

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah
Feb. 23, 1971

Dear Glenn, Laura, and
all the family of Rosamond,

I became really acquainted with Rosamond when she lived just over the fence from me on the hill. She was so understanding, so patient, so full of love and compassion for everyone she knew. She was then working for the Welfare Program. She carried her own heavy load without an complaint at all, while she ministered to others who were actually much better off than she.

She was strong. She suffered through a seige of toothache that was terrible rather than to take an opiate that she knew would give her relief. I'll never forget it.

I am so grateful for the two hours we had alone together on the plane on one of her last flights in to Salt Lake City. It was a perfect delight! She told me so many interesting experiences of her childhood when she went with "Auntie" to take food to the temple; she knew of Grandpa Bleak's secret hideout; she showed an insight far beyond her years.

Her courage during these last months has been an inspiration. I am glad that she is released at last; wherever her bright spirit has gone, it will add light to her surroundings.

To me, she was ma class all by
herself Juanita Brooks

1731 South 1400 East Salt Lake City, Utah

March 2, 1971

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Dear Tom:

It looks like both of us is being "took." I don't know the "visitors" or "free-loaders" from legitimate renters. I know only that what started as two has grown to at least six, to count the cars outside at 3:00 a.m., as I did when I walked up the hill the other morning.

One, I understand, is being married in March. March 31?

Anyway, the electric bill and the toilet troubles seem to stem from overloading, and with all the beds on the floor all over the place, it is easy to accommodate large sleeping parties.

I thought three could be comfortable in the house, but when three bring in all their gear, and three more drag in all of theirs it gets pretty confusing. Eating problems are compounded, too, and the fellow who smokes can easily forget to drop the butts outside, though there was a sizeable pile.

I don't want to be unreasonable, but with the condition of the lot at the back, and my efforts to clean it up, I wonder why some of the "riders" don't offer to work up a little of their rent,

I'm not complaining at you, Tom. You've got yourself into a predicament, too, for I'm sure you didn't plan things like this.

I'll be down again about time the Spring Quarter starts, and maybe by that time we can find out who is whom.

Best wishes, *Juanita Brooks*
Juanita Brooks

1731 South 1400 East S.L.cith

March 2, 1971

Dear Tom:
It looks like both of us in being
"feels". I don't know the "feeling" or "feeling"
"feeling" from "feeling" feeling. I know only
that what I wanted as two was to at least
mix, he could be sure outside at 3:00 p.m., as
I did when I walked in the still the other morning.

One, I understand, is being wanted to be.
March 2, 1971

Anyway, the electric bill and the toilet problem
seem to be from overcharging, and with all
the beds on the floor all over the place, it
is easy to accommodate for a sleeping problem.
I thought there could be something to be done,
but when three years in all their years, and
three more years in all of them it was pretty
containing. "Feeling" feeling was recommended, too,
and the fellow who makes me really forget to
drop the toilet problem, though they are a
shocking type.

I don't want to be uncomfortable, but with the
condition of the lot at the back, and my efforts
to clean it up, I wonder why some of the "feeling"
don't offer to work up a little of their own.

I'm not comfortable at all, Tom. You've got
yourself into a predicament, too, for I'm
sure you didn't mean to be like this.

I'll be back again about the "feeling" feeling
starts, and maybe by then we can find out
who is who.

Best wishes,
Lester Brown

1731 South 1400 East
Salt Lake City, Utah
March 4, 1971

My dear Ione,

Much as I'd like to join you next Sunday morning, I think I should not try to come. I was in Dixie last Sunday; I must go to Provo wither this afternoon or tomorrow morning to call on the family of Sister Olive Nicholes. I taught all the years before I married Will under President Nicholes; he "engineered" our courtship and named our daughter, also gave his own name to our second son, Joseph K. Brooks.

Last evening I gave a talk--it could hardly be called a lecture-- to a section of the Continuing Education program. That always drains me.

I think I have taken on too many things: last night gave my Symphony ticket, and tonight will give my ticket to the Shakespearian play away just for lack of time to go.

Life is so full of wonderful, fine things that it is hard to select. And I do have a moral obligation to get to work again and stay to work till I bring this Jewish book to some kind of a close. Every break is another delay.

Thank you for your kindness to me. I'll never live long enough to repay it in any way. Give my best love to all the group.

Gratefully,