

Genesee, Idaho  
May 17, 1917

Dearest Henry,

Here I am all rolled up on the bed downstairs answering your letter which arrived a short time ago. I am glad you arrived in the city on time and am sorry that I did not get to go to the depot. I wanted to see you.

Yesterday morning we went to Lewiston and spent the day. I met Peter on the street, and I saw Albert, Hazel and the kids at a distance. We are still in the market for a house. I wish we could go to Spokane, but we can't.

I think Henry I have kissed you every time it was permissible and some time when it was not. Don't you? Say; yes. Don't you think you will get tired of my kisses someday. Ha! Ha! Joe (*Tobin, her brother*) was balled out today at mass. You will no doubt see the newly weds in Spokane. If I can I am going to Spokane soon. But don't look for me.

I am not going to Pullman. What is the use? Those things don't appeal to me anymore. Those things seems so empty. I don't know the reason, do you? I am awfully glad you are going to hear Alexander. You know I heard him last fall, and liked him. I did not ask him any questions though. If it is not too personal please tell me how he answers you. And also others. I like to hear his answers.

Well, dearest it is a good thing you left or I have a sore throat and I might give it to you. You know you could easy catch it from me. Ha! Ha! You seem to be terribly against War brides, and I can't agree with you at all. I can't see why that those that are married now have any more chance of having to go than those married last fall, and how it could be any harder on them. Do you? That sounds very bold sweetheart for me to write to you don't it.

Goodbye dearest your Margt.



P10 May 17-17



MAY 17 2 PM 1917  
IDAHO.

Mr. H. M. Lorang  
306 West 6th Ave  
Spokane  
Wash.



L-R sitting: Mary Lorang, Helena Alexander, Martha Lorang with niece Marie, Viola Lorang with nephew Rodney.  
L-R standing: Gov. Moses Alexander, his son, Charles Lorang and another son. 1915

Rayel and the kids at a distance.  
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Please consider dear, won't you?  
Good bye dearest your own <sup>Marion</sup>