The Line-O-Type

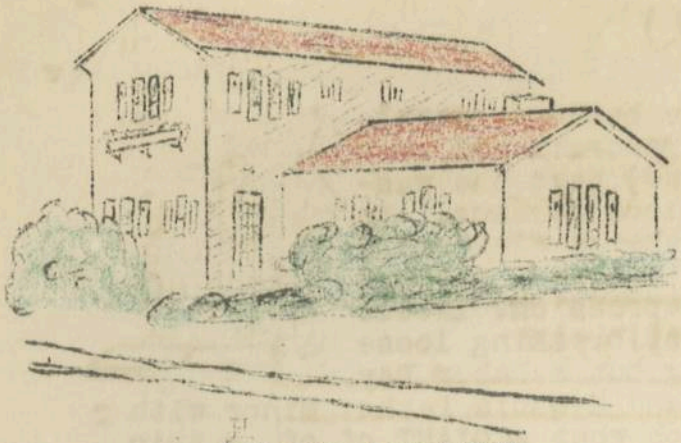
AUTUMN - 1934

Dear Friends:

We know that to receive a letter from us will give you a great surprise So to receive from us a whole news letter, such as this, will probably amaze you. But here it is, with all the news and doings of the Line family We hope that as soon as you have read it, you will sit right down and answer with a fine long letter.

Your sincere friends,
Helen and Francis

JOTTINGS FROM FRANCIS and HELEN LINE
542 ROSEWOOD CT ONTARIO - CALIF.



HEARTH AND HOME

Five years ago this week (just 30 days in advance of the depression) we landed in California to make our home. Preceding the depression by only one short month, we barely kept ahead of it for five years, until recently-- in its aftermath-- fortune has smiled once more our way. Three things stand out during that period: A trip to Europe, a new home, and a grand baby daughter.



The daughter, Barbara, is now approaching two years of age and is becoming more fun each day. Right now she is learning to talk. A couple of months ago she asked: Where is the kittie? Where is the baby? etc. Today she is asking: What is the kittie? What is the baby? etc. When, later on, she commences to inquire: Why is the kittie? Why is the baby? etc. then we'll be at the end of our ability to answer.

Our home has (or at least we have made for it since getting it) a patio with a fireplace and here, in the cool California evenings, we often cook supper and enjoy some of our best meals together.

Helen is taking music lessons on the piano. Lots of fun, so she says, although sometimes it does not sound so. But really she is doing splendidly.

We're still running the old 1930 Ford, which has so far lapped up 55,000 miles of highway. Surely it should be nicely broken in by next spring.

Haven't seen a movie in months. The last one we went to was--- well, I've really forgotten.

The Basques of Southern California-- five thousand of them--- held their annual get-together in Ontario, this year, with songs and dances in native costume the chief feature of the affair. Real colorful.

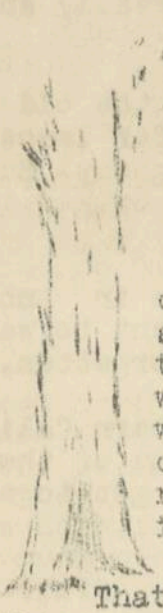
We went to Santa Barbara the other day, via Hollywood, Beverly Hills, and the Roosevelt (Theodore) Highway along the Pacific. Scores of the largest and finest homes of Hollywood are up for sale.

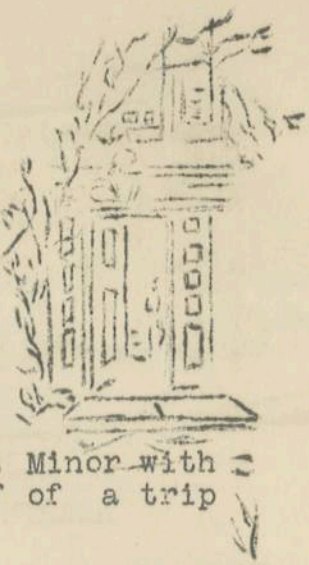
I have joined the Lions Club, at the noon luncheon meetings of which we hear some fine speeches. (The talks are better than the meals.) The Lions convention next year is in Mexico City and most of Ontario's members hope to go.

Another chance which we have for good lectures is the free course put on by the Chaffee Junior College, which is located just two blocks from our house.



VACATION





A Baby serves as a fine balance wheel, helping mightily to restrain all such persons who (as do we) have the wanderlust in their blood-streams. In our case we have been tethered with crib-strings and hampered with purse strings throughout most of the depression. Little wonder, then, that our first breaking loose was a minor affair- nothing but a Labor Day outing to General Grant and Sequoia Parks. Minor with respect to distance. But, oh what a GIANT of of a trip it was in what it presented to our vision.

That General Sherman tree in Sequoia. Try to imagine it! The thing dominates you. Only by comparison can one realize its size. Big enough to make lumber to box the Leviathan. Larger around than an ordinary house. Tall as a twenty-story building.

But its age-- its grip on life-- is what brings the tears of awe to your eyes. The tree has been standing there for 4000 years, whipped by storms, slashed by lightning, gutted periodically by flames, attacked by every scourge of sky and forest. Yet still it stands, its head in the clouds, its roots in China, its whole silent bearing seeming to say: "He who would learn patient endurance, come to me."

* * * * * * * *

Southern Californians-- and we along with the rest of them--- had a treat last week. Max Reinhardt came from Europe to produce Shakespeare's MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM in the Hollywood Bowl. Doesn't sound like much, does it? But wait till you hear the story.

Reinhardt is a dramatic magician. And the Hollywood Bowl surpasses anything Shakespeare ever dreamed of as a spot for producing his plays. A great cup dented into the mountains by nature, that's what it is, with seats for 19,000 on one slope of the cup and on the other a fine two-mile sweep of mountains as a background for the stage.

Reinhardt removed the stage and in its place spread a carpet of 8000 square feet of green sod. He transplanted twenty live-oak trees as a background. He scattered 30,000 electric light bulbs about the two-mile stretch of hills. Then the play commenced.

Nineteen thousand spectators silenced in amazement. Only the harvest moon for light. Fairies dancing on the green below. Soft music enamating from somewhere amongst the trees. A torch-light procession of half a thousand persons wending down over the bridge from the mountain top. And the 30,000 lights flashing on and off over the hills-- the fireflies of Athens. Yes, it was a midsummer night's dream come true.

Reinhardt is returning next year to produce a play of California lore. It will be worth coming across the continent to see.

Upton Sinclair and his EPIC plan (end poverty in California) holds the stage here now. He hopes to become governor of the Golden State on Nov. 6. Some half million of his followers hope likewise. Another half million (including yours truly) fervently trust that he won't. But, my, his promises are sweet. No taxes (except for the rich.) $15,000 a year for everybody (in scrip.)Work for the unemployed (in state-owned factories.)

Seriously, though, such a man as Sinclair no doubt serves a grand purpose as a writer, expounding new ideas which by a process of trial and error, through the years, ultimately serve good ends and bring about desirable advances. But for a visionary theorist actually to jump in and take control-- well, if he gets the power to do what he says he will, then capital will flow out of this state like wheat out of a grain chute and so many persons will be left without employment that conditions may well be chaotic.

So think I, at least. But of course, even if elected, he won't be able to do all he says, and merely a period of augmented unrest, fear, and business stagnation would result. Personally I think that he will fail of election by a small margin. What think you of it all?

* * *

Of paramount interest out here, as everywhere, right now, is the world series. Of course with Detroit taking part, I am especially concerned. Here's hoping the Tigers win! We are planning to listen to every game possible. And wouldn't it be grand if Kipke's University of Michigan eleven chalked up another national championshio this year.Rah! Rah! Rah!

* * *

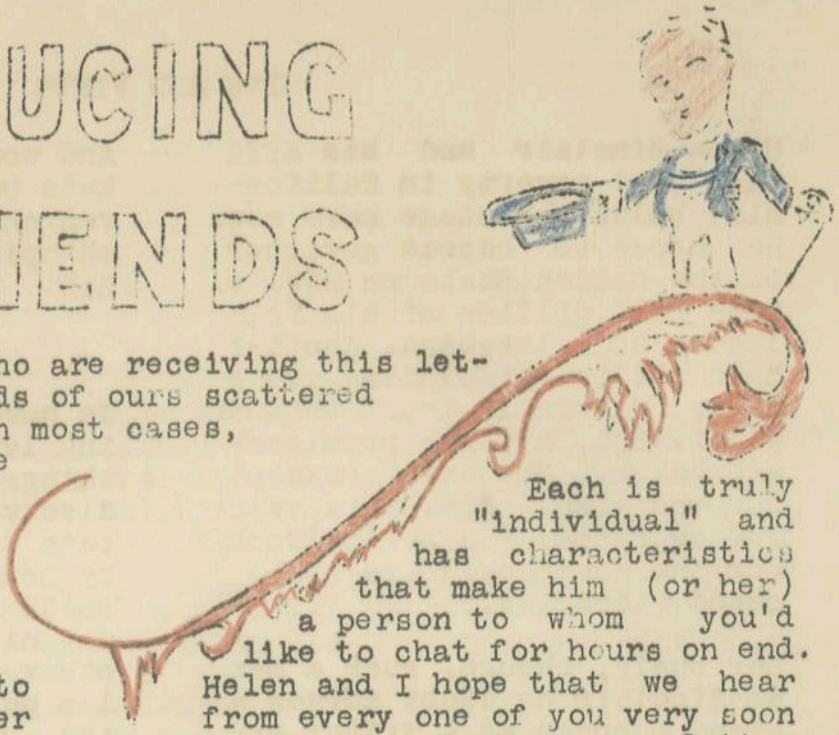
We haven't been doing much reading lately-- too busy with other things. The best that we have discovered in recent months has been THE MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION by Douglas, and THE CROSS OF PEACE by Gibbs. We have a Saturday night reading club with another young couple here, and Helen has been delving into all the articles she could find concerning Hitler and Germany.

* * *

Yesterday we went up to a little cabin which we have amongst the pines in the San Bernardino mountains, and spent the night there. It was just dusk when we made the ascent and the valley below-- filled with a rosy haze-seemed like a great flowing sea of tinted cotton. Through it we could see the thousand lights of San Bernardino flash on as darkness came, with the lights of other valley cities more dim in the distance.

This morning, before coming down, we rode out along the crest to view the valley by daylight. The air was sparklingly clear and the valley floor, a mile below, seemed only a few short rods away.Our cabin is 37 miles from Ontario and yet-- so clear was the morning air-- we could plainly see, with the naked eye, the tower of Chaffee Junior College just two blocks from our home in Ontario.Equally visible were the desert towns out on the Mojave Desert toward Death Valley in the other direction.

INTRODUCING OUR FRIENDS



These are the persons who are receiving this letter-- all of them friends of ours scattered throughout the world. In most cases, few of the persons here know any of the others on the list. Too bad, for it's as select a group of individuals as you could find the world over. In fact, we did just that-- we had to girdle the globe in order to meet all these folks.

Each is truly "individual" and has characteristics that make him (or her) a person to whom you'd like to chat for hours on end. Helen and I hope that we hear from every one of you very soon in response to this news letter.

The Andersens- Howell
Farmers who farm.

Anton Hauptmann- Paris
Famous autograph man.

Howard Neitzert-Chicago
Plenty smart lawyer

Rev. Line- Phoenix
Always active

Goldie Chisman-San Diego
A girl in a million

Mr. & Mrs. Garland-Howell
Our foster parents

Arthur Witting-Ann Arbor
A grand friend to have.

Mrs. Wilkin-Chino, Calif.
Artist and mother.

Erich Walter-Ann Arbor
Univ. of Mich. prof.

Mrs. Steele- Ontario
World traveler at 83.

Vera Beese- Howell
High school pal.

Gus and Celia Nelson
College chums

Minnie-Al Berggren
Long Beach, Calif.
Born philosophers

The Fourniers
Howell, Michigan
Wish you wuz here.

Spencer Jewell
Glendale, Calif.
Eligible bachelor

Madame Lheritier
Paris, France
Fine French mother

Rev. Moore
Youngs Point, Can.
A grand Englishman

"Squire" Burt
Upland, California
Lawyer and friend

Nora-Bertha Howe
San Diego, Calif.
Teachers

The Turners
Toas, New Mexico
First rank artists

Gladys-Walt Noble
Santa Barbara, Calif
Just wed, and happy

Percy Jewell
Glendale, Calif.
Bank executive

Thelma Hutton
Calpatria, Calif.
Musician

Louise Kaiser
Los Angeles, Calif.
Eligible maiden

Miss Coursen
Miss Hull, Sta. Bar.
World travelers

Helen-Clare Gates
Ann Arbor, Mich.
Mighty good friends

Revs. Bert and Helen
Case- St. Louis
Helen married us.

The Nooneys
Plainwell, Mich.
Drug store prop.

Win and Grace Line
Howell, Michigan
Our brother and sis.