

Agnes

Friday P. M.

Well, again you folks saved me from being a profane woman by having mail here when I came home. Have had some busy work. Sorry to hear about \_\_\_ family all being so ailing but am not surprised. Have learned more about diet food values with chemical balance this week than I ever expected to know. And I am not surprised at the health of those youngsters from a diet stand point also excessive fatigue. Do hope they are better.

Surprised to hear that Tommy is visiting with you. Have been intending for days to write to Mame (Dugan from Tama). If Mary Bailey isn't above weight for height she mustn't roller skate more than 20 minutes a day.

Well, Kate you must be having better weather there than here or you never would have started house cleaning. If it isn't raining or snowing or both here, it is trying to and looking the part. Temp. about 40, and so clammy. Hope Margaret (Swift Walker) is feeling better this week. Will be looking out for the waist (blouse).

I think that mail clerk must have a girl in Washington, Ind. Wasn't Iowa written on it? (One of Agnes' letters was miss sent to Indiana where another woman by the name of Swift opened it and then took it to the postmaster saying she didn't know anyone by that name. On checking the envelope he observed the error, resealed it and sent it with his apologies.)

Will this consarned machine stitch the gorgette without making it draw? Yes, the fold basted in is the idea. Met Mae McN. on street the other day, and Wesley today. Isn't it funny that makes five this week and the preceeding time didn't meet anyone. Wesley - to whom the gun and shirts belong. Mae said she would go to see Sister Mary Rosamonda with me. Do hope Sunday is a nice day. Mother if you have time to go out to Harley O'L's dinner you take time to write me about it when you come home. Tell Tommy to give my best to all the folks - if Mame is going to Ireland I'll go with her. I think I wrote her I got the stockings and Margaret's picture. I am assuming you will get this tomorrow on 2nd post as B.L.T. quotes. Let me know the returns of the College Funds, per Washington.

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Julia you didn't put in the requested sample - - Say I am so full of food values I am bubbling. Wish I was home - would just stick myself on that program committee. I think a copy of "Feeding the Family" by Mary Schwartz Rose would be a good reference. If you can't get it there at N. & H. (Nichola & Harmon Book Store on the Northside of the square for long years) or Libary I'll send a copy. Going to buy one but don't want to accumulate too much until nearer time to go home. Will also send some pamphlets. Will ask Kate B. (Buckley) about Dr. David. I know aLOT about Miss Kellman (or Killinan) and think I get someone in her place. She may be good but is so affected she kills the cause. Don't say anything about it - as it all depends if I can get an interview with Miss M. when she comes back from Convention this week. Think the survey is not to begin until next week. Is it? Why didn't Miss F. call me? You seem to have quite a scrappy time with her. Give Mrs. G. my regrets too. Do like to play cards. Invited to play next Friday but fear it is too far. I can't see why she landed on you for her not calling me up Sunday (Easter) nite as I told Miss L. to have her call me. I didn't understand - is Irene coming to Washington in June or to her own home in Kansas. Where does the Kansas McCall live and what is his vocation? Is it a job or position?

Does the hike come off before I get home? Who are the Delegates to International? Would certainly like to go for part of it but not as a delegate - too much work not that I have any fear of being sent as such. Send (comb) with other waist - can wait for others until I come home.

It is snowing flakes as big as a saucer - - well better pad any way. See that Julia reads this last sheet anyway. Mother did you come home hungry from Harleys? Suppose Lizzy Quinn feels more natural there than any place in the world.

Agnes

"Scuze L.P." (lead pencil?)

Agnes Sunday 2 P.M.

Dear Kate,

Sunday 2 P.M.

Well poor little Teresa is certainly having a time. Do hope she is well on the mend now. No; I never thot but what Dr. Hay would knuckle down in an emergency and he can be very attentive and watchful when he knows it is thing to do. Guess the girls all know that a plunge in tepid water is the thing to do for spasms, if child doesn't relax in it change from hot at least they do no harm even if the trouble is not there. This is rather late prescribing but thot it wouldn't hurt to remind you all-for will admit I forget and will lose my head myself at such times. Teresa did seem to have quite high temperature what ever the cause is. Wonder if parafin oil would

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help her as it did Winifred. Expect to have late hours tomorrow and will see what I can find for Genevieve and Teresa that will be new to amuse them. Didn't go to Mass this A.M. but Miss Dillen did, guess she is really more sincere than I thot but just needed someone to start her. Father Morris, one of the Chaplains, was in our ward when she came on duty. (or else it reads: Father Morris, one of the Chaplains was in our ward then after she came on duty.) We told him we thot we ought to be able to go every Sunday - but it took almost 2 hours to go and come to the K.C. building. So he said he would speak to Major Greeway (?) about having the ambulance take us with the #42nd inf. I told him I thot there were 15 or 20 nurses and was quite sure not more than 5 or 6 went on an average. Glad Mrs. C. J. Wilson is improving. Hope Frs. W and G. didn't "brag" so loudly about my writing them in Fr. Hartigan's hearing as I haven't written him only a card. Father Guinan, I think should go to Excelsior or Hot Spring. Suppose you had to give up having Kate and Mary to tea. Is Kate still home? Teresa wrote 2 or 3 times when I first came but haven't heard now for a long time. Too awful bad about Mrs. Paul. I fear she will never be strong if she does get better. It is far from "grand mother" here today.

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sleated quite a bit - have to "watch your step" some. I slept o.k. on the back porch --was really too warm part of the nite in spite of the 50° drop. Picked up a couple of rocks and put them on top of heater to put in bed tonite as it will be beastly cold. Col. Hansen and Mrs. were at luncheon - and after luncheon visited in living room. I heard Miss Lustig ask him to enclose the porches, he said certainly will have some canvas rollers put up. Miss L. is quite a society lady - entertains some officers and wives a couple times a week, this, of course, informally. Must go & change my bed linens as will be dark when I come off duty. Will write more tonite if I don't, goodbye.

Agnes

Sunday 10:30 P.M.

Should be in bed. Miss Lustig called Miss Albright and me to her room tonite and read us the order - to be released from the pursers post and entrain for New York as soon as two nurses would arrive to releave us. It may be just a few days and (it may) be a week or more. Will telegraph as soon as I know time of departure and routing. Do hope Teresa, Genevieve and Donald are o.k. Weather bad - sleating like everything. Telephone Mrs. Miller - and the girls but do not ere (air) it extensively. The other three here withdrew which is also a secret.

Agnes

(The writing after she knew she was coming home was so much larger than the rest of the letter)

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Envelope: Agnes Swift, A.N.C. Postmark: U.S. Army Postal Service 732 Jan. 3, 1919 3PM  
Am. Ex. Forces Mrs. John C. Swift

New Years Nite 10 P.M.

Happy New Year Everybody,

Have just written Jo Babcock quite an epistle. Think it is only the 2nd letter I wrote her since coming over here. Told her she might print it if she wanted to or was out of copy. It does releave(relieve) my mind of writing to some. Got 2 letters from Julia and one from Martina Monday nite. I went to Mass at 7 AM Fr. Bouter is still with us but think he is going to the States soon. Hope ~~mother~~ you are recovered o.k.

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from your bowel trouble. Poor Dad is certainly a wonder. So glad he doesn't suffer any. Do hope the influenza is checked. Notice the paper today the R. Cross is to cease their knitting labors.

Met a Lieut. last nite who was at Camp Bowie last winter, but didn't know him there. Did I ever write you that Miss Lustig (Lustij) who was chief nurse there had been interned\*--then Miss Albright had a letter that she had been sent to Federal prison for 15 years. It is most unbelievable.

Glad Dick got a commission.

We took a few pictures this A.M. The stars are out numerously tonight.

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Don't think it has rained today but 'twas cloudy most of day. Miss Whillock is down visiting some of the other girls but think she is coming home so I might just as well stop trying to write. Taps has blown. enty(any)way. I know this isn't a letter - it is just an unbroken resolution. See? Much love

Agnes

(Below Aunt Agnes' writing there appears an OK, a signature and below that signature some designation. No doubt the censor.)

(\*intern (in turn') v.t. to detain and confine within a country or a definite area: as, to intern aliens in time of war. --internment, n.)

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Aunt Jule (Julia Elizabeth Swift Wilson) (08-25-1882--04-10-1978)

written by Roberta Wheelan Clark

Aunt Julia Wilson was a strong-minded woman, and she did not hesitate to inculcate her beliefs and values in me, thank God. Some of this training goes back so far I cannot actually remember it; I only feel it. The echoes of many of her beliefs are probably this minute whirling around in the heads of my grandchildren.

Aunt Julia and Uncle Carl (she called him Carlton) had no children of their own, thus all of the younger cousins, the Ragans, the Wheelans, the Baileys, when we were young, were their children. I felt their influence in a special way, for, since we lived in the country, their home served as a home base for many of my in-town activities, and my friends and I were always welcome there, to the extent that they were known as Aunt Jule and Uncle, not only to me and Margaret Ragan, and to Thelma Flynn but also to the unrelated members of our high school crowd who went in and out of their house with great frequency.

One of my earliest memories is of a large Swift family gathering at their house to celebrate Christmas. Their present to me that year was a book about Sunny Bunny..I remember I slipped away to the back stairs to read it while the party was still going on. Perhaps the nicest thing they ever did for me was to give me another Christmas present, a year or two later, of a library card, ALL MY OWN. That gift has had almost as profound an influence on my life as Aunt Jule herself did. The books she read to us are memorable, too; it was there I met Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and the mouse called Tippytoes.

So, at Aunt Jule's house I read, and read, and read. I worked too, and much harder, I'm ashamed to admit, than I ever did at home, for it was always more fun to do a job away from home. I'm sure it began as a way of taking us off Mother's hands for a Saturday, but I was convinced that Aunt Jule needed the help. We always wanted to use a work agreement for all it was worth, though, and I can remember asking why we could not have Helen or John or Sally Bailey or Margaret Ragan come and help us too. Most often the answer was no, because, in her words "one kid is one kid, two kids are half a kid, and three kids are no kid at all."

Sometimes they did join us, though, and then her house became a fascinating place. The little powder room between her kitchen and front hall served perfectly as an elevator; the stair landing was a radio studio for John Bailey and me, (we used an empty toilet paper core as our microphone); and on Saturday night Uncle always appeared at just the right time with a sack of candy from down town. At bed time the routine seldom varied; baths under the choking, gurgling stream of hot water from the gas heater while Aunt Jule told the story of how Helen Bailey once got burned on the water because Aunt Jule was careless and Helen SWORE at her. As Aunt Jule got ready for bed herself our undying curiosity about just HOW she took her teeth out and brushed them was always thwarted because no matter which side of her we bobbed up on, the better to see the process, Aunt Jule somehow always had her back to us. Once clean and brushed it was to the bedside for prayers, then every kid was allowed to run back into the hall as far as he could and make a running jump into the bed. The final giggle-provoking part of the routine was hugs and kisses (Uncle always ran from this) and an exhortation from Aunt Jule, "Good night, sleep tight" to which the hilarious answer was "And don't let the the bedbugs bite."

Aunt Jule was an organizer. She made us kids want to work for her. My earliest memory of this is disastrous. It was when the Swift house at 603 North Avenue B was to be put up for sale, and we kids were to help clean up the yard while the older folk worked in the house. The yard was littered with tin cans and trash, and Aunt Jule made the offer of one penny for every can we picked up. I hope I was very, very young at that time, for I declare yet that I saw nothing at all wrong with going to the trash can in the alley, filling my grocery sack with tin cans and taking it confidently to Aunt Jule for payment. I know I did it in all innocence for I was utterly crushed when Aunt Jule's intense disapproval let me know that was a dishonest way to get the pennies. Other moral lessons were less painfully learned, but they flowed so naturally from the circumstances of working together that not many are as clearly etched on my mind as that one.

Organization was but one of Aunt Jule's skills. She had been Uncle's secretary in his law office before their marriage, and she never ceased to benefit from the skills she learned in that job. She liked to write, and was able to do so well. In later years she authored articles on antiques and dolls which appeared in national magazines devoted to those topics. Her personal letters, like Mother's and Aunt Martina's contained so much interest, humanness and humor that the three of them kept me in touch with home, and I've never been able to throw their letters away.

In addition to using her typewriter, Aunt Jule developed considerable skill and was in demand as a public speaker. Her favorite women's organizations, the Fortnightly Club, gave her an early outlet for this talent; later she was popular as a speaker on

on her hobbies, particularly antique dolls and her collection of Madonnas. Her favorite Madonna speech, for which I was trial audience and agreeable critic, combined the history, art and religious aspects of various portrayals of the Madonna with another of her skills, flower arranging. I think she was blessed with the quality of showmanship.

Still another of her serious interests was the cemetery road. I recall hearing her expostulate at that dreary trip to the cemetery and what a shame it was that grieving families had to look as such an unpromising landscape as they carried their loved ones to rest. So she and her friend Mrs. Bostwick marshaled the forces of the Fortnightly Club and the Garden Club and did something about it. The present park-like aspect of the lane to Elm Grove Cemetery is due to her efforts. She even wielded the spade herself, to set out saplings that are now sizable trees, where once there were but ugly ditches. It was her pet project, as the town clock was Uncle's. (Whenever I asked Uncle "What time is it?" he would say, "There's a town clock for poor people." When Washington town clock stopped working, its idleness disturbed him so that he set aside money in his will to have it repaired and put in running order again.)

A later project, one which Aunt Jule took up after Uncle's death, was the restoration of his family home, the Conger House. I am sure this work added actual years to her life, and certainly it added zest to those years. She was so proud of it as a method of recapturing the beautiful aspect of days past.

In spite of her preoccupation with things old, however, Aunt Jule often remarked "It doesn't do to live too much in the past." She kept herself and her interests up-to-date, and had a vital interest in events of the day, in every visitor and in their interests.

Her visitors were always a varied lot. There was dear old Mrs. Bleeze, who used to deliver her dairy products and stop to chat in her old-country German accent. Aunt Jule enjoyed her so the day she came in sputtering and scolding at her husband, ... "Und ven I turned around and looked, dere dat damn Fred had his feet in your butter and I said 'Fred, get your damned feet out of Missus Vilson's butter!'"

That butter was probably served to guests at the other end of the social scale, Uncle's law associates, who were sometimes entertained at dinner. As I grew older, I was allowed to wait table at these dinners, and learned my table manners there, but those lessons are blurred. I have a clearer memory of Aunt Jule undertaking to do some direct teaching of table manners, such as how to pass the food, unfold and place your napkin in your lap, or secure a piece of butter, all to the background of a wild burlesque on Uncle's part of the very opposite attributes to those she was trying to impart. I can see him yet, violently shaking his napkin out over the table, holding it at arm's length, then tucking it into his shirt collar, all the while Aunt Jule was saying "And before you begin to eat, quietly unfold your napkin and place it in your lap."

You can see it is impossible to discuss Aunt Jule without revealing many facets of Uncle Carl's personality at the same time. They were a team, but they teased each other often. I have laughed for years at the memory of Aunt Jule's telling me seriously that the little tags on her kapok sofa pillows must not be torn off, for didn't it say clearly on them: "Removal of this tag is punishable by law"? I'm sure Uncle had her convinced that the police would come and get her if she took those tags off.

I use the excuse of the contagion of this mutual impishness which caused them to play jokes on one another for a joke I thought was mine, but which turned out not to be.

They had found a curious glass compote, made in a pattern which they did not recognize and could not identify in any of their antique books. They wanted desperately to find out what it was, for they had a feeling it was valuable, and no doubt it was. Uncle asked me to sketch it for him, and he carried the picture about with him and asked antique buffs wherever he went if they knew what it was.

One Sunday afternoon they asked me if I wanted to go riding with them, but I was in high school by this time, and the thought that a certain boy might ride by on his bicycle had me convinced that I wanted to stay on their front porch and study.

While they were gone, it struck me that it would be a good joke to hide the mystifying glass compote, and, when they came home, tell them I had sold it to an antique dealer who had come to the door and had promised to mail a check. I can't imagine their believing such a thing. It wasn't too smart a joke in the first place, and I must have been either too outrageously believable or too disgustingly unbelievable in my story, for shortly after I sprung it on them, Aunt Jule abruptly got up from her chair and went to bed. Uncle disappeared to do some typing on the old Oliver he had brought home from the office for Aunt Jule to do her letters on, and soon thereafter he also went to bed. I did my studying, but I was very uncomfortable at the turn the

joke was taking. After I had written my assigned essay I went to the typewriter to make a copy for class. There on a scrap of paper in the typewriter I found this:

Hellhatnofurylikeawomanscorned  
Hellhatnofurylikeawomanscorned  
Hellhatnofurylikeawomanscorned  
Butifyousoldyoursuntsadishhell  
willbeheavencomparedtothisjoint

I replaced the compute on the table it came from and not another word was ever said about it. I have the scrap of paper yet. I wish I could say it taught me never to flip again.

When I stayed at their house I was expected to help with the work, yet it was there I learned that many things are more important than housework. It was Aunt Jule who told me, "When you are married and your husband asks you to go for a ride, leave the dishes in the sink and go. The dishes will get done and you might not always have time to go for a ride with. Or, if you don't go, he might stop asking you." That, I'm sure, is how I have become so good at leaving the dishes in the sink.

Aunt Jule was a good wife, an active community leader, an intense follower of the Catholic religion, a good friend and a wonderful aunt. These are only a fraction of my memories of her, and mine are only a fraction of the memories held by all her nieces and nephews, so, even though childless, she and her good qualities have made childhood glorious for more generations already than many a founder of a large family.

To help you understand who wrote the following note the chart.

Mary Rimmer m John Swift

Emma Rimmer m Daniel Lowrey

Fourteen children

Madeline Lowrey m James Gavin

Sister Joan Bailey

Mary Cle ment Gavin m R. Riordan

To Sister Joan, Martina, and All My Other Cousins:

You have noticed in those charming letters written by Mary Cicily Rimmer Swift in September and December of 1865 that in addition to the love and concern for her mother, brother, and younger sisters, she also gives her sisters, Annie and Emma, some very specific instructions in correct behavior. And she expresses great solicitude for their future, especially for Annie's "building a strong character for life." This concern for her sisters is of personal interest to me because of the part they played many, many years later in my childhood. Emma (my Grandmother Lowrey) and Anna (my great aunt, Auntie Rimmer) were to me very "special" people.

My earliest memories date back to about 1905-- the time of my father's death, when I was not quite three. But I am aware of some of the circumstances of these two people in the intervening years. I know more of the details of Emma's youth than of Anna's: I have been told that while quite a young girl, Emma left her mother's home to work in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, as an assistant in a milliner's shop, where at that time ladies' hats were designed and created. Following her mother's advice, she called on the parish priest in the new town. He -- Father Clement Lowrey -- invited her to join the choir, where she met Father Lowrey's brother Daniel. A romance ensued, a wedding took place, and the Daniel Lowrey family came into being. (My apologies to Maurine Lowrey Sullivan if my account of her mother's romance is not exactly accurate!)

As I have said, my earliest memories date back to about 1905. At about this time Grandmother Lowrey's home became my home. A widow by now, she had purchased the small house at 1429 Chestnut Street in Trenton, Missouri. This little house was home not only to Grandmother and her younger children -- Fred, Hubert, Vincent, and Maurine -- but to my mother, Madeline Lowrey Gavin, who was the oldest of the Lowrey children, and me. Mother, who had taken some nurses' training, was nursing and often away from home.

In the meantime Anna had never married, but she had become a favorite with her many nieces and nephews. She was their beloved "Auntie Rimmer." I know that for a while she lived in Washington, Iowa, as did my grandmother. At just what date she became house-keeper for the pastor at St. Joseph's Church in Trenton is unknown to me, but she is part of my very early memories.

These two younger sisters of Mary Rimmer Swift were now middle-aged women dedicated to making life as comfortable and agreeable as possible for those around them. I doubt that they spent much time thinking about it; they simply did it. Both were very proud of being English. Auntie was the more out-going of the two; a bit jovial, she loved to exchange pleasantries with friends and neighbors. Grandmother was more reserved, more dignified -- a very gentle person.

When Father Henry B. Tierney came to Trenton as pastor of St. Joseph's and the missions attached to it, he was a very young priest. It must have been his first parish. As his house-keeper, Auntie took care of him as she would a son (with, of course, a little respect and reverence added.) Not only was she the house-keeper but a sort of unofficial care-taker at the church, where she made sure that the sanctuary lamp was burning and that the sanctuary and altar were properly cared for. She spent hours on her knees before the blessed Sacrament. These years must have earned for her a very special place in heaven. Auntie, though, was a "many-sided" person. She loved flowers and grew them. And she loved children. Besides keeping a supply of sugar cookies and hermits handy, she used to think of simple things to please a child. One of these which I happen to remember was a turkey wish-bone which she dressed in red calico pants for my amusement. Devoted to her sister and her sister's family, Auntie found it possible to spend many evenings and other times at our house. She was an important part of the family at 1429 Chestnut Street.

Grandmother Lowrey was both a home-maker and a home-body -- occasionally she visited close family friends, did a little shopping, or took a long walk with some of us

to the cemetery to visit the graves of her loved ones. And always on the Sunday when Father Tierney was at St. Joseph's instead of another mission church, she attended mass and benediction or the rosary -- as did the rest of us. Otherwise Grandma stayed at home. I realize now that Emma Rimmer Lowrey must have been a very practical person -- a good manager too. With my mother's and Vincent's help, she provided a real home for all of us.

Fred soon went to Kansas City to work and in a few years was married; later both Hubert and Vincent also married. Beautiful little Maurine and I were like sisters, but when children are growing up, six-and-a-half years' difference in age is quite a difference. I don't remember that we argued, as sisters are wont to do, or that we ever vied with each other for attention. As Grandma made all of our friends welcome, our yard was a popular place for children in the neighborhood. Many years later, Maurine married Cyril Sullivan who was one of the children who played there.

I do not believe that much work around the house was expected of either of us, even when we were older. Grandma apparently believed that young people shouldn't be burdened with much work or too many responsibilities. Eventually, however, whether Maurine had had a great deal of practice at home or not, she inherited all of the domestic virtues of her mother. But I am getting too far ahead of my story of those early years at my grandmother's.

The lot on which our house was located extended from Chestnut Street to the street back of us. The soil was rich; Grandma had a wonderful garden. It may really have been Hubert's garden as I know he did much of the work in it while he was still at home. We had a grape arbor with fine Concord grapes and a small cherry tree that every summer was loaded with cherries. Vincent made elderberry wine from the berries on the small elderberry trees or bushes which grew at the corner of the house. Martina's description of the cellar on her parents' Iowa farm made me think of the smaller version at 1429 Chestnut Street. It, too, had to be entered by an outside door -- one, by the way, that was fun to slide down, that is, until it developed too many splinters. The jars of home-canned vegetables and fruits, the jellies, jams and pickles were largely the work of Grandma, though she did have help from the rest of us, including my mother and Auntie Rimmer.

Speaking of the cellar reminds me of a small dumb-waiter located in a corner of the kitchen. It was always fascinating to me how butter, eggs, and milk could be lowered by means of it to be kept cool in the cellar. On hot summer days the pump on the back lattice porch was another miracle; the well beneath it is probably still supplying the occupants of the house with cold spring water. I can remember Grandma's treating a little friend and me to ice-cold lemonade -- ice was not needed. No doubt these were some of the advantages Emma Lowrey saw when she invested in that little house in Trenton -- the deep lot, the well, and some of the attractive features of the house itself. Though Grandma must have been deeply saddened by the death of her husband and the more recent death of my father, James Gavin, she "kept a stiff upper lip," as she herself would have expressed it. I was never aware of grief or sadness in my grandmother's home.

These, then, are some of the memories I cherish of Grandmother Lowrey and Auntie Rimmer and of life in Grandma's home when I was a little girl. The sterling character and gracious ways wished for then by their older sister Mary had years before become a reality for Emma and Annie. How fortunate I was that when my mother had to go to work, I had these two ladies to spoil me! I do not mean, however, by this description of Grandma and Auntie that my mother was to me less special. But Mother, too, was and is very special person. Vincent I considered a saint. His tragic death by accidental drowning was to be one of the greatest sorrows of Grandmother Lowrey's long life.

Written by Mary Clement Gavin Riordan  
July 21, 1981  
21052 Red Fir Court  
Cupertino, Ca. 95014

Genevieve Bailey Malec's Memories of Agnes Leona Swift

First of all I will copy a letter from Aunt Agnes directed to myself and Mother a few days after I was born (although it is undated), which of course, is before my memory time.

"Hellow Genevieve and your Mother incidentally:

I'm glad that you were not so long coming as your neighbor seems to be. I thought I would be down several times to see you before this but it is that B. H. doctor of yours fault. (B. H. is an abbreviation for "bald headed." That was Dr. McLaughlin she was referring to as B. H., and he was bald as long as I can remember and guess he was that way when I was born.) He just made me come down and look after this little McCarthy kid. She is a nice little girl but then I hardly think she can hold a candle to you. Maybe I won't have to stay here but another day. This one dollar Willie is a basis for your education fund. Now be a nice little girl and study hard, and some day you will be an educated lady, and can write a letter without scratching it all up, but your Auntie Agnes can too when she has enough sleep. Well! I thought I would talk to your Mother but Miss F. said she was sound asleep, and to call again.

Come and see us when you come home.

Very much love to you both  
Aunt Agnes

Tuesday 2:00 P. M.

Next I will copy an excerpt from my baby book. This is dated March 17, 1914 - St. Patrick's Day and is written under the headline of "Baby's First Short Clothes." I presume the "short" means compared to the long dresses babies wore for baptism and after birth. Mother has written in my name "I wore an embroidered dress that Aunt Julia and Aunt Martha gave me. It was my first train ride and I went to see Aunt Agnes who was in the Keota Hospital, and took her two little pots of shamrocks!" Very appropriate for St. Patrick's Day!

Aunt Agnes could have been on special duty in the hospital or it could have been during the time she was the superintendent of the Keota Hospital.

Of course, I was but a few months old at the time of this trip to Keota so probably should not include it in my "memories" but these two things came to light when we made our recent move from Bellevue to Seattle, and our attic received a much needed cleaning out, and I felt they were interesting items regarding Aunt Agnes.

My memory commences after World War I was over and Aunt Agnes came home from France. She had a little black Ford coupe in which she breezed around in. She took nursing cases but in between calls she was always on the "go". She entertained quite a little bit, certainly much more so than Aunt Kate ever did. She loved people and enjoyed having something going on socially. She took me along on some of her expeditions. I remember going to Smith Brookhart's house with her. (She, of course, knew Mrs. Brookhart and her husband but she was really a good friend of Smith Brookhart's sister, Della Brookhart who was an R. N. Smith was a United States Senator from Iowa.) I thought it was such a mansion and imagined myself in a fantasy world.

Also, she was a friend of the Alex Miller family and she took me to their house with her, and also remember of stopping by where Alex had a rolltop desk and wrote his newspaper. He was the owner, editor, publisher of the Washington Democrat. It was a weekly Democratic paper and as his health failed it went out of existence. He did on his better days write feature articles and send them to newspaper that had a democratic outlook. He wrote a lot of human interest things. I recall that after I grew up I read some of his articles. In one he described Sister Joan as being as "cute as a bug in a rug," and in another he told of my falling and striking my forehead on the corner of the wall and having some stitches. (Still have the scar mark over my left eyebrow). So Mother must have saved the newspaper articles. Mrs. Alex Miller went on to hold the Secretary of State office and she organized the first State Highway Patrol after Alex's death. Their daughter Ophelia Miller married George Gallup of the Gallup Poll fame. So the whole Miller family was in a way quite influential and were good friends of Agnes.

I remember various times that Aunt Agnes entertained guests at the house for dinner, and one time in particular I thought I was helping her prepare things (she had a way

of making a child feel very important to her) and I stayed to partake of the meal and then went to bed there, in Aunt Agnes' bed. After retiring I was sick. My introduction to Swiss chard was at that dinner - or do I mean endive? I forgot which it was but it was one of those two. Aunt Agnes made up an oil and vinegar dressing for the salad, also to which I was unaccustomed. Perhaps it was the excitement of the company or the whole bit. Anyway when I awakened I lost my Swiss chard and/or endive and oil and vinegar dressing against the wall beside her bed and it left a mark which was there until the wall was painted. A lovely thing of a person to remember.

I remember thinking her car was the cutest little thing and loved to ride in it. It seemed smaller than either Uncle Carl's or Uncle John's. In my baby book I note that one of my first words put together was "Uncle John's Beaukik" so he must have been driving a Buick at that time and probably had a touring car or something like that.

I felt that Aunt Agnes seemed so much taller than any of my other Aunts or Mother. (Martina Swift Bailey says Agnes was five-seven.) When she took me someplace and held onto my hand, I seemed to be so much farther down or she seemed to be so much farther up than Aunt Julia, Aunt Kate or Mother. I don't know that she was that much taller but she always seemed that way.

Then, as I grew older her health was not good and deteriorated what seemed to me to be quite fast, and this saddened the entire family. At the last she was in bed in the living room at Aunt Kate and Grandma Swift's house. They had it set up almost like a hospital room and for awhile they closed the road to their block. Fred Downing used to ride down the road and stir up a lot of dust. He worked at the Post Office and he'd race and roar down the street. I don't know if they did it to curb Fred or if they felt the noise and dust was hard on Aunt Agnes but you know that is something that would never happen today. A person could be most ill and they would never close the street.

During that time I was impressed with Aunt Agnes' popularity as Mother would send me to Ryan's bakery to get the bread for the family. It seemed to me that we ate a lot of bread as I thought I went every day after school and on Saturday - bought day old bread. As I was walking to the bakery or home different people on the street would stop me and ask how Aunt Agnes was, also neighbors would see me walking by and come outdoors to inquire for her. There seemed to be unanimous interest in her health.

The only thing was I didn't know what to tell them day after day. Mother would say that I should tell them "she is just about the same." Well, if it happened to be someone that I hadn't talked to for some time "just about the same" didn't mean too much to them. I didn't realize at that time that she wasn't going to get well. I did realize that she was very ill and the nieces and nephews who congregated there every Sunday for games and noise could no longer do that because she was too sick for it. Though I knew it was a serious matter I just didn't realize that we were going to lose her.

I recall as time went on and she was weaker Aunt Kate called and told Mother that Aunt Agnes would like to see me. I remember I was so thrilled about that because no one else in the family was allowed to go, she had asked only for me, so I felt I must be special in her life to think she asked only for me. So when I went it seemed she tried to visit and be jolly like her old self. She didn't want me to feel badly about her.

She used to call me "Gevvy" instead of "Genevieve" a lot. Sometimes Aunt Julia did too but the nickname sort of disappeared with Aunt Agnes' passing away. I saved a letter Aunt Julia wrote during World War II and she greeted me with, "Hi Gevvy."

So now we come to her death, and how it certainly did sadden the entire family. I know Mother was especially heart broken about it and I thought Dad, in my child's mind, was so sweet to Mother, loving and sympathetic, offering her all the solace he could.

Then the day of her funeral our directions were to go to church but during the Mass to play quietly in Casey's yard. It seemed Geneva Casey kind of took care of the little games we played or kept us occupied and quiet until Mass was over. Then Mother came and gathered us up - I don't remember a thing about Pat - if he was with me or not.

Of course, this was my first experience at a military funeral and it was so impressive. There were lots of people at the cemetery, and loads of beautiful flowers. A goodly number of service people in uniform and of course, the gun salute was really awesome to me. I didn't realize that there was such a thing when a person passed away. It seemed deafening but was very inspiring. It was then it hit me that we had really lost her and that she would be no more in the living room in bed at Grandma Swift's.

I think as far as disposition is concerned, Aunt Agnes had a lot of the same disposition as Aunt Julia. She had a lot of spark and wit, and it seemed she so enjoyed life during the period when she was well, and always willing to do for others. She loved to be on the "go" and be in the midst of activities. I know I was very fond of her. She had a very impressive appearance as she walked so erect and looked so professional in her white uniform with a navy cape and as I remember with her R. N. pin sparkling.

The following are the old family letters of the Swift's

Bally Lee

March 18, 1877

My dear John:

I write you these few lines hoping that they will find you in good health as the departure of this leaves us in at present. Thanks be to God!

John, my Mother feels fully obliged to you for your kindness to her for letting her know of Thomas' death and she feels very delicate(health) for a long time and was coming on to herself now until she heard of Thomas' death. May the Lord have Mercy on his soul. Even we were always expecting that we would hear from him some time but now we never will. We never got a letter from him these many years, nor from his sister, Margaret, since she landed, I may say. Indeed to tell the truth, they were very unkind to their mother. She did not expect anything from them but to write to her to let her know how they were and to know the same from them. So now her hopes are all over as Poor Thomas is Dead.

Dear John, my Mother would feel very thankful to you if you would tell Sister Maggy to write to her now, and send her likeness home, and if convenient to please could you get Thomas' wife and children to do the same. I want to know from you where is she from and what is her name. She is in a poor case now, the Dear Girl. And who is Maggie's husband and what county man is he?

Also, John Day, he proved very unkind to her and it is well she earned himself and his Sister Kate, and now they disremember her, so they say that out of sight is out of mind.

Dear John, your Uncle Patrick is getting on right well and is glad to hear that you are all well, and so are all of us. But he does not feel thankful to Miss Malone for not writing to him. He got a letter from his daughter Catherine today and they are all right. Mary wrote to them about Thomas' death and they wrote home, and so your letter was over a week in Gort. You forgot to put Bally Lee on the outside of the letter, on the 17 we got it.

When Catherine Connell was going to America I was going to go with her, and there was not a good account of it at that time. So please God, I will go this year or if not, I will go for certain next year if I am alive. I am the second youngest and I am taller than my Mother. If you have any daughter, tell me her name and I will send her some little token. My Mother is very glad to hear that you are well. She sends you all her Blessen. I must conclude, God be Good until the next. Write soon and direct please to

Mary Cusack

Bally Lee Pet erswell

Letter to John C. Swift from Bert Connell

Bally Lee, Ireland

15th May, 1880

My dear Nephew:

I received your very kind and welcome letter and check, value four pounds. And my dear nephew, I return you my best thanks, and love for your kindness in those trying times. May you or yours never want for health or means is the humble prayer of your fond uncle.

My dear Nephew, your kind remittance is of the greatest service this hard time. May God bless you and yours.

My dear Nephew, I am delighted to hear that both you and family are enjoying good health. As the departure of these lines leaves me and family at present, Thank God, for all his kind benefits.

My dear Nephew, this country is in a very poor way. In all the relief that came, we did not get as much as one stone of India Meal, and the people are getting the relief that is better off than what we are. However, we had to struggle on with many thanks to you as you are the best reliever to us. Indeed I may say nearly all the parishes are in need of relief. But please God, in eight or ten weeks more people will be expecting their own relief, with God's blessing. All provisions are very dear but the potatoes are all done up now. On the Fair Day of Gort, 10th May, when I received your letter, I went to pay my rent, I was short of the 10 which I

had to borrow to pay up my half year's rent or else we should give up the land. I received ten from my daughter two months ago. Mrs. Mary Malone and I was most thankful to her for it. My dear Nephew, I am sending you my love and blessing on my bended knees, for your very great kindness. I never shall forget you or your family.

You see the landlords are not the best in these hard times. They have to get the rents, work or play.

I called on William John Nolan. He told me he received your letter but did not answer as yet with regards to sending you a boy. My dear Nephew, if you wish, I have a young man who I could recommend to you. A good working young man in case it would answer. Now, his name is Michael Waish. If you wish to pay his passage, he will have no further delay.

Patrick Linskey's address is Boston, Massachusetts-Mtford. If I had Martin's address, I would like to write to him. Let me know how all of you are looking or are ye getting old looking?

Your step-mother is well and in good health. Her daughter is gone to Queensland twelve months since. All the Cusacks are well, also the Cooneys are well.

All my family joins me in love and blessing to you all. No more at present from your fond uncle. Thanking you again, my dear Nephew, I remain your very affectionate uncle  
Bert Connell

March 6, 1909

My Dear Cousin:

I take the pleasure of writing to you a few lines. Hope the arrival of these lines will find you and all your family enjoying good health, as I would be glad.

Dear Mr. Swift, we are all well except myself, M.(Mary) Larkin. I never got well since I was in America.

I am real sorry for my soul trouble. I trust you will remember to say (a) prayer (for) me. God's will be done - everywhere praises his glorious name.

I intended sending you the shamrock. I hope you will have received (it) before St. Patrick's Day. Please write and let me know if you got (it), if pleasing to you, when convenient.

Do you hear from your friends in Boston now? Mr. Swift, how is Mrs. Quinn and family? Also your sister Mary? I sent you the shamrock last year (and) I do not know whether you got it or not.

I hear from the boy and girl that are in America. He is working for a farmer out in the country. He is doing well. He may go out where you are some time.

Your friend John Cooney is living yet - himself and your brother Martin were nearly the same age. Mother says he often inquires about you, Mr. Swift.

I trust you will get this letter and three leaf shamrock to remind you of old Ireland. I have not much to say. Trust your are all well. I will conclude, wishing you all happiness. Goodbye with love and regards from your cousin Mary Larkin and Mrs. M. Larkin Drumore.

Peterwell P. O.  
County Galway  
Ireland

To John C. Swift from Mrs. Bridget Larkin  
Peterswell, Ireland  
July 3, 1911

My dear Cousin, Mr. Swift,

I am writing to you a few lines. Hope the arrival will overtake you in the former state of health and all your family. Sorry to say that I am after burying my husband. He was not long complaining. He got the rites of the Church. We are feeling lonely after him. I hope to hear from you soo .

Your friend, John Cooney is buried also lately. There are a few of your friends still living, the John Nolan family.

Please give my best respects to your wife and family. Is there any of your family married? How is your sister? There are two boys of mine in Boston and one girl. She spent this winter in New York. I have a boy in a shop in County Galway in drapper shop. I have two boys in the home, two girls. The girl that come home from America is poorly able to do for herself. I am sorry my sister, Mrs. Malone is not living to write to you. Does Will ever write or his brother, James? How is Mrs. Quinn and family? The weather is very cool here at present and the crops are poorly yet.

Well, hope I will hear from you soon. Your friend, John Cusack, is keeping his bed and his wife is striving to do business the best way she can.

I am going to send a short account this time. I hope I hear from you after this and have the sure address as I would be glad. I will conclude sending you my best regards. I sent you two letters and got no account. Hope this letter will enlighten me in some way.

I will send you my address: Peterswell P. O. Co. Galway, Ireland

Mrs. Bridget Larkin

Boston, Mass.  
Mar. 24, 1908

Dear Cousins,

I suppose you think you would never hear from us again. Well, when you know why you will not blame us. My dear old Father has passed to that great beyond after over seven months in bed. He died the 26 day of Jan. then my little boy took sick and it kept me busy those few months with sickness and a tending to my work. My boy is well now and going to school.

I hope all of you folks are well. I wish you would give me Mrs. Quinns address (Street number). Also let me know if John Quinns in St. Louis if so is he living at the old address.

Times are very dull here but James and I are on the go all the time. We have the New England district to look after and sometimes we have New York. We are away from home quite a lot. James is now in Chiope, Mass.

I wont write any more this time but will write a longer and newsier letter next time as I am tired having just come home from New York City and I also have to get acquainted with the family. Aunt Maggie, Aunt Kate, James and family are all well, as far as I know.

Hoping all of you folks are enjoying good health.

I remain  
Yours truly  
William E. Mal one  
14 Savin Hill Ave.  
Dor.