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Port Capitan
B.C.



Mr. Tom P. Walker,
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Nevada.
U. S. A.

Monday Morning.

Mine Own Percy Dec. 25th '92 -

Got my hand clapt tight across my mouth so I wont send the Post missue into the Land of asbestos cats! You know whats the "s'matter Pop", (sniff! sniff! :) but maybe tonight, heh?

We are all most grateful to my Dad for the trip he gave us yesterday. Not everybody can have the chance of the trip, but Dad's got a drag. We had dinner on their porch overlooking the Lake, and then into the Launch for a two hours trip. At a certain place we climbed into a canoe — and talk~~x~~ about wonderful! The two men had to stand up and row so carefully first here and there, edging our way ~~into~~ between trees and logs,

edging and winding until
into the River and then up
and up. Just exactly like
Indian scenes you read about.
They landed us girls on a
sandy beach and went back
to the launch after the boys.
With the men far away Dilley
and I went in wading. Those
dresses in yesterday's Wonderland
had the capacity to appreciate every
whim of nature. Mother and
Dad staid there, while all of
us climbed to the Falls. All
the way we were under the
spray of the Falls. It's good to be
a monkey once in a while when
there's such a straightendicular
climb. About 6 bells we hit
"mine host's" cottage and after
having tea, we climbed into
the "Democrat" for Coquette St.
During tea our Dad leaned over

and whispered in me ear, "What Sam could
have taken it with me." Oh no — guess I
don't think that-a-way all the time.

The owner of the house was named "Sam"
and the house was "Red" — maybe you
think Wiley didn't know from what me.

and I have a picture of a rock I'll show
you too.

Tomorrow the girls start for
California. The postcard letter came from
Eun as I can imagine for today. You
mustn't wait, about Red before he starts
on his vacation, that his honeymoon

couldn't make him any more excited.
(Thank! the minister now just came in to see why
this speckled sheep wasn't at church. How thoughtless
in sympathy with Sunday for sitting, still to
smile quite cheerily.)

Two weeks from now we'll be in Vancouver
about to take the boat for Victoria & Seattle.
Hoooray! Silley's a peach of a pal and we are
both leaving thanks to Otto for hauling me
into Gardnerville. This has been "a perfect
summer" for the same reason as "a perfect
day." If I don't sober down a bit you'll
have to start in running, jumping and
dodging right now, because ——— well,
just because! But here's every bit of love
that could ~~not~~ possibly be sent this way,
and there's no "duty" charge either.

Your love

Russie XXX

Donny dear, I just happened to think. Is it the
16th you leave Fairview, cause wouldn't somebody
be! ha! ha! if "dailies" kept coming to you? Enlighten
me, please, my dear.