretty face should be disfiger by downish nose. hohooohs.

Fiddlesticks, I wish I could tell you how I long to be present at one of Renville dances. Gee wiz, wouldn't I jump! It's terrible lonesome here some times, especially on Sundays. I feel as I should drown in nearest creek. But hurrah, only four more months and then--You know (I may be best man on your wedding) No?

Say Alvina, I wish you would wait for me--oho I don't mean that I-I just mean you wait for it till I come back to be present when you say to love to obey etc. However(?), I wouldn't obey anybody if someone would pay me. No never--

Well honey bug, pardon I meant Miss Leistikow, shall I tell you some things about North Dakota. Yes. All right. I wish you could see my lawn. It's miles and miles big cover with the greenest grass and my poor shack sticking in center like a pebble in sea. But nevertheless it's beautiful with flowers strewn here and there (which I enclose sample). But what's all that if one hasn't got a true loving heart here to cheer me in blue hours. I wish you would remember me to Emma. And tell her how I wish she was somewhere closer so I could go and see her and pass all(?) warmth of my heart into her delicate ears.

May be it may interest (Beans) you to hear that I am digging well and dug 7 feet in 2 weeks. Don't you think that beats record eh? How is F.F.. She leave soon eh? Still after P. is she. None of my biz eh. Well! No.

So I will close this nonsense with hope that you will overlook all mistakes mishaps and craziness.

Your devoted servant
Louis Maurice

PS You won't mind if I take your picture out every five minutes and look at it. If P.B. has any objections, let him say so.

8/22/1908: from her husband Pete Bottge in Chicago on business

ID	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	text
10	Pete Bottge	Chicago, Illinois	Alvina Bottge	Renville, Minnesota	8/22/1908	8/22/1908	

My dear wife and baby --

I landed here yesterday morning after a good nights sleep. I went out to Marshall Field's wholesale and bought a few things. It went out with Mr. Smith for dinner.

Last night I went out to a cousin of mine, a Mrs. Fleckenstine. I stayed a couple of hours and came back and stayed at this place. I wish we had known of this place when we were here. It's a very fine place.

I'm going out to Kuppenheimer's to buy clothing this morning. As everything is closed Saturday afternoons, I will perhaps go to a ballgame this afternoon.

As this is about all for this time, I will write more soon.

Lovingly yours,

Pete

[the baby is Marvin b. 5/28/1908]

9/22/1908: from L.A. Timms (Louis or Leo?) in Warren, Pennsylvania

I D	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	relationshi p	tex t
2 3	L.A. Timms	Warren, Pennsylvania	Alvina Leistikow	Renville, Minnesota	9/22/1908		cousin	

Dear Cousin, --

It had often been a mystery to us, why you never answered our letter, which we sent you shortly after your marriage, and it is now that we realize the fact that our letter must have astraid its destination. No matter, we are sorry for this happening and trust you overlook the cause upon its merits and try to bridge over the past silence by a frequent letter.

Of course there is much to say, but we do not attempt to say it all in this letter, but say a little each time and thus always have material on hand.

It was very pleasant to hear that you have three in number in your family, and we fully appreciate the many happy hours you spend in your family gatherings. Our little girl is so much of pleasure and comfort to us that we find each day some new wrinkle she has caught on to. Just presently she is having a teething spell and is quite sick, but generally contented and good-natured.

My wife and Adelaide visited in Ripon, and with friends and relatives in Wisconsin this past summer and had a fine time. I had bachelor hall during this absence and advise your husband to never try it for more than two weeks at a time. I had a siege of six weeks of it.

There this much for a beginning. We are all well and trust you are too. Please do not wait with your answer, as long as we have, for often we are very lazy and unable to write, -- but come out and show how prompt you can be; perhaps it will encourage us to hustle up some.

We enclose a Kodak picture of our girl as it is the only kind we have as yet. [No picture in the envelope.]

Very sincerely yours,

L.A. Timms

PS My wife sends her love. Please remember us to your hubby and to your dear parents. L.

12/13/1911: from "Ena", probably a friend (not a known relative) living in Milk River, Alberta, Canada

I D	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	relationshi p	tex t
1 8	Ana	Milk River, Alberta, Canada	Alvina Leistikow	Renville, Minnesota	12/13/1911	12/17/1911		

Dear Alvina,

I received the dear little picture of the children quite a while ago and have meant to write you ever since, but I am alone now, have been for months, and it just keeps me jumping all the time, I don't know how you ever manage three youngsters. The picture was just lovely, you have beautiful children, even if they are lots of care and came fast, and I know you are very proud of them. Marvin looks like your folks, Adrian like Pete and I think the baby will look like him too. I sent them to my sister Winifred, and she went in raptures over them. She is going to Valley City Normal, North Dakota, is taking her high school course and Normal course in four years, just had a postcard photo of her and she is quite young-ladyfied. I can hardly realize she is so grown up. My babes are asleep, I'm always thankful when Max gets stowed into bed, he is a terror, ask questions until I'm just about crazy. Baby is a dear, just as good as gold. I enclose pictures taken one Sunday, not very good, but hope to have some real good ones taken after Xmas and will then remember you.

The weather is lovely, has been so far this winter except for a week of very cold weather in November. We go to town nearly every day, all of us. George's hauling spring wheat just now as he sold 600 bushels to the elevator for seed. We are patiently waiting for our car to come, so we can ship our winter wheat. Aunt Libbie wrote me about Blanche R. Isn't that terrible? It just about made me sick, she is very young, isn't she, just about 15? We were glad to hear Mr. Sundae was better and hope he will be all right in a little while, I hope none of you folks get sick, you surely would have your hands full then.

Am baking bread, and it's good too, must tend to it. Kiss the babies for me. Remember us both to Pete.

Lovingly,

Ena

10/25/1917: from a soldier at Camp Robinson, Wisconsin

I D	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	relationship	te xt
2 7	A.J. Sanduig	Camp Robinson, Wisconsin	Mrs. P.J. Bottge	Renville, Minnesota	10/25/19 17	10/28/1917	soldier at Camp Robinson	

Mrs. Bottge,

I cannot express my thanks for that dandy sweater I happen to be lucky enough to get. At first I would not write at all, but it would have been even a worst way to show my appreciation, so I'm glad to make some kind of an effort. It fits me just fine, and it sure is nice and warm. I don't mind to go out in the morning now in my shirt sleeves when I have a sweater like that underneath, and I'll sure hang onto it as long as there he is a piece of yarn left of it. I'll send a picture of my horse and self. It is not very clear, but it is the best I have. When I get back from France, I'll write and tell you, Mrs. Bottge, how we got the Kaiser. Thank you ever so much for the sweater. I am sure it will held keeping one warm this winter, and as I'm from a warmer climate than we have here in Wisconsin, it sure will come handy. My home is in 40 Mill Town, Tacoma, Washington.

My friend also received a sweater from some kindhearted lady, but the lady did not put her address on it or else it was lost some way. My friend felt pretty bad over it, for he would, like myself, make some kind of an effort to express his thanks. Again I thank you, and wish you luck and good health.

A most grateful soldier.

[A.J. Sanduig]

11/18/1917: from the soldier at Camp Robinson, Wisconsin

I D	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	relationship	te xt
2 6	A.J. Sanduig	Camp Robinson, Wisconsin	Mrs. P.J. Bottge	Renville, Minnesota	11/14/19 17	11/18/1917	soldier at Camp Robinson	

Dear Mrs. Bottge,

I received your most welcome packages yesterday. I'm a very poor penman but I hope, Mrs. Bottge, you'll excuse my poor try of showing my appreciation. It was such an unexpected surprise. I invited the 6th section, as that is the section I'm in it, to come and taste the contents of the unexpected package. We all prized it very highly, it sure was fine. My horse is shipped away, and I couldn't give him the present. I used it for my coffee the next morning, it was very good to get sweetened coffee for once in the Army. If you'll pardon me, I'll send a little piece of poetry my friend and I made up some time ago. Thanks ever so much for the package.

Most grateful soldier.

A.J. Sanduig

We are in the Army now.

No more ham and eggs or grapefruit.
When the bugle blows for chow;
no more apple pie or dumplings.
For we are in the Army now.

They feed us beans for breakfast.
At noon we have them too:
at nights, they fill our counties
With a good ball army stew.

No more fizzies, beer or highballs
When you have an awful thirst.
If you are thinking of enlisting.
Better get used to water first.

For the lids on tight all over.
And when drilling we get warm

Then we don't cool off with liquor
Because we are in uniform.

No more silk or linen "nighties"
we all wear the O.D. stuff.
No more nightcaps or pajamas.
For our pants are good enough.

But, by jinx, we will lick the Kaiser
When the noncoms teach us how,
for, hang him he's the reason.
Why we're in the Army now.

**2/21/1918: from her brother-in-law Owen Smith, Sr.
[Frieda's husband], in the army in South Carolina**

ID	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	text
5	Owen Smith, Sr.	Camp Sevier, Greenville, SC	Alvina Leistikow	Renville, MN	2/21/1918		

Hello Alvina --

You'll have to pardon me for not answering your letter sooner, I thought when I left home all I had to do was to answer letters and could write whenever I wanted to, but I was all wrong. My time is not my own. The first few weeks I was so D--- busy that I scarcely got time to sleep. And on the train from Texas to South Carolina, we worked all of one night and part of all of the other nights, and since then, we have been trying to catch up with our work, so you see where my time was spent. I have not even had time to crochet, or knit.

The Lents wife and two little girls about Ardus's size and age were out here and both of those kids were knitting. It sure looked funny to see them, they could write their names and were sure a fine pair of children. Of course, you know, I do not like children, and that they and I sure had a great time when they were here.

They sure reminded me of Ardus and "let's go in the dark," I am sure afraid I would spoil here, teaching her the old tricks of putting out the light, you know the times when lights were in the way, don't you? I guess we all pass through the same stage.

My prospects are good, I expect soon to cross the water. The trip sure looks good to me, my work is very interesting. You know, new work is always interesting. I get along fine, get all and more than I can eat, too much sleep just enough work to keep me busy. So what else could I ask for considering the state of affairs our country is in.

I heard from Charles Beck today. He is at Waco, Texas and getting along fine, also heard from Vernons, Elsie Rottum writes very regular. She got started when she asked me to see Sherman, and never has let up.

We are still in quarantine, but expect to get out soon only to go into another jail (quarantine).

How are the children and the Old Man? Also give my regards to Stewart.

Owen.

Say, will you thank the Red Cross for that very good box of eats. It sure was greatly appreciated.

3/2/1918: from a soldier at Fort Snelling, Minnesota

I D	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	relationship	te xt
2 5	Marion Brookshier	Fort Snelling, Minnesota	Mrs. P.J. Bottge	Renville, Minnesota	3/2/1918	3/3/1918	soldier at Fort Snelling	

Mrs. P.J. Bottge, kind unknown friend.

I will take the pleasure writing and try to express my gratitude as best I can on paper for the nice box which I received from you.

I sure did enjoy the nice lunch it contained. It almost made me feel as though I was eating lunch from home. The folks at home have tried to send me boxes several times, but it was so far for them to come that a piece of the box with my name and address on it was about all I would get. I'm sending some little snapshot pictures I had made last week. They are not very good, but are the best I can do at present as all the other pictures I have are packed in the surplus kit, so I can't get them just now. I will close with good cheer and good wishes.

From Marion Brookshire. Company E 36th infantry.

Fort Snelling, Minnesota

11/8/192?: Marguerite Todd in Tulsa, Oklahoma, to Lydia Leistikow

ID	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	relationship	text
22	Marguerite Todd	Tulsa, Oklahoma	Lydia Leistikow					

November 8 --

Dear Lydia,

So you think I may be dead! No, no, my dear, I'm anything but dead. One could not live in Tulsa and be a dead one! There is not a chance to find such a state for one hasn't time to die. Oh, how I long for my little cot on the back porch in our cabin on the hill where I could rest, just rest and read, thinking, and I'd refuse more dramatically than did Walter to go after the milk, and you couldn't drive me with a driving machine to the soda Springs! Oh, dearie, but I'm tired. It's go and go and go till one wants to scream.

Last week, it was Oklahoma Education Association, and this week it is Billy Sunday. He is here for several weeks, so I must be with the crowd and go. And he certainly draws the crowd. Sunday I sat in an audience of some eight or 10,000. As yet, I have not found where he and his power lies, nor do I feel that he will ever move my soul. I prefer a man of Dr. Campbell Morgan's type. But we are not all alike, so I guess he reaches many that others could not get even to darken the doors.

I am indeed sorry that I have not written you since I landed in the city. I was unaware that I had not written. I have written so many people and have somewhat the same thing to tell them all so I just get all "bawled" up as to whom I have written. You wrote me asking about my work and the result of "the telegram." Ha! Ha! Really, haven't I written you about my work? Well, here goes!

The telegram or something had the desired effect, for I am pushing, pulling and rolling around all day, from 8:30 a.m. to 3:45 p.m. The school system here is quite different from anything I have ever seen. Supervisors float around like bees. Thanks to fate I have only one and I room with her. The buildings are all erected on the unit plan, thus:

[A small drawing of the school floor plan with the central playground surrounded by numbered classrooms.]

Now don't you want to engage me for drawing up plans for your future home?

I'm enjoying my work immensely and hope everyone is pleased. My principal has been in my room once since I began teaching and never said "boo" to me. My dear, please tell your

teachers what you think of them after you have observed!

I'm also delighted with Tulsa. It is quite a city, busy as New York, and yet there is an "air" of a country town about the city. I love it but I'll never pay back that hundred dollars I borrowed and I fear I won't have money to get home on. It costs a small fortune to live here, and I haven't got it. My overhead expenses are \$70 per month. This does not include clothes -- -- -- -- a big item -- -- -- --

Well I just can't have any, that's all. I have a wonderfully beautiful room and the most pleasant place to board you can imagine -- man and ladies. It pleases me wonderfully to eat with men around me -- you see, we don't you torn off pieces of paper sacks for napkins, and we don't have puzzles to worry over so I do behave very nicely!

My but I'd love to have one of our laughs once again.

It has not been my good fortune to meet an Oil King. So I am still living in a peaceful state of Old Maidhood! Yet I have met a few fairly passable men who have been very nice to me. Tonight, I feel like I am in love, but he hasn't leather sleeves! Like most cities, you have to go after your fun. Nobody is going to do it for you. I'm certainly looking after mine for I don't intend to sit around and roll my thumb. Why, my dear, I'm taking dancing lessons. Gee Whiz! I know you will board the next train to go to the next dance with me!!!

Just here I am thinking of Paul! Have you saved him for me. Tell him to wait for me, for I am surely coming to get him and to see you.

Had a short card from Helen Donahey last week. I had to write her three letters to get it, however! She only wrote a card at so I know very little how much she likes her work or Kansas City.

You are not alone in enjoying September balm in November. We have had most delightful weather, only the dust is unbearable. I'm dreadfully glad because my summer clothes have been quite "in vogue."

You were a dear to send me the pictures. How I did enjoy them. I sat in my room looking at them laughing all the while like a fool. One passing by certainly would take me for a crazy person. I think they are very fine and I hope this dollar bill will be more serviceable because it is so late in coming.

Lydia, I wish you could hear me sing! Since you have not been here to laugh every time I changed time and tune in my songs, I find my voice is greatly improved. You won't believe this, I am sure, but I was asked to sing in the Billy Sunday Choir. I refused for your sake!

You may tell Alvina she is a great one to "lambast" me for not writing when she has never honored me with a single line -- not even has she written my name. I'm so homesick to hear from her. See if you can prevail upon her to write me. I shall write her as soon as I can spare the time. I'm so busy now with Christmas presents, I don't seem to be able to find time for

letters! On the side, I am writing up my trip for which I shall receive \$30 from the school board. I certainly need it –

Now I must bid you adieu. Please write me soon -- love to you both --

Devotedly,

Marguerite

8/31/1921: from Marguerite Todd in Tulsa, Oklahoma, to Alvina Bottge and Lydia Leistikow

ID	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	relationship	text
21	Marguerite Todd	Tulsa, Oklahoma	Alvina Bottge, Lydia Leistikow	Renville, to Minnesota	8/31/1921			

Dear Girls:

Whoo-pee! Wh-o-o-pee!! I have so much to tell I wonder just where I should begin, or rather, just where I want to begin. Did your ears burn last Wednesday, did your hearts beat heavily, did it rain? I'm sure by some strange means you felt my longing to run to you and tell you that once more my eyes on Leather Sleeves! Whoo-pee!! But he was not in leather sleeves. He was dressed in a beautiful gray suit -- Jelly Bean style, and a blonde woman was resting her head on his strong manly chest, looking up dreamily into his laughing face. Yes, he was laughing that strange haunting left of his. My heart gave seven leaps, when I passed him on the dance floor.

Now you are surprised, aren't you, that I again visited the Hiawatha Gardens when I had promised I would never go? There's a long story connected with that event. My, but I'd love to be there to tell you all about it. You remember Miss Allan, who lives on the hill above the Eagles Nest? She made a date for me with a wealthy Oil King from Oklahoma. She had one with her colonel. We went out to dinner in Colorado Springs, and to my joy before dinner took a wonderful ride in the Colonel's \$6,500 Premier Car. Can you guess where we went? Yes, we rode out to the Woodman of the World's Sanatorium. It was, indeed, a beautiful place, and I considered myself most fortunate in getting in that trip. I wish so much for you! After dinner we came home and stopped on the way at the Hiawatha Gardens for a few dances. Mr. Hoge was a beautiful dancer. So we had a wonderful time, until I saw on Harold. Then I couldn't dance or talk or even be pleasant anymore. All I could do was feast my eyes and soul on that Sweet Thing! We did not dance together only had time for a brief handshake! I guess I'll have to give him up, so I'll do it bravely! Mr. Hoge was not at all attractive, but I enjoyed the good times I had. He, however, proved to be quite a Romeo when we reached home. He very quickly found out that that was not my game and then -- whoo-pee -- such a lecture as he read me. I'll laughed heartily, and, Lydia, I wished for you. I'd love to have heard you rave! He left at 12:30 and I went to bed but not to sleep. Now you have the surprise of your life -- the reason why I did not sleep!

I was planning my trip to the Peak, which I had arranged to take the next morning "on foot". I simply could not sleep. I got up at six o'clock, dressed, winter unions and all, and went over to Miss Albright's. We met three other girls at the cog station at 7:30 and caught the eight o'clock train up to Mount Manitou. We took the donkey trail and "struck out" at nine o'clock. I felt wretched, but I was determined to walk it. We had a jolly good lunch, but I did wish for you -- (I can find nobody who fills your place). The trail is very easy and pretty. Most of the way it was exactly like the Twin Sister Trail. When we came near the Timberline, the trees were much

prettier than on the Twin Sister Trail. We reach the boulder field about four o'clock. I was sleepy sick twice, but soon got over my spells. Once I had an "Orange Peeling Spell" -- much worse than the former one.

Lydia, the boulder field was a joke, compared to the one below Long's Peak. A soft, straight, dirt trail was made through the rocks.

[There follows a drawing of a very serpentine path.]

This is as near as I can draw the trail. About 5:30 one of the girls took cramp colic and for 15 minutes couldn't stand up straight. Just then, a heavy cloud came down over on us in a few minutes a heavy hailstorm. The sick girl became frightened and had a fit of hysteria. We rubbed her, hit her, scolded, sympathized "in everything". All the while the hail beating down, and the wind getting colder and colder. I was getting chilled and had rubbed her big fat legs, until I thought I should die. (I am glad that mine are little and skinny.) At last we got her up and started on. The sun came out long enough to warm us up. Then quicker than a flash another black cloud came over us, the terrific flash of lightning and a deafening clap of thunder. It was certainly terrifying! We pushed on, then the wind blew, and oh, so cold! This dreadful mixup of the elements continued for a while, then a heavy sleet and hail, so thick that we could hardly see. At a quarter to seven we reached the summit house. We opened the door and the wind blew us in, footsore, wet, covered with sleet and snow and tired, so tired. The stuffy air around the little store (we were not at the auto house) was too much for our sick pal, so she keeled over. The men (there were about 10 of them sitting around who had walked up the cog) all jumped up and tried to catch her. I ran for soda, for I was sure she was suffering with the above-mentioned "Orange Peeling Sickness". She was soon all right and tucked away in a nice comfortable bed. The rest of us then had to take care of ourselves. My feet were soaking and I knew I must get them dry. I went into a little store in the adjoining room and asked to buy socks or stockings. They had none, but a nice looking young man standing in the room came over and said he wished he could help me in some way. He said, if I would pardon his unconventionality he would take off his socks and give them to me is until I dried mine. I was certainly "nonplussed" but he was so sweet about it. I could not help it. Soon I had on his socks!!! Whoop-ee! This has Kansas City affair "skint a black," don't you think? He was so sweet and lovely that I simply lost my heart. We all spent the night. But no sleep. I ate supper and all night was sick enough to die. One man fell out of his bunk, and then too, we feared the rats.

We got up for sunrise, and you know how beautiful it was! The ground was covered with sleet, and we had a "sleet fight." Mr. Patterson (the sock man), a man and his wife and a dear old gray-haired man came down with us. We cooked on the way down and had such a jolly good time! We were exactly 10 hours going up and then five coming down. Mr. Patterson and I went over to weigh when we reached Manitou and, as usual, I took off my coat -- pitched in over on the table. It landed in a paper of flying paste -- so now I have a sticky coat. I stood the trip so well that after resting a while, I did a big washing then went to bed. I got up at five o'clock Saturday morning, iron of my clothes, packed my trunk and caught the 11:20 train for Tulsa.

I rode day coach until eight o'clock. I saved five dollars! Even at that I rolled into Tulsa with six dollars! My trip to Pikes Peak cost me five dollars, even after I walked. But I'll never forget the trip. It was the most wonderful experience I ever had!

I find Tulsa a neat city, and I like it very much. I'm very nicely located but not exactly what I wanted. As for my work I have it just as I wanted it -- I am assigned penmanship and spelling in the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades. Every thing is lovely except they won't accept my credits and I may get no money. I'm not worrying for they had no business electing me. However, I may be hard up for money. I am placed in one of the nicest schools. I consider myself quite lucky!

Walter certainly had a picnic off of me is the week before I left. Miss Allen had quite a nice young chap in her home about 21. He took us all over Colorado in his car one night and Walter insisted that he was liking me. Then Walter took him off to meet the Bob Haired Girls and I saw him no more. Walter thought this a big joke, and my life was miserable ever after. He had almost as much fun as we did with the puzzles. I wish you could have heard him laugh when he opened Lydia's package. He almost collapsed with his side. Will you ever forget them!

I will not, nor will I forget either of you. I learned to love you both and shall always remember how dear and sweet you were to me. I have never been with girls whom I enjoyed more. Every minute we were together I enjoyed. I miss you so much. You seem to understand my nature, and it was so good just to be near you. I wish I could find someone here whom I could love as I do you. I do not want you to forget me. I hope I won a little place in your hearts, and that soon you will write me and tell me all about yourselves and your dear ones. I hope you have the kiddies all well again, Alvina, and, Lydia, I hope the candy man was there to receive you with open arms. Write me how you ever straightened out your finances. I've been wild to hear how you came out. Keep me informed on all subjects, puzzles, leather sleeves and all.

Ewing and Walter enjoyed you so much and we spoke so often of how we missed you. Alvina, Ewing even boiled the dish towels one day. Ha! Ha!

Now, I could rave on and on, but you made fun of my letters once, so I shan't write another line (aren't you glad?).

Give my regards to "Pete" and the kiddies. Love you both and a long sweet. Goodbye!

Lovingly, Marguerite (Todd).

PS Please write me! I'm so lonesome to hear from you. Please send to Lydia. I wrote my letter together for I knew you wouldn't mind! M. Todd

8/2/1922: from son Wesley [11] in Paynesville, MN, on a fishing trip

I D	sent by	sent from	addressee	sent to	letter dated	postmark date	relationship	tex t
2 4	Wesley Bottge	Paynesville, Minnesota	Bottge family	Renville, Minnesota	8/2/1922	8/3/1922	son and brother	

Dear Family: --

I had a nice ride up here. Karl and Mr. Johnson caught 20 big rock bass at another lake. This morning, I caught a sunfish.

Last night I went to the show up north. Just got through wringing clothes.

This is all I can think of.

Love to all.

From your son and brother.

Wes