

Quietude of Wisconsin Broken as Lumberjacks Forget About Prohibition

STAR LAKE, Sept. 10.

Dearest Ilene:

I take back everything I ever said about the innocuous desuetude of northern Wisconsin. Never in my life have I had so much concentrated excitement. No, darling, six Princeton collegiates did not just blow in, nor have the Pennsylvanians arrived in Minoqua. But I have seen two bears and been chased by squiffed lumber jacks! Isn't it perfectly priceless? I bet the Ohrs won't believe a word of this.

'Twas this way. Ever since the Ohrs were here, we have been talking about a mild mannered little log cabin two miles up the railroad track familiarly and, we thought, jocosely dubbed "The Bootlegger's Joint."

So this afternoon in search of princess pine we wandered down that way, the two Klauss girls, Mrs. Klaus, Mrs. Rosseter and I. Mrs. Klauss and Mrs. Fooseter wandered off into the woods and we carelessly lost them. Just as we three girls neared "The Bootleggers" we heard the w. k. and ribald strains of "Sweet Adeline"—will some one kindly tell me why that is the inevitable symptom of the inebriate condition? Suddenly upon the light of day bust six lusty lumberjacks full of enthusiasm and everything!

"Hello, Janes," they hailed us. Decorously we turned around and sauntered toward the hotel.

More hallooings—bigger and better.

What began as a decorous retreat speedily became an ignominious stampede, three girls, hell-bent for Heaven, down a railroad track with six squiffed lumberjacks in full pursuit. Me—the oldest and most responsible member of the party—yelling bloody murder and leading the retreat in a cute red velvet jacket and a hectic perspiration.

Mrs. Klauss and Mrs. Rosseter heard our little burst of hilarity and came to the rescue. Darn it all, in the excitement we hadn't even noticed what our boy friends looked like.

Sounds funny to-tell, Ilene, but my dear if you want an anxious moment, just fancy yourself chased down a railroad track by six pie-eyed, log rollers. Really, Ilene, it was simply thrilling.

Everybody is going home now. Mrs. Otto Frenzel left for Indianapolis Friday and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Wood left Sunday. It's just possible that I may drive back to Chicago with a lad up here, make it easily in one day. It's only 468 miles. Mother keeps wiring me not to think of it. Sometimes mothers are utterly unreasonable, dear. Haven't you found it so? And eventually one does exactly as one pleases anyway. The older generation is positively redundant at times.

Bertina Foltz writes me that Vera Hosted-Wetmore, her Vassar roommate, is married and living in New York. Vera was one of Bertina's bridesmaid last winter.

Mother tells me that Elsie Martin is going to Scudder School in New

York this fall and Louise Goepper is staying home to continue her art course.

What with Anna Barnara and Helen Coburn and Elizabeth Favre stepping off so sans pomp and sans eclat, the matrimonial situation in Indianapolis grows serious and serious.

All me devotion, ma chere, and let me hear from you soon. SUE.

1920 or 1921

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