

Preston Lancis
Feb. 15, 1931

Dear Sister,

this letter will introduce to you Elder William Yancey from Idaho. He was my first companion here in England.

Tonight - Sunday night we had a splendid meeting here in Preston Branch. President and Sister John A. Widtsoe President of the European Mission. President and Sister Oliver H. Budge of Logan he is now President of the German Austrian missions. I spoke first and they followed each speaking for a few minutes.

Elder Yancey & Elder Jones are now both on their road home they gave their farewell address. all in all it was a real feast.

Elder Yancey sleeps with me tonight as President Taylor is going to Liverpool for a few days.

He is a wonderful Elder so have him tell you

of me, If you can, take him
to lunch and talk with him about
Grand old England and our good times together.

See Sister I just love my labors
a great deal - so busy planning
for conferences and Dist. Conference
& Poor I, the District clerk is everybody's
servant - but I sure collect the money.

Have Elder Yancy tell of the Famous
"Itch".

Enclosed is a few Linnen Handkerchiefs
not so good - just the price to show
and that's all I can afford at present.

I wish you loads of success in your
work and every thing you do I rejoice
with you.

May the Lord bless you at all times.
Love brother

+ C + C +

Write me and tell me of your visit together. want you

The Elder will be lost so
help him find himself.

He is my best Companion.

166 Taft Ave.
Fosateles, Idaho
United States of America
Jan. 11, 1931

Dear William -

Your letter came in all due time, and was actually received! I'm glad you liked that little "do-hinky" that I sent you - I thought it might come in handy for some of your long, lengthy, hour-and-a-half speeches.

Next Friday night a bunch of us kids from the L.D.S. Institute - from the "M." Men and Younger Girls Classes - are going to Rigby to give a program up there. They are trying to build a new Recreation hall, and will charge for our program. I will play a piano solo, and will be the official accompanist for the occasion. We will have two men's quartets and one ladies' quartet, a violin duet, vocal solos, a dramatization of the passage in the Old Testament that tells how David received the news of Saul's and Jonathan's death. We'll have an accordion solo, a "sax" solo, a reading, and the pageant that was enacted at the Green and Gold Ball (Institute Journal). Part of that is the dancing & the contest

Wally & In addition (also in secret) - we have worked up a double-tripled quartet which will sing a gypsy song, and act it out, to surprise the natives of Rigny as well as the savages from Pocatello. It'll be too bad if "Uncle ~~Jeff~~ Wyley" gets out on the stage to announce the next number. He'll be in an awful "pickle".

Do you remember "Dick" Wells? Well, he spoke in vesper service today, about prayer. He is Second Counsellor to President Henderson, of Pocatello Stake. Bro. Wm. A. Hyde is our patriarch, now. He has chosen the Fifth Ward to start giving patriarchal blessings in. Isn't that nice? He spoke in Sacrament meeting in our ward tonight. He's certainly a humble old man.

We are having quite nice weather, now. The days are nice and warm - not above freezing, though; and so are the nights. The roads are awfully slick, too. Even the buses have difficulty in turning corners and keeping to the road.

Tonight, mother said, "In all his letters, William says to remember him to us; and not once have we answered. You can just tell him that although we don't say much, yet

76 14 102 of date 1000 27

Blackfoot Ida.
May 11, 1931

Dear Arvilla

Enclosed you will find as per promise the letter you received from Bro. Sperry. Thanks a lot for sending it this way.

Wip! Wip Norway can't guess what has happened up this way. I am your pretty car this way as I'll tell you. One of my Brother's Truck drivers will have to quit his work this week as I'm taking his place. That means a steady day and night job for ever so long. My Brother is the cement man of Southern Idaho. ^{which} ^{Brothers?} so suppose I'll get my fill of cement this in this year of our Lord 1931. Just imagine poor I'm shouting for joy at the sight of work some ^{from} in this old world. Oh what.

Be jove it was sure nice out today it certainly one of those days that carry spring fever around with it. Just wondering if it hit you yet. You a pretty good dodger if it hasn't.

The night and morning of the 9 and 10 besides being so wonderful was sure eventful. After leaving you and just after crossing the railroad

tracks a car came along and the poor driver
must have embled a little to much of the
moonshine of the hip pocket variety at least
he rather got the ^{hip} side of the road twisted up
or else though he owned it all Be cause all
he left me was the bar-pit so that what
I took. I can sure thank my luck stars.
or what ever it is that that bar pit wasn't
very deep. Anyway he got the credit for
chasing me clear of the road and there some.

He was
lying
at his
sister
Sylvia's
in
Pocatello

When I reached home (That is Jardo) and
looked at the clock I just about had a cut
fit. I'm still wondering where that time went
to. Went to bed but just couldn't sleep. It's happy
I guess. Made up for it though had to
speak in Napello so I did my little
act first and then joined the rest of
the throng in a peaceful slumber.

I'll probably be coming down again
Sat. that is if I can wait that long.

I'm just wondering if an ~~angel~~ ^{angel} nice
young lady was able to ~~give~~ be on the
Mother's day program. Oh What and How!

With Love

William

P.S. Gosh but it's sure someone out this way.

In the car accident it cut
her Achilles tendon

said on her
stomach 24/7
six weeks to
heal it

166 Taft Ave.
Pocatello, Idaho
July 28, 1931 -
5:20 P.M.

Dear William -

You owe me a letter; but
I've got to tell you something. Never mind
this scribbling. It's because I'm all
a-tremble. You see, I've been down
to the Dr.'s office. He has pronounced
my doom. He says that I won't have
to have an operation on my foot. The tendon
is all healed together; and I ought to be
walking on it without my crutches within
four weeks. William, I was so surprised
and so happy that I just jumped. I could
hardly believe my ears. He says that
I will have a foot as good as it was
before the wreck, except for the scars.

"Boy, oh, Boy - ain't that grand?"

Bro. Sessions and Bro. Thiner administered
to me when it was hurt again:

Well, I'll be seein' you.
Love, Arvilla