

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

June 11 1917

My dear Children:

I have written a long letter to Ray enclosing a financial statement of Galahad's condition, and a long letter to the Lenroots asking for Mr. Lenroot's influence to get commissions for the two soldier boys. It is quite generally understood at Fort Snelling that political "pull" will help much in getting what you want. Indded the captain has hinted several times that if they wanted to be sure of getting what they want they should begin to work for it through their friends. Will wants a captaincy, unless commissions are being given for Majors. He thinks as regards age, ability etc. he can fill that position as well as the others there. Jack wants to be Major in the guards of one of the new regiments being formed, or else a captain in the regular army.

I do not like to call on my friends for help very much, but I guess it must be done some times, and perhaps this is one of the times.

Herbert is taking his vacation on the farm. The family who were there are having a week's vacation and so Herbert elected to take his at the same time so he could get into the work good and hard. George stays out there with him, delivers the milk and does the cooking. He begins to get breakfast when Herbert first goes out to milk, it takes him something more than an hour to milk and a good full half hour to put it in the bottles etc. after he comes in. Eggs and bacon are cold as a stone usually, and the coffee not all that it should be were he at home. But - Herbert is looking better already. I do not believe he is getting enough exercise as a usual thing.

Little Ruth MacQuarrie was christened yesterday--children's day in church. She did look so sweet and dear. Oh, I forgot to say that while Herbert was on the farm I am staying all night with Mame. I am not getting along very fast with my work out here but I am getting acquainted with Mame and the children.

Sleep? well I am drunk with sleep almost all of the time. Sleep all night, do not want to get up in the morning, ready to go to bed at night in the pink room you slept in, Wilder, and ready to take naps during the day when I can do so.

Will came home Saturday after a four hour walk and drill. He went out with the axe and cut down and hauled off that tree that had fallen on the other big tree. Did it all alone, it was very heavy work, and seemed to really enjoy it. He is so fit physically that it is a joy to be near him. He radiates good health.

Things are going pretty well here. Mr Haven wants Galahad to go into bankruptcy. It sounds like asking a couple to apply for a divorce, to me. But possibly that is what will have to be the outcome.

I transplanted twenty-five tomato plants this morning it seems good to be in the garden again, but I do not stay long. Mr. Mister did not screw the typewriter into the box so it did get some knocking and I cannot use it until a man comes over to fix it up. The express came all right except that some things that were to be sent by freight were sent by express.

The Clifton Savings Bank book came. Mrs. Miller said if she had known when you were stopping in New York she would have sent you some of the beautiful roses they had.

Shall I tell you some other Baltimore mistakes? The cashier ^{with the} made a mistake and I should have left \$260. instead of \$160. ^{bank} to cover the checks. He gave me the return check of the one I made out to you and did not put it in the bank book. He told me he had all of the checks except four, so he did, but as the bankbook did not have that one in he made some wrong figures and I had to telegraph them some money.

A bill of \$3.25 has come from the Medical Standard Book Co. I will send a check for it. Some other mail has come that I will forward.

Wednesday

~~Thursday~~ afternoon--

It seems rather queer that I have not had time to finish this letter but that is the way things have gone. I was interrupted Monday. Yesterday morning I hoed potatoes all the morning, rested etc. and went to Mrs. Jensch's at three o'clock for an afternoon party. Took my knitting, of course. We had a most delightful time. Then up to Mame's. This morning I hoed potatoes for three hours and have been resting since. The skin trouble is growing worse, but I have taken but little exercise for the last two years, now I will take a course of exercises that will heat up my blood and see what effect it will have after a few week's trial. I am so proud of saying "I hoed potatoes" without making my back ache that I presume you will hear it often.

I had the enclosed letter from Aunt Clara; I was rather troubled and was about ready to write Mr. Bartlett to see if you did finally get off when Helen's letter came today. I had heard that Mrs. Kermott had a letter from Wilder and he said nothing about any trouble so far as I could learn so I did not telephone her about this letter as there seemed to be ^{no need} to worry her unnecessarily. I will try and take the ^{news of the} ~~two~~ letters to her this evening.

Jack, Winifred, Scottie and I plan to go to St. Paul in the Ford tomorrow if it is pleasant. Of course that means that we will go to Fort Snelling too. I have very little shopping to do, however.

The class picture came safely. I do not suppose that you want it sent to France do you? Jean was here all day yesterday and Patty is having her innings today. I have got to arrange somehow to have the Penfield Children out often, but it will take some managing as there are some few children here now. We will make the proposition that Herbert and Mame will come out with them on Sunday afternoons--that is when they want most to come--and bring their picnic supper. All of the parents will be expected to be on hand to look after the children when they go in swimming, and play with them. They are too hard for one or two to manage. George and Wilder, especially, need a firm hand and much watching. Then the children will have their supper in the play house, unless one gets unruly when he will have to eat with the older ones. Then some evening during the week we will ask the Penfields, old and young, to bring their supper out for another play time. Jack would like to make it a time long to be remembered by all of the children. He will probably be here a month longer.

I am hoping it is more quiet on the sea today than it is here. The wind has not let up for two days and is getting worse as the sun nears the setting this afternoon. Kiss each other for me, and do that every night and morning.

Loving you very much,
Mother.



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

June 15 1917

Dear Children:

This letter from Dr. Blake and from Mr. Christie I am sending to you, but I took the liberty of reading them first. It helped us to know how things would be for you when you reached Paris and was a comfort to us all. I read them to Mrs. Kermott as I do everything that comes to hand. Aunt Clara sent me the letter you sent Mr. Lenroot so that we know what it was that troubled you at the last moment and how it was fixed up. Too bad that your last hours in the United States were so annoying. We are so delighted that Helen can be in the same hospital and at work. We know that you will be happier so, Helen dear.

Earnest came over tonight, school is over, his license is in his pocket, he has on his brand new suit, his face is wreathed in smiles, and he starts for Neenah tomorrow. The teachers gave him a beautiful cut glass vase and he has that here with him. Wilder I hope you are having the most beautiful time going over on the boat because you had a most hurried anxious time right up to the last moment of your going. I groan when I think of the last days in Baltimore. You had no fun in planning for the great event.

Yesterday the wind was blowing a gale, and a cold wind at that, but Jack, Winifred, Elizabeth and Faith and I went to St. Paul in the car. We stopped under the trees and ate our lunch, then separated, after getting out at Field's and checking the wraps, to do shopping. Then the children and I went to the Silent Drama--I had so little shopping to do-- and met the

other two, with Will, at half past four. Then we went out to Fort Snelling and saw them drill and "retreat". Then we had supper and came home getting here at eight-thirty. Tired but warm and happy.

Today I joined the Red Cross and am entitled to wear the pin. I bought a Liberty Loan and am entitled to wear the button. I shall soon be properly decorated. Since coming home I have bought six and one half pounds of gray yarn, and am pretty nearly ready to get to solid work. I am the busiest thing that ever was right now. Eight hours and a half I have hoed potatoes and nine rows are left out of the thirty-two. The president of the Soo line has written to the papers to have them urge people to buy their coal right away as he fears transportation trouble in the winter. He says that half the people do not know there is any war.

There seems to be a dearth of news every one is busy, too busy to talk much. Herbert has been trying to impress on my mind that I have some several thousand of debts to get straightened out, and probably he will succeed in making me understand that retrenchment must be constantly in my waking and sleeping thoughts. The family here have made up a budget of expenses and each one of the three families will put into the budget the same amount of money. As the girls will do all of the ordering I shall not be so much tempted to get luxuries. So please think of mother as saying goodby to all the fun of getting things for the many children. I think in pennies from now on and not in dollars. I will lay in a supply of postage stamps before the lid goes down. I shall write on Galahad paper for the next dozen years, probably. What a foolish rambling goodfornothing letter it is--but I love you dears. God bless and keep you.

Mother.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD
SCHOOL MOTHER

June 21 1917

Dear Children:

Here it is over two weeks since you left and we have not had that long looked for cable yet. The Minneapolis Journal of Tuesday--this is Thursday evening-- said that an American Ambulance Corps had arrived in Paris and that W.H.Vanderbilt had come on the same boat. We imagine that was the boat you were on as Helen, fortunately for our peace of mind, said that Mr. Bartlett told her that the Vanderbilts were on that boat. So we are laying the non-appearance of the cable telling of your safe arrival to the censor. It is quite likely that you were not able to send word from the port of entry but surely they would not object after your arrival in France would they? I hope you have had no trouble in reaching your destination.

The Red Cross are giving a dance for the Company here tonight. Of course our four young people are going. Cottie and Hazel stay with the children here and I go down to stay with the Penfield children. The Red Cross drive is on this week. Hudson raised \$700. and we feel that is pretty good for conservative half-awake old Hudson. The Liberty Loan is just finished, the National Red Cross this week, next week will be recruiting week for the regular army. Each week seems to have its own exciting work.

It is quite certain that Jack is to be transferred to one of the new regiments that are being formed as captain of a company. The commission has not come as yet but General Halloway has made the definite statement to Major Burton that

such was the plan. No one knows when they will move to Camp Douglas.

Herbert has finally decided that they must move out to the farm again in September. No one seems to be able to take care of things as he does himself. He will probably sell all but two cows, sell off some of the machinery, close up the big barn, and come down to "chores" instead of the milk route etc. He will then buy a Ford---and how that makes me grin, do you recall the many slurring remarks on the Fords? Mame said once "Well I wouldn't have a Ford I would rather go without until I could have a real car." But after all a Ford is not so bad when one wants to get about in a hurry. I hate to think of her out there again, but still I believe it is best for the boys and for Herbert too.

Winifred went to Milwaukee Sunday night to see Helen and Helen went to Neenah with her to attend Ernest's wedding. Winifred will be home tomorrow morning. Ruth has had the seven children but she is a host in that line. I admire her more and more every day. It is her month for the cooking etc. and she is doing very well indeed. Elizabeth is going to be a real cook. She is willing to attempt any and everything, and is almost always successful. Faith likes to help mother and try to cook too, but I never hear of Margaret doing anything of the kind. But she knows where every bird nest is, and there is not a weed to be seen in her garden.

Faith had a birthday Sunday and the children agreed that it was Faith's day. She was the happiest little fairy child all day long. They have the "Ingelow" all fixed up now. It has curtains and rugs and all the necessary dishes for all twelve children. They have supper out there very often. They do so much of the preparation that ~~it~~ it is no trouble for the grown people and then we have the most delightful quiet supper in the house. We are trying to make the Penfields see that they should come out here with their children twice a week. Once on Sunday and once for a swim and supper in the middle of the week. They have not thought of planning those treats for the children and it seems quite an effort for them. But it makes it too hard for them out here to have the four extra ones, lively as they are, without the parents to curb them. Mame looks so puzzled when Ruth says how simple the meals are and that the children set their own tables and wash their own dishes etc. Mame is only used, as I have been, to make great preparations for a picnic supper, but Ruth and Winifred make fun of it instead of a burden.

Did I tell you there are 3,193 potato plants out in the garden? Think that will supply the family? And oh but they do look fine. I was thinning out the beans today. It breaks my thrifty heart to have to pull them up and waste them and I did transplant a few. I doubt if they live and it took some time but I learned a lesson. I learned why we are having this dreadful war. Those beans that were pulled up were just as good as those that were left, but for the good of the bean world it was necessary that some should be sacrificed. Some gave their lives for best good of the rest. Now take that as a text and apply it as I did. Is it a dreadful thing to offer oneself as such a sacrifice? Jack expects that he will be killed in France. He has fully made up his mind to that, and the worst of it is that he insists on Ruth's believing it too. But I am not going to gossip any more but stop and go to knitting altho it is time for them to be ready to go to the party. God love you dears, and write often.

Mother

*I will send a wedding gift to the Chester as soon as I can go to
St. Paul*

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

Saras

July 7 1917

Dear Children:

It has been a long, weary while waiting for a letter from you two. You sailed four weeks ago to-day and not a word from you except the delayed cable saying you had arrived safely. I am not worrying at all as I know that you have written and do not fear but that all is well with you, but I am getting a bit hungry for a message.

Yesterday I read the account of the Fourth of July parade in Paris and I described what you and Helen had seen that day to the family here. I could not get far before the excited questions as to whether I had received a letter from you interrupted me. They were disappointed when I said I read it in the New York Times--but why? for you probably did see the parade of American soldiers, unless you were kept too closely in the hospital.

What news shall I tell you? We keep pretty closely at home and hear few exciting things. I told you about the afternoon at Mrs. Jaench' but probably did not say anything about another one at Mrs. Campbell's--to meet Mrs. Elwell. I suppose you have been told several times that she is going to leave Hudson? It seems best now that Mr. Carr has his new wife. I do not think she is really happy about going, and Hudson will miss her very much indeed.

I spent another afternoon at Mrs. Phipps' Thursday, again to meet Mrs. Elwell. The surprise of the afternoon was in seeing Mrs. Burnley who came that morning. We had such a good time visiting with the old crowd, the tried and proved-true friends of many years. We are always invited to bring our knitting, and the one who is working on anything but things for the army is twitted and criticised. Mrs. Campbell was the only one who was knitting on pretty wool, a lovely sweater for granddaughter Wanda.

Mrs. Webster is at the head of the knitting department of the Red Cross here. A committee of three but she is chairman. Winifred is one of the committee. She does not want to accept the socks I make because the ribbing at the top is four inches instead of five, although I have explained that the request came to the Baltimore society to make them that length. She is the superior officer and I must needs bow to her commands--- but were I in her place, under the circumstances I would accept anything rather than "return with thanks." Of course she did not tell me herself--she sent word by Mrs. Yoerg. How queer we human beings are--sometimes. But if headquarters should send back word that four inches is preferred I am wondering if I should have the grace to keep still and not even smile. I hope I would, but I have not much confidence in myself for the old Adam seems pretty intimate with me ~~lately~~. *as usual*

We received an invitation yesterday to attend William ~~Chas~~ Chester's wedding this afternoon at four o'clock. I am sending a telegram of congratulation. I am fairly consumed with curiosity to know what has happened to change his plans. Being on Saturday he evidently has a short leave from Fort Sheridan.

How many questions I wish I could get answered. But over and above the curiosity I am so glad for them, especially for him. And I hope and pray that she loves him as he does her. He is such a dear, fine fellow.

Jack went away on the third and we do not know when he will be back. He took Sam Slaughter with him and they are making a tour of many towns talking up the necessity of enlistment and explaining all the many things some of the small towns have not yet understood. I told you that he has been promised a commission of Captain by General Holloway, but it has not come yet. Probably not until the troops are called to Camp Bouglas. The men in the company here are desolate when they hear that he is to leave them. They do not like Captain King and feel that it is to be a dreadful thing to lose Jack. It will be easier for Jack to go into a new company, he thinks.

Will comes home once a week, he is looking fine and does enjoy the work so much. He grew quite thin but is now getting heavier altho there is no surplus flesh anywhere. I hope he gets a commission and will be placed somewhere for the winter so that Winifred can be with him. I think it is almost harder for her than for the majority of wives because she feels so very dependent upon him for her ability to meet life and its many problems.

The Penfields come over twice a week. It has been decided that on Sunday, and any other day possible, it is better to have them come to dinner in the middle of the day instead of at night because the children play better if dinner comes first and besides it is easier for Mame to get home in time to put Frederick to bed on time. So Mame brings the meat and we furnish the rest of the food. Fourth of July we had a good time. No powder in any form as President Wilson requested, but we gave our whole time to the children. They had their dinner on the lawn first, then we older ones sat down together and had a good time in quiet and peace. After all sorts of playing the children went in bathing and then came into the house for a little singing and I told them some stories of the Revolutionary war and read others and Winifred gave the Ride of Paul Revere and gave the local color that made it more interesting because she had seen all of the places. All of my stories came from my history of America told in romance—so you see I am beginning to be more glad that I invested that \$75. for that set of history. The children enjoyed it so much that we are to have some more history after each time of bathing.

It is rather interesting to see how "history repeats itself" Washington had just such a time as Wilson is having. The fight against giving the army "too much power" at that time is very like the fight against giving one man "too much power." The criticisms of Washington because he was so slow and waited so long in order to get fully ready, is very like criticisms of the administration today. Human nature does not change much except individually. Jealousy and greed were the greatest foes to fight then as they are today. The coming of the French troops then were very like the coming of the American troops in France today. The same feelings of relief and happiness are being repeated in France today as were felt in America in 18th. century. I have been learning some lessons in the garden. Each plant must be treated as an individual or pulled up for the benefit of the vegetable world. The rows are crowded none are doing well—the answer? Either plants must be pulled

come from you today. I am so anxious to hear about the work you are both doing. After reading "Miss Greenhorn goes Nursing" in the Post, I am wondering how Helen gets along. God be very near you dears. Garry and Mr. Mac. senior are here today.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL

Saras.

With love, Mother HUDSON, WIS.

pulled up and destroyed and so make it possible for the rest to come to full maturity, or else each plant must be taken up carefully and put in a new environment and given a chance to develop. Of course the transplanted plants never grow quite as fast as the ones that are not disturbed--at first, at least. So--this war--are men being pulled up and destroyed to make the environment better for the ones left? Is it to give the world a better chance? Must we learn, if it is not possible to have the environment needed for each individual in this whole world from birth, that the whole world must treat each man as an individual and make it possible for him to have his chance to grow? Shall we get into closer relations with each other because of this awful calamity, and will we really fight for liberty for the individual as well as for the liberty for the nations? Or will we forget when the fight is over? Working in the garden is a wondrous thing, my dear.

Cottie has picked 87 quarts of strawberries so far, or has caused to have picked. The little girls have helped sometimes. This morning Elizabeth and I are to pick currants--so good by for the present.

Sunday morning:

Elizabeth and I picked 10 quarts of currants and she voted it much harder picking than strawberries because they were so much smaller. Little Ruth "helped" too. She is the dearest, friendliest, most winsome little maiden. She likes every body and is certain that everybody likes her. Elizabeth is devoted to her and Ruth will take much from her feeling that it is all right. Yet with all her loveliness she has the most determined will of her own---more so than have the boys, her mother says. *And* those same boys have been a puzzle to me. I tried to look after Billy at the table, but bless you he would not let me touch him. John has always been a little distant in his manner but now he is sitting beside me and we are fast becoming the best of friends, after a really determined wooing on my part. Sensitive little John. I think it hurts him to be corrected in public and now he and I have little private hints and jokes between ourselves. Putting on the napkin is one of them, elbows on the table is another of them. Gradually Winifred is learning to forget that John is at the table, for he is a real little gentleman when he forgets himself.

To go back to the currants--Marmie came to help us, after she had weeded and fussed with her clean little garden. As a picker of currants she was not a success, but as an entertainer she was charming. She saw and named every bird that came within seeing distance. She saw every worm and counted how many she had seen. She knew how many currants there were on a stem and how many stems on a branch. But Elizabeth, the little girl who has always had such hard times to concentrate on anything for more than a minute or two, just kept on picking even when I was called away to greet Mrs. T.E. Williams (She sent a greeting to you) So Elizabeth is really growing up.

Perhaps you would be interested in another happening of yesterday. George and Wilder and Sam Jaench came over to go in swimming. George left his clothes strewn all over the East

entrance and when he came back to dress he found them all tied in knots. Sam dressed and went home. As the boys had been building several fires and one that Ruth had had quite a struggle to put out as it had caught in the grass and was running up the bank, I went out to have a heart to heart talk with my grand sons. I found George sitting on the steps alone trying to untie the hard knots. He said Elizabeth had done it. I took a hand in helping him. After he was dressed I saw him down at the clothesline tying up the swimming suits there. I went out and stopped him. He untied the knots he had made but I saw by the droop of his shoulders that he was not happy in doing it. I went to him and put my arms around him and---well, he had been annoyed, found fault with and Elizabeth had been protected and the feeling of injustice in his hot little heart I understood exactly having been through with the same feelings in my own heart and with the boy's uncle Wilder. So ~~xz~~ I talked to him while his eyes flashed and his chest heaved. Ruth came out and scolded Elizabeth--all the children had gathered on the scene by then--and then we found that John had been in it too. George said "John is all right he came and offered to help me untie them, all of a sudden Elizabeth gave a mighty sob and rushed up and threw her arms around him and said "I am sorry I did that Gebnige". Then both of them were in my arms and we all got to laughing before long. Later in the day Faith let out more of the story--It was Sam J. who was at the bottom of it all and not one of them had told. Ruth was puzzled because she could not understand how Elizabeth would think of doing it. But Boy Sam was wiser, besides he went home after dressing very quickly.

Just what we are all going to do this winter we are still at the query stage. I do not know whether to order the winter's ~~sxsp~~ supply of coal or not. I know what my daily duty is at the present writing----Garden in the morning, resting (two or three hours sometimes, and how I sleep) knitting in the evening and other odd hours, and more than anything else the study of my eldest son and my grandchildren.

There is a hint of my really important worry at present. Worry I said, I do not mean that, but anxiety certainly. I am trying to fully sense the thing I know to be true, all burdens are to be carried double. The Father and me. I no more learn one lesson of that kind before another is handed to me and I do seem the slowest student.

Jack said the other day--"When Wilder is here Herbert seems like another man." Yes, he seems more like our own Herbert. At other times he seems to have lost his "grip." And Wilder, you know how that strikes a chill at my heart. I do not wonder that he is discouraged for his body does not get the proper exercise or rest. But to have him hump his shoulders and let things slide because--"what difference does it make" frightens me to death. I wish he could get out of this environment for a little time in order to rest the ruts in which he has worked himself, still that may not be what he needs. I never did know how to meet just these conditions, and I do not know now. Little Mame is frightened too, and never clung to us as she does now. So you two dear children must pray for our Herbert that he may pass through this phase of his life and come out a man of courage instead of a beaten, whipped man without ambition. I wish he could take the training Will is getting, for the sake of the building up of his body, but that is impossible.

I am telling you this, not to worry you, but to get your prayer help. You see that my looking over the papers has been at last rewarded. Miss Colgate is engaged. I hope a letter will

Sarras-at Galahad
Hudson - Wisconsin
July 20 1917

Dear Children:

It was so good to hear from you on the ninth, and I have been anxiously waiting to hear from you in Paris. We are so wanting to know how the work goes with Helen, especially. I read a letter in the Wisconsin Journal from a young man in France in which he made a statement something like this--I am not spending much time or brain effort on these letters home because only about one in fifteen ever reach their destination.--If he meant submarines there is more activity there than we have thought, and perhaps some of our letters miss each other on that account, if he meant censorship then he was trying to tell more than he should and that would not apply to my letters to you, as I know nothing, and would not apply to your letters to me, ~~if~~ for if you did know anything that should not be told you would not tell me--but whatever the reason may be that we do not have more frequent letters I know that, ^{it} is not because you both have neglected writing if you have the time to write.

Who do you suppose called here the other afternoon? Phil Davieson and Frank Cash. Phil is the same boor he always was. Kept his cigar going all of the time he was here--I took them out on the porch-- He bragged a good bit about what he had made in loans and real estate in Winnepeg "made more than I could use." Then the boom broke and "I lost it all in one night. I gave one big wonderful party and the next morning had to borrow the money to get back to the States." He is now president of the Davieson Garage Co. in St Paul. I wonder how much of a Co. that would be to have him for president. Poor fellow he does not know anything, never did, never will. He has a wife and two years old boy. Frank looked fine in his white flannels and was

very much the gentleman. He has lost his old knack at bragging and when I tried to find out something about him he would turn the conversation to some other topic. Yet he showed great pride in speaking of his wife and two little girls and seemed to feel that life revolved around them. He is assistant advertising man for the Northern Pacific and has a home just out of St. Paul "so the kiddies can dig in the dirt." He had been told that you were still in Europe and had met with another accident and he wanted to hear about you. That was the reason he gave for coming over here. He had heard about the Sussex accident but heard there was another of some kind. He is in the Home Guards in St. Paul and anxious to do "his bit" when he is needed. I turned to Phil-"And you?" No, I don't have to go any where-I have my business to attend to, and I certainly have enough to excuse me."

I have given too much time to trash-now I will turn to Jack He is in Madison with plenty of work to do helping to muster in the State Guards. He has the commission he expected. He is now Captain Inglis and is to be adjutant to Col. Cousins. It seems queer that he is to have the fairly safe place on the Staff when he has been so anxious to get into the trenches. He has so worked himself up in trying to get recruits that he feels he must get to the "killing" as soon as possible--and yet, he is so tender-hearted he can not kill a chicken. He has grown so bitter towards young men who will not enlist that he is not fair. That seems unlike Hack, doesn't it? Stephen and Fred are to go to the Training Camps in August, but even now he cannot feel right towards them that they put it off so long. Fred is taking all kinds of exercise so as to get in condition.

Will comes over from Fort Snelling for Sundays. He is one of ten of the older men. He will probably get a Captaincy, but has a feeling that the war will be ended this Fall, and he is wondering, if that happens what he will do now that the school business here is ended. There will be no thought of opening Galahad again. The feeling with us all is very strong that that part of our lives is ended.

I never saw such a wonderful summer as we have had so far. Hot weather has just begun, this is the third day of it and even so we have had two showers to cool the heated air, one each day, and probably will have another today. People complain--farmers, I mean, you know they always complain of the weather--that we will have no corn if the nights are not warmer, but the corn here is wonderful, up above my head in the earlier planted rows. Where the North Cottage stood, you recall how rough that spot was? It looks fine now with beans and corn planted in rows that follow the line of the curved walk. But some of those bean-I told Herbert that they blossomed in ten days from planting, he said it was impossible, but I wish you could see them. They stand about six inches ~~xxxxx~~ high and have pods on that touch the ground. They were beans with but a single thought-to produce more beans and they were so impatient of being planted so late that they had no childhood at all.

I took John over to St. Paul Wednesday and now he is wearing glasses. He does not seem to mind, and Billy is pleased-"Oh John how nice you look" was his greeting.

I suppose you have seen the Chesters but I send the clipping from the paper. I also enclose a letter from Katherine Bartlett. Chautauqua is on now and the children are going so much and seem to enjoy it. I did not go yesterday, the first day, and do not know what I will do today. I do about so much and then I am glad to stop. Next Wednesday Elizabeth, Margaret and I go to visit Cousin Florence. Such planning-- God bless you both and guide

you into all happiness and helpfulness. A letter from Uncle Tom in which he says he is going into the Service for the summer. Dolly will be in California - Virginia at the Anna Knight Penitentiary in Seattle. He hoped to visit you - Louisa, Mother.

Ans. 1

Sarras
Hudson Wisconsin
August 2. '17

Dear Children:

I have spent a week in Minneapolis with Cousin Florence, taking with me Elizabeth and Margaret. It was the hottest of hot weather, but I did not have to exert myself if I did not so choose, and could lie around in unconstrained clothes, while Helen entertained the children. They did have the nicest time and were the nicest children all the time we were gone. After all-"East, West, Home's best." I was glad to get home again and in the garden and working at the fruit.

At the table yesterday Bobby wanted some pie and was told, as usual that he was too little, when he grew big he should have some pie. With a most dismal wail he cried out "But I can't grow big." Poor little tad, we wants to be big as his uncle Wilder before him wanted to grow big, but he has not much patience. I suppose he is trying every day to get bigger and he can see no difference. Is that the way we watch to have our prayers answered? And when we do not see results immediately are we in just such despair? Will is passing through a hard time now. Some men "peeked" at the list of officers-to be-that was on the Captains desk ready to be sent to Washington and Will's name was not there. The suspense, with that fear, is gnawing at his vitals, of course, the men who looked may have been mistaken or it may not have been the complete list, but he is about sick over it. He knows that as far as marksmanship or examinations go he is way ahead of the majority. He has the age, that some lack, too. He has had no opportunity to show what he can do in directing men, and there is a strong feeling that political pull enters into the affair. Will is sure that Captain Parker is a true man and when he talked with him once the Captain advised him to

I have no children, you do not approve of crisis-exercised letters - but you will pardon & I am in you love - written

stay right where he was and not try for any other branch of the service. What troubles him, aside from the blow to his pride, is the necessity of looking for something whereby he may support his family. Were he unmarried he would enlist. He wants to serve the country, but, at his age and with his family, there are some questions to be settled.

Jack has received notification that his appointment as a Captain of a machine gun company from Durand and in the 6th regiment has been approved. For some reason the post of Col. Cousins adjutant has fallen through. He is getting highly and heartily tired of the position he has now. He is busy at the desk from early morning until late at night. Every officer who comes on duty or leaves has to report to him, and they call him Colonel. He is in Camp Douglas now and says the inactive shut-in life is losing him all of his tan and "pep". You know he never could stick to one thing for long at a time, and now that he is obliged to do so I know it is tiring him.

We saw Elbert, Lew Coit and ~~RxxxxxRk~~ Purley Dickie going off last night to take examinations at Eau Claire. They are to go to Fort Sheridan.

Do not forget to date your letters, for the date we always look for. I was greatly interested in your account of the Fourth of July parade and I know the sight of the "Sammies" in France was an inspiring sight to an American. The many men who are trying to get out of being drafted is heart-breaking, but I keep saying-"They are not Americans, they must be foreigners who have been here long enough to get spoiled and not long enough to become real Americans!" You know it is said that the children of immigrant Jews are of no use to any one but that their children are fine. So these slackers, are they not the second generation perhaps? Here is a quotation from the New York paper--July 31-"The record for marriages at the marriage license bureau was broken here today when 164 ceremonies were performed, the bridegroom in almost every instance being of military age." There were 294 licenses issued but the U.S. Marshal appeared early in the day and "compelled every man of draft age who could not show his registration card to leave the building." One paper said that if it could be proved that women were marrying in order that the man should not be called, that the women would be prosecuted. But would not her punishment follow in the natural order of events? Who could be happy with a slacker? How despicable they are and would they not evade other duties as well?

Some of the suffragists are planning for a harvest festival in the fall. Here is a battle song called -"The Battle Cry of Feed 'em." Here is the first stanza and chorus.

The garden forever, hurrah girls, hurrah,

We'll rally 'round the hoe,

Shouting the battle cry of feed 'em;

All the slackers in the land

Can't persuade us to disband,

While we're shouting the battle cry of feed 'em.

The garden forever, hurrah, girls, hurrah;

Plow up the weeds, girls,

Put down the seeds,

While we rally 'round the hoe, girls,

Time and time again,

Shouting the battle cry of feed 'em.

The poetry may not be much but the spirit is all right and at the present time spirit is worth more than even efficiency. I guess the American nation needs this war to make itself a

united, good-for-something nation. Yet, is it to be wondered at that America is as she is? Made up of so many peoples who have come here to benefit themselves--never having had anything to draw them together very closely, liberty meaning license to many who have never had liberty to even think for themselves before coming here? I often think of Steiner's words--about the first thing some of these foreigners learn in America is to "fix" the police, then to get away from the influence of the priest--and as they have never been taught anything about God separate from the priesthood, getting away from the priest means getting away from all higher authority --without control, without reverence, without education, with only one thought -to better their own personal condition--why should we not have many slackers? Why should not these men and their children refuse to give up their business and make themselves uncomfortable. Yet on the other hand, it is this same Steiner who declares that the foreigner who understands the meaning of America is more loyal to America, loves her more, will do more for her than the old-time Americans because he knows better what America means to him and to the world. He has the vision of contrast. And to-day is proving that truth, too. Some of the most loyal men of this country are the "hyphenates." And ~~this~~ this war will wipe out the hyphen and we will be all American from now on. We will get into closer touch with the poor ignorant ones who have been at the mercy of grafters and so have not learned to know America although living in America. Some of Ralph Connor's stories have shown how little these men know of America, and now the whole country will learn and will be better able to help them and assimilate them.

During the Chatauqua one man gave "The Melting Pot" and if you have never read it, and if you have read it, read it now in the light of today. Zangwill gives a wonderful truth there--The American has not been made yet, he is being made. The past, in the lives of all those who make up America must be forgotten and a new ~~nation~~ nation created. A fusion of all nations (and I read the other day how many Jews were in this country and how much they were intermarrying and so losing the name of Jew that the nation has always kept inviolate, and that the whole American nation was becoming permeated with the Jewish blood--In the light of Bible prophecy what does that mean?) If this nation can be purged of all of the meannesses and graft through suffering together, if Christianity can be made something more than a name, what a place we will be able to take in bringing forward the millenium when Christ shall reign over the whole world. This world for democracy? It makes one hold his breath in wonder, and questions about the meaning of all that is going on today fill one's brain.

I ought to be doing many things but I gave my family warning this morning that the first thing I was to do was to write letters, and I guess it will be the last thing too.

Company C. goes to Camp tomorrow, and this afternoon and evening the Company and the G.A.R. are to be given a dinner on the hill. The Board of Trade and the Red Cross have it in charge, and the community are asked to bring their suppers on the hill at the same time. So they hope for a big crowd. The only responsibility that the committee take for the community's supper is to sell any one who wishes coffee at 5¢ a cup, for the stove and dishes will be in use for the guests. The town is full of young men in olive-drab, and the streets are being patrolled by

them carrying their guns on their shoulders. All have been called in from guarding bridges etc. and all have come in from the surrounding country who have joined here. Andy Lystad has been made first Lieutenant, much to ~~King's~~ Captain King's satisfaction. He has taken his training at Fort Sheridan, you know.

I am very anxious to hear some of Helen's letters to her mother so that I may know about her work as it comes to her. I sent your letters to Mrs. Kermott to read when I went to Minneapolis and she returned them but said she had not been able to get Helen's letters from Ned to let me read them. I have not had time to go up there since coming home. When Ruth goes down town I am amways busy.

People say--"How lonely you must be out there without the boys." Now is not that queer? We have so many children, such a lot of work to keep us all busy, such a beautiful home and surroundings, a telephone, and only two miles from the postoffice. Fourteen in the family makes quite a little community of itself.

Dr. and Mrs. Sloan are sleeping out on the porch off one of the rooms in the Lae Dormitory. They have bought a lot up beyond us and hope to build a summer cottage.

Eliot was drafted, and is perfectly willing to go, but is very certain they will not accept him because of his arm having been crippled. He is needed in the farm army after his education along that line.

We are planning a garage to be attached to the house so that a radiator can be installed from the house furnace. If we lone women are to be here through the long cold winter we must have things handy. We may sell the cow and the horse and so do away with a man or boy. Then there must be a root cellar for the storing away of potatoes etc. A place for garden tools, and we would like to keep some chickens as we can care for them if the place is made convenient. We are trying to plan concentration and some of these things were not put in at Sarras because of depending upon Galahad. If we can plan the whole thing together and at the same time make a cover for the basement entrance the expense of digging and putting in a pipe to carry off the water will be done away with. Do you recall the root and milk cellar that Aunt Kate had in the country at Saltese? It was just a hole in the ground, but the trouble is our basement is cemented and we will have to dig beyond the house. We might dig under the garage, however and go into it from there. But you are interested in other things I have told you what we have to think about and when it is all decided I will write you the results of the plans.

I have written Will a "Cheer-up-all-is-not-lost letter. I expect his training of the past three months is needed in the place that God has planned for him to fill, even if that place is not in the fighting army. But if Uncle Sam does not know how capable a man Will is, it is Uncle Sam's loss, and I am ashamed of his agents who have the natter in charge.

I note the German raids on Paris with a shiver, but I shall not worry until I know I have cause for worry. I have too many other problems to worry without cause. It seems as though Herbert was getting new life since everything has been decided as to their going on the farm. They move next Monday. He is driving the Ford now.

I am sending you lots of love, but must quote from a letter from Elizabeth Randall before closing. "I think ~~it~~ so pleasure of last winter and of knowing you and Pen. The friendship was God-given, I think, and seemed most timely and refreshing.

She has been working from 9-5 "and what with that and with his engagements - Announcement in the family" and the his keep preparing to leave for the South preparing to go over there has been little of his mind. She does not speak of her going, but she says she will say so all the while. I shall let her know, because I know that she will be ready to go.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL

Hudson, Wis.

It is not better - preparing for a stunner show. I wish you would have done a few things which create such good results with you. Will you please put in all sorts of ideas that please.

Dear Children:

I was so dissatisfied with the letter I sent last Sunday that I surely thought I would write another right away but the days go by and I do not do half of all that I plan to do. I did put on the envelope the news that came after the letter was ready for the post. Will did get his commission and is the happiest and proudest man. It will be good for some company to have him for captain as it will be for some company to have Jack. They both have ideas of helpfulness for the individual as well as desire for military efficiency. Will feels sure that he would never have had the commission except for Captain Parker. He says he never entered upon any work with the joy that he comes into this one and his whole attitude seems different. Is it because it has seemed lately that he might not be in his right place here, and that now he feels some one has recognized in him what he hoped might be there and he rises to the confidence shown? He came home last Wednesday and will be here until the 28th. when he goes to Des Moines. In the meantime he is trying to get all things settled up here for the winter and leave us as well arranged for as is possible at this time. He is working hard and long hours. The water has to be turned off and all traps drained etc. from all of the many buildings. The Ford put in repair, the potatoes etc. looked after etc.

Ruth went to Camp Douglas Wednesday to visit Jack. She took Bobbie with her and they report quite a lovely time. There are six bands on the grounds, all of the officers are delightful to her, and everything is lively. Jack is still very busy with the mustering in. The 6th. regiment, his own company is in that regiment, will come in this week some time. Will hopes to go down for a few days to get some ideas of what he will be expected to do in Des Moines. Then he hopes to get a few days' vacation with Winifred before he goes and the time is short.

The cement men came on Thursday and are doing very good work. The garage is to be against the North wall of the house with the entrance facing the East. It will be 12 x 18 feet inside and to be heated with steam pipes from the furnace. The root cellar has its East wall the same as the garage so it will be 12 feet long and 8 feet wide. It will be cemented on all sides and top and bottom. The top will have about 2 feet of soil above it and the sod is expected to do well there. It will have a door into the present food storeroom in the basement. It will be a fine place for vegetables, apples, and my fruit shelves. There will be no chance of anything freezing there, I think, but if there should be the door into the storeroom can be opened. I am anticipating much pleasure with it. You see, no arrangement was made for laundry or root cellar as I depended upon Galahad for such things, so now I am feeling mighty independent.

I am also feeling poorer than I have for many years. So many obligations are beginning to show their claims. The \$2,000 the school owed the bank has been paid by two notes signed by Will and me. One to be paid next July and one in January 1919. I told

Shop on Blah & the head nurse having fun in you both

Herbert I thought I could take care of it by then. I cannot depend much upon Will, of course. His salary will be \$2,400 a year but if he goes to France he will have to take out big insurance and money goes so fast. After he leaves the army he will have to begin all over again and will need a little to help him swing things in a new business. The insurance is what Jack intends to arrange for too. So you may think of us as living very economically here. The great nuisance is the present building that is going to cost more than I hoped it would--but it will be good--and more dentist bills.

The teeth that Dr. Schlinkmann filled, or capped, have decayed so that the gold does not touch the tooth underneath at all. I am going to St. Paul Tuesday to have several teeth pulled and have some more made for me. That breaks my heart, but Dr. Owens says it will have to be done very soon and there is no sort of use in spending time, pain, and money in making shirts that will be very expensive in all three ways. I might as well have it done now--and done it will be, I suppose. If I can once get caught up on the money proposition I shall feel freer.

Did you know Andy Lystad or North Hudson? He and his brother Elmer ("Abe") went to Fort Sheridan, sent by Company C. Captain King hoped and expected to have Andy for first Lieutenant--but the War Dept. willed otherwise and Andy is Captain. Elmer was recommended for a commission--when he is old enough. He is only nineteen, but a natural fighter and leader.

I am enclosing an account of the meeting with a periscope that is evidently the one you and Helen had some interest in as Mr. Vanderbilt was also on this boat.

Please, if you know anything about William Chester, tell me. Why did he leave Fort Sheridan and marry and go to France? How could he leave Sheridan even if he wanted to do so? Marshal Jones and Watterworth are Captains. The first in the National Army and Earle in the Guards. Stacy and Horace Day are second Lieut. Stanley Stone enlisted in the Artillery and is full sick of the job. Imagine flighty Stanley having to live by rule. Frederic Sammond is Captain of the Cavalry Co. Frank Babcock and Meine Nolte go to Snelling for the second camp. I think I told you that Elbert, Perley Dickie, Lynn Ashley and Lew Coit are planning to go to Sheridan?

There is so much peace talk many think it will come before long, but--how near ready are the Germans to become a democracy? Will this generation be able to divest themselves of old ideas? The I.W.Ws are very strong in many parts of this country. One would not believe it possible to hear so much talk against the government. I do not know how many spies we may be harboring but certain it is that the right to free speech has been carried too far. Some states have forbidden any more anti-war meetings but many of them have not dared to come to that as yet. The slackers are to be treated as deserters, that may help some. Since coming back from Russia Root advises our shooting our traitors. Both in Congress and out of Congress he says there are many walking our streets who should be shot before sundown. He is almost the first prominent man who has come out so rank with their condemnation. But it would seem that would be the safest and most humane thing to do. America is all right--but she surely has some weak points to strengthen.

I am sure I have written every week, I hope the missing letters came all right. Mrs. Kermott expects to get a letter every Sunday, but sometimes mine come Saturday and sometimes not until Monday or Tuesday.

John McWhitt is also a Captain from Snelling.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

August 23 1917

Dear Children:

We have had no word from either of you this week, but perhaps two letters will come in a day or two. I had a letter from Obie Eames that came from Paris, so I know a boat came in all right. I wonder if you received my lost one, finally.

I opened this announcement because there was no stamp on it at all and as I would have to pay five cents to forward it I thought I would be economical and put in a short letter of my own.

The deed is done and four teeth have been removed. I guess it was high time for pus had formed in the upper one and in the three lowers ~~xxx~~ that were filled in June. At present I feel as though I had more jaw than anything else. Will took me to St. Paul Tuesday in the car and that was easier than depending on the train.

Ruth is expected home tonight and Will went to Camp Douglas this morning to see if he could not learn somethings that would help him in Des Moines later. Daisy, Frank and Dean came last evening. They had driven up from Fort Wayne in the car. They stay here but take some of their meals at the hotel. We will all be glad to see Ruth she seems to be a leveler and quieter of the family. That does not mean that we have been having any ructions but things seem to go more smoothly when she is around.

I am sending a part of the New York Times that you may

read what it says about the "Obstructionists"-

We have had a wind from the North or West for more than twenty-four hours--can you imagine how our wonderful lake looks from our windows? Dark, flowing with quite a current, no white caps but as though it were joking with the sun; making believe to be angry but instead of that being very happy in its play. The sun is shining bright, the air is so clear and bracing, and Minnesota seems almost near enough to touch with a long fish pole. In our ride to St. Paul Tuesday the fields were so wonderful. I think I never saw the wheat so rich in color before. The golden shocks with the fresh varying shades of green in contrast were beautiful. The world never was so beautiful as this summer. Is it the contrast in the terrible things that come from overseas?

Ray sails for London-I suppose--September 8th. probably. He will make me a short visit on his way to the sailing. I shall be glad to see him for a bit. I have just discovered while writing this that there is still some bone in the jaw from which the teeth were removed--I mean bone belonging to one of the teeth--now does that mean another visit to the extractor? Just now I must write a note to Ray- God be with you both and keep you very good and very happy.

Mother.

There is one thing that would make it possible and that would be great love and great respect and sympathy in its other's aims. Tom and I could not possibly live together for we lack sympathy in each other's aims. I love Mame dearly and I respect her very much but I would not be happy in living with her for our aims are different. Winifred is much harder to live with but we can be happy together because our aims are the same and we help each other. Now in all married life there must be happiness where the aims are the same--but with people like the Jeffersons, people like you and me, Wilder, people whose aims are their very life, there can be no real lasting happiness unless married to one who has similar aims. Are you and Helen going to be happy together? It will all depend on how much of love and respect there is, of course, but more than all on whether you have the same aims in life. You are so very intense in your conception of what makes life worth living that Helen will have to have the same conception or be anxious to strive towards the same conception---For, naturally, a girl has not thought so long and hard on the real meaning of life, as you have, she must grow into it through her husband unless she is disappointed in him and, when children come, is obliged for their sakes to think the thing out to its finish---in order that you both may be happy and joy in each other. Here is where the hard part of the first year of married life comes in--as I talked over with you before you were married, here is the testing of your love. I always hold my breath for each new couple. I am holding it harder for you two children because I know your nature, dear Wilder, I know what things that may seem unimportant to some, unimportant to Herbert, unimportant to the majority of people, perhaps, will mean life or death to you.

I believe that your success or partial failure in life rests with Helen, unless you have a God-given patience come to you that is utterly foreign to your nature. When it comes to what you think right you cannot bend and bring results to pass by round-about ways as some can. It either is or it isn't with us, and that makes it terribly hard for persons who do not see things as we do, to live happily with us. I do not believe it is always hard to live with a Jefferson, but I do believe it is well nigh impossible for many. I do believe that I tired your father trying to hold him up to what I knew to be the highest and what he thought he knew to be the highest. He loved me and respected me but the aims were not what he felt equal to for all of life. When discouragements came I did not understand how he resented the fight that always rather appealed to me. When things looked hard I was better equipped for the fight than he was and I urged him on until he gave up entirely and he was glad to be allowed to rest by the way and let things go over him or by him, even though he had to lose the family he really loved to get that rest. You have the fighting faculty, I do believe, and if Helen has it too, as I also believe, and you both love each other greatly enough to join hands and pull together for the very highest aim in life--then, oh what a glorious life you will have together. How I have longed for such a ~~zozze~~ life and if I can see it in you how happy it will make me. That for the great things in your life-- for the little every day things? Why your great love has to come in there. The little every day annoyances that come into every life, the pin pricks that are necessary when two people live so closely together as husband and wife, patience and understanding are the products of love. Here is one little bit of advice I want to give you two---Disagreements will come, I suppose, think not too much about them, and never let any misunderstanding, no matter how trifling it may seem, go by without talking it over, and talking it out, and then completely forgetting it.

Train yourselves to believe in your love for each other, don't be satisfied with just naturally loving, make it a principle, a duty, as well. Then remember what real love really is-- you will find it in the 13th. of first Corinthians. After every little disagreement read that together.---

Oh but what a preachment---aren't you dead tired of it? I did not go to church today so I had to preach a sermon instead. Pardon me, but I told the truth--just the same. It is a Jefferson who speaks, and no matter how mistaken we may be we always believe our beliefs so very intensely.

I sent in fourteen pair of socks to Mrs. Webster, writing her a very nice littel note telling her I was sorry that I had not made them all as she desired but that I would try and do so after this, but asking her patience in that I had a sentiment for Galahad that made me desire to put in the blue stripe in each gray sock and also to put a copy of the Galahad Hymn in each pair socks. It would be almost too much to expect that any Galahad boy might get one of the pair of socks, but I did want to do it just the same. I send you a copy of the Hymn just to refresh your memory and let you know with what a prayer I send out these copies. May it reach one heart with comfort and understanding sympathy in the part he is playing today I shall be so very, very happy.

Think of me as working in the strawberyy beds every morning for the next few weeks. Also as playing a part that I have put off as long as I could hold out. I have dreaded the time when my active work should be so nearly over that I should become the grandmotherly mender of stockings and the sewer onrof buttons etc. The time has come. I have frankly adopted the huge mending baskets of Winifred and Ruth. perhaps I shall someday take my little basket up to Mame's and give her a day each week. Yes, I know I ought to do so, and so I shall probably come to it. My hands wont permit of my doing many things but I can darn and mend. I know it is not very nice to have been fighting against it for so long and I also know that when I get fairly into it I shall enjoy it much. The girls were so surprised and so happy when I made the break this week that it made me feel very much ashamed. Why do we have to be pushed into new ways of thinking and doing? You should see my fruit shelves--it looks as though the children would have enough for the winter.

Will has not heard about his commission. They were given out yesterday after he left but are to be kept as a dead secret, each man being called into a private consultation when given the word. He tries not to expect or want it, but just the same, we all know how he feels. If he does not get it--what to do to support the wife and babies? He does not want to go into public school work, and do you know what he is thinking of? Do not mention it in your letters home for while he would not object to my telling you he does not want me to speak of it to any one here, even Winifred, just yet. He feels in sympathy with the despised hog, feels that he understands how to treat them, and feels that there "is millions init" when it come to using this river right at our door. The shrinkage on hogs when taken from the pen and shipped by rail to the yards is a good profit for some one. The river, a motor with a few scows could work up a good business with but little capital and not much danger of loss. Raise some here, and buy up all along the river and deliver in St Paul yards. That appeals to him more than teaching now--after Galahad. God bless him, I hope he is able to make it go. I do not enter into details now, of course. Please read this letter with patience--and now it is nearly dinnertime. God bless and keep you both safe and content with growth and life. Mother.

Ray wrote to see about some Y.M.C.A. work that he could do--I copy the letter written to Major Birks the Canadian supervisor by a friend of Ray's. Leaving out all conventional part of the letter.

Dear Sir:

The attached letter is written by a personal friend of mine who is office manager of a large wholesale house in Calgary. Mr. Jackson assisted us vigorously in our recent Y.M.C.A. Campaign and had a vision of the possibilities of this overseas work. He is competent to take entire charge of the accounting end of our London office or to serve as auditor for our entire overseas operations.

In addition to being a competent auditor and accountant Mr. Jackson has a good business training and would be of value to us in superintending our trading operations at any point that we care to place him.

He does not want any salary but simply wished his living and travelling expenses defrayed. I wish I had known about him before you left Montreal, as I feel sure, with the information that I could give you, it would not have taken long for you to have sent him word to pack his grip and buy his ticket for London.

Mr. Jackson is an American citizen, married, and is above military age. He intends to "do his bit" in one form or other but would prefer working at some business with which he is familiar and where he could be of the most service immediately. May I suggest that if this application strikes you favorably that you cable me as soon as you reach a decision, and I will, in turn, get in touch with Mr. Jackson. I understand that he can ~~be~~ leave promptly although it would mean a considerable sacrifice to him personally as his salary would not be less than \$400. or \$500. monthly in his present position. I cannot speak too highly of Mr. Jackson personally and of his splendid business ability. He is a very high type and an active business man and his services would be of great value to us.

Copied from letter to Ray from the writer of above--

"Let me say that I admire your decision in this particular matter, and I feel certain from my own experience that you will not regret going overseas to take a hand in this ~~XXXXX~~ Y.M.C.A. work, if this should be the decision of our supervisor.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD
~~SAVAS~~ Savas

August 26 1917

Dear Children:

Yes indeed we are having the same trouble about mail as you are having. This past week we had a letter from Obie one day written July 28; two days later one from you and Helen written July 29 and two days later one from you written August 5. probably they all came over on the same boat? But the great thing is that they came.

I am enclosing a communication from V. Lansing Collins. I have gratefully acknowledged it and send it on to you. It pays to be an alumnus of such an university as Princeton. It pays for the friends and associations one makes. I have taken van Dyke's Professor's address in Paris.

I was pleased with the news in your letter that came yesterday, Wilder, and Helen even if you and Wilder tell the same things you tell them in a different way and with a different viewpoint. It seems too bad to ask you to write me when you have your own mother to write to and we can, and do, exchange letters. But unconsciously, one writes in a different vein to different people, I suppose because one knows that different people enjoy things in a different way, and we are greedy for all of the news and the knowledge of what you are doing and thinking and feeling. I love the descriptions of all the things you see and hear, but more than all I am hungry for your own selves--and that means your thoughts and feelings. So, when you both write I am more able to get into the inner side of things thru the two minds. Yet I will not insist that you

write at the expense of your rightful rest. Wilder is proud that you are doing such efficient work--and so are we.

Well, you know I am getting just too proud to live with-three captains in the family. That is different from the greeting of Dr. Kermott the other day--"How do you feel to have two captains and a surgeon-general in the family?" But it is good enough. I know that you are glad to wear the uniform that others may not question your civilian suit. I wish it were possible for every one who is doing his part to help the nation today to have some kind of an uniform. There are so many slackers that one would like to wear his colors for others to see. The remuneration I read as dollars at first, but every little helps when one is spending as little as possible, and I congratulate you and hope it will be increased when Dr. Blake returns--from where?

But think of our anxiety as to the fate of the worm--Did he put in an appearance at last, and every bit of him? Here is hoping so.

Ruth is home and reports a good time meeting all of the Wisconsin army notables. Bobs swaggers more than ever. His mother asked him if he were going to tell the girls all that he had seen--"No, I can't, will you?" When he came, at ten o'clock at night, he went and got the illustrated sheet of the Times and brought me and turned first to one picture and then another saying "There, Naneen, see? Soldiers, see? See their belts? see them march? that's the way."

Sunday it was when I began this letter, I was interrupted in the middle of a sentence, and have not had an opportunity to finish since then. Now I am waiting for Dr. Bradford's coming to buy some things and cannot lie down or do any other work so

I feel this is my golden opportunity. Sunday we did just the most foolish thing. The Macs were off with the Cutshalls and we all felt like celebrating. Instead of having a nice cosy quiet time as we would have liked had we thought twice about it we asked the Penfields to go with us out to Willow River Falls. The children had never been there and were anxious to go. Cottie wanted to see what it looked like now since the power house had gone in there. We left here at one o'clock. After we got out there we talked it over and no one of the older ones wanted to go down those steps. We decided we would look about for a place to eat dinner and then the small fry might go down if they desired. Now note--every one of us wanted to do that--We picked up our baskets, Herbert shouldered the baby, and we went directly to the stairs and without question or hesitation went down the whole flight, off over the rocks etc. into a bright sunny place (it was very hot day) and proceeded to have our dinner. The only incidents on the way down were Cottie's stumbling over a slippery place before reaching the stairs and Herbert took her arm with his disengaged hand. When we reached the steps she insisted on going alone. When she came to the last flight she fell on the lower step coming down all in a heap. I was so frightened I did not get over it all day. But she got up and went bravely on declaring she was not hurt at all. Even then no one said "Why did we come?" Going up the stairs? I tried to make her rest on each landing but she forged ahead and we were the first ones up. Herbert had the baby and a heavy basket and looked white. Mame had a couple of wraps and looked wilted and worn. Ruth was loaded with heavy things but

came up looking a little warm, only. Still no one said-"Why did we go down?" We took a rather long drive before coming home. I said That Herbert was coming out to see about getting some bed and table linen, but Ruth said she heard George ask him if they were coming out to swim and he said "Not on your life" When we got home here were Mame and the children. Herbert had brot them out and then gone away. We selected some things for them to buy, got supper and to bed early. Cottie was feeling ~~xxxxx~~ pretty bad, but while I had one of my wakeful nights she slept all right. The next day she did not get up until supper time but is all right now barring a little stiffness. Mame is still stiff from the trip. Monday morning I worked with the fruit all morning. Rested the part of the afternoon and went to the dormitory to look over and sort things. Dr. Bradford came out and he and Will went thru things but I did not see him. Tuesday morning I began early and worked until long after lunch on the dishes, linen, comforts etc. etc. sorting and finding prices. Every piece of linen was examined separately and put in its own pile. Perfect, good, fair, bad-- Then instead of lying down Daisy invited Cottie, Mame, Mrs. Baker, Elizabeth, Margaret and me to go riding. We went to New Richmond, looked thru the new bank Albert Baker is so proud of, had an ice cream cone, came back thru Roberts and home for supper after half past six. Cottie feels well today, too. This morning I was at it early again. Dr. Bradford spent the evening with me last evening talking ~~prix~~ prices and was to come back with the dray this morning. I am all ready for him now but it is after three o'clock and he is not here.

Now to go back to Monday. The Cutshalls and MacQuarries were off riding again, and Will was packing in between times. He and Winifred went over to St. Paul ~~zzz~~ Yesterday afternoon going to Earnest's for dinner. He left there about ten o'clock for Des Moines. Winifred stayed all night coming back this morning.

The Cutshalls have just left for home. They drove up in the car, but the hills are so dreadful here in Wisconsin that they planned to go back by boat and then across Indiana. The boats were hauling bagges of coal for the government, and one of them got stuck on the sandbank a few miles below here and is holding up traffic. Frank said he would go to Prescott and see if he could get a boat anywhere below the jam.

It looks as if we might get settled down to living after a while and find ourselves again. I do not know if it will be of much use to find ourselves before Mrs King comes home. We have had a family of sixteen for a week--never less than twelve all summer--and we have no help of any kind. Just barely are able to go here and there for a woman to do the washing and ironing. It keeps everyone busy just living.

This morning Billy said--"Why what are you doing, are you going to break up Galahad?" The root cellar is fine. All done except drying out. When we can get the things in and packed away wont it be joyful. The basement is so full we can hardly move around it. Then I am advising that the girls each pack away the things they own to be sent anywhere they may decide to go later. In that way they can be taken care of better than if open, they can pack them so they will know where everything is, as they do not now. Besides that it would make the final move very much easier when it comes. I am tired of seeing things around. I mean to put many of my things away, until I have more room to spread them out.

You will have seen Wilson's answer to the Pope before you get ~~the~~ this letter. Another fine message, I think.

Stephen has not gone to Sheridan. He found that there was no engineering course there and he would have to sign up for one of the departments represented and so he will wait until the Forestry camp is opened. When? no one knows. No more civilians are to be taken into the officer's training camp after this second camp is over, but men who show fitness in the ranks of Regular army, National Army or Guards will be sent for special training. That seems very wise. In all probability, after the war is over, both Will and Jack will be given some government position as military teacher, if they do good work, and there will be little question of that, I fancy.

I am answering requests for information about the school, now that Will has turned such things over to me. I do not feel conscious of feeling bad when closing up these things, but after working over them I find that old nervous feeling of having hard work to keep from sobbing has a strong hold on me. But I will be thru with it all soon, I hope.

We are having the most wonderful weather--Like October more than August. You know the October Indian summer weather? The air so bracing but cold out of the sun. We are wondering if there will be any likelihood of your coming home at Christmas. Someway I do not expect you then.

Tell me all about what you are doing I am interested in every little thing. We are hoping Jack may have a week at home before he goes South. Garry will be here until the garage is finished, so he told Elizabeth. It is very nice to have him help us in these ways.

I am going out to try and get a man and a team to grade the drive down to the garage and level off the dirt that has been dug out. So I will bid you farewell for now.

Loving you both very much,

Mother.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

September 3 1917

Dear Children:

There is still this most perfect weather with just enough of cloud to give the most wonderful effects both in the daytime and with the moon. Sometimes I am sorry I get too sleepy to watch the wonder of it. At night it makes me feel that our Lord Jesus must surely come soon and often I would not be surprised to see a sudden lighting of everything and know that He had come. Not surprised but just glad.

You did not tell me about the final coming of the worm. Your letter of the 13th. came this week. I have not had time yet to show it to Herbert or Mrs. Kermott. This has been such a very busy week. Will left Tuesday, Winifred going to St. Paul with him in the afternoon and staying all night at Earnest's. The Cutshalls left Wednesday. They expected to go down some distance by the river and then motor through Iowa over the good roads to Fort Wayne. Wednesday morning they learned that some boats hauling government supplies had stranded on a sand bar and had blocked the channel. They left here for Hastings to see what could be done farther down but we have not heard from them to know the outcome. Frank Cutshall is a fine man. Last year he was quite in sympathy with his father's native country, but he sees things differently now. Even his father said "I would dig potatoes every day of my life to help the American soldiers." A funny way of putting it but I suppose the conversation surrounding the remark would explain that. I am sure that the majority of our German-Americans are ready to drop the German part of their nationality now. Fort Wayne is

90% German descent, I am told, yet the Liberty Bond sale and the money subscribed for the Red Cross went way beyond what was expected of the town according to its size.

What fun you two must have had playing at keeping house. How dear the Christies must be, I wish I could know them and thank them, but I love them for all the nice things they think of doing for you two and for other young people.

Tell me more about the lifting apparatus and about the one for exercising the muscles of the leg. Do they work as you expected them to work? I am so glad that you can help in the way you are doing. If clearing stations are so crowded why are not more sent to you? Will it be different in colder weather? There is so much peace talk here, and so many reports of the condition of the Germans, ~~thaxix~~ their sending fourteen years old boys into the trenches and sending old men and cripples, the starving condition of the people, etc. we wonder if the fighting may not end very soon. On the other hand one of our senators declared, the other day, that we would have 4,000,000 men in France before long. Will writes from Camp Dodge in Des Moines that the size of the camp surprises him. Four miles long. 1,000 buildings that are not quite finished yet, making ready for a permanent camp, evidently. It is now suggested that all men between the ages of ~~eightxxx~~ nineteen and twenty-one be drafted for training with the promise that they shall not be sent to the trenches before they become twenty-one. That would begin the universal training and would send trained men to the front if they are needed later instead of sending raw recruits. Will is looking forward with much pleasure to the work this winter. Who would have imagined he would have felt like that. Jack hopes to come home on furlough for a week soon. The mustering is about over. You understand that some

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

*is see so many eat things? I'll see you immediately for when you mention
will be in any? I hope and our own that is all right again. so it's not that
it's the more I really want to go. When I see you in place you & for how long
is that you and I should be at the bank. I would be happy to pick-up at
think. So you know I'd like to see you in the morning that
is that you and I should be at the bank. I would be happy to pick-up at*

other and older captain was made adjutant after all? It was quite right and could not have well been otherwise without doing an injustice to this other man. He is called the Captain of this machine gun co. but there still is a feeling that it may be he will be placed elsewhere. He is that much of by the higher-up-officers, evidently.

But I am not telling you what has been my work this week. I have been spending much time with Dr. Bradford, and as we are not especially congenial you will know it was strictly business, although he did take occasion to tell me that he thought I was doing a wrong to myself to take more children to bring up after raising one family--how free advice is-- but he had bought much of bed and table linen and some dishes, chairs and other things. Everything is settled except his giving me the check for more than \$200. It took much of my time because I looked over carefully every sheet, pillowcase, tablecloth, napkin and bedspread and put them in separate piles marked--perfect, good, fair, poor. Every pillow, mattress cover, comfort and blanket was examined. Mame and Mrs Cutshall and Earnest were also buyers. I set the goal of \$1,000 to be put in the bank before I could rest from my labors. I have over \$850--when they all pay me. Of course that includes much that has come in from bills outstanding. With a family of from 12-16 and no help we are all kept busy. We are expecting Mrs. King this week and that will relieve us somewhat. Ruth, the children and I are going to St. Paul in the Ford tomorrow. School begins Tuesday and they have been trying to arrange so that all may go at the same time.

But it cannot be done. Until the new school building is ready --and it is not even begun yet--they will have half day sessions for the pupils. The girls will go in the afternoon and John in the morning. It does seem too bad.

Besides this other work I have been canning beans and drying corn, all of which takes much time in preparation. Besides that I am making a start to looking over, sorting, classifying and putting away things in the basement. I can spend a good many hours there and no one but an expert will be able to distinguish any difference. The carpenters are now at work on the garage but they will not be long. If the root cellar would only hurry up and dry out it would help. I am urging on the girls the advisability of their packing up carefully all of their things to keep them away from the mice and moths, and I will pack away some of my things and then we will use this year some of the old linen etc. that was Galahad's. Rather than sell some of them for so short a song as was offered it would be better for us to keep them and patch them up for this year of close quarters. That work will take some weeks, and I can see many days spent with the needle when I would like to be doing something else. I know the down town people criticise us very hard for not doing more in Red Cross work--but we seem to be doing all that is possible for us to do.

It will not be practical for me to go to church this year. The Episcopal S.S. is at nine-thirty and the Presbyterian at twelve. Ruth will take the children down and afterwards bring them home and turn the car over to Winifred who will go down with her children. I will study the S.S. Times and the Continent and probably get just as much good as going to church.

There was quite a lot of excitement down town Thursday night when the the People's Council was driven out of town. That organization is made up of I.W.W.s and various other treasonable societies who claim that the people of America do not favor entering the war. I should think after being driven out of so many places they would take the hint that the people are with the government. The trouble is that we have so many traitors among our governors and mayors from Chicago down. All of the states and cities and towns are being forced to make demonstrations of loyalty to show where they stand. If this war does nothing else but shake us up and bring vital things to our notice and to the point of decision America, at least, will be better off and more efficient. The government has had to take control of so many things that we have fought before. The buying of wheat, coal and probably many other things makes us feel as though something was shaking us out of ourselves. Every one has jogged along so comfortably thieves have had their will with us without much to make them afraid. If we are knocked down we get up with a smile at ourselves, rub our sore heads a little and go at it again. If the man next to us has been quite knocked off his feet and can get nothing for his family to eat or wear, we start an organization to help him out and let the thieves and thugs go on their happy way. Oh but we are getting our eyes open, we are waking up, and when we get fully awake and our sleeves rolled up for business--let all wrong doers beware. They will think the millenium has certainly come and that Satan is surely chained and his followers will have to slink away out of sight and hearing --or else reform, we will hope the latter will happen. But will there always be hard personal problems to solve?

To change the subject--I had a letter from Aunt Addie, with love etc. for you. She wants me to come and make her a visit this winter and Mrs. Goss wants me to visit her for two months this

September 9 1917

Dear Children:

What a queer thing life is after all, and how important every little detail is to us. Nothing in particular calls out that very trite remark that we use so often because the truth of it is being forced upon us anew every little while, except that the past week has been such a cyclonic one with just many details. Nothing has happened particularly only that I am continually looking forward to the time when the rush will be over and I can sit down for a bit and do nothing but pick up the dropped threads at my leisure. Many times it has seemed to me that will be the definition of heaven. I was looking at a book in the case this morning and Billy said "Why do you have all of those things Naneen?" Well, that is so, why? Of course I am always thinking that sometime I will have time to more than look at them and perhaps pat them, that I will have time to get acquainted with them and visit with them. But now the time seems farther off than ever. I spend from two to four hours alone in my room and lying down every day, but all of the time that I am not actually sleeping I am reading the newspapers and magazines, tho the latter are never finished before the next ones come. Times are too exciting now to read anything else.

And speaking of newspapers, altho it is Sunday I am so very anxious to get the papers today. Last night we heard that all of the news of the sailings of our troops went to Germany thru the Swedish government. Now what will be the next step? She has violated her neutrality, she is an enemy----and if we get into the war with both Germany and Sweden with our large population of Germans and Swedes-- oh dear, we are already having race troubles in the South, how are we to handle it all? Charles Edward Russell wants us to oust Gronna, LaFolliette, and Stone from the Senate and ~~Kxxxx~~. clean out both Senate and House. He says the spies in Russia are reading their speeches

to the people as being the real sentiment of America and that America never will enter the war. He declares it is doing more harm in Russia than anything else is doing to keep up their unrest.

Cousin Helen Sanford spent Thursday with us. Her two boys have gone one in the Navy and one in the Guards. Wayland Hall is in a fair way to receive a commission in the Navy. He left Ann Arbor after his graduation and went directly to Newport News. There they selected 300 of the best to pass an examination with the idea that the best fifty would be sent to a training camp. Wayland Hall passed fifth although it had been several years since he had done Academic work. He is engaged to be married and will be married before he gets settled. Did you ever hear of Winifred Mann? He fell in love with her in the 6th. grade altho he has had passing flames since she has always been in the back of his heart. Cecil says she is "one peach of a girl." She is about Wayland's age, her father died and after graduating from some college in the East she took up library work and is now in a Commercial library in New York City. Her Mother is with her and is anxious that they be married before Wayland leaves America. Every one on both sides seems pleased with the match. He may be married any day and Winifred will go on with her work until after the war is over. And by the way, Della Webster has gone back to Delaven to teach while Elbert is away. Of course, while he is in training he may not get a commission, but I suppose he will have to go in the National army just the same.

And that brings me around to Will. I wish you could read his letters, they are the most enthusiastic happy letters and so full of interest. The captains had the opportunity of choosing their lieutenants, and it was one exciting day. There was one 2nd. L. that he wanted, as did others, and he waived his first choice for 1st. L. in order to get this man. You see, he knows what he can do and what will be hard for him to do and he wanted the men who would be able to round up in efficiency. And he thinks he has chosen the ones who will be strong in all of the different departments, and the majority have had some experience along the line he wants to give them. When he got his five together and talked with them he told them he should always be open to suggestions but, of course, reserved the right to do as he thought best. They all seemed enthusiastic and ready to work together and all are determined to make their company the best in the regiment. Other companies are feeling the same and that will not hurt the result. One of his Lieutenants feels he should have had the place of the Captain in the Co. next to them and he is determined to beat him in results. Did I tell you the size of the place? Four miles long, ~~long~~ 1000 big buildings, 40,000 men when full. All of the drafted men who have come to him, so far, have been college men, athletes, and seem fine stuff.---Let the Kaiser look out.

There is much being said about how our soldiers abroad do not like the name of "Sammie"--We think it a good name, but it has been suggested that if they do not like that name they might change it "Kaiserkanners". The cry seems to be as they leave America "We are off to can the Kaiser." I imagine "Sammies" will stick for every newspaper in America seems to using it.

Earnest and Mary came over last night to stay over Sunday. Such happiness as radiates from them warms us all. We are expecting Jack on every train now as letters have stopped coming and we have had word from others who have seen him that he expects to be home right away. Indeed one message from Col. Burton was that he would be home for the week-end.

Marguerite Frear was married Thursday evening. The church was beautifully trimmed, the bride looked very sweet and tiny and delicate beside her tall husband, Phil looked handsome, the bridesmaids were

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Handwritten notes at the top of the page, including names like 'Gardner with No. 210' and 'Mrs. Jean Jefferson Penfield'.

with one - further

pretty, and ever thing seemed just right. The reception at Anita's ~~xxx~~ pretty home seemed well planned, in the main, the gifts were beautiful, and many old friends were there---and yet, there was something wrong. The first wedding I have known of lately where the man in the case was not preparing for war, but that was not it, everything seemed so cold and so on the glittering surface, yet the two interested ones looked at each other as if they were deeply in love--what was it? Phil's wife was ill and had been in bed for five days. She dressed to go to the train and looked very weak and white as she went thru the room. Phil left to go to his place in camp, and Mr. Frear took her home to Kentucky. I hear from others that she is the most attractive girl to be imagined.

Fortunately, before getting new glasses Elizabeth had her eyes examined by Dr. Harding before he should leave for camp--he is very handsome in his uniform, Ruth says.-- and a stigmatism has developed in one eye that was not there before.

Dr. Bradford bought over two hundred dollars of things more than a week ago and I have not heard a word since of the check--will I have to go after it? All right, tomorrow he will hear from me. After I get things in the shape I want them to be in I am going to see if there is not to be something done to sell the place. Think I will try and reach the North Western road. If they keep their shops here they should have Galahad property. If they buy Galahad property I shall want them to take Sarras property--and then? The carpenter has bought some old window and door frames and some oak pieces. And now I am going to Mr. Oliver and ask him to take some castings and pipes and wire to help settle his bill. Then I will go to Hoffman and the Creamery man and see if there are not some things they want. When I get all of this done I shall feel that I am truly a business woman. I tried to be one ~~xxxxx~~ once, you know. I shall never forget how I suffered during that time. I have no desire to be anything of the kind. Harry Burt thought I had the ability but was it not just because I could please people in the home? and that is different. To try and sell things goes dreadfully against every instinct in me. When I was a girl I used to wonder how girls could do as they did to induce the boys to buy things for them. If I wanted them to get candy, treat to suppers or anything of that kind I would talk about the most foreign thing I could think of--and now I must turn the conversation candy-ward. I told Mrs Kermott that she was more tactful than I the other night, when we wanted to talk about our two children and others could not see that we were trying to get off alone. I would simply have marched off--she thoughtfully called my attention to some beautiful roses and walked up and began smelling them and waited until the others turned to more interesting things ~~xx~~ roses. She did the right thing, but I would only have that of the result ~~xxxx~~ and not the way of reaching it. I am writing so fast that the words fairly tumble over each other.

And now, Helen how are you feeling? better I do hope. And about your going to the Front, Wilder, after you are through at the hospital. Why not? Is not that a dreadful thing for me to say? It is not that I want you at the front, but---- if you come back here in December in order to finish your course at Hopkins and become a bona-fida Dr. You will have gained your diploma, to be sure but without the general hospital practice you will be no better fitted for general

practice than you are today-which is not at all. You can get your diploma in a very few months at any time. If you come home you will not only want to get in the fight some where in June after the diploma is given, but you will be called out somewhere. Helen is over there with you now. She is making herself useful where she is. If she comes back here and you leave for France again, it is very doubtful if she could get back there with you. It would be easier for both of you to be on the same side of the big pond. Besides that, you have the opportunity of perfecting yourself along one line of your profession at the front or at Blakes, it may be that you will never need general practice, and if you do that can come later. I know you want to be a well-rounded physician, but just now it is the knowledge of how to take care of the wounded that is the most important and it seems to me that right where you are now is the place where you are most needed. Never mind the diploma, what you are getting now will not militate against your getting it and getting it in a hurry later. This thing is the thing you want now and let the future take care of itself.

If children should come to you two, you would want to be home and we should want you here, but those desires do not weigh very much in the balance when one thinks of your being there, and Helen being here for many months. She could go thru with it all over there, especially with such friends as the Christies to help her, and she would be nearer you, wherever you might be. Of course, I am watching the attack on the hospitals with trembling, but you are bound to be in danger now. Of course I shall want to see you at Christmas time, but there will be many another mother worse off. If you want my advice there it is--stay where you are until you are not needed, and then go with Dr. Finney if you are needed at the front more.

Cousin Helen says she is a pacifist, and it has been a terrible tragedy for them to give up their boys, especially Dwight who is only nineteen. She is a pacifist only because she does not want her boys in danger. It is rather interesting to note the primeval instinct of motherhood in so many mothers. Is it that they are lacking in imagination that they do not see what it would mean to their boys if they did not want to get into this fight? This is not only the biggest war in history, but it is a war for the biggest principle that was ever fought for in history. It is the fight that will end in the bringing in of another era in the world's history. Many a young man goes into it thoughtlessly, but he will come out of it with bigger ideas seething in his mind than ever was that to be possible for the nations to seriously think.

Aunt Clara has had a nervous breakdown and Irvine has taken a vacation to look after his family. Dorothy has had a return of her bad symptoms too. Night sweats, exhaustion etc. As soon as Aunt Clara is able to go they are going to California to Dorothy,

My week has been full--Monday I patched and darned table linen all day, separating what is left of the good and packing away for the girls. Tuesday Ruth and the four children and I went to St. Paul for the day. Wednesday I patched sheets and pillowcases and separated from the good. Wednesday evening Ruth and I went to South Stillwater to see the two Andersen families. Do you remember that little old house next the lake and just East of the factory? Fred has fixed it up with white enamel and paper and it is the ~~daintiest~~ daintiest little summer home on the inside and a new coat of paint has made it look different on the outside especially with its new big porch where they eat when it is warm enough. Dr. MacDonald is with Mrs. A. Thursday I spent with Cousin Helen. In the afternoon going to visit Aunt Mary, Mrs. Baker and Mame. In the evening to the wedding. Friday I spent in the root cellar arranging the fruit, making a place for the potatoes and making the former storeroom into a place for my

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL HUDSON, WIS.

September 16 1917

Dear Children:

This day has gone so fast that there has seemed to be no time to get in any thing one hopes to do on Sunday, yet I do suppose that there have been the usual number of hours.

Mrs. King will be here to get dinner and do the dinner dishes hereafter on Sunday, we hope, but even then the day will be short, I ~~do~~ suppose. The day has been warm, the air fine but everything is seen thru a haze. A regular Indian summer day.

The first part of the week I spent in putting up things for ~~the~~ winter. Jack has been home all the week, left last night on the midnight train, and there have been some extra things doing. Mr. Haven and Ben Bunker came out one morning and Jack and I went thru things with them. Everything is turned over to them now, and after tomorrow, when I hope to get all the rooms in order in both dormitories, in good order I hope to turn the key on the different buildings and leave them with a clear conscience. I do not know if I can finish it all up tomorrow but I am so planning. Ruth expects a sewing woman tomorrow and I want to help there all that is possible, although I had planned other things.

The first thing I must tell you is the latest accident that has come to little Wilder. Such a fortunate accident in that it came so near to being a fatal one and missed. He and George with Peter Johnson went out into the field to catch the two horses. George and Peter had one of the horses cornered, he reared on his hind legs, Wilder was on the spot--as usual--and the horse came down with a hoof on each side of Wilder's head. His head is cut on both sides clear to the bone, and bruised down onto the shoulder on one side. He was not unconscious but got up and whirled around and ran again after the horse, altho he did not sense what he was doing. Dr. K. thinks the skull is not fractured, however. That happened yesterday afternoon. He cannot keep anything on his stomach even water. He is still vomiting green stuff, and has a high fever, judging by his looks at six o'clock this evening when I saw him. Is he not the most unfortunate little mischief?

You would be surprised to see the difference going back on the farm has made in George. He looks so well and is getting broader in the chest and his whole manner has changed. He is not looking for mischief all the time, he has a feeling of responsibility--"Dad and I"--do everything together. Herbert is delighted with the ability he is showing in looking after ~~the~~ things and he really is doing a good deal to help. Mame's girl has gone but she is expecting another one on Thursday. That is the worst of being out there, girls want to be nearer the streets. Herbert has had a porch put on the side out of the kitchen door. It is quite an improvement. Mame is looking very well and very pretty this fall.

Jack and Ruth and Bobbie went to Bayfield this week. Left here one afternoon and back the next evening. Bobbie amused them by the remark when he reached Bayfield, or Grandpa Inglis' home, rather. He looked around at everything and then said "Oh

how nice and clean everything looks." Is it possible that the children, themselves, get tired of all the disorder they are responsible for? At present the lumber left from the garage, the cement man's things, and the children's things make this place anything but "nice and clean," but we have hopes. My plan for this week included outside work too.

We are still getting some things from the garden. Tomatoes, beans, cucumbers, radishes, some lettuce is coming on and some more corn if the frost keeps away a while longer. Of course the beets and carrots are still ready to be gathered in. I have a man digging the potatoes on shares.

Now perhaps you will not be interested in all of that, but it is all in the picture of your would-be-farmer-mother.

Wilder do you recall that Cottie gave you five dollars from Mr and Mrs Price that you might buy something for a wedding gift for you and Helen? Aunt Emma has heard nothing from you and she wrote Cottie to see if she had forgotten to give it to you, and Cottie feels a bit worried. She gave it to you on the train just after leaving Baltimore. I do not wonder that you forgot for it was a very confusing time.

John has gone screaming up to his mother. Winifred called him to come to bed, "yes", again she called and he was busy with some toy and said he couldn't come now. Garry got up and turned him around and marched him to the stairs. He went up screaming-"I can't go, stop uncle Garry," and ~~when~~ ^{when} he met his mother he cried out "Uncle Garry made me cry, uncle Garry made me cry." Billy prayed for the Belgian children "And send them some candy and everything they want and some swimming suits." Once before he closed his prayer with "And for goodness' sake amen." He forgot it was intended to be for "Christ's sake."

I am getting a little bit discouraged about this trouble on my hands and feet. I am getting no better and I am almost cross about it. Jack and I went to St. Paul in the car Friday and he and Ruth went over yesterday. Everyone said he was looking thin but he looked pretty well, I thought. These partings are not very pleasant are they?

I have agreed to take a S.S. class, and what kind of an one do you suppose? I have told everyone I was not to take any responsibility for a year, but a class of boys in the primary dept. have had no regular teacher for a long time, and it is George's class. We have all been troubled for some time because George hated Sunday school. So I took the class for the sake of my grandson. The children-Herbert and Mame-have always wanted me to teach the Bible to their children and there has seemed to be no opportunity. I have been planning a sort of a course of stories to tell the children out here and if I can utilize the same material for the boys in class and repeat it out here in the evening it will not be so much extra work--only there should be work outside of class in order to get interest in class. That I am afraid I cannot manage this winter.

How fine that Alice and Chester are to be so near you. I suppose they will be at the Christies too. Of course they looked good to you. I did not send them a wedding present. I am so hard up just now that I wonder if it will be all right to send it after January first?

Tell me more about your work. Your letters are so good in that way. You said you were going to number your letters and you numbered that one. The next one you did not even date. With a good big hug for each of you, Mother.

Thank you very much for the parting Helen. & for the
Richard Godfather Barre

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

September 23 1917

Dear Children:

I am going to begin my letter before going down to take my new class for the first time. Do you know that I have chills (figuratively speaking) whenever I think of taking that class? That does seem ridiculous does it not? You see, when one attempts to teach such important lessons the question is not "can I hold them? can I make it interesting? but can I help them to learn to hear and obey the voice of God? Help them to learn how to listen, open their deaf ears, and help them to choose to obey. When one thinks of how little real teaching there is in the Bible classes one does not wonder that so few people understand the beauty and wonder of living. The responsibility of teaching is so great--yet if one realizes that responsibility one should not shirk it because so many are filling the place of a teacher who do not understand that there is any great responsibility.

Wilder went to school again yesterday. Such a narrow escape as the dear little fellow had, from death-or worse. Herbert had his silo filled yesterday and Mame had to arrange for dinner for fifteen men. She has a good girl, she thinks.

Aunt Elizabeth Freeman came on Wednesday for a visit. Went back to Minneapolis yesterday afternoon. She has taken the first course in the Red Cross Dressings work and is going to take the second and then be ready to teach the people in Pass Christian, this winter. Dr. Strong of that place sent her word that he wished she would do that. It has been a good thing for her in making her feel that she may be useful in some way once more.

Truly, we do all need to feel that we are needed somewhere or we cannot be happy. She helped me in some of the mending etc. but I was right tired when she left. However I am rested now, and all discouragement of all kind has evaporated. I told the family this morning that I was absolutely well now. My skin does not show it yet, but a man may be discharged from the hospital as absolutely cured and still limp for months. I am well, in the same way. There are too many promises in the Bible for me to doubt and for the third time in my life I am going to prove it.

Argentina is in the war now, or nearly so--The U.S. government is, day by day, giving out the news of all of the spy work that has been going on. I expect they did a very wise thing to keep it secret for the education of a mass of people is, necessarily, a slow process. They must learn a little at a time and let that sink in before they can assimilate it all. It is gradually coming into the minds of many that their ideas of the duty of our country must be changed. Mame is doing her little bit along that line. She has a German-American neighbor who never reads any paper but the German language papers. Mame gives her parts of the N.Y. Tribune very often. At first ostensibly on account of the pictures. Then she talks with her when she is at work in Mame's kitchen. The other day she looked at Mame with round eyes when she told of some things the Germans had done--"Is that true? are you sure?" Mame said there are the photographs and these men who swear that it is true are responsible men, one of them is a great preacher, Dr. Hillis, yes, it is really true. "Are they crazy over there in Germany?" Cannot people see that this is the Great War spoken of in the Bible when good is fighting against evil? Not that all Germans are bad,--far from it--neither are all of the Allies good--I am sorry to say, but the Germans have arrayed themselves with Satan and all of the worst of humanity, and we have allied ourselves with God and all of the best of humanity. We are fighting God's war even though we are not all like Him. They are fighting for the Devil even though they are not all like him. Too many of them are very like him at his worst.

Later--

I had six boys of sixth grade age in the class this morning, but George was not one of them. Some nice little fellows, all but one and he was either very stupid or very indifferent. This is a most wonderful day. Indian summer still with an interval of cold and rain and clouds of three days to make us appreciate it more. I do not know one thing in the way of news that I can tell you. I am mending and knitting and going through things still. The news that interests me (except the papers) is how many tomatoes or cukes I can find. Are there enough Night shade berries for a pie? Is Cottie more able to be about? Shall I send her to bed or let her work on? Is that corn ripening? The beans have been picked again and canned for winter. Shall the girls pack their things in the Gym. basement or in the Lake Dorm? And a hundred more like things that seem to make up my life now but are very monotonous for any one else.

Elizabeth is very anxious as to when I shall be ready to go to living with her as my better half. And truly I am anxious too, but my anxiety is to whether it will ever be advisable. I am not right sure of myself. You see, it is this way. Her life has been very circumscribed waiting continually on a very tyrannical old man. Her mind for many years has gone right around in a circle. Her vision is even narrower than the present confines of my life. She is interested, so very interested in the least details of one's life. things that are passed and mercifully forgotten are

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the things that seem vital to her today. She brought up more things in my married life than I have thought of in years. The present is interesting to her when it touches the inner lives of other people. I do not mean she is a gossip, but she likes to know all about the sorrows and happinesses of every one, even though she may not know them by sight. She wants me to tell her all about this one and that one and asks questions about things that it would never occur to me to question. Such as -how much of an income has she?--Is she interested in the absent member of her family? Is she setting as good a table? etc.etc. I began to think that I knew absolutely nothing about my old friends. All of that is not in criticism, exactly, because her life has been a sort of a pitiful one. She had a fine mind but she did not assert herself and use it and now, will she be able at sixty-seven to get interested in more interesting things? I am afraid I should not be able to stand that kind of thing for very long. And yet,---Well I wont worry over it, things always come out all right.

"Already Wisconsin has the reputation in Washington, as the U.S. Food Administrator writes, of "standing on the forefront as an example of efficiency in enlistment, the Liberty Loan, in food conservation, and in the organization and active work of the State Council of Defense." I have quoted that as I thought you would like to know. We have been ordered by Mr. Swenson to make Tuesdays meatless days and Wednesdays wheatless days. While we are doing that it is said that Oklahoma farmers are feeding their wheat to the hogs and horses rather than sell at \$2.20 as has been dictated. Patriotic, are they not?

Men who represent Big Business have been meeting with Mr. Hoover at Atlantic City and among other things they have made request that the Food Administration shall set prices on many other things. That is what irritates the farmers that grain should be sold at a set price while the things they buy are let alone. It is a very big thing to whip a nation into line where every man has in a sense been a law unto himself. I believe in Democracy, of course, but it takes a longer time to do things, without doubt.

La Folliett spoke in St. Paul night before last and now it is quite probable that he may be arrested by some St. Paulite for treason. That is the only way, I guess. It is really getting quite unsafe for anyone to attack the government now. It is almost a joke though to think that an American cannot say what he pleases. The German propoganda had a stronger hold than any could believe possible and it would seem as though the men higher up, like La Folliette should be the ones to suffer arrest rather or as well as, men who have not as much influence.

A letter from Trevor says he is the the Marine Flying Corps at Philadelphia. He was in a new machine with his instructor a while ago and a sudden puff of wind took them and sent them to the ground nose down. The other man was quite badly hurt but "the bull luck of Peanut Williams" held good and he received only a scratch or two. He says the excitement is what he has always been lookinf for, and he is much in love with the service.

Clifford Babcock tried for the aviation service but could not pass examination on account of his tonsils. He went home and had ~~them~~ out and then, as Frank was at Snelling his father would not consent to his going now. He is going back to school.

Aunt Elizabeth met Dr. Russell's daughter and they talked about you. Dr. Russell's wife was a sister of Mr. Frank Prince's first wife. I believe that is the relationship.

Robert began to whine and cry at the table this morning. All he could complain about was that "John is looking at me."

Tuesday evening.

We all worked all day yesterday in the storerooms. I was downstairs and Minnie, Ruth and Lamy were at work cleaning out a place in the Gym, basement - to pack away their things - Minnie is going to have Lamy crate all of her things - I need to go to St. Paul today to have my teeth scaled - Tomorrow I hope to go into the storerooms again. This separating all of our things is tiresome work and takes so long. Besides that - Ruth has a sewing girl. I see that La Follette's car is not at all in sympathy with him and is talking of enlisting -

God bless you both - Mother -

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL

HUDSON, WIS.

October 1 1917

Dear Children:

I could not get in my Sunday letter yesterday and now I have said goodnight to them all and will write before I start my bed preparations. This morning I did not know how my day was coming out. I am going to St. Paul in the morning to be gone the rest of the week and there were so many things I wanted to do before I would feel happy about leaving. I wished I was triplets. Mrs. Myers had sent us a lot of crab apples and we could not eat them all altho the children and I were trying our best to do so and they would not keep until I came back. I wanted to take Mrs. King into the stone house and finish up the cleaning there so I could lock the doors and shut the windows and feel there was another house off my mind. Then there was some mending that must be done and more that should be done to clean out my room before I went off and left it. Cottie came to my rescue, as she always does, and while she has never made jelly and apple butter she has spent the whole day with the apples and tomorrow she will make a another day of it. The stone house is finished and locked up. I spent two hours picking berries--nightshade for pies and strawberries for supper--I had a nap and have just finished the mending that must be done which was the pile of stockings from last week. So you see, while I could only be twins the twins were almost as efficient as the famous Gold Dust twins. You remember how I used to have times of cleaning out the stone house attic? You remember too, that it was not the easiest place to work? Could not stand up straight except

under the windows. I spent Saturday in that attic. The children were given the magazines to sell and they worked hard all the morning. After I had been thru everything Winifred and ~~Ruth~~ Ruth came up to help sort out some things and then Mrs. King cleaned up. So I bade farewell to the attic. It is a good old attic and many things could be and were stored there. The Library gets some things, the Rummage sale gets some things the rag man gets some things and I get some more to store in other places.

I have had lots of fun this week. Monday I spent in my own storeroom and threw out almost all of the magazines. Now Wilder you know that gives me an awful wrench. Tuesday I spent in St. Paul and the dentist wanted me to come over this week Tuesday and spend the week over there while he fitted some new teeth for me. I will go over to Cousin Florence's between times. By the way you knew that Dr. Sloan has his place in the army? Jean tried to go as his assistant but could not make it go. Sadie Cole's husband has taken his place. Dr. Hocum? I guess that is the name.

Wednesday I also spent in my storeroom. It is astonishing how many things one finds to do when the place is so full that half of the things have to be moved in order to get into the room. I am sorting things and taking over to the Gym. basement all of Ruth's things so she can get her things packed out of the way. Garry is crating everything of Winifred's so that she could move easily at any time. Of course the girls may be here for years, and then if the place should be sold we might all have to move. But no matter what happens things will be more comfy here if there are fewer things and more room. You should see how nice the new garage looks. There again all of the hardware and the tools that have to be looked over, after being gath red up from all over the place, and packed away in the many separate drawers that have been provided for them.

Thursday I spent in sorting spreads and mending a lot of linen. Friday I had a surprise package of a bushel of tomatoes and a crate of peaches and Cottie and I spent the whole day at that. When I work up to five o'clock I am tired and do not like going out to supper with our noisy little folks so I take a bath and lie down and Cottie brings me my supper on a tray and I rest and eat and read and enjoy it hugely. Then when the children are in bed I go out in the other room with my knitting and the rest of the family come and if it is cool we have a grate fire and either Garry or I read aloud. That makes a very restful ending to the hard day. Then I am sleeping so hard now that the other night when the old mill burned--the one that was called "The New Richmond Rolling Mills"--I heard no bells neither did I know that Ruth came down to my room and watched the fire from my windows. There was a strong South wind and the burning shingles were carried out as far as Sherry's. The old "Clark and Jefferson" mill burned in the summer, both belonged to Burkhardt. He declares that some pro-Britisher burned them. This last mill was used to store grain but fortunately it was empty. Was to have been fill d today.

Sunday I seemed to be pretty busy in preparing for S.S. class and after that Ruth and I went to the farm and had dinner with the children there. Herbert's birthday was on Friday and we were invited to surprise him at dinner but he had planned to go to St. Paul and hear Roosevelt so it was postponed until Sunday. He did not succeed in carrying out

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his plan for Roosevelt but he and Mame drove over . They went to the Movies, had dinner and then went to the Met. and heard Pollyanna. They had such a good time off by themselves.

Stephen has received his commission as Captain of a Forestry ~~regiment~~ company. The company is not raised yet and he does not know when he will be called. Fred is wildly excited over his work in the training camp. He had applied for the Rangers too but he like the Artillery so much that he says he would rather be second Lieut. there than Captain in the other. He also says if he does not get a commission he will enlist right away. He can get all the work except the soldiering part. He is so sort of easy and amiable and pleasant and ambling that to stand at attention for any time they may call upon him is very irksome and almost impossible but he is quite sure he will succeed in doing even that. They were joking him and telling him it was doing him a work of good because he was really getting a little too satisfied with himself. He agreed--"Yes, I believe that is so. In South Stillwater I was some punkins, but at Snelling I am the awkwardest rookie of them all."

Now about your conscription--of course you have received Herbert's letter long before this and know that it was all a mistake. Herbert wrote immediately he heard of it and he had an answer telling him your number had not been called and that if it was called they would let him know. Herbert then wrote you immediately. I have not spoken of it because it was so soon shown that it was a mistake I forgot it. At first I did not want to write until I was sure. They wont call you back here to go in the ranks. Your number might be called but Herbert will then tell them where you are and that will end it all. The U.S. is not so hard pressed for men as that.

I am sorry that Mr. Christie is so pessimistic. To us it seem as though the U.S. was doing pretty well. No nation can make itself over in a minute. We were not only unprepared as far as munitions and ships were concerned but the whole thought of the nation has had to be readjusted and reborn. We have never expected to get into an European war. It has taken us a long time to realize that this is our war too. It has been impossible for us to change our opinion of Germany in a hurry. It has been impossible for us to believe that any nation could be such a monster. It was different over there for there has always been more or less strife among themselves. Think of what a large percent of our citizens are Germans. They are a part of us as they never have been of England and France. It was hard for England to understand, it is infinitely harder for us. Then the pro-German element is a large one here. That is being stamped out but we have quite a problem on our hands. The I.W. We were all ready to start a revolution. The Secret Service has been pretty busy. They have done good work too, it seems to me. This country is so big, so good natured, so wasteful, so extravagant. It is hard for an individual to readjust his way of living but it is harder for a nation. Our whole outlook has to be readjusted. The mills cannot furnish the wool fast enough for us to use it. The

same way with coal, steel, sugar etc. We have not enough of anything to furnish all we need and all the Allies need, and to learn to economize when we cannot see the need is hard. The War Dept. is doing its best, but nothing was organized. Then too, you must remember this. Everything our soldiers need in going to France has to be furnished here and sent over with them. Shipping is limited for so many ships have been sunk. To get transportation to ship such great quantities of food for the others, our soldiers, and all that that army of men needs for every day use, for fighting, for traveling etc. It is wonderful that we have done as much as we have. Just be patient. Do you realize that every rail, every train, every dock, every warehouse, every bit of food, every animal, every bit of clothing, every thing in the way of army and civilian equipment that army of ours needs is being shipped from here in the face of the submarine menace and the shortage of the boats of the world? Give us time. We will make many mistakes, every nation has done so and will do so. But our hearts are big and they are working as well as our heads. And our heads are about as good as any heads one can find.

I am sorry you are so disappointed about having to give up a ward for the American army sick. What if they are not surgical cases--yet? Have I not heard you complain that you were only getting surgery and nothing in the way of general ~~practice~~ practice? And yet, when here comes in something a little different you are disgruntled. Don't you think for one moment that you are going to be ashamed of our homeland and home government, but be patient until we have a chance to show the world. It is quite interesting to note how the general opinion is changing. But oh dear, the Germans are a pig-headed race over here. Do you suppose they believe all the things that we have been forced to believe? No sir, it is all British lying.

I am so glad about your picture. I was so surprised that you had moved again. Please tell me about the Chesters. Just what is she doing? Is she driving a truck between Paris and the hospitals? Are they still near you? Has Helen more help again? Helen do all the good you can----but don't work too hard. That will not pay, besides I can hear the remarks that Wilder makes when he thinks you are doing more than you should. You see, I lived with him last winter. And but I am glad that I did. That was a wonderful thing that I could have had that time with him just before he was married. I am so happy that sometimes my letters say what they ought to say and at just the right moment.

But it is high time I went to bed for morning comes so very early. I do not know just what you are doing, or thinking or saying, but I do know that this same beautiful moon is shining over you as it is shining over us. When the air raids are successful or are failures over England will they turn their attention to Paris? You heard the story of the woman who always found excuses for every one until some one said "I believe mother would find an excuse for the devil himself." And mother answered--"Well, my dear, I am sure you must admire his persistence." The Germans are persistent too, aren't they? Shall we say they are as persistent as the devil? God bless you both and may you draw very near to Him. We all love you both and especially

your Mother.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL

HUDSON, WIS.

October 7 1917

Dear Two children:

Query---Am I cut out to be a teacher of small boys who are too old to be treated as babes and too young to be talked to as if they were reasonable creatures? or am I not? If I am not shall I be able to fit myself to the work or is the result not worth the effort? Still, if I could divide the class I think I could interest some of them. I told them this morning that the lesson had been an utter failure because I had spent most of the time in trying to keep order and that was something I would not do. If they could not come there and keep quiet and be gentlemen in their actions they would be asked to leave. I would not stand for it one instant. They looked so surprised and shocked. That was all right if I felt that I was going to succeed. Shall I be always talking over their heads? Yet I can make myself understood by George and Elizabeth.

Yesterday I was out hurrying to get in the garden truck to save things from the frost, It made me think of the Kentucky Cardinal. Do you recall how Adam, in the Kentucky Cardinal, loved to go out in the Autumn when frost was in the air and prepare for Winter? I thought of him all day yesterday. But the result? only listen to this. There were enough of the strawberries for the children's "tea." The Penfields were all over here and they had what may be a farewell day in the playhouse. Played at keeping house--eleven of them--and there were enough strawberries for them. Two bushels of half ripe and green Tomatoes. Some to be put to ripen in the sunny windows, as we need them and the greenest of them to be made up into tomato mincemeat tomorrow. Today we had corn on the cob--the sweetest one ever tasted--and a delicious dish of Swiss Chard. Wax beans tomorrow and radishes and lettuce. All from the garden.

I spent almost all of the week in St. Paul and Minneapolis. I have not my new teeth yet. The gums are not ready. I am supposed to have a new bridge, however, but failed because of a tooth ache as the Dr. was ready to fit the bridge on. I go over again on Thursday.

Jack is on General Richards staff. I will copy some of his letter of yesterday. "In order to get the required 27,000 men for the Division the various Wis. Reg. will be merged together and with some Michigan troops make the 32nd. Army Division. The 57th. Depot Brigade is a part of this Division. This Brigade supplies the officers and men lost as casualties and acts as a training department and supply depot for supplies. Brig. Gen. Richards is the commanding officer of this 57th. D.B. He has on his staff a Major, a Captain and two Lieut. He has selected me as his Captain and I move over to the Brigade Headquarters tomorrow. It is partly office work. I expect I should be pleased to be selected by Gen. R. from all of the captains in the 4th. 5th. and 6th. Reg. for this work. If he had not wanted me I would have been picked as one of the officers to go to France soon as observers. I never wanted

anything so much as a chance like that and Col. Cousins recommended me as one of three from the 6th. but Gen. R. overruled it and would not be moved to reconsider. So I wanted one job and got another. However, this is my work and profession now. There is one advantage of being on the staff of a General. It brings one near the beginning of things, and chances and opportunities may be more and better."

Will is having the most wonderful time of his life right now. It seems to him as though all of the things that have come into his life so far has been but fitting him for the work in hand. His company is showing up wonderfully well. His Lieut. said to him "It is too good to be true, I am afraid it cannot last." That after some bit of praise from the commanding officer. Will said-"Never mind that, we will do our best to keep it true." But few of the Captains have had his experience in the training of men, for the men are but boys after all and Will treats them as such. He does not think he would like the work so well in times of peace, for he would not have the same class of men to work with.

Stephen Phipps is in Washington now and will probably sail soon. Mrs. Phipps and Helen have gone on to be with him as long as possible. They two foolish women are making themselves so unhappy over his going. Winifred says "Why I should think they would be so proud and happy that he has a chance at last to make something of himself." It is making it hard for Stephen, I should think.

What a shame that you should have had the worry about that draft. Don't you know that Herbert would let you know in time? There is one letter that evidently missed reaching you. He would have cabled you had it been necessary. Poor boy I am sorry you had that annoyance. Your last letter came a week ago tomorrow and I have not had the time to take it up to Mrs. K. The report is all over town that Winifred is to move into town for the winter. Mr. Tourtellot told her how glad he was that she was to leave ~~now~~ Galahad and be nearer them all. How such a report got started is a mystery to us.

While we four were washing the dishes today we had a very self-congratulatory talk. Winifred: "How beautiful this all is. As I sat at the table and looked out over the lake and saw the sun shining on the water I thought that really we were having, perhaps the happiest time of all of our lives. Will often says that the trouble with us is that we do not live enough in the present, and I just mean to try and appreciate each day how happy we are." Ruth: "Yes, I believe that this winter is going to prove to be a most wonderful and rich year for us all." Mother: "I often think that in the years to come the memory of these hours when we four are at work together in this kitchen will be one of the brightest and most precious." Cottie: "That is the way I think about our evenings together when some one is reading and the rest are all knitting." Winifred: "That is the way Will likes to think of us here.

Is that little conversation at all illuminating about our being "so crowded and so noisy and nerve-racked"?

The whole country is worked up over LaFfollette. (If I could get a few more letters in his name I would. He made his defence on the speech he made in St. Paul, before the Senate yesterday. He claimed that he had been misquoted but did not say how he was mis-quoted. He ranted about the right of free speech for every one. He attacked the administration, etc. for three hours. Senator Kellogg of St. Paul answered him. Many other senators scored him. Will they unseat him? probably not for he would then have time to work up some sympathy. Senate has adjourned until December and then some action will be taken-probably censure. Roosevelt is doing much better work here making speeches and explaining the

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conditions of things here and abroad than he could possibly have done at the head of a division in France. After his work is well done here it would seem to me that he could be of much help to the Russians. He is so vital and so enthusiastic and so fearless. Earnest heard him in Minneapolis. He had not been very devoted to Teddy, but he sat--with the usual Earnest MacQuarrie luck--in a box right near him and could watch every facial expression as Teddy was speaking. He thinks him a wonder now and gives him his deepest admiration.

The whole tone of public opinion seems changing. How, I cannot just say, but patriotic education is on the move and we are gradually being shaken up and shaken out of old ruts of thinking and acting. In the entrance to the Golden Rule--you recall all of the windows used for display inside the entrance?--was a wonderful bit of patriotic education this week. First a huge banner--red border around a white oblong and on the white blue stars. A star for each one of the Golden Rule boys who has gone to the front. I did not count them (Such banners are in many windows. Goldberg has one star, Singer and Zarske each have two stars and we mean to have one with three stars.) but there were many of them. Then there were most attractive placards scattered in the decorations of red and white advising what to eat and what not to eat. "Use more barley bread." "Use less wheat and sugar." "Eat peanuts and peanut butter." etc. etc. I was not in a hurry so I stopped and watched the crowds. I have wondered many times how men were taking the change in menus that is being talked and if they were as interested as we hope all of the women are. Not many women were reading those placards but so many men were reading every one and seemed to be so thoughtful about it all. Mary Mac. says she thinks the Galahad family are following Hoover advice more scientifically than any family she knows about.

But I have not told you that I am perfectly well. No I do not mean that my hands etc. are cleared up entirely but I have stopped all of the medicine that was given me and put my case in the hands of the Great Physician. How sympathetic will you two be in what I say now? I do not know how much I explained to you, Wilder, about my cure when I had neuritis, but I have been a bit wary of saying much about it because if one does not understand ~~it~~ it is useless to say much about it. But I know that it was prayer that cured me then. Ever since I came home from Baltimore I have religiously done everything I was told to do and it was getting worse all of the time. My hands are so painful when ever any one takes hold of them, it hurts so to do any kind of work, they ache at night as well as by day. Getting worse in that the area was increasing as well as the depth of the affected tissue. My toes and heels were so painful it was often hard to walk. I did not consult anyone else for whom should I consult? Dr. K had done what he could, Dr. Cook had done what he could and more than that had consulted all of the Twin City skin men. Dr. Hamburger had done all that he could. It was laid to my teeth--well, while there was plenty of trouble with my teeth, things were not getting better. I had a black time of discouragement which I kept to myself. Then I took the time to have a consultation with my faith and the Bible and I came to the conclusion that I had a cure right at hand if

could but believe. I prayed about it until the feeling was very strong that all I had to do was to believe--"What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them. The final acceptance came two weeks ago tonight. The next morning I announced at the breakfast table--after the children and Garry had left--that I was cured completely. Not that my trouble was not still visible but that it was cured. The habit is there, the tissues are not healed, the pain is there, but, in a way I cannot explain there was a different feeling in them. I am using no more of the drug, but am only putting on an oil, usually vaseline, at night to simply soften the tissues and give them a ~~chance~~ chance to heal for they are so hot and dry and cracked. Why it is not healed immediately I do not know, but I know it will not be long before it will be. And when it is healed there will be no return of the trouble. It will be the same as with my neuritis. No Dr. cures neuritis so that there is never any more return of the disease.

But I have spent all of the last two hours talking with you dear children and there are other calls that must be attended to. One cannot have a real conversation so far away, for when it takes at least six weeks to get an answer back one has forgotten what one wanted to know. So my letters are nothing but monologues, and here is hoping that in each letter there will be something of real interest. But I have not told you one thing about being at 'Opus in Florence' in Minneapolis. She and I had a good visit. We have given up the idea of having the girls take music lessons because it would be hard for her to come over and the piano must stand in the big room that is now but a thoroughfare for all of the family. It would be too hard to get them to practice and it would often be too confusing. Helen is working hard with her vocal. I had dinner with Earnest and Mary in their new pretty home. They are so very happy and she is enjoying it all. Winifred and Ruth are looking forward to the time when they can have a home too. Helen is hoping for that time too? But Helen dear, do not try to have a home until after the war because Wilder will not be able to be with you and a home without him will be no home at all. Your time of waiting will not be long I hope.

God bless you both, and some times I do get a little homesick to see you, but time goes fast after all and we are all doing what we can to make the hours and days and weeks and months worth something to the world. With a heart plumb full of love,

Mother.

Galahad

Hudson Wisconsin

October 14 '17

Dear Children:

Two weeks ago tomorrow I received your letter written Sept. 5th. Nothing more until last evening when the one written on the 19th. came. So the September 13. letter has not come yet. The letter that came yesterday was short but it told a good bit too. I think it is perfectly fine that Helen could meet her god-son and if you could be the means, thru Mr. Christie, of re-uniting his family would it not be a beautiful thing to have come into your lives of helpfulness. The hope makes us happy too.

What I want to know is, how can a man be knighted by a foreign power and still be a citizen of another country? An article on Hoover said that he had been offered a title in England if he would take up some certain work there (what the work was to be was not stated) but he would have to renounce his U.S. citizenship if he accepted, so he refused. We took it for granted, perhaps because Mr. Astor having renounced his citizenship and accepting a title that it was the title that would make it necessary to become a citizen of England. Probably it was the work he was to undertake, instead, for Sir William Osler has not become a citizen of England has he? I suppose it that the king of Spain who knighted Mr. Christie? And what is his title? and why do you not give it to him? and what had he done to cause the king to knight him?

I knew by the item in the paper that Mrs. K. sent to you that death had taken Revere Osler. I am so sorry for them, but I wonder if the feeling that he died a soldier's death does not help these sorrowing parents? If you feel one has died a needless death, as illness seems to be, or if he has died without doing his part to make the world worth while for others, then would not one grieve more and longer? I do not know, and I shall not try to harrow my feelings by trying to imagine how I would feel were it you, as I have been tempted to do. I can only ask the Father to help these lonely ones to feel the Everlasting Arms about them. I had to write those two words with a capital for it came over me what the thought of being enclosed by those arms had meant to me in times gone by. Just not able to bear another ounce of pain, just needing some comfort and with no strength to seek for it, and then lying down with the prayer that those divine arms would take me close and give me rest. Can one ever forget? The way some of these Bible words do help one when one needs help the most would make it seem that we do our children a great wrong when we do not just teach them the words of the Bible. This morning I was a tiny bit depressed because my hands hurt me and it has been three weeks since I was really filled with the assurance that I was healed. Never for a moment have I hesitated about that, but I could not understand why the pain and evidence were not removed. Here is my word for the day. "My soul melteth for heaviness: strengthen Thou me according unto thy word." Ps. 119:28. Once before during the three weeks I have been tempted to be depressed and this was the morning word. "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." Ps. 37:7. I tell you David lived all of life from the deepest depths of depression on account of sin, and on account of sorrow, and of helplessness, and of the result of hatred and jealousy of those about him, up to the very heights of happiness and love and joy. He lived, and he has been helping others to live ever since. Of course, I can see one reason for the slowness of

the breaking up of the habit. I have been trying to make Winifred see how like mental disease is to physical disease. You ask God to take your temper and control it for you, for you cannot do it yourself because of some inherited weakness. You ask for His strength because you have none of your own. You believe that He can do it, and that He has promised to do it, and if He does not, either He is wrong or you are wrong. But you take Him at His word, and really believe, ----and yet, you do and say the thing that you would not. I insist that after the cure, there must come the cure of the habit. And if one yeilds to the habit, one should shrug the shoulders and go on not minding the failure because that was not sin, and if we continue to say that was not I but old habit that will soon be overcome, then we do not waste our strength in mourning or fighting. Of course we still have something to do to help, we have to lead sane lives. We must not get too tired, or strain our capacity to live right. It may be that this condition is to help her understand what I have been trying to insist upon in her own case. But say, her children are strenuous creatures. It takes the patience of a real, full-grown saint to get along with them. I think John and Billy are, perhaps, improving, but Ruth is positively the most disagreeable child I ever knew in my life. There I have got it off my mind. Don't you tell any one I ever said that, for I should not even think it. You may laugh at this part, for it is a ~~xxx~~ little funny. When her mother says, for instance, "Oh look out, you are spilling that," Her reply is "I know it." And she does not care. If she is told to shut the door--she goes on her way saying "No, you." John is a dreadful tease, and she screams the most of her time, and they are not gentle screams either, she is a veritable fury. But when John is reproved she is happy. This morning Billy simply made a movement with his hand--did not touch her, did not do it for her benefit until she shouted for him to stop, then he went on doing it and smiled at her while doing it--she screamed and shouted and Winifred said "Billy do let her alone and let us have quiet at the table." Then a smug little smile came on her face and she went on with her breakfast. Two years old last March, of course she is not very old, but she knows what she is doing all right. I should not say this, except that I started to say that Winifred has some real problems and hard things that make it harder than it seems is necessary for her to bear. And, Ruth has some problems, herself, with our Bobby, that she did not have with the girls. But they will both of them come out of it all right. I had some problems, myself, with a certain little boy once upon a time and Aunt Agnes was the only one for a while that saw I had to take the course with him that I did take. Each mother has to decide for herself how to train each little personality that has been entrusted to her.

We expected Earnest and Mary and Mrs. Bergstrum over today, but Mrs. B. is not able to come so we are going to have Mr and Mrs John and her sister with the wonderful baby, instead. We have been wanting them for some time and dinner is all ready for company--so we will go out in the by-ways and hedges? Mrs. John looks like a dead person. It is dreadful to see her and Mrs. Tourtellot, with the same disease, looks in the same way. No life in the eyes, a slowness of speech and the words not enunciate with any vigor, skin yellow and no change of expression no matter what is said. Even when they laugh, in talking it seems not to even change the expression of the mouth, very much and of the eyes, not at all. And they are trying so hard to live. It does not seem as if I would try, under the same circumstances.

The children here are having such a queer time. Margaret was

the first one. Complained of a stomach ache. Dr. said not to give her anything to eat until she was over it. At first we gave her only the lightest of food, and finally not a mouthful of anything. There was no fever and during the day very little if any pain. About bedtime paroxysms of pain when the bowels just below and sometimes including, the navel would twist up in a spasm. Then no more until the next spasm. The pains did not come regularly, sometimes seemed to yield to hot water and sometimes not. Some times the pain was light, sometimes hard. She became exhausted and languid, of course. Stayed in bed--well for about a week I guess the worst of it was. probably two days when she had nothing in her stomach. Bobby is going thru the same thing. He is eating a little now but very little. After Margaret began to eat she seemed starved and has been eating more of a variety than she ever did before. She seems perfectly well and is going to try and skip a grade now. She enjoys her school work as she never did before. Elizabeth has been sick since Thursday night, John since Friday night. Headache and vomiting later followed by pain in the upper bowel. Elizabeth is dressed now, but John feels pretty bad today. They none of them like the starving process. Billy announced yesterday morning with his delightful grin "I am sick now." But a dose of laxative fixed him all right. Of course a laxative has been given to each of them at the beginning.

I was to go to Dr. Owen last Thursday but Cottie had been in bed all day Wednesday and Thursday morning had a bad dream that frightened her so she did not want to be alone, and it was Mrs. King's day at home. It was a fortunate thing I gave up the trip. But what dreadful thing do you think your mother did? I was to go to Minneapolis to Mrs. Prince's for lunch and in the press of business I telephoned to Dr. and never thought of telephoning to Mrs. Prince. They waited until quarter to two for me. Lunch at one. I expect to go over on Wednesday this week but I shall not tell them I am coming and if I can get around I will drop in on them either before or after lunch.

We started our furnace fire the first of the week. It is real winter weather. I am wondering if you two are comfortable. A writer from Paris said that in the highest priced hotels when the thermometer stood at forty there was not a bit of heat and hot water for shaving only. If that is so in the best hotels it will be no better in the cheaper ones, and how is it in the private families? Are the French people really going to suffer for the lack of coal? We are facing a shortage here, but that must be due to the lack of provision and will surely be remedied. The gov. has taken the coal and twenty different staples under its care so that by December, probably things will be more stable. It does seem dreadful that the speculators should be able to make hard things harder. Samuel Blythe has written an article on the President that I want you to be sure and read. I will send it to you and don't say you have not time to read it. You were complaining of not having enough to do in the hospital, I judge that you have not that complaint now?

About your staying there, you know how we all feel about it, that is, if you have received the letters. You would not be drafted until after you had finished your course, probably, but then you and Helen would be separated, without doubt. Leo Peterse was in his third year in dentistry in Milwaukee and he was drafted and they would not exempt him. Three of her boys are gone.

I have five and a half pounds of yarn in the house to knit

up, but Aunt Mary is my good helper. Cottie has drawn off in order to knit mittens for the several children. Ruth is doing her own bit and so is Winifred, but I buy yarn for Aunt Mary and myself. It is getting very hard to get the yarn now. I have finished my third scarf, Aunt Mary is on her first and I have begun the fourth---the 300 this society is to furnish seems to weigh heavily on only a few. The hardest part of it is that Mrs. Webster is at the head of the yarn work and I have to get my orders and yarn from Mrs. Yoerg or hunt for myself. Human nature is queer, even when somewhat diluted with Christianity.

Tuesday A.M.

I certainly have had a feast--Saturday evening your letter written ~~March 21st~~ the 19th. Yesterday morning two letters one written the 9th. and the other the 22nd. So, altho it was a long wait, it was delightful when they came. I shall not try to answer those letters now--I will send the underwear today, if I can find it, and if it is here it is in your trunk, and will go on and tell one more thing. Several times there have been little bills come in for you, I think the largest one was for \$3.50 and I have paid them. A while ago a bill came in from the Cap and Cown marked "10" and saying "I think you must have overlooked this item will you please send it by return mail." In a hurry I enclosed 10¢ in stamps and noted that you were in France and signed my name. By return mail I received the bill, the stamps and a slip of paper saying "This bill is for ten dollars not ten cents." Well, I had a good joke on myself that kept me laughing for all day. This goes back to the young man--The check and "I hope you had as good a laugh at my expense as I have had. If so it may brighten an otherwise uneventful day."

Breakfast is ready--goodby for a while--
Mother.

Galahad

Hudson Wisconsin

October 23 1917

Dear Children:

I could not get in any time to write yesterday, and now it is Monday evening. Yesterday I was busy up to Sunday School time with things about the house and getting my lesson arranged. Aunt Mary came out from Sunday School to dinner with us and stayed until it was time for her to go to church in the evening. After that I was too tired to write and went to bed early. This morning Garry and I tackled the garden. He hauled fertilizer and I prepared the beds of Asparagus and Rhubarb and cleared the tomato patch for getting ready for winter. I also dug or pulled the beets and carrots. Altogether it made two bushels only. It began to snow before lunch and I knew it was wise for me not to go out again, so after a good nap I knitted and wisted with Ruth, and again with Cottie who is sick in bed again today. Then I got her supper ready for her and fixed a tray for myself and went in and ate with her. Then I read aloud to the children for an hour--and here I am.

Ruth has just come in with shining eyes to announce that she has achieved a victory, she has succeeded in putting in an inner tube. She would not choose to do it, but she knows now that she can do it. Winifred has had a victorious day as well. She realizes that she is growing along the lines she needs growth.

The world is very beautiful tonight--everything is white and cleanlooking. I hope, however that the snow will not stay long this time for the garden babies are not yet ready for it.

Another letter came from you today, the one that told of your ~~send~~ sending the cable to Herbert and to Hopkins. It is fine that Helen has bought a new fur--and by the way, have you written to Aunt Emma about the use you put her five dollars to? I wrote you that nothing had been said to her and that she wrote Cottie to see if she had given the money to you? You will recall that Cottie gave it to you on the train that dreadful night we left Baltimore. I say dreadful night because I cannot think of that getting off without a feeling of shame and disgust that I so went to pieces and left so much for you to do.

It is such a shame that you have been so troubled about that draft. Why bless your heart, don't you suppose that Herbert would look out for it all? They--the men to whom he wrote--said they would keep him informed of your being called and then he can appear for you and let them know that you are already in service. My dear, do what you feel to be the best and the right thing without reference to the draft because that can be settled here. You are doing what you can to help--the government wont send for you to come home, they only want to know where you are when your name is called. They want to put you on record, as it were. I shall feel quite comfortable if you are with Dr. Finney, and if Helen can be with you there I shall be quite happy. Naturally, I do not like to hear the word "Front" in connection with my boy--but if that is where he is needed, that is where I want him to be. And if Helen can be with you, I am glad for you both. There is no misunderstanding over here about the danger to occupants of the hospitals at the Front. We know how the German airmen bomb them killing many nurses and Drs and men. But you will be safe wherever you are. You will not be drafted for the Other Side until you are needed there and then, wherever you are you must report.

Just here I was called to answer the needs of another tried one. Winifred has been wanting to put a value on all of her belongings

in order to get insurance. I helped her with that and then some other things that troubled needed to be talked over, and now it is eleven o'clock but as I do not feel very like getting settled for the night I shall write a while longer. I had promised to look over a little written sketch for Ruth this evening but that will have to wait until tomorrow night. I have given Cottie her goodnight cup of milk and a hot water bag, but possibly she would rather I would stop the typewriter.

I have just heard this evening that Harriet Pierpont is married. Mrs. K. told Mame so I suppose you will hear it from nearer headquarters. What I cannot understand is this. I telephone to Mrs. P./- almost every day and was talking with her tonight and would have thought she would have said something to me about it. David Ritt. is home from France. He was in the Ambulance corps there and has come home to enter the aviation.

Stanley Stone is going over in the Rainbow Division and wrote his father--"Wouldn't it be funny if we should go over on the Great Northern? The last time I went to Honolulu I went Cabin de Luxe this time I expect to go steerage, but believe me, Dad, I am happier in thinking of making this trip to France than I have ever been in my life."

Leo Petersen has one more year in the school of dentistry before he gets his diploma and the local board would not exempt him. He went to camp and there they were glad to exempt him and he is back in Milwaukee at school. There will be no trouble about your being not exempted--but excused from service here while you are in service there, provided the powers know that you are in service. I cannot be regretful enough that you have had this annoyance for so long.

I am sorry to know that all of our soldiers are not behaving themselves, but those same men would probably not be conspicuous for refinement anywhere, and then remember this, these men have, many of them, never been away from home before, they have not learned self-control and they have been under a terrible strain for months. In the camps here they are being kept in pretty strict bounds, they have had an exciting trip over, they are tense and looking forward to seeing "gay Paree"--you know the feeling in young undisciplined boys. They are "seeing life". It is too bad, and we are all sorry, but we can also understand that later the feeling will change and decent fellows will come into their own again, and the others will find their level. On the whole I feel they must behave themselves pretty well, according to all accounts over here. Perhaps those accounts have been doctored up a little to make the home mothers happier about their boys going over? If I could not trust a boy to meet temptation here I would not trust him there, no matter what was told me. But I do think the majority of the boys will come back manlier fellows than when they left home. France will have to help us in training our boys in manliness.

Was it not queer to hear all about the doings in Hudson when you were so far away? I know how pleased and excited you were about it.

You signed your name once "the last child you will ever have--" It made us laugh as it recalled the old contest that you three used to have over my love for you. But, hold on, perhaps I will adopt a small Frencher or Belgian some day, then what? Think I wont love her quite in the same way? Perhaps not, but at least the adopted one would be a girl, I don't think I would ever have the patience and energy to try another boy. Neither would I have the courage to try a girl if I were not to be near Ruth and her children. As I have remarked before--she is a wonder.

I am anxious to hear more about Helen's godson. I do hope you have been able to trace the poor fellow's family.

3.

If you do not respond your status is that of a deserter--but Herbert is in position to respond for you as you are so far away that you ~~xxxx~~ cannot respond, so do not worry. I think if I say this over and over I may say it some way some time so that it will be clear to you. I do not mean that you are too dense to understand but that it is so clear to me I may not explain it in the right way, unless I put it in several different ways. See?

I wonder where you are today. In Paris? In Belgium? At the Front? Wherever you are you are both doing the very best that is in you, and it is well. Jack is afraid it will be some time before he gets to Paris now. He cannot get over the disappointment of being so very necessary to Gen. Richards. We did so want to go as an observer. Ruth is just as anxious to have him go as he is to go. Why?---Well, she seems to have an idea that if Jack gets over there the war will end sooner. Funny? no, quite dear and sweet I think.

I am sorry that things at the hospital are not quite so pleasant. A little jealousy of the popularity of another man often makes an otherwise decent fellow rather "nasty." But he suffers more than his intended victim if the "victim" is big enough to appreciate the funny part of it, or the sad part of it. Just a little understanding goes a long way towards helping us to bear unpleasant things--as you have discovered, I know. You will not mind if you have not your degree yet, if you are learning and helping? How do you know that your experience over there is not fitting you to be a bigger man than any number of degrees ~~wilx~~ would do at this present time. If I had not insisted upon your taking that year off perhaps you would have been better off now? You would have had your degree but would you have had Oxford and Helen? Perhaps it was not all unfortunate after all.

It may be that your work in this world will be along the war fracture lines instead of the civil. How do you know where you will find your place after this need is over? Remember, dear, God's plan for us is not a haphazard one. Will says that every thing he ever did seems to have helped to fit him for just this work he has to do now. So, if you go to Belgium in the hospital or to the Front as a private orderly, I do not know. This thing I do know, you will not decide either way without prayerful thought and you will be guided to do the right thing. Sometimes, too, it is not what will do us the most good that is the great deciding thing, it is what will help the other fellow the most. Many times, it seems to me, the question is not what will be for the most good, at the present time, for the questioner, but where he can help the most some one or more who needs help. In the end that helps the questioner the most, without doubt. I know that at one time in my life I was absolutely certain that the thing that had happened was the most disastrous thing for myself and for my family--but I was mistaken, it was the best thing that could have happened to me for the sake of my family, and I am a happier woman today for the great disaster.

I am sorry I could not find the underwear. You must have left it in Baltimore.

Yes, dear Helen, I accepted your invitation to bread and jam with great pleasure. Of course, it would have been more satisfactory if I could have seen you and talked with you, but the love thoughts can not be held back by any number of miles even over a submarined sea. I am glad that you really get anything of interest out of my letters for often I feel that I have just prattled on about the most trivial things and the letter is full of nothing. Gunner Empey is doing a deal of intelligent and interesting talking over here now. His "Don't's" are interesting, especially the don't's that are to be remembered when writing to the absent boys in the trenches. Don't tell him how lonesome you are, Don't tell him all of the unpleasant things that happen

at home. Don't tell him about what a good dinner you had on Sunday etc.etc. and at the last "Don't tell him that the other fellow took his girl to the Movies." Well, that last was only funny, but the rest it seemed to me might be taken as advice that would be wise for me to think about. Yet, if one does not tell all of the little, foolish, no account, home news it won't be a home letter.

Oh, by the way, Mrs. Freeman gave Wilder's name to a Miss ~~Kxxxxxx~~ Keator and three other ladies who are leaving for France this month. Miss Keator is a friend of hers and of Mrs. Grace Townsend Partridge, who is the daughter of Mrs. Frank Prince. Her brother is in the army and as they are very devoted to each other she has fitted herself to do some work over there and is going over so as to be nearer him. She does not want you to feel that it is necessary for you to do anything for them in any way but thought it would be pleasant for you to see some one from home and would be pleasant for them too.

Mrs. Freeman has gone to pass Christian again to help take care of Grace Partridge's little asthmatic boy. Miss Mari Macartney is the one in charge but Mrs. F. can help in some ways. She has taken the Red Cross course in Minneapolis at the request of the Dr. in Pass Ch. in order to teach it there. You know that we are, sometime, planning to live together so you must begin to get interested in all that affects her.

But tempus keeps fugiting along and I am not getting things done this bright beautiful morning. I did not write long last night for fear I would keep the family awake. With love for you both,

Your Mother.

moment looking in with the most disgusted look on her face then--
"After being down stairs with such sweet music it is hard to come
here and listen to such a noise." Will she ever see the humor of
that?

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

Saves

October 30 1917

Dear Children:

Earnest and Mary were over here on Sunday and that filled up the day pretty well especially as the Penfield family came over in the afternoon for a couple of hours. Yesterday was a full day, too. Today I have been down in the storeroom again and have written quite a long letter to Mrs. Tarbox, the society editor of the St. Paul Dispatch. Mr. Carr wrote me a note saying that she was to write an article on Galahad and wanted to know how we came to name it Galahad. I do not know just why she is writing this article nor what she means to say or wanted to know. I gave her a little talk about Galahad, however. A very fruitful subject to me, as you know. You ask if Galahad is in the hands of a receiver. Well, no. That would mean bankruptcy would it not? We have been advised to declare the school bankrupt but we all feel alike about that. If this business belonged to my partner and me and I was the capitalist of the firm I should take it very hard if he should declare the firm bankrupt when I had enough money and plans for straightening out tangles. We have always felt that God was the silent partner in this concern. The working partners have been called into another part of His business but I do not believe He considers this business a loss to the creditors. So we are not in the hands of a receiver but a trustee. All of the creditors agreed to leave it in the hands of Mr. Bunker and he is to try and sell the property and save all possible for the creditors. I am quite positive that somewhere there is a buyer who wants this property for a fair value that will satisfy every claim against it. I should be very unhappy if I did not believe that. But the things that will deteriorate would better be sold.

So your plans were not changed by the receipt of Herbert's telegram saying that you were not yet ~~drafted~~ drafted? I thought from that that your plans were definitely formed, but if you have no plans to be changed--- then, of course--- Your letter seemed to show that you and Helen were in good spirits even if you were at sea as to what was to be done next. I suppose we are to direct our letters to the hospital even tho you are not there now. I hope you are warm by now, at least. In buying pictures for a future home remember that I have a few of your father's that are good that will come to you, as soon as you are ready for them.

I have had some such good letters from some of the boys. Paul Howard wrote from Camp Sherman in Ohio. He wanted to enlist but his mother was not well and it was hard to get work done on the farm but he could hardly wait until his number was called in the draft. "At Galahad we got four laps around the track if we appeared with a good shine on our shoes--here we get three days in the kitchen washing dishes. Yes, I tried it yesterday and begin my work tomorrow." And again--"I want to tell you a secret but I do not care how many you tell. I am going to be married just as soon as this war is over. I will not ask you to read a description of her for I have heard that such descriptions all read alike, but I just want you to know that she cannot be beaten." And Preston Trask who has tried three times to get in, once in the navy, then in the army, and again when he was drafted and was rejected because of

his eyes and a weak heart--says of his wife, after he has told me all about the new bungalow that he built himself while they eat in a sheep wagon and slept in a shack--"Oh I have the nicest wife, Mother Jean, I do wish you could meet her because I know that you would love her as much as I do." Now you know such letters from my dear Galahad boys make me very glad and happy. So Preston says his work is evidently to raise sheep and wheat. I think the wheat is more his part of the big ranche.

Nat Chadburne has been in France since April. He has been in the Norton Harjes corps--sector 60. He has passed ex. for Aviation but when he is discharged he will probably take up the Forestry. I should say that was where he should be for he spent much time and money in preparation in that work. His mother thinks he may stay in France after the war. You will recall that she is French. Conrad Johnson is in England with the troops. Phil Sibley is in the regular army and perhaps in France. He enlisted last summer in the 17th. Infantry.

Do not fail to let us know if the poilu's wife and baby are found. William Webster wrote to Earnest and so I had a chance to hear about him. For the last year he has been looking after the civilian Turkish, Austrian and German prisoners in Russia. He has travelled all over Russia and has seen many things that are not to be spoken of now. He had ten thousand under his care scattered over a territory bigger than the U.S. He furnished them with money for food and lodging and sent them clothing and medicines. He handled over 100 rubles a month furnished by our embassy at Petrograd. He had about twenty commissars and fifty people working under him. He has finished up that work now and will probably join the Red Cross commission to take charge of the civilian relief work that they are to undertake in Russia. He had an invitation to join the Red Cross commission when they were there but was too busy. This Red Cross work is headed by Dr. Frank Billings of Chicago and is financed by the copper king Col. Williams. Besides the regular work he had this last year he had 80,000 rubles from the Austrian gov. to dispense and 120,000 rubles from the U.S. to care for the Polish refugees. He says their condition is pitiable. They live about 60 in a room some dying and some born on the same day.

By the way--I hope that golf field is still standing on the hill. We have been trying to decide how we should do for Christmas here. I think when so many are suffering it is wicked to spend much just for our own pleasure? I am trying to arrange some stories in light bindings for sick soldiers--as we have been asked to do. If you are not where I shall be able to locate you by the time they must go I may take the liberty of sending them to Alice Chester. She would see that they got to the proper place would she not? I thought first of sending them to Dr. Finney but the men at the base hospital would be too sick to read to themselves and I suppose they would better go to the Paris hospitals for American men. Our boys are in the trenches--and it won't be long before the casualties begin to come in and then we shall know we are at war. I cannot bear to have the Italians pushed back now that they have accomplished so much over those awful roads. Are they not all doing wonders? But I must stop now--Billy has been waiting quite patiently--talking some, of course--for me to get thru and let him write his name. Goodby you two dear dear children--keep well and happy.

Mother

Elizabeth took to practicing the other night. She played the same thing over and over for such a long time that some of us had to close doors, not wanting to stop her in her good work. After being at the piano for nearly an hour and a half she went up to bed. Some of the little ones were making a dreadful racket. She stood in the door a

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

Servas

Nov. 5 1917

Dear Children:

Your letters came yesterday and I have been quite excited ever since in thinking of your coming home. At first I felt that I must, in some way, arrange so that you should come on to Hudson for Christmas---but I have had my fight and guess that "on account of the war" I shall not try to get you here. So much suffering could be relieved by the money it would cost to bring you home, that I have no right to think of it.

The Inglis children have been doing heroic things too. Shall I tell you about it? First, their Sunday School has adopted a little French boy. I think it was done more than a year ago. They send the money to France and it is paid to his grandfather who has him in charge, four times a year. He has sent his photograph and the grandfather has a letter written each time he receives the money. The S.S. are preparing a Christmas box to be sent to him. Elizabeth is to give 25¢, Marmie 15¢ and Faith 10¢ and Ruth a dollar for the package. The pathetic call for help for the Armenians appealed most strongly to the children as Ruth told them about them and they want to give to them. The girls each have a small allowance and often earn pennies and have been saving for Christmas gifts. They have made many plans and next Friday when Elizabeth and Marmie go over to Earnest's to stay all night and attend the children's symphony concert, they had planned a great shopping expedition with Mary as leader--director I was going to say, but that would not have been right for they know just ~~what~~ they want to get.

Here is the proposition they made themselves. They will ask Santa not to bring them any Christmas gifts this year, and they will give up almost all of their plans for Christmas and try and make things out of what they can find in the house, instead, and each give a dollar for the Armenian children. Bobbie felt a little left out as he had no money, so Ruth gave him a dollar. He was the happiest boy you ever saw. He just danced up and down with delight showing much more pleasure than if it had been something for himself. We had planned to have no Christmas gifts exchanged between the elders--though I had reserved the right to give a little something to each of my children and grandchildren and Herbert had reserved the right to give a little something to his wife and mother.---You see it takes us sometime to give up old customs, and the older we are the more selfish we are about giving them up---However it turns out, the Christmas dinner and gifts will not be what they always have been, but we hope to have a most jolly time and let the children do many things themselves that they may have a really happy Christ birthday.

This has been the queerest day-- First, John gave up his seat at table beside me and Billy took his place. Because I looked after his wants at table he seemed to think that I was to take special care of him all day, and so as we left the table he said, with the most adorable smile, "You will read to me now wont you Naneen?" I told him I could not possibly so early in the morning but he might help me. So he helped clear the table and then to interest him I thought I would get out some of the magazines and cut for the soldier's books. We sat here together for perhaps an hour and a half when Ruth came in and asked me to mend Faith's dress before it went into the wash. Before I had finished that Winifred wanted me to find some rice that we were both sure was in the storeroom but she could not find. (I read the other day that much good work was lost because a little more work was not done--and I knew that had always been my trouble. Here was an instance, I had settled the root cellar but other things pressed upon me and the first storeroom had never been properly settled after I had moved my garden things in. I had been interrupted before all of the marking of cans had been finished.) So I said as soon as the mending was done I would look--well, that meant it would be better to put things straight right then, while I was looking for the rice. I worked up to the time I was called to lunch. Before the dinner dishes were done I found Garry was doing just what we had decided was best not to do--piling the wood that had just been sawed out doors. In North Hudson wood and coal have to be kept under lock and key. Garry had gathered all of the old boards and trunks of trees etc. together and I had had a ~~wxyzxyz~~ woodsawing machine come and cut it up. I went out to see about it. He acknowledged that some had already been stolen. He did not look very favorably on carrying it under cover. There was too much for the cellar and we had planned to house it in the children's playhouse. It seemed the only thing, if I wanted that done right and immediately, to help with it myself, so I left the magazines all over one corner of my room to take the mending that must be done that instant, I left the dress pieces and sewing things in another part of the room to go for the rice--I found it--I left the storeroom half finished to rush at the wood to keep Garry at it. I came in a little after four, took a hot bath (luxury?) and was glad to get on the couch. Cottie brought my supper in

on a ~~tray~~ tray, and I rested until the children were in bed and then read aloud to the family until they went to bed. Such days would have annoyed me very much once on a time, but now they just seem funny.

Garry covered the strawberries last Thursday as the ground was frozen and it looked as though winter had come to stay. Ice was beginning to form in the lake. Friday it was warmer and the past three days have been most beautiful days.

A letter from Albert Mosher from Camp Dodge. He is in the Battery and expects to go to the coast soon for practice with the heavy guns. A most interesting letter from Trevor told of his having graduated from Philadelphia and the "Pelicans" the name they give the sea planes and of taking instruction at Mineola in flying the "Buzzards". He says the pelicans are like a heavy slow truck as compared with the fastest cars. He certainly does love the work. A letter from McLennan from the Ohio U. Aviation school where he is studying engines etc.

Here is a little gossip that should not be repeated. I have wondered why there seemed to be trouble in the Red Cross--and what was the friction in the primary S.S.-----Mrs. Clark talks too much. It was so bad in S.S. official circles last Sunday that I rushed to the phone as soon as I got in the house and called up Mr. Phipps and spoke my little piece. Helen is in Washington to be near Stephen. She is superintendent and left no one in charge. Mrs. Hegstead is assistant but has a class and is shy. So Pearl Mayer who is secretary was doing the best she could to make the whole thing go. She was not doing very well at it, to be sure, but she was doing her level best. Mr. Phipps is not much of an organizer, and he had been told Pearl was pushing herself in as superintendent. He rushed around and saw the session and had them appoint Winifred as temporary superintendent, saying nothing to her until she got there Sunday--then he dared not speak to her before Pearl so came to me to go and tell her. He had already told Pearl in a very curt way that Mrs. Mac. was superintendent---well now was not that a pretty mess? Pearl was hurt, Winifred was almost in tears--she had already had Helen's class thrust upon her and had the story to tell as well--Helen had made no provision for her class--and Mrs. Clark was talking as fast as her tongue could run. "That awful girl" etc. etc. Before I got through talking over the phone poor Mr. Phipps began to think he did not know much about the situation, and thanked me very warmly for explaining. I was thankful for that. Of course I did not tell him who his informant had been. Mrs. Clark is a dear, but we all knew that her nerves would have to play her false in some way after that long strain of caring for Mr. Clark and instead of putting her in bed it has left her with this awful pressure of criticising every one and keeping everlastingly at it. If she goes to be with Charlotte it may be hard for Charlotte but it will be well for Mrs. C. She will have a chance to get hold of herself again.

Helen said it was about time for one of my long newsy letters: Would you call that news? ~~xxxxxxx~~ Or is it cattish?

The Woman's club had charge of a community hallowe'an entertainment. Some songs, and dances etc. in the armory. Many children went in costume. I did not go down as some one had to stay with the children and put the little ones to bed. They said that George was really the best dressed one there. Mame had made him a clown suit. Wilder was dressed as a colored girl. In getting ready to go he forgot he had on

He found and I cannot support

skirts and while Herbert was cranking the car he undertook to jump over the hitching post. The queerest expression came over his face when he realized his limitations. Herbert caught him in time to prevent a catastrophe to his head and skirt.

Ruth had asked Jean to come home with Faith to supper and she used a couple of suits that had been made for the Gold Dust Twins--Those children were wonderful. Mame could not tell which was Jean, but she could not produce the awful cavity Faith displayed when she opened her mouth. It was the funniest thing to see on that little thing. They two were the only ones the paper spoke of especially. Margaret was a darky boy with a white vest, red trousers and black coat. Elizabeth was herself as she was in a dance. John was a Brownie in a black swallowtail, yellow peaked cap etc.

Oh why did I not know that you would like some socks etc. I will, even now send you a pair, perhaps two, so that you may wear them on the boat coming over. It will be cold then. And when you get home you may give them to some soldier going over. You seem relieved that the decision is made that you are to brave the sea danger again. On what ship? or will that not be known?

I am going to bed, it is twelve o'clock and morning comes so soon--and there is still some more wood to pile. Is not that funny? Why does it shock my family to have me do things like that? It is no harder to do than some other things. Better for one's health than to sit sewing all day. Your two letters were so bright and cheery I just know the little vacation you took was a good thing for you both.

I love you dears.

Mother.

as I cannot recall that number on Maryland Ave. and cannot wait another minute to bid you welcome to our own country, I will write to the Hopkins address.

But, the foolishness of the human heart--I am far more homesick to see you now than I was when you were in France.

Ruth and I are going to St. Paul today. Both are going to the dentist. Ruth has an immense amount of work to be done, he says. I got my new teeth last week, but he told me I would be back to have them fitted. He told the truth.

Jack is still in Waco. And still fretting because he has nothing to do and is learning nothing. Fred Andersen has a second ~~Lieutenancy~~ Lieutenancy--and Elbert a first. Elbert is ordered to report in N.Y. on the 15th. Queer if they send the newer officers away before the older ones who have been waiting for so long. Will is busy as a man can well be. He expects to be home for Christmas.

Tomorrow our family have dinner at Herbert's. Is not Mame brave? A small house for so many of us, but she felt that she wanted to do it.

We are busy planning a giftless Christmas in the S.S. That is, a giving Christmas rather than a receiving Christmas.

I wonder if you came over in the same boat with Mr. Severance, Lady Chetwynd, Admiral Fletche etc. etc. Yes, I read the papers.

Are you catching up with the local news? Do we seem very slow and unwarlike to you? England was so reported the first year of the war. We really are living differently, we are really coming into line. Large bodies move slowly, you know, but do not be discouraged with our slowness and look at the things we have done rather than the things we have not done but mean to do.

Nothing we can do will be more stupid than the lack of unity in the management of the war over there. So be kind to our mistakes and stupidity. Mame still speaks of "this administration" with scorn. Washington gives every one the blues when visiting there, they tell me. There is a lot of educating going on.

I am so anxious to have a good long letter telling me all about the trip and yourselves. Is there anything on which you are short and I am long? My silver is not in use, there are many things that I could, possibly, loan you that would be foolish for us to buy when you are not yet settled, and during these times when we buy so little of unnecessary things. Mrs. K. says you have all the bedding you need. How about tablecloths, napkins, etc. You know there are some of those things at the Mister's.

It is getting near breakfast time and I have a note to write, etc. Dear, dear children, I am glad you are on this side of the water, and I am sending you a heart full of love. I want to know where you are to live, how you are to live, what you are planning for work, if there is any way I can help, and many other things.

Mother.

Calahad

Hudson Wis.
Nov. 28 1917

Dear Children:

Herbert telephoned Monday that you had landed and were on your way to Baltimore--until then perhaps I had not known how anxious I had been. The relief was very great. Cottie told me yesterday that some one had told her that we were to direct a letter to the Mister's for you. I suppose it must have been Mrs. K. as she had visited with her at the Baptist supper. But

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.Saras

December 6 1917

My dear Children:

I suppose you are wondering if this Galahad paper will ever come to an end--I think if we are all patient and I am properly persevering, it may. But, after all, just at present I am glad that there is still a big pile of it left. Paper is scarce, they tell me--but not on my shelves.

I have come, though not for the first time, to the conclusion that just plain living is a complicated affair. Talk about life ever being monotonous----- I have tried to imagine myself living all alone, in an apartment that was furnished with all of the modern conveniences, with nothing to do but eat, sleep, and knit--with all worries borne by some one else, even to the cooking, cleaning, mending, etc. Would life be monotonous? Well, even then, there would be reading, letter writing, and people. The world is going so fast, every one has so many interests, there are so many problems that are not individual problems--or should I say that individual problems are so complicated that they become world problems? No, unless one were really a dead one, I cannot imagine life being monotonous. I have no particular problems of my own, unless trying to keep my bank book and my check book balance, or holding my tongue when it wants to say things it shouldn't, could be called problems--but the very air bristles with problems that will not seem to come to any solution. What is all this about? That might be hard to explain.

The weather turned quite cold on Tuesday and I went to St. Paul to have my new teeth re-fitted--I expect to make many visits to the city for that purpose this winter--and to have lunch with

Ray at the Dyckman. At the station I saw Elbert and Fred in their new uniforms--and they are the best the law allows and they look fine in them. Mrs. Andersen is disappointed that Fred did not get a first instead of a second, but Fred seems not to care much. That is, he seems to understand that he is not a natural military man. I went up to Elbert and shook hands with him and asked him to send me his picture in uniform and keep me posted as to his whereabouts. He was very pleasant and cordial and it made me feel good. Of course, I lost one of my gloves in the station, had it off while knitting, because I have to go down about ~~xxx~~ ^{a half hour} ahead of time to go when the children go to school, and that was an offset, perhaps, to the pleasure of meeting Elbert in that way. I did not realize that at the time however. I sat with Mrs. Andersen and ~~xxx~~ Mary and knitted and visited all the way over to St. Paul. For Mame's Christmas I am giving her a dozen of Mother's silver forks. Thanksgiving day we discovered that she has only a dozen and now that she is beginning to entertain the family that is not enough. The forks were marked with an old English J. Just below that I am having a drop letter M.P. engraved. That will show they do not belong together and I think will please her. For Jean's present I am having the fork I used when a little girl made ready. It is marked "Jennie" on the front. On the back I have had the initials J.P. with 1866 above and 1917 below the initials. Do you think she will like it? For ~~George~~ George I was extravagant. I have arranged to buy from Galahad one of those carpenter's benches. And now I am wondering if I should not keep it for his birthday as he can make but little use of it this winter. He will need tools as I can buy them. He is the farmer and his father pays him five dollars a month for his work. He is buying his own Liberty bond and other things, I believe. For Wilder I have a book. But what I wanted to say was when I reached St. Paul I

the car refused to be cranked. The girls both lost much time and strength, and finally sent for a man from the garage. Sand in the tank had stopped up the feed pipe. He worked an hour and a half and it would run--"but it may stop up again"--and it did so this morning. It interferes with the regular work of the house as well as the going to school of the children. Besides the shock to one's feelings. You see the beginning of my letter was other people's problems.

John is getting over the measles in fine shape, but the other children should be coming down with them. I hope they will not wait until too near Christmas so that Mame will not dare bring Frederick over. Yesterday I spent all day on the couch, today I do not get very far away for I want to be in good trim tomorrow evening when I expect Ray over. I have asked Herbert and Mame to come and visit with him that evening. I mean to try and pop some of last year's corn that I have on hand. I wish I had all of my children right close under my wing. Still, it is good to think that you are in this country and that I can know almost where you are to live. I directed a letter to you yesterday to the new address and will send this one there. I hope your kitchen is large enough to permit a small table for you two to eat on so that you will not have to carry things through the hall to the real diningroom. But, after all, that is your problem and not mine. No, I did not do anything right when I left the

Mister's. I have no record of what is in the trunk and boxes there. Not much of value, I fear. I can only recall a couple of pitchness and the little soup bowls, some other little things, possibly. Helen, I am not as long on hair as I was--but anything else? Please give my love to Mrs. Finney and remember me to the Misters. I suppose Kemp and Katherine are not there, but is Miss Randall there? If so, give much love to her. Tell me about her when you know. Also a greeting to Mr. Dorsey and the young man who took us out in the auto. Will you see the Bartlett family? They were all very kind to me. Cottie says "why Helen will trade at the Co-operative store, wont she?" It is a good place--on 24th. between Maryland and Charles. But she would like to be there with you to go to the Parkway, too. Your letters are so interesting, write as

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Saras

What to do with money - to buy jewelry - to buy jewelry & take to Boston on the 14th - Mrs. Penfield - Hudson Wis.

went to the jewelers to see about this silver and there saw the pretty service flag pins. I did not mean to do so, but I could not help buying one for Winifred and Ruth. I took Elizabeth into the secret and what do you suppose her remark was when she saw it? "Oh I am so glad for it will make Daddy feel good to have Mother wear it."

I went to Minneapolis and had a visit with Ray for an hour and then went up to see the Prince family, coming home on the five o'clock. I was dreadfully tired with the strain of meeting cold outside and heat in the cars, I guess, for I caught a most beautiful cold. It does not take much to fasten one of these dreaded things on me. Sometimes I think I cannot stand one of our Wisconsin winters, but if I say anything about it Cottie begins to tell how she never dreaded a winter as she does this winter, and how nice it would be to go away----and I choke and drop the subject.

But my cold is a little thing compared with what the cold brings to the girls, especially our "man-of-the-house, Ruth. She is doing her best to save coal. Garry did his best to make it possible to save coal and Ruth only uses it at night and burns this pine wood during the day. That means constant attention, of course. She empties ashes every day, she rakes and scrapes, and adds wood every few minutes. After every set-back the girls have they sigh and say "well I am glad we have a nice warm house to live in"--so you see the almost three hundred dollars I invested last winter was a good investment after all. The garage was my investment this winter but it is not as warm as it should be. Yesterday morning

When I opened your letter just now I saw you still had - mail sent to 576 N. Boulevard

Monday.

I was made very happy this morning by the arrival of the Red Cross picture and it is now facing me on my desk in a frame - if you feel you can come Christmas as you can when you will come? Will expect to be here next Sunday - how long he can stay I do not know.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Servas.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL

HUDSON, WIS.

December 9 1917

Dear Children:

Elizabeth was sitting on my lap and I told her I wanted to write to Uncle Wilder, Uncle Billy, Daddy and Uncle Garry--how many would I get done? Besides that, there are on the desk three tissue paper packages ready for wrapping and for letters to go at the same time. Socks for Elbert, Chauncey and Harold Perkins--the latter already in France. Other socks and other letters must be made ready soon.

You do not know how many things I want to talk about today--but it takes so long to write them all. First--let me relieve my mind on the biggest subject. Herbert told me that Mrs. K. had written to you that she would give you \$50. for a Christmas present if you wanted to use it for coming home. When word first came that you were coming back to America but would not come home until June I said to her that she and I would have to get together and see if we could not arrange it so that you could come at Christmas, she made some laughing answer--and neither of us has said anything about it since. She cannot get out here and I do not seem to be able to get over there, so we have had no talk together since then. However, I am still in the ring, and ready with my punch. If another \$50. ~~will~~ will make it possible for you two dear ones to come home for Christmas, I will send it on to you, and be glad to have the privilege. But this one thing you must remember, whether you come or not, there will be no exchange of presents this year. The Penfields, MacQuarries and the Ingli have agreed to that. I reserved the right to treat

you all as children,my children, and give you something if I wanted to do so. But these children here will have enough, not as much as usual, we hope, but enough so that we do not want you two to give them anything at all. Candy is almost taboo here, and they understand how every wants to, and should, give all they can to real sufferers.

Is not this latest horror quite too dreadful? The condition all over the world depresses one. Will you let me know right soon if we may possibly expect to see you? The sight of you would surely be good for us all.

John is over the measles, Billy and Ruth are coming down with them and we hope Bobs will not put it off much longer for we need the whole two weeks that lie before us to clean it all out that it may be safe for Frederick to come over for his Christmas dinner. We shall have to get along without any help at all on Christmas day, but Winifred is such a fine planner that she will have us all so placed that there will be little confusion and we will all have a good time. I do not doubt but that you will be expected to dine at the Kermotts--but you will, perhaps come over here for the tree later. They will have more room for you to sleep than there will be here, but you will give us lots of your daytime, wont you?

Ray spent Friday night with us, coming over on the 6.20 and going back the next morning on the 8.40. It made a short visit but we did do some right good visiting too. Herbert and Mame came over for a couple of hours, although it was a bitter cold night. It was mighty good of them and I appreciated it.

Will expects, or hopes, to be home about the 17th. His father is coming soon, and will be here over Christmas. Lawson and his wife are here, or rather he is in Detroit and Daisy is with Earnest

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

Sara

and will be until Christmas. Their family will have a re-union at Earnest's on the Saturday before. Earnest and Mary are to go to Neenah for Christmas.

Margaret has written several letters to Grandpa Inglis and yesterday she was rewarded. She received a box from him. It was an old writing desk that his wife--Margaret Inglis--had used when a girl. In it was a goodly supply of notepaper, pens, pencils, and a dozen other little things besides a lot of candy. It was fun to see the other children. Elizabeth and Faith were as pleased as Margaret, almost. While John waited a bit to be sure he had seen all and then rushed off ^{to} ~~the~~ the kitchen and brought back a porridge dish. "What is that for, John?" "Why for the candy." Margaret did not disappoint him. You see, Margaret fully expects to be a writer of stories.

Earnest was over yesterday and he and the two girls will be here again on Tuesday. He came over with Pat Webster. It seems when he was examined for the army he fell short in weight, but he means to try it again and hopes to get in the quartermaster's department. William was in Petrograd the last heard from him and is in a Red Cross Captain's uniform. By the way, am I not to have a picture of you in uniform?

In regard to the Christmas gifts again---if you have some little inexpensive thing that you can give Cottie, well and good, for she wants to remember everyone and I cannot stop her without making her too unhappy. But only the veriest trifle. A picture card will be enough.

It was too bad about yur loss of the purse, Helen dear--but I do not wonder that you were thoughtless about it with so many

packages to do up and send off. But now, where are all of the ~~thin~~ things I wanted to talk to you about? I could hardly wait to get to the typewriter--oh pshaw, I want to see you and talk with you both. I hope you will have a paper for the Patriotic edition of the Star-Observer. I have still to go to St. Paul again to get my teeth fitted, for my gums swell up so that I cannot wear them. Hope Christmas will find me in possession of good grinders for I am saving up for that.

The boys of my class have decided to adopt a French orphan and now my task is to find the orphan. I wish some one would hand him out to me. But the trouble with the boys is that they want to buy Thrift stamps too. And that is all right, how am I going to help them to understand? We had been studying about what Moses was asked by God to do and the five excuses he made. Today I asked them what God asked George Washington to do? And was it easy, and did they suppose that Washington ever made any excuses. George said--"Why I did not know that God asked Washington to do that". Then I asked what God asked Lincoln to do etc. Then what He had asked of Woodrow Wilson. And for their lesson next Sunday they are to tell me at least four excuses Wilson might and perhaps did make. They are so startlingly like Moses' excuses that I hope to make them feel that Moses was a real man. Ray says he never could get interested in old Testament heroes for they never seemed real. He could sit down and talk with Christ, but he would have nothing to say to David, for he would not understand him. A queer way to put it, but would I not like to talk with David, and especially with Moses right now? They are as real as any man of today, and their problems were just as real as the problems of today. Please kiss each other for me, and know how much I love you--no Wilder never will know, and Helen will not know until she has children of her own. God bless you both. Mother

Knitting bags? Oh certainly "every one is doing it." Cottie made me one, I gave one to Winifred and to Mame on their birthdays. Cottie was to make one for Ruth for Christmas and one for you, and one for each of the three girls--not one of them is made. Oh by-the-way, the knitting bag was intended for Helen, not for Wilder, but if you two are one, what difference? Now, if you have a knitting bag I can stop her for she will not run so fast that I cannot overtake her. It is always a question as to when Cottie will get things done, anyway. It is lucky that I kept pulling her back as much as I did, for there are not as many things "to be finished" as there might have been. I will not try and answer any more of your last letter until I can ~~xxx~~ write the longer one that you are to get for Christmas.

Bless your dear hearts, I love you.

Mother.

Tuesday Morning
December 18 1917

Dear Children:

Again I am writing on small paper so that I shall know when to stop. That means that I have only a little time in which to write. Still, if I use no spacer I think if I fill the sheet it will be a fairly long letter after all.

One week from today is Christmas. The cold weather is gone, and the snow is fast going. The next letter I write to you is not to be opened until Christmas morning while you are sitting at the breakfast table--if that falls in with your plans. I do not mean to make it a case of doing it because I happen to speak of the time, for that is only a suggestion. But open it when you are all comfy and by yourselves. Wilder knows how much comfort his mother takes in talking over the breakfast table--or any other table for that matter.

Sitting over the coffee after leaving

the table is next best, but that sort of breaks the continuity.

I am ~~also~~ enclosing a little food for though (there should be a "t" on the end of that word) hope you will enjoy it.

Do you wonder that I call Cottie my baby? She is down with the measles. She has been pretty sick all of the week--since last week Monday--First her back with much pain, then her stomach with terrible retching--and then the rash. She has not had as much fever as the children, but has had a very bad cough, although that is better today. For the past three days her brain has been clouded much of the time. That is better this morning. Dr. K. is coming out again this morning, and I hope he will pronounce her very much better. I wonder if it will be safe to bring little Fred over here in a week's time.

I have not had much rest and feel a little rocky this morning, but that can be easily made right for I think my cold is much better.

Ruth is in St. Paul today I expected to go over with her but she had to take all of the commissions herself. presents to buy for all of the children and some for Mame to give them, some for Father Inglis and some for me. It will make a full day and this time of year is not a good time in which to hurry. I thought I was going to be all through long before this--but one does not always know.

Will came home yesterday, his uniform is certainly becoming and he has gained in poise it seems to me. He has had an operation on his nose and we hope he will be better of colds etc. but now he is really suffering much pain in his forehead and around his eyes. Most likely he caught cold when coming home and the dust of the train was not conducive to the healing of the wound. They cut out quite a goodsized piece. It was quite a painful thing too. It certainly seems good to have a man around the house again.

Dr. K. told me what he thought about your coming home. It quite agrees with what Wilder had ~~xxxx~~ already written, and I guess he is quite right. So--I am not looking for you. As to Jack's coming, I know no more than I knew before. Gen. Richards is in Washington and will be back in Waxo Christmas Eve. If Jack can come at all it must be after that, I should suppose. The division begins to move on the 23rd.

understanding, sometimes and that is such a pity. It happens, sometimes, that only one of the two seems to sense that. I suppose it is not like a real tragedy, for one can love enough to put in other feelings, like protection, or pride, or with a woman, a maternal feeling, but real happiness must be the product of mutual love, sympathy and understanding. So when you tell me how Helen is "hitting the trail" with you rather than ahead or behind you, I am very thankful for you both. I have always been sure that she would be the greatest help to you, provided you understood each other and both were unselfish in your love.

But dinner is nearly ready, and it is time for Cottie's medicine and more alcohol on the spiced poultice. This is not my Sunday letter or "near Sunday" letter, this is just an extra.

God bless you both,
Mother

Galahad

Hudson Wisconsin

December 14 1917

Dear Children:

What a funny looking heading to this letter--but never mind, it is all there and it may be worse before I get through with all I hope to say in the short time that lies before me.

I cannot write as fast as I would because I have to stop every other line to wipe my nose. Yes, as usual, it is one cold after another just as soon as the cold weather sets in. And of course, the deafness increases as well. I would like to pick up and run away with the first snow, but I would have to take Cottie with me and my bank account does not seem to smile on such a procedure.

Such a week as we are having. The three younger children and the oldest one sick. Bobs is very little trouble Billy was pretty bad for two days and nights but is now only so restless that it is almost impossible to keep

him

away from the bright sunlight. But little Ruth---she is certainly a holy terror. She just cries almost every minute. If she is not uncomfortable she is just plain mad. Poor Winifred is dreadfully tired but she is standing up to it like a major. She is so happy that Will is coming so soon that she can endure anything. He comes either Sunday or Monday morning and instead of five days as the orders have been in most cases he is to have fifteen days. Is that not fine? He is so happy his letters are just like a boy's. Is it because he has been so full of the work there that he has not asked for privileges before?

But my patient, the oldest, does not cry but she feels pretty bad. She has gastritis. I have talked with Dr. before this but he has not seen her until this morning. She has to have pretty constant attention, but she is a well behaved baby.

Your letter came last evening and I was so sorry that you had not received my letter sent to the Maryland Ave. address. I sent it there because I expected you would be in the apartment by that time. I had sent my first one to Johns Hopkins Hospital. The third one I sent to 510 Broadway. You see I took a chance at them all. This one? where I shall send this, who knows.

But your news at the tag end of the letter pleased me as you knew it would. Hug each other just as hard as you can and kiss each other as many times as you care to do so, and say "That is what Mother would like to do!" I would like to be the one to tell the family here, if I may, when the time comes to tell them. Until then, you know there will not be a hint from me. But Wilder boy, do not feel that you are saying foolish things when you let me know how you feel towards Helen. It makes me so happy, always, to have my children tell me such things. When Herbert unburdens his heart about Mame, or Ruth about Jack and Will and Winifred about their feelings. Don't you know it does other people good to know about love and happiness, and more than any one else it makes a mother feel good. I am so thankful that you two are drawing nearer and nearer together in sympathy and understanding. You know marriage is a great surprise sometimes. There is love without sympathy and

been hard for them both to have their too short vacatio
so broken up with his being sick.

Our Christmas, as I had to remind Cottie when I was
making her see that going to the San. was the best thing
for her as well as for us, will not be an old-fashioned
Penfield Christmas. It will be a MacQuarrie Christmas.
It is just as well, it will not only make it easier for
Cottie to be away, but it will make it easier for Ruth
while Jack is away.

It is quite possible that you may see him, ^{Jack} one of ~~the~~
these days. He has been transferred from the 32nd.
Depot Brigade--"which there aint no sich animal," to
~~Assistant~~ Assistant Adjutant, Headquarters 32nd. ~~Brig.~~
Division. So he is not with gen. Richards, much to his

My dear Children:

I expected to write a great long n
letter that would have taken me a whole
evening to write, and here it is just
before supper on Saturday evening, and I
must write as fast as I can because if
this does not get away tonight I am not
sure that you will get it Christmas day.

Last night Billy prayed very earnestly--

"Oh God, make Cottie well for we want to
get rid of this nurse." This morning
his prayer was answered in part, for I
sent Cottie and the nurse to the San.
The nurse wanted to go for there was



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WISCONSIN

December 23 1917

*Lawrence's this night, Davy, Father's name. And
John's name. will probably be here*

not enough to keep her busy and she was homesick. But there was too much to do for me to want to take it on, it was a beautiful day and she could go safely, and the work was pulling like everything. Shall I acknowledge a mean, contemptible, horrid thing about your mother? I wonder if you, Wilder, recall Alice Richards? Do you remember her mother? A very large, insistent, opinionated woman who was paralysed, partially, and had to be moved in a wheel chair? She took a fancy to me and wanted to go camping with us one year---for Alice' sake And--for Alice' sake I did what I could for her. She became a horror to poor Herbert for she loved him so dearly and he must talk with her, help her down to bathe, and devote himself to her generally. She was opinionated, as I said, but with me, never. She deferred to me, she leaned on me,---she drank my very life blood like a vampire, and after being with her for an hour or two I could only lie down and absolutely rest. I would hate dreadfully ~~to~~ see her again, and never did after I got her back to Spokane. Fortunately, she could not afford to stay more than a week or two. Cottie is not like that, of course, but she does drain my vitality sometimes when I am tired, simply because she depends on me so much, and is so jealous of my being away from her, well, I told you it was horrid of me. I do not feel it so much when I feel up to snuff, but the snuff is snuffed out sometimes, you know.

Will is better of that infection in the antrim ~~to~~ went to Minneapolis with Winifred and the children today to have a family re-union at Earnest's. It has

up some lovely fairy story to play out together, and have the jolliest, Christmas all your own. Your very most delightful Christmas because it is your first together, and because you are making great plans of living in the future. It is so delightful to be making plans for the future. It seems to strike Will afresh every once in a while that I am always doing that, and he will say "Why Mother Jaean you will never grow old, you live so in the future." Well the future always did seem a part of the present to me, and I have always felt that it was better farther on, and it has always proved to be so. Life is full yet, why not, when my children are so dear to me, and I am at rest about them and feel that they are making a place in the world about them? Kiss each other for me, and we will all have a

blessed day on the birthday of our King, who will soon come to establish his kingdom, I do believe. Mrs. Tourtellot went home to rest, funeral yesterday, and Will is to read his resignation tomorrow and do the preaching. God bless you---Mother

and a leather case with the family photo in--reduced size. Don't you think the picture of his family is good? I am giving Ruth and Winifred a little pin with a service flag on. I showed it to Elizabeth and she said "Oh Daddy will be so glad to have her wear it." I am giving Elizabeth the things she has been asking for, necklace and ~~knives~~ six hdks. Margaret "Six Little Peppers Grown up"--You began the series, Wilder, do you remember? Faith a Pogany book of songs. She learns to play anything she likes and keeps it going. The procedure being to take a lesson of Elizabeth.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WISCONSIN



She plays with both hands chords and all. Bobby--well, some toy that I do not seem to recall, just now as Ruth bought it for me. John a book, another one who loves books, Billy a war ship, and little Ruth a dress and cap for her dolly who needs some clothes. Cottie, a pair of felt slippers, six handkerchiefs--and I hope to buy a rug for her room when I can go to St. Paul again. I sent Jack ten dollars. Five dollars to Virginia Jefferson, three dollars to Helen Clague. I also sent a framed picture of Aunt Nell and one of her paintings to Florence, and a painting and the ship in a storm that aunt Nell did, to Helen Sanford. They were not Christmas presents, just a bit of love that they would appreciate at this time. I have sent socks to ten of the boys, but there are many more to be knitted, I shall send them as soon as I can, but shall not worry at any delay. The Christmas planning has been easy. Oh yes, I sent a bound copy of Fragments from France to Ray. Also a copy of Christine to Garry. And I guess that is all I have done. All of the letters I usually write are yet to be written, and not a card to any one. Mrs. Lenroot wants to know all about you, go and see them when you are in Washington and can do so. Also the Price family. They are good friends.

Supper is over and I must send this letter down by Mrs. King tonight. Hope she does not forget to mail it. You will be happy together dear children, you will not think of being away from home, some one will invite you out for dinner, probably, and if not, you will think

he knows." I think that was a fine reply.

But about Christmas--Mame cannot come over with Fred because he may still take the measles, and I am afraid that Herbert will stay with her. The children will come. I am giving George "Over the Top"--He so fears the way will be over before he can get into the trenches. He is an inveterate reader. He goes to Iron River for a visit the day following Christmas. I am giving Wilder a book. Jean, my little silver fork. It is marked Jennie on the front and on the back I had J.P. with 1866 above and 1917 below the monogram. Patty a lovely doll's bed. I have dressed it and it looks fine. Herbert, a check for five dollars and Mame a dozen of Mother's forks, as she is short on them. I am giving Will a book--"How to live at the Front by Hector MacQuar

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
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regret, sentimentally, at least. He is very fond of Gen. Richards. He is now with General Haan, and his papers were signed by Col. d'Armond, although he has been some where else since coming to America. Now he is to go to France with the 32nd. Division. They are supposed to begin to move tomorrow, although he wrote that he thought he would eat his Christmas dinner at Waco. If possible, he wants to see you while en route. His letters were so homesick and disappointed that I had to telegraph him that he must, before leaving, write and let Ruth know that he was happy and hopeful. His

have been depressing her so much because of his being so unhappy that I feared that she would be ill again. She is putting up a brave fight to keep happy and cheery and not give way to homesickness. It is simply his way of letting her know how much he loves her, and urging her to come East to meet him. That is impossible for many reasons, but that blessed boy does not see it when he wants to see her so much.

Your letter saying I could not afford big sums of money, is true enough, I know, but, well----how different am I from Jack? He does not see why it will cost so much more to send ~~him~~ to ~~her~~ than to bring him to her--and when it is a question of your coming home, I get a bit befuddled too.

This is a Christmas letter, and should be a very jolly and happy one and it seems to deal with sickness and meanness, and criticism, in every paragraph. But then, that is what I have been reading in the papers too. These investigations, mighty necessary, I should say, if they are constructive, but if they attack Hoover too hard I may go to Washington myself. Dr. K. thinks Baker is the weakest man in the cabinet, but somehow, I like Baker and certainly his reply when told of Crozier's criticism sounded very like a man and an honest man who is sure of himself. "It is quite proper for the Senate committee to be anxious to help develop our war plans. If there has been delay, the committee will naturally want to know why. When General Crozier is questioned by the committee, it is his duty to tell all

Daisy and Lawson went away on the nine o'clock train. Father Mac. had gone earlier. We are all a little tired, still, but we are not having breakfast until eight o'clock or later, during the vacation, so we will get straightened around after a while.

Will and Winifred are going to St. Paul tomorrow, for a regular "spree". Just going to have a day without any of the children, and have a good lunch and go to any "show" they so desire, and do only what shopping they want to do.

Did you know that Mike Gibbons is at Camp Dodge as instructor? And Will is taking boxing lessons of him. He seems to enjoy it very much.

Did you know that I sent you a pair of socks to wear home on the boat? They are "somewhere in France!" I wish I had written to Chester to have him keep them, but I did not do it when I found out that you were coming home sooner, and then it got so late I feared something else had happened to them. It would seem a pity to send them back over here when they are needed over there. You see, the plan was for you to leave there Dec. 9th. as I ~~understand~~ understood, and that would have given me time enough.

I must not gossip with you any longer, for there are many other letters to write, and I am going to lie down a few minutes now. Ruth gave me a thin blue, Herbert a pretty Red Cross pin, Will gave me a lovely flat basket with a cover, beads and tassels, Cottie gave me a book - "The Bent Twig". Mrs. Phipps and Father Mac. each gave a book. Ray the Atlantic Magazine. The two Sammonds their pictures. Wilder a garden stick with a bird on it. Florence an old gold satin covered knitting shield (for the needles.) Will you tell me all about your Christmas? I am so glad you could be in that apartment and perhaps Helen did some cooking. Your letter came yesterday but it was still a

Christmas letter and bore much love in its sheets.

May the Hospital quest prove successful, as I have no doubt that it will Mother.

You Wonderful Children:

Such dear, interesting gifts as you did send to all of the children. How could you think of so many things? As for my gift, it is so pretty in itself, so interesting as a souvenir of the time you were in the work in Paris and of the Great War. Besides that, it helped some ~~poor~~ poor invalid to make life more full and happy.

Thank you so very much dear children. I have not had time, as yet, to compare notes with Mrs. K. In fact there does not seem to be much time, ever, to really visit and have a good time with one's friends.

Yesterday we worked hard all the morning to get things put away and the house in running order. In the afternoon, after a short rest, Will took me up to the San. to see Cottie, then supper, and reading aloud in the evening. Today I have been at the desk ever since I cleared the table after breakfast. I have been making out the orders for magazines that should go in before the first. Do you want to know what we are to read this coming year?

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WISCONSIN



December 28 1917

*London another
Christmas gift to you
that I intended to send
in the other letter. I also pack
Medical Standard Book Co. B.S. which
also goes - collecting, print.*

I will tell you about Christmas first. Your vision of it, Wilder, was very like, and yet this Christmas was rather different from any of the others. Will does not like to have me call it a MacQuarrie Christmas, and yet, it was not our old Christmas, although a very happy one.

We planned to have breakfast at seven o'clock, letting the children open their stockings for Santa's things, before breakfast. I had breakfast all ready, on time, the children came down about fifteen minutes before, all dressed for the day. There were not so very many things in the stockings--Shoes, and handkerchiefs, mostly--with one toy for each of the little ones, and an orange, a beautiful apple, a candied fig, some candied oranges and nuts. They were perfectly delighted with everything, but it did not take very long to go thru them and they were ready to eat at seven. The tree had been trimmed by Will and the children the day before. We had planned to have it on the porch but a cold North wind came up Monday so we had it in the North-West corner of the big room which is now not much more than the dining-room. It was a beautiful tree and after it was all trimmed and the children were in bed that night we had put all of the other gifts on the table around the base of the tree and covered that part with a white sheet. As soon as we had all finished breakfast the sheet was taken off and the gifts were distributed. Father MacQuarrie had come over Monday eve. to stay with Bobs and Ruth while all of the rest of us went to the Church entertainments, and little Ruth took all of her things to him. She was the joke to us all. Each of the girls had a beautiful dolly. The three Ingli had Shoenhut doll, and they were perfectly happy with them. Ruth had a doll in a big high chair that goes upstairs and down with her, chair and all. Bobs had a new soldier suit, hat, puttees, and all, and a set of soldiers that made him go into a corner by himself. Each one had so many things, and they were all so happy over them, but before nine o'clock they had all taken their things upstairs and we were at the dishes and the cleaning up of the room.

I had all of the extra dishes, silver and table linen ready at hand on Monday. Will brot in the round table off the porch and I went right to setting the table for dinner. Lawson and his wife came over on the 9.30 train and we had some things for Daisy to do to keep her happy. Mame could not come, but Herbert and the four came for the one-thirty dinner. Mame had roasted the two turkeys for us and Will went up after them and carried up a big box with Mame's dinner, she taking off some of the turkey for herself. We sent a pretty dish or basket of everything that we had here, and it looked very appetizing when she opened it. Everything went off beautifully at dinner, and everything was cooked just right, We had a very simple dinner, of course, because we had no maid of any description. Nineteen of us to sit down. Cottie, Mame and Fred were missed, of course. After dinner the children gave an impromptu program, and then the three Ingli girls and I went up to Herbert's with them. The children looked at the penfield gifts, I knitted, and we three had a good visit. Will came up for me about eight o'clock.