

My dear little girl -

The latest act in your winter's drama has just struck us all in a heap - I wish there were time enough between trains and I'd take a ride on the freight to-morrow so as to see you -

The moment the alarm rang we ran to the door and "It is the Hancock's house" we screamed and Bruce

2
and I ran right up to
see - and get your mother
It was all ablaze up to
the front porch - and all
the street full but we
didn't see Harry or your
father - Colonel Hatch said
the first thing he saw
was the two carrying
somebody in a bed out
into a wagon and going
right off - so we know
your mother is safely and
quietly cared for somewhere
Perhaps Bruce will know
where when he comes.
The piano was across

the street and the parlor³
furniture in a wagon or
something - I don't know
about your clothes label
dear - Don't we wish
we had had them here -
Of course you'll come
right here - You can
sleep upstairs - We will
talk that over to-morrow.
You will come in of
course won't you? to-morrow?

Mr Hulings came down
a moment - He had
tried to find you and
help - and sends his
love. Said he thought

he'd write you.

Polly is so anxious about
your clothes - and says
of course Mabel is going
to live with us now.
Polly says she just
can't write tonight
so much has been going
on. She is better.

I hope it will be safe
for you to come - We'll
find out about it right
away. We'd love to have
you and you wouldn't
be a bit of trouble. Good
bye - my dear little
girl - I hope they don't

Dear
your loving
mother
you
telephone

5
Later -

Bruce is just home -
Your mother was taken
to the Sisters Hospital this
afternoon and knows
nothing of the fire - So
the other Hatch story was
a fiction or a perverted
truth - Harry & your father
are at a hotel - Your
clothes were all burned
I'm afraid so you'll have
all new toys - Wait you
dear - Harry put his
instruments away in his

6
room but had no light
there - Got supper and
the fire started in his
room - Yr mother's trunk
was saved -

If they could telephone
you in time I'd talk
with you between trains.

I hate to write this - I'm
afraid this is the first
you know of it - if it
is delivered early -

Be sure to come home
with me . to-morrow
night - that will be
to-night when you get -

hus -

Can't write more
for I'll keep Pally awake -
I wish I could com-
fort you and that
you wouldn't worry
yourself sick -

Goodnight

Aime

Tuesday night

about
five

copy



Miss Mabel Hancock

Glendale

Postmaster please deliver
by messenger to school
if possible ~~early~~

Arizona

MISCNS INFORMATION FROM THE LORING FILES IN
THE HISTORICAL SOCIET AT TUCSON, ARIZONA

(Copy)

Phoenix, Arizona

Sept 3, ~~1878~~
1878

Dear Mrs. Robie:

Maggie was up and around house two weeks after confinement (M-R-L birth). Little Georgie was taken sick with fever and Maggie overworked taking care of him. I was confined to my bed so unable to help her any then. She could have oversome that but a fearful rainstorm came up and the roof leaked and she took cold but kept up until Friday when the Doctor was sent for and ~~xx~~ he said she was coming down with "bilious fever" but he thought that he could stop it. It never left her and Thursday night grew worse and Friday we carried her over to our house. The Dr said she had Bilious Fever and then she took cold and Typhoid Pæunmonia set in and carried her off,

Sincerely yours

(Lillie B. Hancock)

Note: Mrs. Robie is the mother of Aggie Robie, the wife of George E. Loring. Lillie B. Hancock was the wife of Capt Hancock a neighbor.

FIRST BOSTON PARTY

Forty-three (43) men and a boy of 8-years, son of Griggs and a pair of hounds left Boston Feb 1876 for New London by train then by boat to New York to meet balance of party



PALESTINE HOTELS LTD

King David Hotel

JERUSALEM



Mrs. M. H. Latham

830 N. 5th Ave.

1931

Phoenix

Arizona

U. S. A.

From

Mrs. W. C. Barnes

2039 N. H. Ave.

Wash., D. C.

U. S. A.

ARIZONA COLLECTION
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

ARIZONA HISTORICAL FOUNDATION
CHARLES TRUMBULL HAYDEN UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
TEMPE, ARIZONA 85287



PALESTINE HOTELS LTD

King David Hotel

JERUSALEM

Jerusalem Nov. 29 - 1931

Dear Mahel-

I just asked Trill if he had sent you one of our Christmas Cards and he said he had - I replied that I wanted to put a letter with it and was much amused when I found the enclosed - I almost wish it had gone unnoticed - Trill, here we are in Jerusalem - I sometimes wonder if I am dreaming that we have visited all these wonderful countries - Has it not been a privilege? Tomorrow we start back to our boat.

We are to have two weeks in Italy,
visiting Naples, Rome, Florence, Venice,
and Genoa - Then start for New York
with just a boat-stop at Marseilles -
You will be disappointed that we
are not getting to Paris but it does
not seem wise to try it this time.
To be very frank, we have spent more
money already than we intended
and really cannot afford it. Then too
we have seen about all we care
digest and are getting tired - I am
wondering if Italy will seem a
bit tame after these Oriental
countries - I remarked to Will today
that we had no need to complain
this trip about lack of national
costumes - The people here are



PALESTINE HOTELS LTD

King David Hotel

JERUSALEM

Jerusalem 193

very picturesque. - The women are different from anything we have seen elsewhere. - The desert people are the most colorful. - Fred and I have bought us each a costume which we plan to wear to the Arts Club Ball - that is, if they have one. - Our latest bulletin gave notice of a meeting to consider the advisability of it - I suppose the financial situation is the stumbling block. - When will it end? Of course the season is hardly under

weigh 40 but this hotel of 200 rooms
is almost empty, and the stores are
just crying for business - Two
robberies of tourists since we have
been here will not help matters - Two
young men who came up from Cairo with
us lost their passports - money & jewelry
coming home from Jericho yesterday -
Ten cars were stopped and robbed -
Some attribute it to escaped prisoners,
others to Bedouins whose crops have
failed - We see plenty of people on the
streets who look like robber material.
The orthodox Jews are strange creatures.
I could run on much longer but it is
late and we make an early start to-
morrow so I'll refer you to Miriam for
particulars - Love Edith -

Tokko, Japan

Sept. 4 - 1931

Dearest Mabel-

I suppose I ought to be napping but I can't resist the temptation of writing you a note on this unique letter paper. I am using the back so as to preserve the picture in tact. It is a representation of the "Red Lacquer Bridge" which I could see if I went to the window. It is said to mark the spot where Shodo Shonin, a holy man of the 8th Century, after passing 3 years in prayer and meditation, dreamed of a great mountain on top of which lay a sword more than 3 feet long. In his pursuit of said mountain he came to an impassable river. As he knelt and prayed there appeared on the opposite bank, a being of great size dressed in blue and black, with a string of skulls around his neck, and two green and blue snakes in his right hand. Throwing the snakes across the water they instantly turned into a bridge, over which the holy man passed, whereupon snakes and bridge disappeared. No one less than a Shogun has ever trod the sacred bridge; not even an Emperor. There is a story that General Grant was invited to do so but declined the honor saying it might seem a desecration to those who held it a symbol of Divine manifestation. I was glad to know that the bluff warrior had such delicate sensibilities!

I do not see why "Kikko" is not rated along with
the "Seven Wonders of the World" - It is lovely for its
natural beauty as well as for its temples which
contain the work of the finest artists of Japan
in lacquer - damasene - wood carvers - gold and silver
smiths - Set against a back ground of vivid green
Cryptomeria trees of gigantic size it is something
one could never do justice to in trying to describe.
The work was commenced about 1615 and carried on
by means of contributions of money and materials -
One, being too poor to give money, offered to plant a
row of Cryptomeria trees (our giant red woods) leading
to the temple - It resulted in an avenue 20 miles long
and hundreds of feet high making an approach
unequaled in the world - One could spend a life
time studying a single building - such color; such
design; such signs of genius - He saw the original
carving of the three monkeys with which we are all
familiar - and "the sleeping cat" - Marium will
have photographs which will give some idea of the
intricacies of it all - We have become quite used
to removing our shoes when we enter these
places - It is not a mark of respect but because
we would mar the floors which are either highly
polished or covered with fine matting heavily padded.

The

NIKKO-KANAYA HOTEL

日光金谷ホテル

Natural Hot Spring
FUJIYA HOTEL

NIKKO, JAPAN.

Miyanoshta

Telephone Nos. . . . Nikko 1, 7 & 271
Telegraphic Address : "KANAYA NIKKO"
Codes A.B.C. 5th Edition. Bentley's

電話 日光
一・七・二七

SHIN KANAYA, President M. H. KANAYA, Manager

Do you know Mrs. Henry Ross' story of the ice man who told her that the sight of a woman in a night gown was nothing to a Phoenician ice man? Well, I am here to tell you that a man in his B.V. D. is no sight after you have spent a few days in Japan; and attending to the calls of Nature, anywhere she happens to call, is one of the best things they do. Coming up here on the train from Yokohama a man traveling with his wife and daughter in the same car with us sat on top of the seat and removed his white flannel trousers - donning them in the same manner just before our arrival here - He walked the length of the car in his shorts and shirt-tail as unconcerned as tho he were fully clad - If he had not worn Paris garters it would not have been quite so funny - Many of the men dress in European clothes and all of the small children in the Cities - They say it is increasing the stature of the children, together with the physical exercises - The people look much heartier and happier than I had anticipated.

The

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日光金谷ホテル
電話 日光
一・七・二七

SHIN KANAYA, President M. H. KANAYA, Manager

We have been most fortunate in having cool weather. The night we landed in Kobe was very warm and we supposed that was a sample of what we would have to endure - We are considerably higher here of course but it was fine in Kyoto. Last night we had steam heat, and needed it.

You will be surprised to learn that we are seriously considering Peiping - Our friend the Consul General at Hankow has wired us that it will be safe - Thos. Cook & The Japanese Tourist Bureau concur, and "every body's doing it" - We will know when we return to Kobe.

They all agree that it should not be missed - If we do that Miriam will give up Hongkong and Manila as she is determined to return on the S. S. Hoover -

We should have unlimited means to purchase the fascinating, beautiful things they have for sale. -

NIKKO FOR TEMPLES MIYANOSHITA FOR FUJI

They make

it very hard to retire gracefully without a
purchase - Before you know what is happening
you are invited to have tea and find
yourself seated before a table sipping it
from a handle-less cups meanwhile being
treated to a display of whatever it may be
is sold - Just as we were about to beat a
retreat from a lacquer shop in Kyoto
Miriam turned her cup of tea into her lap -
That made our exit a little more difficult but
we held firm - Most of these shops are on
the second floor, up a very straight, narrow
pair of stairs - Here we just beat the tea tray
as it was starting ^{up} and precluded not to see
it on the dark stairs - We have learned to bow
automatically - They do it from the waist -
We met travelers of every description - Business men;
missionaries; globe trotters; foreign & domestic -
Lots of English here and at Yokohama - Dwyer
"Glady's Swarthling" arrived today - Not so much!
"Muck Bim" has followed us from Yokohama -
He is from London but quite chatty - Great fun.
I hope you are very well - Love to your Mama -
Affectionately Edith

Dear Mrs. Hancock & Mabel:-

You must have known that
sweet peas are Will's favorite
flower - The children all
appreciated your sending them -
and I like to think they were
a part of that last beautiful
service -

I know you are thinking of
me and loving me just as hard
as you can - and it helps - my
dears

Bruce and Naomi had to go
back Sunday - and Dorry went

down to Trupee - and the wheels
all have to keep turning!

It is the greatest comfort to have
Helen here with me - I hope she
can stay until school is out -

As soon as may be, I want
to have a visit with you -

Bruce attended to as many
details of business as was possible
at that time - but I shall have
to go to Phoenix some day before
long and when I do I'll stop in
at your house -

Very much love -

Grace

c. 1957

Teacher Recalls Life In Phoenix

By ROSIE O'MEARA

Years ago when Phoenix was only a mile wide north and south and 1/2 mile east and west from the center of town, a pretty little school teacher told her pupils about the Golden West, its many opportunities, and the things ahead for them here in Phoenix.

Now 64 years later, and many more miles added to the still growing metropolis, Mrs. Mabel Latham chuckles over her memories as a school marm of 18.

SHE WAS a petite cocky little gal then, with a turned up nose and a twinkle in her eye, and the only difference now is that the years have marked into her face all these little characteristics that endeared her to her many students.

Though her memory fades a bit, there is still a lot she can recall, and day by day as she chats with neighbors, relations, and long lost students, it becomes a challenge to her to remember.

... About the train that ran between Phoenix and Glendale? Mrs. Latham can tell you all about it. She remembers the conductor well. As a matter of fact, it it weren't for him she might never have arrived at school on time.

"I CAN STILL see him leaning from the train, blowing the whistle and looking at his watch, wondering if I would ever make it. Talk about living in a fast age! Well, there was a lot of hustling and bustling around the house in the morning and there were times when I thought I would be late to Glendale where I was teaching the elementary grades."

Mrs. Latham cherishes the

many little gifts made for her in manual training class by her students. One of the gifts, a footstool, was made by Weldon Jones. Another gift, more than 50 years old, is two vases which adorn her living room mantel. Just who made these escapes her memory at present.

"I had a lot of really wonderful pupils," she said. "They were always doing little things for me or to impress me.

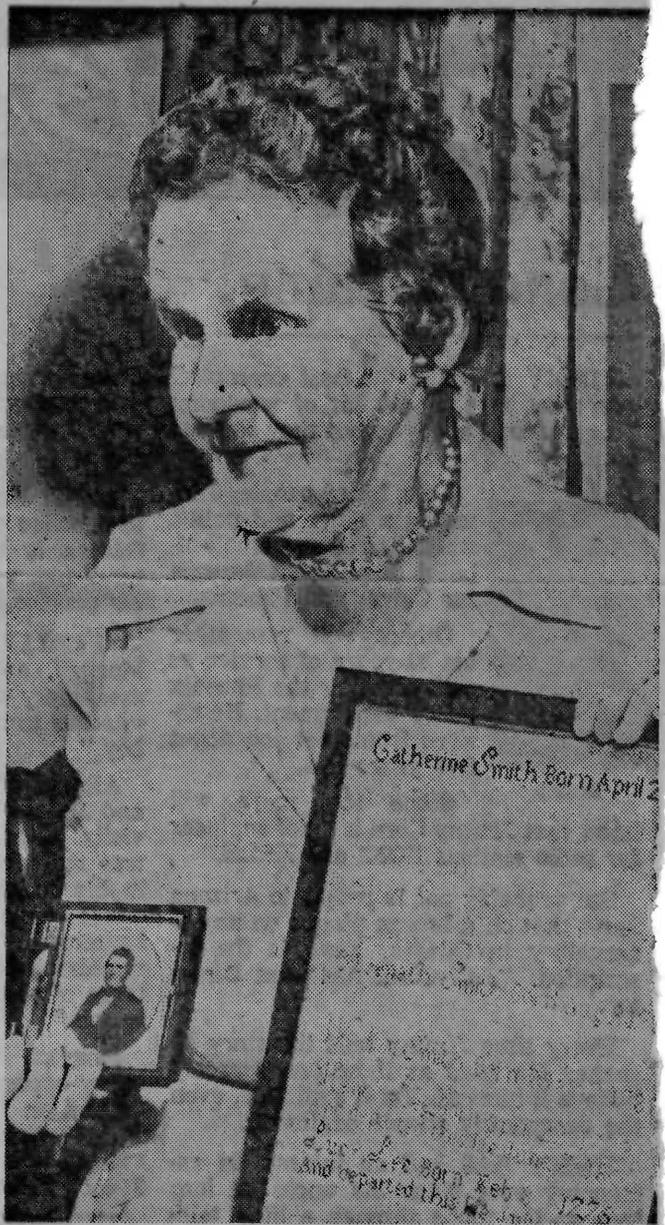
"I REMEMBER in the geography class I taught at Kenilworth school a little fellow by the name of Barry Goldwater. This particular day we were discussing vanilla beans, their appearance and purpose, and where they could be found. I apologized to the pupils for not having a sample to show them. I noticed Barry's eyes light up with intense interest and then he asked to be excused.

"He hurried to the home of Mrs. Emma Ruth Bennett (she lived on the property now occupied by the Hotel Westward Ho) interrupted her during lunch, and plagued her for vanilla beans. He then hurried back to school and dumped them on my desk. It was a proud and happy moment for him to be able to fulfill my need.

"Nor will I ever forget Vinton Hamel. The kindest thing anyone ever said about me was Vinton's comment on my first day of school. 'Is that pretty little gal going to be our new school teacher?' he popped as I walked in the front door. That was a wonderful way to start off the year," Mrs. Latham commented.

"SHORTLY AFTER I started teaching I was married. This was in 1904 and in 1914 I went back to teaching at Glendale. I ended my career, however, in 1929 when I became afflicted with arthritis.

Mrs. Latham received her teaching credentials from Tempe Normal, now Arizona State, and later attended the Normal School of Los Angeles which is now known as the University of California at Los Angeles.



Memories Mrs. Mabel Latham, 830 No. Fifth Ave., holds a sampler made by her grandmother and a picture of her father at the age of 21. The daughter of a pioneer family here, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Hancock, Mrs. Latham recalls daily numerous happenings of her early life in Phoenix as a school teacher. — (Republic Photo, Rod Moyer).

Coffee Given To Honor Guest

Mrs. Rolf Westgard of San Diego, Calif., was honored at a coffee Friday in the home of Mrs. Charles Treat, 1313 E. Oregon.

The Valley visitor is here to see her new grandson, David Byron Robbins, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Robbins, 1322 E. Colter.

Judie Iris
• UPTOWN PLAZA •
**JULY
CLEARANCE
SALE**
Now Going On!
CENTRAL AT CAMELBACK

Coffee Break

Civil

Monday, July 15, 1957

Good Morning!

By DON DEDERA

JIMMY CORN is the best example I ever met of that old bit of wisdoms: Things aren't always what they seem to be.



Dedera

To a lot of people, Jimmy is a quiet and polite, white-haired and small-of-build television salesman for Culver's in Phoenix.

Others will remember his 20 years of service as radioman for the Phoenix police department. He retired from that job about five years ago.

Some few more will know that Jimmy Corn is chief engineer for radio stations KONI and KELE.

But probably not 10 people in Arizona know that on a bronze plaque on an observatory in Odessa, Tex., is the inscription: "J.C. Corn, Assistant Director."

Every time Jimmy tells the story he shakes his head as if he can scarcely believe it himself. Yet it's all true, even the deceptively simple beginning.

JIMMY HAS had an interest in astronomy ever since his uncle let him look at the moon through a little telescope in Illinois. Two things kept him from making it his career: "The fun goes out a hobby when a man makes it his work, and more important, a man has to eat."

So it was that Jimmy Corn seven years ago had on hand a collection of old and rare astronomy books. Wanting to sell a few of them he put an ad in a national magazine.

An order promptly came from Odessa. Jimmy mailed the books and re-

ceived a reply from the buyer who was well pleased with his purchase. "By the way," wrote the buyer, "I am 11 years old."

In 1951 Jimmy Corn and his wife went to a police convention. They stopped in Odessa to talk to the boy. They pictured him as a poor lad who was saving his pennies to buy expensive books.

"I CALLED the boy's father, Ben O. Morgan, and learned he has a large machinery and equipment firm. He invited us to their home, where I met the boy."

After that meeting Ronnie Morgan and Jimmy Corn exchanged letters and visits. Corn advised the boy (who at 7 was studying college astronomy texts) in his reading. Corn, meanwhile, continued his own studies. He has his own homemade 12-inch telescope, and is a member of the Valley National Bank's team of observers in "Operation Moonwatch."

Morgan, intent on giving his son every opportunity, built an observatory around an 11-inch telescope in Odessa. In 1955, the father built another observatory, at a cost of \$50,000. In it was a 24-inch reflector telescope.

THE BOY, now 18 and preparing for an education at California Institute of Technology, is director. Corn is assistant director, a title which Corn considers mostly honorary."

The story may have an ending of great importance to Arizona.

Growing Odessa is no longer an ideal place for making observations of the heavens. The Morgans have announced that they are now willing to give the larger, \$50,000 telescope to Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff.



Sparrow In Cup

part Persian-part alley cat L. Keckler of Sacramento he has a big head and big Mrs. Keckler said his ears grow every day but the r easily in a teacup.—(AP V

Voice Of Broadway

By DOROTHY KILGALLEN

LANA TURNER has decided she'd like to audition Bob Evans, the handsome young garment manufacturer

been asked to perform with the San Diego Symphony on July 30.

That much-publicized shindig Mike