

À Bord de "ROUSSILLON"

le 192.....

well - several of the other
sort and a good many
interesting French. Wilder
has finished a short
paper and we've spent
hours on Spanish. We find
we can already understand
quite easily and try to
talk a little more.

Although calmer now,
it is very "oscuro" - damp,
cold, foggy - Wilder has
his first cold of the winter
and is in bed for the second
day, poor boy. His spirits are

excellent but he has a bad cough
which will probably not clear
up until the weather clears. Ruth
Mary is bouncing with health which
hasn't lagged for a minute. And
Alice is a treasure.

I think will try to have Wilder up
for a little soon. We land tomorrow
or rather are landed in a small
motor boat. I shall not be sorry
to get the family settled in Madrid.
It is sure to be an interesting
and absorbing process. I'll write
you of it later. You will write
occasionally won't you-

As ever

Helen.

OR that last restful night!



A Bord Roussillon

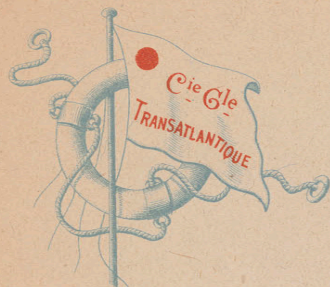
le 25 Mars 1924 -

Dear Mary-

Bless you all for that last delightful night. It certainly put us all in splendid shape for the start. I wish it could have been a little longer and that we could have had the children together now.

There is a children's dining room and

there Alice and the
youngsters are settled
at lunch. We've
bought her some
'Seanol' which we
tell her is infallible.



À Bord de "ROUSSILLON"

le 2 April 1924

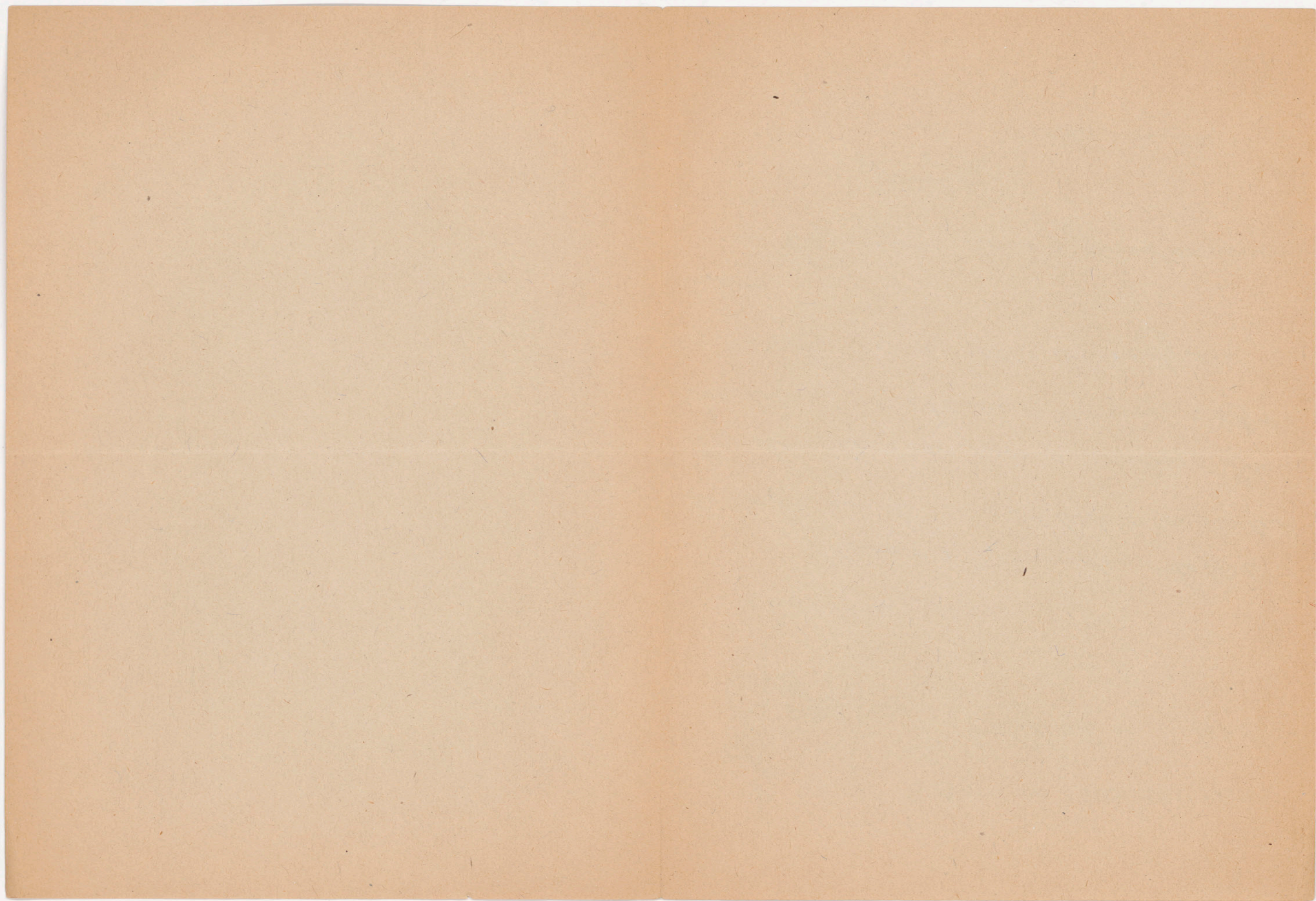
Dear Mary + Allen:

It was a tremendous help to be taken in, the night before we sailed. We never had so easy a sailing. There was literally nothing to do but walk on as the trunks were already in place.

I hope you have a good summer

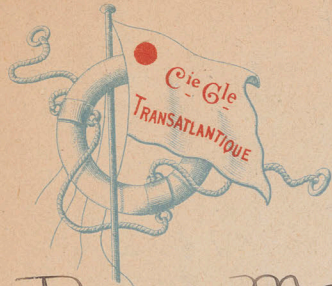
Good bye

Wilder Penfield.



who are interesting to make it very pleasant.

Our Englishman very bigoted, well-informed and witty of 75 years - is always ready for an argument and Wide spends much time in his company. We've enjoyed the Boyde a lot. He plays very well and she is such a nice wholesome simple person. Miss Esther Root who writes for the Tribune, whose father is an editor and who knows several of our friends, four educated Spaniards and



À Bord de "ROUSSILLON"

le April 2 1924.

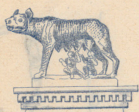
Dear Mary,

I started ~~a~~ a letter to you on the first day hoping to get it off with the pilot. But he was gone before I finished it and I have mislaid it.

Shall I say we have had an uneventful journey. That is the way it will seem once we have landed. Do you remember, we told you what nice cabins we had secured at minimum rate? The third and fourth day were rather clouded over with mal de mer

The children were quite immune on the fourth, of course, and Wide thought he was so they went off to breakfast. After a particularly big wave the cabin floor was suddenly covered with three to four inches of water. I grabbed and pulled into the berth with me all the bags I could lift and called for the steward. He glanced in, shrieked and departed. The head steward came - looked in - shouted & departed. I finally got someone to go for Wide who of course mastered the situation by carrying trunks and luggage out of the water getting down life belts to stand on and so forth. He went to the purser and demanded another stateroom and so we are now on the promenade deck, quite luxurious and comfortable. "It's an ill wind -"

You wanted me to tell you all the ordinary family adventures - There's a beginning - The boat is quite a steady one and once we recovered we have been quite happy. There are many of the sort of people one might expect to find on a cabin boat to Vigo at this time of year. But there are enough



HOTEL ROMA
YOTTY Y COMPA

MADRID

April 4-

Dear Mary,

Such a deluge of letters
- Are you saying that?

I suppose I must start
on this side. Can't you guess
the questions the children
have been asking about what
the children are doing to this
cow? But of course I must
not lose this opportunity for
instilling into them a scrap
of knowledge which will stay

2.

with them all their days!

We had a great trip from
Vigo. After having nearly missed
the train because the 'bus
had to wait for an American
woman who "just couldn't bring
herself to get up at six o'clock"
(and who I am glad to say
got no breakfast) - we grudgingly
took a first class compartment.
But we were glad we did later
when we found the sort of
people who filled first and
second. Also we so nearly filled
our compartment that we were
left alone all the way. The other

Americans who have accompanied us so far are evidently wealthy and seemed to just precede us everywhere - very bad indeed.

The "carnas" - sleepers were almost as much again as the tickets and we decided to camp out in our nice compartment. It was very funny. The long cushion from one seat put on the floor between the seats made a bed for Wide and Wilder. And Alice and Ruth had that seat for a bed for it proved wider with the cushion off and well "springed." Grandma had the other seat. We had a very good night -

The country through which we passed was wild and beautiful very mountainous and yet cultivated in every possible inch - grapes, of course in the hilliest regions, little bits of fields where a few square feet, more level than the rest, could be found. We seemed always on the brink of a precipice following the Minho River nearly all day, going through countless tunnels, stopping at picturesque little towns clinging to the side of the mountains. I saw my first snow capped mountains lovely, gleaming from the light of the setting sun. Everywhere fruit trees



HOTEL ROMA
YOTTI Y COMP^{as}

MADRID

in bloom, fresh green grass, rushing streams. After young boys playing bagpipes begged for money when the train stopped.

The cars seem small and loosely attached. A little girl was pushed off the train by the conductor as he passed between cars - the door stood open always. It was just before we entered a tunnel $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long. They went back to look for her and found her with only a scratch. You can judge how fast we travelled.

In Madrid we bounced from the station to the Hotel Roma where we deposited Alice, children and bags and went out to search for a pension. Sunday is not an especially good day to do business on but we did find a pension - one recommended by Mr. Prof. Gehrig of Columbia whom I had met through Mr. Keppel. You should have heard how we were grilled - for it is a really Spanish pension and they could not understand how Americans had happened in. There is no name on the street entrance and they do not advertise. They finally got

out the guest book for 1921 when Mr. Phalg was here and at last we found his name. Then we were allowed to enter and they were as nice as possible.

We have two rooms with five single beds and very little other furniture. But it is clean and quite comfortable enough and I think we shall stay on for some time at least. The meals are difficult to become accustomed to - for the children, but Spanish children seem to thrive on this way of living so why shouldn't ours. Breakfast, roll and coffee - 8-11 - very inconvenient to serve it in the dining room. Lunch 1:30-3:30

Dinner 9:00-10:00. By special effort we have managed a simple supper for Alice and the children at 7:00.

The shops do not open until 10:00 and many not until after lunch. The theater begins at 10:15. We went to a little theater around the corner last night and were rather puffed up at the amount we understood. It is an excellent way to learn but we shall not be able to indulge often. English is not good to us here and Alice and the children are already learning words. The other pensioners (?) are very simple people and quite delighted at the



HOTEL ROMA
YOTTI Y COMP^{as}

MADRID

opportunity of teaching us and giving us advice. There are fifteen others, four young men sitting at the ^{large} table with us and the rest at small tables. Each time we speak there is a hush. Then the answer begins somewhere and goes rippling around the room. We beg "muy despacio" (more slowly) and each one with many gestures and reassuring smiles begins again. It is very funny.

We arrived on time at the theatre and there were only two ahead of us. The ushers shouted jokes at each other until people began to come in very leisurely. The orchestra of 3 pieces, played quite well, chatting meanwhile, bought papers from a youngster who came in shouting. Men kept their hats on. Nice looking people filled the boxes but there was no dressing whatever. The play "Lecciones en Buen Amour" was simple and well played.

As we came home, a little after one, the town, seemed really awake at last that is from the

noise made by taxis, etc. But we found our door locked. We knocked loudly and a man carrying a queer old lantern came running across the street to let us in, gave us a waxtaper to light our way up four flights of stairs and seemed delighted with a tip of 2 cents.

It is quite another world.

Alice has just come in with the children. They have been for a walk on the Prado. She is a treasure and will be more so even, I think. Wide thinks I may be able to be of real help to him, drawing, making slides, copying methods, etc.

He is delighted with his opportunity. del Rio-Hortega is the finest kind of a man very cordial and enthusiastic. At present he, del Rio, works in the laboratory from 11-2 and from 4-4:30. In May they will work from 4:30^{P.M.} until 10:30^{P.M.} and not at all in the morning. Isn't that queer? Wide thinks we may be allowed to work early in the mornings straight through when he gets started.

Has this been too long, Mary? Cable me care of Cookes if you want to stop the deluge.

With love
Helen.

with it. We have been in here three weeks and the land lord has done only one or two of the things he said he would do before we came in - "Mañana" "tomorrow" always, it will be done. But we aren't worrying about it for we are fairly comfortable as it is. It is in the very heart of the downtown district on a street so narrow that carriages pass with difficulty. Notwithstanding this there is a street car and we are next but one to the corner. A man with a little brass horn stands at the corner for the express purpose of warning people of the approach of a street car. Automobiles too incessantly on 50 different keys, paper boys, fish boys, fruit boys, small ware merchants etc about their wares. But

May 4

J. Thomas Cook & Son
15 Avenida del Cordó de Penálvarez
Madrid, Spain -

Dear Mary,

I've given you quite a rest, haven't I? But still I persist. Shall I hear from you this summer, I wonder?

There are two things on my mind I've a very choice needle book in my traveling bag which I meant to leave at your house before we sailed. I'll bring it back! Also I enclose a check for gas and oil for our Ford. Remember? It is a bad habit to let little debts like that go.

There are so many things I want to write you about that I don't know where to begin. We are in our own small apartment. For many days after my last letter to you I searched the country round about for a suitable place for us to live. About living here during the summer - in the city I mean - we had such varied advice. But when Dr. Ortega told Wide it would be almost impossible for him to commute any distance and do real

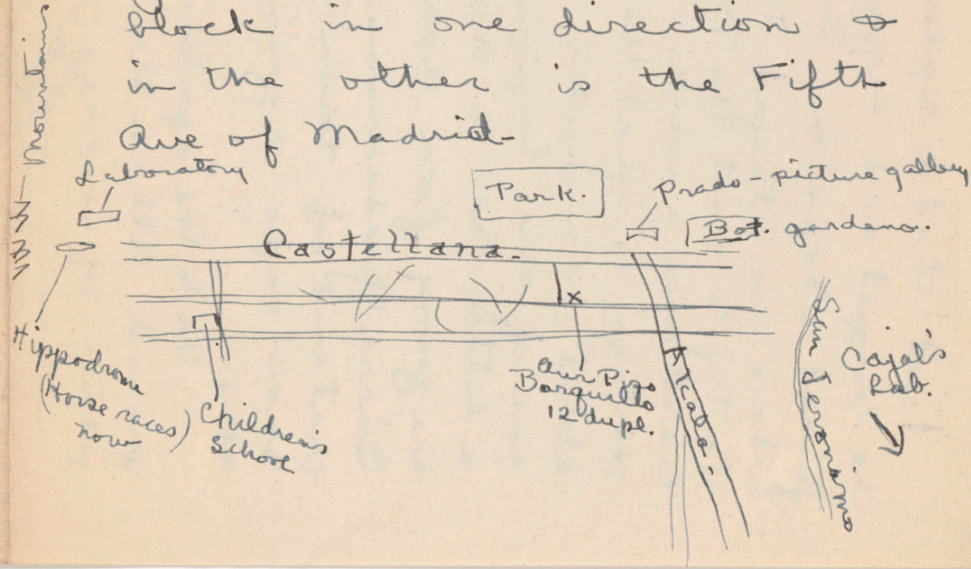
work in the laboratory we gave that up. After several days search in the immediate environs ^{of Madrid}, we gave that up as impossible too. In the first place they are as difficult of access as much more distant places. The houses and "pisos" - flats - are next to impossible for a respectable American family. They might look picturesque and clean and quite up-to-date outside but inside! Often there would be one bedroom with no window. Usually the one window would be 6½ feet from the ground and about 18" square. Often they would have no electricity and no running water, and of course no gas - just huge coal ranges. Also none were furnished. But they assured me that I could rent the furniture I needed quite easily. For these and many other reasons we decided on the city and with "A.B.C." in hand I renewed my search.

At the Pension we became acquainted with some German Spaniards whom we found more congenial than any of the others. They told us of an unadvertised piso and we eventually rented it. Senora Jimenez, wife of the post, seems to be the ~~only~~ ^{only} house agent in Madrid and she could tell us of only one apartment - her own - at 550 pts per month (about \$75 per month to us) It was very attractively furnished and quite airy but that we could do better. Also she had no gas. We saw an enormous one facing the Retiro (the Central Park of Madrid) but that too was impossible - dirt that simply could not be cleaned out. This one at 450 (about \$61 to us) leaves much to be desired but we are pleased as Punch

playing the violin. In front of him is a proper size violin rack. Oh yes and an extraordinary floor lamp with tortuous base and a shade of white muslin with lavender ribbons and lavender & black beads. Doesn't it make your mouth water? The dressing room has 4 huge beautiful mirrors a dressing table and a fireplace. Wilder's bed is in the bathroom! In the dining room we have not only a fireplace with a boisterous Chantrelle on the mantle, but an amazing wicker chandelier, clusters of grapes with lights inside and a tiny ~~old~~ owl which conceals the bell, - and best of all a fountain with real water in it. This room is very quiet and wide used it to study in entirely.

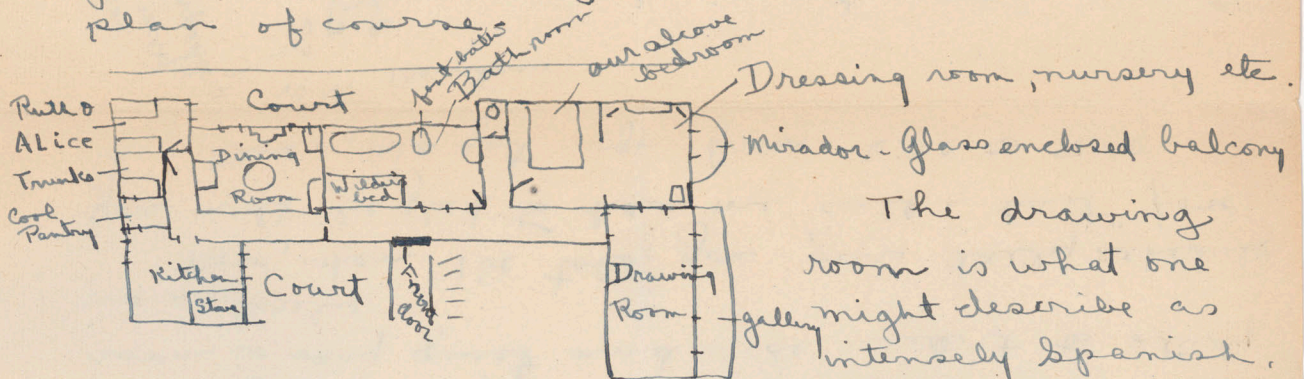
Now, when I've told you our daily schedule you will be glad to have me call - halt" for this time. We get up from 6:30 to 7:00

it is a respectable place. There is a mansion with a lovely garden (well walled in) across the road. We are just above a fruit shop, not far from a good grocer, and two blocks from the market - a most exciting and excited place. Shopping will seem so simple when we return. There is a cunning little park very green and fresh just a block in one direction & in the other is the Fifth Ave of Madrid.



Isn't that a splendid map? Alcalá is the longest and biggest business street. The finest shops on San Jeronimo - the pension where we stayed the first two weeks is there. We try to visit the Prado picture gallery at least once a week. The laboratory of del Rio Hortege is up at the Residencia des Estudiantes about 30 minutes walk, 15 minutes on the car if one happens to be running. It is a little less to the school where the children are going from April 21 - June 21. The mountains Sierra Guadarramas are easily visible at that end of town and are lovely with their snow caps against the intense blue sky.

As to the apartment itself how we'd love to take you and Allan through it! First I must draw a plan of course



The drawing room is what one might describe as intensely Spanish. A Spaniard always enters the room saying, "Oh, muy mono", the same adjective they use for a very stylish dress, or a strikingly up-to-date woman. The wall paper is in black and white stripes about 2 inches wide. The furniture is white with numerous lavender figured cushions - so many cushions that at first glance you might think there is no place to sit. There are two large and very good mirrors, a corner cupboard filled with china animals 3 or 4 dozen of them, many unspeakable vases, an image in china about 24 inches high of Uncle Sam or a close relative

Breakfast 7:30. Then I walk to school with the children, very pleasant and cool so far. Wide reads until 10:30. Alice and I go to market and then after a bit of bed making, etc. I am ready to go to the lab. with Wide at 10:30 where we stay until 2:00. Alice goes after the children at 12:45. In the lab. I am trying to do microscopic drawings for Wide but my results still leave much to be desired.

After the children's nap (2 hr) I take them to the park and they keep me busy until their bed time which is now 8 o'clock for they sleep so

long in the middle of the day.

Wife is at the lab from 4-9 and we have dinner or rather supper sometime between 9 and 10. No, of course Alice doesn't mind. She certainly is a brick. Everything is all right and she fits in in every conceivable way.

Yesterday we went to Toledo with Senor del Rio and his great friend Sr. Gomez - a real Spanish gentleman who has nothing in the world to do. The latter met me with a charming little bouquet of pink carnations and white feathery flowers - even produced a daggish pin from somewhere in order that I might wear them. When they faded later, Sr. del Rio presented me with red roses. They knew every stone in Toledo and made the visit a most unusually interesting one for us. We are going again in June on Corpus Christi day - the four of us. It is useless to describe in this letter the things we saw. When we came away they had for us some pieces of Toledo pottery and a box of Toledo marzipan. How I'd like to see you, Mary! Do you miss us just a little? Please write me at least one letter.

Helen Penfield.