

"I'm 94 today
"I', 94 today
I've got the key to the door
and I've never been ninetyfour before
I'm 94 today

Old people don't die; people die old. Mother, at 97, left this world not just a frail old lady, but also as a child, a frightened and adventuresome young lady, a gentle wife and mother, and a witty and creative friend, It's the total person..the total life that's over now. It was a life lived in love, kindness and optimism. Optimism to the point where, even in her confused final years when she remember little else, she remembered that the world was a wonderful place and that she was a happy person.

I once saw a photo of the S.S. Empress of France, the ship that brought Josephine Dorothy Ashburner Salmon to America. It was a big coal-burning ship with four smoke stacks..in an era when smoke stacks really smoked...the type that brought millions of immigrants to Ellis Island. That would have been about 1917, shortly after her mother's death and at the end of the horrible war that claimed two of her brothers. She would have been in her early twenties. She came over at the suggestion of John, a structural engineer for Canadian National Railways who immigrated six or eight years earlier. Mother must have landed in Halifax and taken a train to Toronto, where she clearly recalls the hurt that John inflicted by making fun of her Scottish dress.

← John, Dannie, Francis.

The family grew up in the late 1880's in Cristorphen, Scotland.. then a town in its own right but long since merged into Edinburgh. I once walked the streets she walked as a child, aware only that the Salmon family once occupied an apartment at 2 Belgrave Terrace. The second floor apartment still overlooks retail stores next to a bus line. There's an old hardware store close by, the proprietor of which, in his seventies when I visited in 1975, vaguely remembers a photographer's shop with the name "Salmon" on it. Several blocks away there's a school, graced by a single, very large oak tree. It must have been a hundred years old when mother, as a little girl, kicked its crop of acorns on her way home from classes.

← Cemetery?

Grandmother Salmon was a proper lady, proud to be from a "good family"..the Forbes..somehow connected with India. The realization of just how many related and unrelated Forbes there are was brought home at an engineering conference I co-hosted in Edinburgh. While being served dinner at the head table, I chatted with the guest speaker, head of the Scottish Historical Trust, who had been

engaged to open the meeting visitors with an historical portrait of Scotland. When he mentioned that he lived in Christorphen, I mentioned Mother's family. He responded in astonishment, for just a week before, at the Edinburgh Festival, there had been a display of 19th century photography, at which the photos of a "Sidney Salmon" had been featured. He went on to tell me that the Forbes castle was only an hour's drive from Edinburgh. It was quickly established that the only day we could see it was the following Sunday..it being closed then. "Just don't you worry," the speaker said. "I'll see if I cant arrange something. He latter came back with instructions. We were to arrive between 10:00 and 11:00 and knock three times on the door. The custodian would be there to let us in. We arrived at the appointed hour to see scores of visitors enjoying the meticulously kept grounds but unable to enjoy a tour inside. With no little embarrassment we raised the heavy iron knocker and made our presence known inside. Several tourists advised us that the castle was closed on Sunday. Too their amazement and our gratification, the huge oak doors creaked open and we were welcomed in to see, first had the distinguished and noble roots from which our generation had sprung. It would have been better had the family tree been described there in less detail. We were clearly in the presence of a totally different Forbes family.

Looking
— ?

Mother always had more good to say about her father's artistry than his capability as a provider. We got the clear impression that my grandmother's family kept things going, and eventually provided the modest inheritance that brought mother to America.

There home was rich in music, as my grandmother had a beautiful voice and was very good on the piano. We got a hint of that from the short excerpts that mother would sing in remembering those days...more from her one and only piano fragment. It was not a child's exercise but rather a robust and complex introduction of about ten measures that lead no where. She must have played well in her youth. When Mother and I visited the island of Jersey where my cousin (mother's niece), Eugenie, lives, we saw the family piano, complete with difficult samples of Chopin, Schubert, Liszt, etc., dating back to grandmother's days.

That was primarily a business trip for me, the first stop being London to take part in an engineering committee meeting, the second in Paris for a biennial international power engineering conference (CIGRE). Having been on this "circuit" many times, Jeanne opted to enjoy peace and quiet at Lake George. I asked mother if she'd like to go with me as far as London, spending the weekend on Jersey, and then going on to Scotland by herself while I went to Paris. She was easy to convince, but then came some misgivings. She would be 30 years senior to the spouse group, less capable of strenuous program, and much different in background. She was the hit of the meeting. Committee members..those who themselves are still ambulatory, still ask after her. Mother was proud as a peacock at her acceptance and, as was her style, corresponded with some of the ladies for years thereafter. Jersey was a first visit for us both,

and the first time I'd ever driven on the left. Her role was to shout "left, left, left" each time we turned a corner. Though a success in that role, she'd only driven once herself. About 1934 dad gave her a hands on lesson..apparently without enough pre-flight instruction. She mistook the clutch for the brake, lost her composure, and drove up onto a lawn. The lawn was sloped enough to slow her down considerably. What the slope didn't do, an elm tree did. In any case we enjoyed our Jersey visit thoroughly, especially since ~~Graham~~ *Blindfold* mother's nephew (son of her brother Lionel) was vacationing there with his family at the same time. He'd dropped the name "Salmon" to spare his children the but of fish jokes he'd suffered, as I'm sure mother did. On monday, With characteristic aplomb and courage, mother boarded her plane to Edinburgh where she was met by a niece, Mildred, ~~daughter of~~ *Graham Gordon and mother more*

My earliest direct memory of mother would have been about 1930, at the Happ Road house in Wilmette, Illinois. I recall sitting on the front porch in the sun, bundled up in a blanket and recovering, with the rest of the Barthold children, from a sickness that was bad enough to almost take Stanley. With her ever-present flair for staging, she brought out a tray singing "Here comes the show boat, here comes the show boat..." Whether there was really a song like that or not wouldn't have bothered her. To us it was an announcement of a special treat.

That house was quite isolated (mother isolated it even more with respect to some of the local children whose atrocious English she feared would contaminate ours) so there was always a need to make up games..and mother had an endless store...built around whatever was handy. For years I believed, really believed that an upside down oatmeal box would, given a momentarily turned back and the right incantation, always give birth to a new toy. I tried the magic words in private, but never quite got them right.

Mother never spanked us, nor do I remember being scolded. When, as a six-year old, I accidentally stepped into a big bowl of rice pudding, left on the floor to cool, it was the subject of laughs, not scolding. Yet no amount of discipline could have achieved stronger control over me.

It was a benign and unsought control and probably derived from her love, patience, and ability to share our hurts and delights. I could never do anything I thought would hurt or displease her..nor could I still. Even now, in her absence, when I take pride in something I've done, I think secretly that she'd be pleased.

As soon as we began earning money, I bought her things, the earliest I remember was a hand drill. Who wouldn't covet such a miraculous tool? While in junior high school, I made her a set of shelves, about three feet high and five feet wide. They were deep shelves, made up of edge-glued pine. The top had a raised strip around its circumference, into which was set a glass top. It baffles me who paid for all the material...perhaps I did, perhaps the very well-to-do school system. The carpentry was good, for it lasted many years. The stain selection was bazaar. It must have

been a wild variation of cherry stain, for it came out almost red. Mother used it in her sewing business. It didn't take long for the glass top to encase notes, telephone numbers, articles, etc.

Later there was a set of silverplate^S, complete with wooden case, to replace the random service we'd collected. For that I made a deal with Mr. Kusz of Kusz's Jewelry store on Elm Street. I paid \$20 down and promised to pay several dollars a week from my newspaper money. He trusted me and was eventually paid in full.

There was a half-round electric clock, then modern, now art deco, which still rests among memorabilia in the barn. Sylvia's left with a pair of glass-cube lamps, each with a deer etched on it.

Mother was a proud person. It hurt her to accept the food brought by Winnetka's social services. It hurt her to take in sewing, but that hurt less than seeing her children go without.

Generosity and selflessness were hallmarks of her long life. On unusually hot day in Winnetka, when workmen were installing a gas line in the street in front of our house, she sent me out with a pitcher of cold lemonade.

In Eureka Springs she became a close friend of Irene Castle, a once famous dancer. Irene made it clear that mother was to have anything she wanted from the Castle house when Irene died. Passing over priceless antiques and oriental rugs, mother picked a walking stick that had sentimental value for the two of them.

At a loss for what to send mother for Christmas during her failing years at the Boulder Good Samaritan Center, I responded to Jeanne's suggestion and sent her a new plant for her room each month. Each time a plant arrived, mother immediately moved it to the lounge where others could share it. Her own room remained mainly bare except for the fruit that Sylvia brought during her visits.

In 1953, she and Dad made their first trip to Arkansas and loved it. They bought their first property there, 40 undeveloped acres which they called "Starhaven." In 1955 they packed all their belongings in a trailer, attached it to an ancient Buick I had bought in college and later gave to them, and left Winnetka for good. They had, by then, bought a small house at 11 White Street. But on an Ozark hill, just a few miles short of that destination, Dad's carelessness in loading caught up with him and the entire contents of the trailer slid out onto the road. Mother saw the humor in it all, and that too was an endearing part of her. She herself was the butt of much of her humor...her "Scotchness," her lack of sophistication, her forgetfulness, and even her old age were turned into good natured self-satire.

Was she a good wife to my father? I suspect so. I also suspect that her role was often difficult. Dad was very contemplative, and lived considerable of his life inside himself. He enjoyed being alone, his idea of heaven being a small area of sand on Tower Road beach,

several hundred yards from the nearest bather, where he could enjoy the sun in his private world. I don't remember demonstrated affection between them, except perhaps in later years when the stress of child-rearing and bill paying was behind them. They were genuinely close in those few years before dad's death in 1965. There was a time when they separated briefly. I was in the merchant marine by then and the thought of difficulty between them broke my heart.

Mother took Dad's death very hard. I was carving a jack-o-lantern with Skip when the call came from Walter. Being up to my elbows in pumpkin seeds, Jeanne suggested I call back. When that was not acceptable, I knew something was wrong. The neighbors and church friends gave mother comfort until the family got to Eureka Springs.

It's odd that my memory of that trip was not of dad's stilled face, but of his hands, gnarled and weathered from his encounters at Star Haven...from a lifetime of toil for one who thought his call to have been music.

We ^{gave} ~~have~~ mother what comfort we could and I resolved to write her every Sunday. I did that faithfully for over twenty years..even when her eyes made reading impossible and her confusion took away from words read to her.

I stopped in Eureka Springs whenever I went to the west coast on business. She moved to another house, at 14 Elk Street, shortly after Dad's death. It was bigger, and had both a yard and gardens. During my visits there were always things to fix or install...the porch support posts, the swinging doors separating kitchen from dining room, the chest of drawers which dad, in a bold and baseless extrapolation of his carpentry skills, had built for her. My logic in suggesting she replace it was both as valid and as irrational as an argument that it would be cheaper to destroy an ailing dog and replace it with a new one, than to make heroic repairs to the former.

Bereavement did allow mother more freedom to travel. She came to visit from time to time. She went with Walter on one trip to Europe, with me on another. And as her 80th birthday approached, Walter and I asked if she'd like to go to Australia. "Do you really think I could?" she asked. Once convinced she wrote to the sizable Salmon clan in Australia, ~~spawned~~ ^{Starline} by her brother ~~Chardie~~, to advise of the trip. I rehearsed with her again and again the ritual of plane-changing, taxis, tipping, phone use abroad, etc., and she left for Sydney by way of Pago Pago. She was greeted there with absolute reverence...as the goddess of the clan's roots in Scotland. Somewhere in the archives, there's a picture of her ..one that made the front page of the local newspaper in Albury, cutting her 80th birthday cake. How proud she was to return without a single slip in travel arrangements.

Social security wasn't adequate to take care of mother's needs..or at least our feelings as to what resources she should enjoy. It was

arranged that we would collectively buy Starhaven, paying a little each month. The payments in which we all shared, forgot to get turned off after the property was paid for. My good fortune in getting PTI started made it possible for me then to assume the "payments," and eventually her care over the years.

Her memory began to slip while she lived on Elk Street, as did her ability to climb the long hill from town with her groceries. Winters were raw there too, and we children worried as much about the floor furnace that kept the house warm as the ice under foot outside. About 1975 it became clear that mother could no longer live alone. We thought California would be a good option, both because of climate and accessibility. A trip was arranged. I drove her to some places, Louise to others. Sylvia eventually found the best candidate, The Good Samaritan Center, in Boulder. She stayed for a visit, returned to Eureka Springs, then went to Boulder "for the winter"...a winter that never ended. She missed Eureka Springs and often talked about "going home." Society (and we with it) is probably wrong in not taking aging parents into the home..perhaps because we put medical care and convenience ahead of love and spiritual care.

Boulder, and the last chapter in mother's life was closely intertwined with Sylvia's. We came to visit. We stayed some days. We sent things from time to time. Sylvia stayed. She visited, chatted, encouraged, counseled and even helped care for mother when the need for care increased. It is ironic that the very steadfastness of her care, the frequency of her visits, often made her less appreciated than those of us whose visits were rarer whose help in mothers later life was less..

My last visit with mother was on Tuesday, November 19th. My plane was late, arriving about 9:00 PM. It was a crisp night. A full moon and cloudless sky gave a sheen to the considerable snow fall from several days prior. Mother lay in a deep sleep, her face a shadowy reminder of the vibrant woman she once was. She was very thin. Each breath took all of the meager strength she had. Yet the hand I held for those hours was the hand of a whole person, just as did Dad's hands, they spoke of a life time of kind works, of a million stitches taken, of comfort given rather than comfort received - the purpose for my holding them then.

Just as well that she couldn't witness my weeping. Her grasp responded to mine from time to time. I wondered whether she was dreaming and whether, by pressing her hand and stroking her silver hair, I might not be making those dreams more pleasant, perhaps even becoming a part of them.

Then I realized that for the most part I was again the receiver, not the giver of comfort. The message in life's termination is a declaration of life's value..of the miracle that we each play out. When God received her into his realm, he must have marveled, as do I, at the wonderful person she was.

Lionel O. Barthold
11/20/91



Josephine Smith

SS Charles B. Aycock
August 15, 1945
At Sea

Dear Mother;

This sets an all time record in procrastination as Sylvia calls it. I really belong under the stove, there's no doubt about it. Well here's the story on this trip; First we anchored at Falmouth, England while our anti-mine defenses were repaired. I would have liked very much to get ashore there but nobody was allowed off the ship. There is still a possibility that we will get to England for a short time this trip, however. From there we went to Le Havre where we no sooner had dropped anchor than we recieved orders to proceed to La Pallice, a small port about 6 miles from La Rochelle. La Pallice itself was all bombed out but La Rochelle was untouched and turned out to be a very picturesque little town. We spent several days examining the german coastal defenses which included an extensive system of submarine pens. The railroad and dock installations in La Pallice are being rebuild by german prisoners and since the non-fraternization law is not enforced here, I was able to get some good practice in my German at the expence of the Kriegsmarine. They are very poorly fed by the french (1/2 a liter of soup and a slice of bread every day) and consequently those that are made to work hard look like the pictures you see of americans which have been in Jap prisons. They are not allowed to correspond with their relatives and have no contact with the RED CROSS. I didn't talk with them as much as I would have liked to but what I did learn was very encouraging. I also got some pretty good souvineers from them for a few ~~marlboro~~ cigarettes. After we'd seen the main points of La Rochelle, Jim, the third operator and myself set out for Paris. We had to stand up all the way but it was well worth it. We visited all the famous landmarks but the one which impressed me more than any other was the Louvre. There is just no end to the paintings which are displayed there. Among them are Mona Lisa, Whistler's Mother, the Source, and a multitude of other world famous paintings which would take hours to list and describe. There is a little shop there where they sell reproductions and etchings. They had very little which appealed to me but I did buy one etching there and two more in a store nearby. Almost as impressive was the Opera house where we saw "Boris Gudimov." The OperaHouse itself was the best I have ever seen but the singers were quite a let-down after the San Carlo opera in Naples. We stayed at the Hotel Richeleau but our only real problems in Paris were food and money. We took a bag of ~~sandwich~~ sandwiches from the ship which lasted us one day. The remainder of our ~~stay~~ stay there we lived on coffe and doughnuts from the Red Cross and French pretzels. (A meal in Paris costs at least \$6.00) After we had just enough money ~~money~~ for our train fare back to La Rochelle and had gotten to the point where we couldn't look a doughnut in the eye, we left Paris. I also tried to phone ~~Walter~~ Walter from there but by the time the Call got to Munich the connection was so poor that I couldn't even hear the operator so I gave up. ~~uhhuh~~

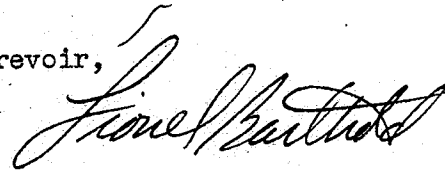
There had been very few ships in La Pallice before us so people from miles around came down to the dock to see ze American Leeberty sheep. This part of France had been in German hands ~~since~~ up to the German surrender and consequently there was no American or British Military base in either La Pallice, La Rochelle, or even Bordeaux as far as that goes. Bordeaux is one of the biggest ports in France and up to now has been of no use to the ~~allies~~ allies because of all the sunken ships there. We are anchored at the mouth of the river on which Bordeaux is located and as soon as we get a Pilot, we'll start for Bordeaux. We are the first American ship in over five years to arrive in Bordeaux hence the whole city is turning out to meet us. The ship is being all dressed up for the occasion and after our arrival there

a banquet will be given for all the ships officers.

The News of the surrender of Japan has just been announced as certain over here but there has been but little celebrating since know little and care less about the war in Japan. I have become so used to wartime conditions that it just seems impossible for me to realize that it's all over now. The prospect of getting ashore for good and starting college ~~again~~ just seems too good to be true. I hope very much that this will be my last trip but if they enforce that draft law for a while longer, I'll have to make another. Walter will also be home before many months too, I guess. It's hard to say when we'll be back but my guess is late in September.

It's hard to be in France any lengthh of time without learning enough French to make a fool of yourself in front of somebody who speaks good French so when Walter and I get together again, I'll really torture him.

au revoir,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Lionel Bartlett". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the "au revoir," text.

88 Charles Brantley Lycock
August 28th. '45.

Bristol Channel.

Dear Mother,

As I said in my last letter, we were expecting quite a welcome in Bordeaux and we were not disappointed. You'd have thought we were the "Queen Mary" the way the town turned out to see us come in. I have some photographs of the welcome but they are too large to enclose in this letter. There is one taken of a group of four of us on the boat deck, saluting as they played the National Anthem. It is a very good picture of Jim, but a block very effectively covered my face so I'm the only one in the picture that can't be recognized. There were also write-ups in all the Bordeaux newspapers. We were in Bordeaux about ten days and came to the conclusion that it is a very nice town city. As a matter of fact we have been extremely fortunatethis trip in the ports we have been to. There's no doubt that this has been by far the best trip I've ever made as you will see by the "loot" I bring home. We've been to Paris, in fact have done quite a bit of travelling around France, and if we spend any time in England to speak of we stand a good chance of getting to London. This is rather dubious however, since we are only going to load ballast as far as we know, and that takes only a couple of days. At least I will be pretty sure of being able to call Uncle Lionel. We are putting into Bari for orders which means we will enter some Port in the Bristol Channel. I don't know whether we will load troops there or go somewhere else, but we will bring home about 700 army men.

We got mail for the first time in Bordeaux and it sure was welcome, although it was about three weeks old. I enjoyed the photos immensely, so please keep using up that film. I was also very glad to get news about Walter I hope that I hear more news about him before I-get-Back we start back, because he should be on his way home before very long. The prospect of the whole family being together again combined with the abolition of a lot of war-time restrictions have made me so darn home-sick I don't know how I'll ever wait till we get back to New York, which, according to my estimate will be about the 20th Sept. I have good reason to believe that all restrictions put on radio-communication will be lifted very shortly, and as soon as they are I will send you a radio-gram ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ including our time of arrival., If you should hear that Walter is on his way home, I wish you would ask at Western Union if you can send me a radio-gram to that effect. If, and when you do, just give the address:- Barthold KHIH Also ask if its possible to send it under the prefix "ODH" since it is for the radio operator. I know we can send messages with that prefix, but I'm not sure we can receive them. It is a special rate for radio operators which amounts to less than a third of the normal rate (about \$.25 a word)

arrived home 10th Sept.

He ~~didn't~~ tried to call Uncle Lionel but they had no phone! imagine!

So far as I know Jim hasn't written home once this trip. I'm keeping the pressure on him, however, and I think he'll give forth with a letter before we leave England. In case he ~~doesn't~~ doesn't however, please tell Mrs Hagen that he is in excellent health, enjoying himself etc.

Tell Sylvia that I'm longing to hear Gigli and that there are a few new records that I want to get as soon as I return.

73's

Lionel

P.S. The smokers of France like American Cigarettes, in fact they like them so much, they pay \$25 a carton for them. Poor Dad!

Bill may enjoy this, then please
destroy -

Jim is one of Lionel's school friend, whom I got on ship as second Op. He was a student at M. I. T. (Mass. Institute of Technology) when only 17 yrs. - a very brainy student - he frightens me! His folks left for their winter home in Calif. so Jim stayed with us a few days before joining them in Los Angeles (40 hrs. train ride from here) Lionel is now their guest in gorgeous Spanish style home

Dear Mother,

I'd just about reached the point when I didn't even think about seasickness any more, when the Captain, the Naval Officer, and myself had to go ashore in a forty foot launch to the Naval Station in Norfolk, a distance of more than fifteen miles from our anchorage. The sea was quite choppy and the launch was really bouncing around, the air was close and smokey inside, so instead of taking chances on getting sick, (I started to feel light headed about half way in) I went out on deck. I felt fine from then on in. The Naval Officer who kidded me when I went out was the first to follow. I really laughed at him when he lost his breakfast over the side. It was even rougher on the return trip, but I stayed on deck all the way and enjoyed it. It was raining by that time, however, and even though I had borrowed the 2nd Operator's rain coat, I got pretty well soaked and as might be expected caught a "cowl-id-bi-hed"!

After the altogether few days of your superb cooking, anything else could not help but be a dissapointment! I must admit however, that the "chow" here is a considerable improvement over that on the Walter E. Ranger. We always kid the Steward here on how lowsy the food is just the same, and yesterday we really played a joke on him. We were all laying out on deck in the sun yesterday afternoon kidding the Steward about how old the chickens we get served are. We only get chicken for Sunday dinner, and this was Wednesday! He said that we always got chickens at least three times a week and that there would be "southern fried chicken" for dinner that night!! we all promptly fainted! When we are at sea every one goes around dressed strictly for comfort, shaving only just before we get to port. Well as this was to be such an occasion we all decided to dress up in our Sunday best. You could hardly recognise some of the Officers when they are shaved and dressed up, but 700 miles from land, all the Officers were in full uniform, waiting at the top of the passageway for the bell to ring for dinner. The second Assistant Engineer bought one of those "Tonetes" (somewhat like a flute) in New York, and had become amazingly good with it, so when the bell rang, he led the solemn procession, playing "Dixie" in honor of the southern fried chicken, when we walked into the Mess boys almost fainted, and the Steward didn't know what to think. The Chief Engineer told him that since the Chicken had been with us for at least four trips! we were celebrating the occasion! The navy crew ran out on deck as soon as they saw us, thinking we were about to enter Port!

I also tried my hand at ironing some shirts and pressing my suit with the chief engineer's ironing outfit. The first two shirts were colored ones and turned out slightly better than they were when I started! By this time the iron was powerfully hot, I then grabbed one of my white shirts and proceeded to iron it, to my surprise it was more brown than white when I got finished! so I figured the iron must be too hot - I pulled out the chord and let it cool off for a while. The next two white ones were a little better. I then started on my suit - the pants were an overwhelming success, but by the time I got to the coat, the iron had again heated up considerably, and I got one of the sleeves sizzled!. That is the first and last time I'll ever try to do anything with an iron except solder!

I almost fell out of my chair here the other night when I heard a very faint but familiar signal coming over the air, I didn't pay much attention to it the first time, but the second time it really struck home, it was the "South American" calling a Lake Michigan shore station!!! that is an incredible distance for a station of such low power to be heard.

The whole crew here, including the Captain, are a swell bunch of fellows, with the possible exception of the Secon Mate and I confess I don't know what to make of him. They say that all radio operators

This is an old letter of course, it was written in 1919. It is now in the collection of the Naval Station in Norfolk, Virginia. It is now in the collection of the Naval Station in Norfolk, Virginia.

are a trifle on the queer side, but I have yet to sail with a second mate that wasn't either disgustingly incompetant or a little bit screwy. This guy appears to be a little bit of each. He claims to have been going to sea for fifteen years but he can't even rate a chronometer, a process so simple that an imbecile, yes, perhaps even you could do!!

I copied down Al's address when I was home but I'm not sure that I have it right, so will you please call Mrs M. and ask her for it? On second thought I'll undoubtedly get a letter from him here. You might give Mrs M. my regards just the same.

I also wish you would go to Dr. Peters and pay my bill, deducting it from my allotment, and tell him that I intended to pay it while I was home, but I was called away so suddenly, I didn't get a chance. I hate like the dickens to let a bill like that go, but I am sure that he will understand if you will explain the circumstances.

All the cribbage boards seem to have walked off in New York, so the big games here are bridge, rummy and monopoly. We had a heavy leather ball about the size of a basket-ball when we started out, we used to play catch with it every morning but one of the mates got up too much energy and threw it clean over the rail.

I'm getting back some tan once more and this time I'll try and get a picture taken over here, since its impossible to keep it crossing the Atlantic.

I don't know whether I told you or not, but the second Operator is from Chicago and is somewhat familiar with the North Shore. He is a swell fellow and I thought you might like to call his Mother up, to "chew the rag" etc. The phone No. is Independence 6159. She works in the day time so you better call her at night or Sunday.

Although I never had much interest in the world series, it means a lot more when you are over here, so I'm rooting for the Browns this year. I was once a Card. fan, but the Browns haven't ever won a pennant before if I'm not mistaken, so I hope they take the first four. The BBC have been swell in that they broadcast a twenty minute play by play description of the game after they usually get off the air at 11:00PM. (as it stands now the CBrowns have won two to the Cardinals one. They always tell what the final score was before they tell the summary of the game, so just to make it more exciting, I never tune in till about 11:04.

The time is now 0345AM (9:45PM in Chi.) and at 0400AM I go off watch and dive headlong into "ye olde sack" till dinner time. I've still got a couple hour's log to type out, so I'll have to take this letter out of the "mill".

Love,
Lionel Barthold.

P.S. - Second Operator's name is John Nolan.
- Another letter follows in CUPL DAZE.
- Wrote to Walter.

88 Charles Brantley Lycock
August 28th. '45.

Bristol Channel.

Dear Mother,

As I said in my last letter, we were expecting quite a welcome in Bordeaux and we were not disappointed. You'd have thought we were the "Queen Mary" the way the town turned out to see us come in. I have some photographs of the welcome but they are too large to enclose in this letter. There is one taken of a group of four of us on the boat deck, saluting as they played the National Anthem. It is a very good picture of Jim, but a block very effectively covered my face so I'm the only one in the picture that can't be recognized. There were also write-ups in all the Bordeaux newspapers. We were in Bordeaux about ten days and came to the conclusion that it is a very nice town city. As a matter of fact we have been extremely fortunatethis trip in the ports we have been to. There's no doubt that this has been by far the best trip I've ever made as you will see by the "loot" I bring home. We've been to Paris, in fact have done quite a bit of travelling around France, and if we spend any time in England to speak of we stand a good chance of getting to London. This is rather dubious however, since we are only going to load ballast as far as we know, and that takes only a couple of days. At least I will be pretty sure of being able to call Uncle Lionel. We are putting into Bari for orders which means we will enter some Port in the Bristol Channel. I don't know whether we will load troops there or go somewhere else, but we will bring home about 700 army men.

We got mail for the first time in Bordeaux and it sure was welcome, although it was about three weeks old. I enjoyed the photos immensely, so please keep using up that film. I was also very glad to get news about Walter I hope that I hear more news about him before I-get-Back we start back, because he should be on his way home before very long. The prospect of the whole family being together again combined with the abolition of a lot of war-time restrictions have made me so darn home-sick I don't know how I'll ever wait till we get back to New York, which, according to my estimate will be about the 20th Sept. I have good reason to believe that all restrictions put on radio-communication will be lifted very shortly, and as soon as they are I will send you a radio-gram ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ including our time of arrival., If you should hear that Walter is on his way home, I wish you would ask at Western Union if you can send me a radio-gram to that effect. If, and when you do, just give the address:- Barthold KHIH Also ask if its possible to send it under the prefix "ODH" since it is for the radio operator. I know we can send messages with that prefix, but I'm not sure we can receive them. It is a special rate for radio operators which amounts to less than a third of the normal rate (about \$.25 a word)

arrived home 10th Sept.

He ~~didn't~~ tried to call Uncle Lionel but they had no phone! imagine!

So far as I know Jim hasn't written home once this trip. I'm keeping the pressure on him, however, and I think he'll give forth with a letter before we leave England. In case he ~~doesn't~~ doesn't however, please tell Mrs Hagen that he is in excellent health, enjoying himself etc.

Tell Sylvia that I'm longing to hear Gigli and that there are a few new records that I want to get as soon as I return.

73's

Lionel

P.S. The smokers of France like American Cigarettes, in fact they like them so much, they pay \$25 a carton for them. Poor Dad!

Bill may enjoy this, then please
destroy -

Jim is one of Lionel's school friend, whom I got on ship as second Op. He was a student at M. I. T. (Mass. Institute of Technology) when only 17 yrs. - a very brainy student - he frightens me! His folks left for their winter home in Calif. so Jim stayed with us a few days before joining them in Los Angeles (40 hrs. train ride from here) Lionel is now their guest in gorgeous Spanish style home