

Feb. 24-42.

Mother Beam dear: -

Well, what do you think
of those nerve, low down,
yellow "so + so's"??!!

Such colossal gaul! They'd
better watch out one of these
days, we are going to loose
our much publicized "Patience"
and - - - -

I hear that your baby
"son" is on the way to
Long Beach. I'm sorry I missed

meeting him when he stopped
in here to say hello to Roland.
Grandma has been in bed
for ten days and I am quite
busy keeping her quiet and
fixing her attractive trap to
tempt her appetite. It seems
to be just a case of "jitters"

But lets turn to more
cheerful and beautiful subjects.
Saturday morning I took a
couple of hours off, and I drove
over to Foothill Boulevard (near
to the place where we had the

roses.) I bot some pulverized
 fertilizer, from contented cores !!
 Imagine! Perhaps I shall
 grow Contented Roses now.

The little old gardener who
 cuts the big front lawns says
 "the grass she is hungry. she
 need fertilizer." So, I bot
 fertilizer to appease "her" appetite.

I think I'll put in a
 small victory garden. a few hills
 of beans, and some tomato plants.
 If I cant fight faps, I can

fight hunger, + high prices!!
Hurrah for Jan!

I'm going to buy some
new rose bushes to, as several
of mine are worn out and
have root mildew. I've chosen
"Irish Flame", and "Brazil", and
"California", from the little
pamphlet the man at Crombie's
Nursery gave us the day we
bought your "Apsington Ruby".

I know this isn't doesn't
come under the head of
"defense" but - in a way it
is too --- its defense for my

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morale, my disposition,
and my Soul. One might
as well be Happy if one
can in these hectic times.....

It's right sorry to hear
that Aunt Rosie is ill. Now
don't go worrying too much.
Just a little bit now & then.
Keep up the old Crockett-Beam
Spirit.

Cherish - Nora Ellen -
always my love -

Jan,



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