On Palm Sunday the cherry and Magnolia trees burst into full bloom. Had been preceded by pink bg forsythia, jonquils, Japonica, hyacinths & tulips. On Easter Sunday, lilacs, dogwood and fruit blossoms were in bloom. The District and its nearby - Va. & Md. - were a fairyland of flowers. This premature return of early spring was caused by an unusually hot March and a warm February. On March 17 the mercury registered 86° and on the 18th it read 70°. The humidity may have been 100%.

These beautiful Japanese Cherry Blossom Trees which line Riverside Drive, Potomac Park, are a gift of the Japanese Government to the United States Government. In the Spring of the year they are a most beautiful sight and might suggest to the traveler a scene in old Nippon itself.

Washington is beautiful today, but as a people we are all tired and we know another red,

THIS SPACE FOR WRITING

WASHINGTON, D.C. APR 23 7 11 PM 1945

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Miss Frances E. Dunwoody
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M532:—WASHINGTON MONUMENT, CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME, WASHINGTON, D. C.



3821 Newark St. N.W.
Friendship Hts.
Washington 16, D.C.

Dear Miss Duncombe

After the hottest summer in 71 years we are starting out with a rather cool fall. We have had a light frost to offset our 96° heat & 96 humidity - red hot steam.

Laurence was admitted to the Supreme Court and has written his first brief to be presented to that august body.

Heat, work & tired-ness have delayed my writing but I love you just the same and soon. Margaret Vold.

WASHINGTON, D.C.
SEP 22
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1945

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GENUINE CURTEICH-CHICAGO COLORTONE ART

125—Cherry Blossoms, Potomac Park, Washington, D. C.



4A-H700



Like the strains of a
Christmas carol
In a little church
in the lane
So swells a song
in my heart so true
Of prayers, and blessings,
and peace for you!

Robert D. Vold

with love and best wishes for a MERRY CHRISTMAS

Post Card





THIS SIDE FOR CORRESPONDENCE THIS SIDE FOR THE ADDRESS

Wishing you
every thing you want and
more besides.
With love,
Robert Wald

Miss Duncombe
835 N. 29 St.
Lincoln,
Neb.

MADE IN U.S.A.

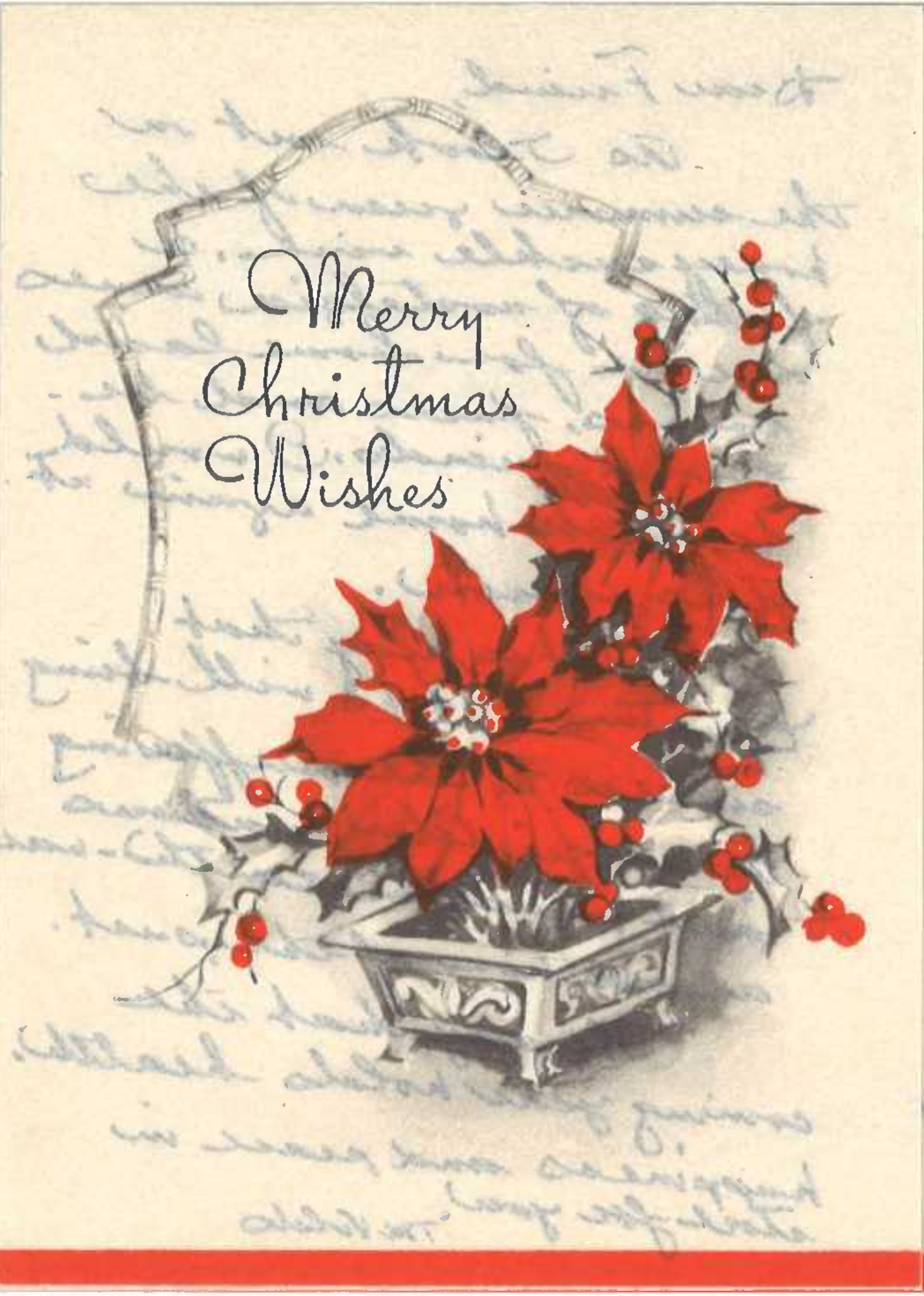


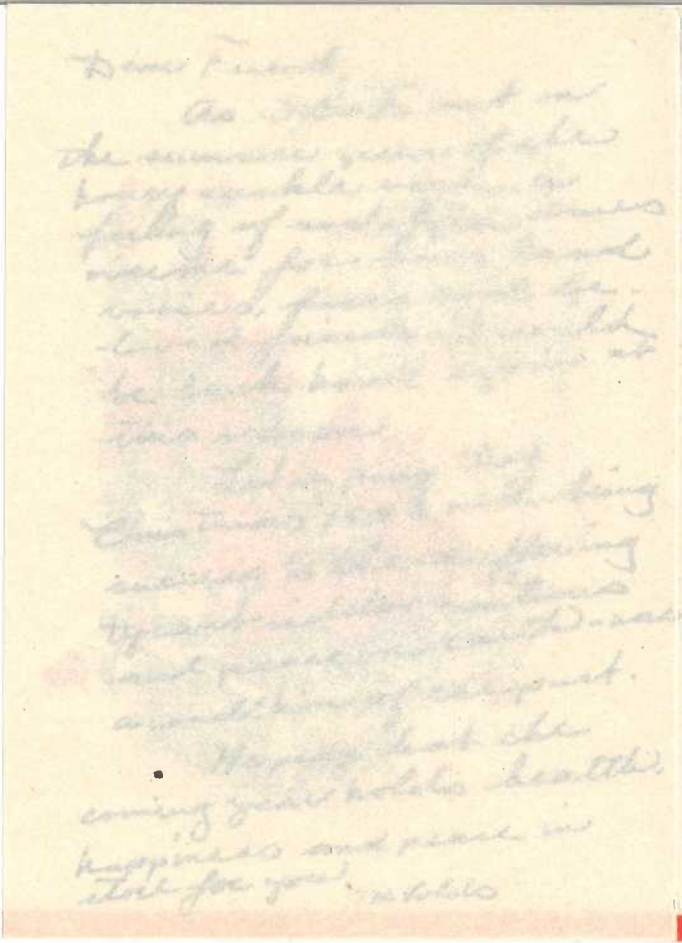
Heartiest greetings for Christmas

and sincere good wishes for

the New Year.

Robert Vold


Merry
Christmas
Wishes



May you have a lot
of pleasure
And more joy than
you can measure,
Bringing memories
to treasure
Through another
happy year!

The Volds.

(inside)

Dear Friend,

As I look out on the summer queen of the honeysuckle vine, a feeling of nostalgia comes over me for home land voices, faces and beloved friends. I would be back home again at this season.

Let us pray that Christmas 1943 will bring success to the suffering tyrant-ridden nations and peace on earth - war a condition of the past.

We pray that the coming year holds health, happiness and peace in store for you.

The Voldo's



May you find cheer
at Christmastime
and many joys in
the New Year

It is Christmas time again on this chaotic old earth. In Washington it is mid-fall and tho most of the woodlands are bare yet there are many trees in full green leaf. About three weeks ago the forests were a blaze of glory. Red being the predominent

also for the dying leaves.

This is a lovely land but humidity both in winter and summer almost offsets its beauty.

As yet we are well, but tired. Arising at 5:40 A.M. and dining at 7.30 P.M. - those are daily bouts - is just a bit tiring.

The boys and their families are well.

If you write and tell me about yourself and Lincoln, I'll reciprocate and write about Washington.

Love from both.

Lawrence & Margaret

Ranier ,Minn.
Box 104.

Dear Miss Duncomb,

After blowing out two tires and inheriting five punctures,we arrived at one of the loveliest spots of nature There are about fifteen log houses burried in the pines and b birches over looking Rainy Lake which is both wild and tempes- tuous,over fifty miles in length and thirty miles across at its widest point.A short fifteen miles over the lake the wild Canadian woodlands beckon us, This lake opens into many others,in fact it is one of a chain extending for hundreds of mile thro the Canadian wilds and into Alaska.In the winter the trappers here go up to Alaska by dog team.. The woods abd abounds in timber wolves,bearand deer,to say nothing of the wild bird life,and flora.

I paddle my canoe down to Ranier,a distance of three miles,counting both ways-every morning for the mail and groceries. Mail comes in once a day and at that,one can not count on it.It may be for om one to two days late. By land we are just four miles from Fort Francis ,Canada.

On the Canadian side ,one passes thro a real village of Indians who speak but little or no English.Then comes miles and miles of vergin forests,dotted here and there with lake and river. We are seriously thinking of buying a promintory here and building our own log house.The logs costs nothingand the land $350 for a lot 50by 423 feet fronting on the tossign bay and commanding a view of the Eastern sunrise and western sunset.If we build,we shall live in a tent for a couple of weeks until our home is erected,and we cordially invite you to join the construction gang,next summer. This summer we invite you to our log house.Our guests from North Dakota,Mr.and Mrs.Weller and nineteen year old son,have just returned to North Dakota. If we decide on just renting next year,we shall come up here,so plese consider yourself invited and ruminate on the "invite."

Coming up here we went thro a rather romantic ind incident.We arrived at camp in Northholm-100miles south of here at the same time that the two vans of the advertising agents of a circus arrived .The camp was on a knollin the deep pines on a hill side overlooking a lovely lake.The grounds could only accommodate two autos at a time

With the circus, which was going to show at the large ~~villg~~ village of Ten Strike, four houses and a filling station, ~~With the circus~~ was one of those picturesque character who had travelled the earth over. Picture him lying on his blanket by our camp fire, the dark pines f forming a background, the stars shining out over the rip pling silver of the lake, and droaning on in a soft sout southern drawl, "And, we bound the elephant's four legs. H He had killed his manetc." Some of his yarns were real a and some unreal, but all equally interesting, whether dr awn from his imagination or form fact. Prior to night fall, two little girls from the village saw the van, a nd hastened up into the woods asking, "Are you the circus, an and what are you advertising?" Poitning to me, who was making coffee on some stones, our spinner of yarns said, "Hills Bros. Coffee, and she's demonstrating just now." Playing up to my friend, I asked the children if they would like to see the only mountain lion in captivity. Opening Tommy's box-Tommy was then wearing a collar- I said, "See him."

"He looks awfully like a Tom cat whispered one of the girls.

"Oh, no, answered the other, "don't you see he has a collar."

Coming up we passed some rather rediculous signs. One read:

A. Billious.
Eat Shoppee.

Others read; Auto greesing parlor
Auto Scenic garage.

And on a barn, ten miles from no where in the north woo woods was painted: Built 1900. Repainted 1929.

I wish that we could coax you to come up here this summer, if we are unsuccessful ~~then~~ now we demand that you come next summer You would love it here.

Regards from all and love from me,

P.P.S. The auth chuckling, "Good Lord, Lucky Lindbergh, you've given up flying, I see, and simply commute between your two homes in the air."

P. S. Rob's article was accepted by the Journal of the Am. Chemical Society. Laurence's book has been proofread. Gordon is making a pie. I apologize for this jamboree of ideas & vile typing. M. A. V. I have much to tell you

Phoebe.

By. Mrs. Lamira Vold.

Out in the dawn of the twi-
light,
While mist is on field and fen,
"Phöbe!" she calls at my window,
She pauses, then calls again.

"Water I want and some bread-
crumbs.
Quaint fancies for these I'll
share;
I'll tell of forest and North-
land;
I'll lead you in fancy there.

"Mountains of ice so majes-
tic,
Tops piercing the wintry sky;
You'll hear the voice of the
woodland
Low, crooning its lullaby.

"Look on an ocean that's
ice bound,

From an Esquimo[illegible] seal
canoe;
You'll hear the bird's
sweet love song,
As you paddle the oceans
through.

"Fancies I give you for
bread crumbs,
And for drinks from your
pan to take.
Phoebe!" she calls at my
window.
The exchange is a joy to
make.

" My latch is on the string tonight
The hearth fire is aglow.
I seem to hear swift passing feet
The Christ Child in the snow.

My heart is open wide tonight
For strangers, Kith or kin.
I would not close a single door
When Christ may enter in"

The Yuletide
Zuta Lumis Madeira

The North Woods.

by—M. A. Vold.

Have you seen the moon o'er the pine woods
Rise with a calm silver sheen?
Would you see its majestic beauty
Reflected below in the stream?

2.

Have you seen the woodland monarchs,
Donning their crimson and gold?
Would you list to the voice of birdland,
Its secret of loving unfold?

3

Have you felt the quiet in Nature,
There, where the ground is untrod?
Would you dwell in the calm of ages,
A little step nearer to God?

4.

Then come with me to the North Woods,
Nature to meet, at her best,
There to learn in her mystical voices,
The secret of absolute rest.

The Peace of the Rockies.

By Mrs. L. Vold.

1. Out in the land of the Rockies
Where low hung stars appear
O'er noble pine,
Whose speech sublime
Greets the sentinel mountains
near;

2. Where the eagle circles his
aerie,
As clear, bold stars appear,
Where shy, young deer
In coverts rear,
Rest secure without thot
of fear;

3. Where the glaciers glint
in the moonlight,
Like spectral carpets, spread
For ice elve's feet
That softly creep,
Gliding down in fantastic
tread;

4. Where morning dawns
out of stardom,

In crimson, black and
gold,
As glacier streams,
With first sunbeams,
Swiftly rush down the
canyon's old;

5. Where the peace that only
in Nature
Midst towering hills is
found
By hearts that long
For Nature's song
Most is felt in the
silence round;

6. Where the birds and pines
and the open,
Where glaciers, hills and
streams
And every clod
Looks up to God,
There's the peace that
surpasses dreams.

My Paths .

By Margaret A.Vold.

Through the silence of forests,mysterious,
A path stretches,winding and dim,
It's a road that is wandering to Nowhere,
Unmade by the hands of meremen,
It is shaded by pines and by birches,
O'er spread by the mosses and ferns,
It is made by the feet of the wood elves,
The deer and the rabbit and tern.

I am soon going down by that elf path,
To talk with the birds and the deer,
I am going to gossip with flowers-
For these folks have no fear-
I shall follow by pinelets to Nowhere,
O'er mosses,below green trees,
Till I come to the home of the elf king,
That stands in the woods by the lea.

There's a path of my own crossing sideways,
A path that goes down to the sea,
When I've talked long enough with my wood folk,
I'll come by the cliffs,o'er the field. ~~I'll come to t~~
I'll come to the ledge by the lake side,
And list to the surf roughly break.
A wonderful combination is
The path of the elves and the lake.

A Parting Song to the North.

Air :Springtime in the Rockies.

When it's summer in the Northlands,
I'll be coming back to you,
Tossing lake and rolling waters,
With your bonnie skies of blue,
Once again I'll say,"I love you",
While the crows call all the day,
When its summer by the lake side,
In the pine woods far away.

It is not the jingles but my lovely land of beauty that I want you to see.

M.A.V.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA
COLLEGE OF LAW
LINCOLN

In reading these lines, please forget that you are the English teacher and see only the forest paths and not the faulty rhyme, rythem and meter. They are all there, I know; but the forest paths are so lovely that I want you to see them only.

My Paths.

Margaret A. Vold.

Through the silence of forests, mysterious,
A path stretches, winding and dim,
It's a road that is wandering to Nowhere,
Unmade by the hands of mere men.
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O'er spread by the mosses and ferns,
It is made by the feet of the wood elves,
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A path that goes down to the sea,
When I've talked long enough with my wood folk,
I'll go by the cliffs, o'er the field,
I'll come to the ledge by the lake side,
And list to the surf roughly break.
A wonderful combination is
The path of the elves and the lake.

Not for Miss Duncombe
English teacher and
literary critic, but for
Miss Duncombe, lover
of Nature and the
great open spaces.

from,
Margaret Vold.

New Officers of Phi Lambda Upsilon



T. F. BUEHRER
University of Arizona



L. F. AUDRIETH
University of Illinois



H. HUNT
Purdue University



R. D. VOLD
University of Southern California

Unfortunately a photograph of Dr. Church was not obtained in time for this number of the *Register*.

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HASTINGS PROFESSORS HONORED— The 3-year-old Lawyers' Club yesterday paid tribute to seven elderly professors of Hastings Law College, at a Palace Hotel luncheon. The professors are members of the "65 Club" (over age 65). They are: (Standing) Professor Lawrence Vold (who is a "pledge" because he's only 62), Professors Chester G. Vernier, Augustin Derby, Ernest G. Lorenzen, Max Radin. Seated at table: Professors Oliver L. McCaskill, Arthur M. Cathcart and College Dean David E. Snodgrass. The luncheon was attended by 450 members and their guests, among them 290 students from Hastings. Also honored by the club was Edward F. O'Day, editor of The Recorder, a legal newspaper.