

*Keep a bit about over supper - Conclude your work -
Journal through looking, but must stop
mother*

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

Saras

January 6 1918

Dear Children:

I wonder if it is true that as goes New Years so goes the year? If it is true I shall be a very busy woman this coming year for the first week of the year has been a dreadful one if being too busy to get one's work done is being dreadful. I do not even know when I wrote you last. I am all mixed up on dates and days. Did I write you about the freezing of the apples, potatoes, etc. in the new root cellar? That must have happened on Friday, Dec. 28. I worked all that day and the next trying to save as much as possible. On Sunday Will preached in the morning, and I was never so proud of him as on that day. Monday I got Sylvia to help me and we put up apples, made thirty glasses of jelly and some fifteen quarts of apple butter. What we did not do that day I finished the next and got more juice ready to jelly. We had no guests on New Years. It was better not for Will went back that afternoon. Billy was really quite sick ever since Christmas, just beginning to get better now. On Wednesday, the second, Ruth and I went to St. Paul. Thursday I spent with the jelly. Friday I worked all morning putting away the jelly and butter and in the afternoon I had my class of boys over. We wrote a letter to the little French boy we had taken under our care, sat around the table for wafers and chocolate, the other children joining us. Then they played games until five o'clock when Ruth took them home in the Ford. Saturday Sylvia came again and we picked over all of the potatoes. About three bushels were too soft to try and

use, some of the rest are on trial. The root cellar and the attendant storeroom are again in fair order. Then I had bills to pay etc.etc. The week ended with another branch of the regular housework taken over, but not a stocking darned. Cottie is still at the San. Says she is still too weak to come home, but she is able to spend the evenings down stairs now so I suppose she will soon think she can come home. In the meantime her room is being occupied. Jean came over Thursday morning and stayed until yesterday afternoon when Wilder came and will stay until tomorrow morning. It means a lot to the children to come over here for visits, and they should come oftener, but oh-- while they are as good as gold yet with so many a little extra seems to add to the commotion. But those Penfield children are certainly winners. I am as proud of them as I can be. You would not believe what a difference ^{it} ~~xy~~ has made with them since going back to the farm. George is so manly and fine and even reckless Wilder is gaining in self-control. At the table yesterday Jean was being very polite by breaking up her wafers in her chocolate and leaving her spoon in her cup. I suppose one of the boys at that end of the table was doing the same thing for down at my end one of them was very daintily dipping his wafers in the chocolate and eating them and John saw and followed suit. But it was all right, they had a good time.

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New Years night, after Will had gone and the family sort of "slumped" I telephoned Wame and Herbert and asked them to start the New Year right by coming over to supper with us. They were glad to come after the children were all in bed. We never have our supper until then, and then we bring everything in my den and eat off trays. It is very cosy and dear, and they enjoyed it so much they are going to do the same thing again tonight.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Sara

I am still going to the dentist, but only to get my new teeth to fit well. Ruth is still going to the dentist but she is having painful things done still. We both go over again on Tuesday. I shall be glad when the trips are over. It costs too much both in time and money as well as in strength.

I said I had added another branch of the housework to my share. I have taken over the laundry. The planning of Mrs. King's work, the sorting, the carrying upstairs, etc. With the breakfasts which were added two weeks ago, some of the dishes, the setting of the table, the care of the storerooms, the budget bills, etc. the darning of the stockings, and a few other little things I am getting my mornings and much of my afternoons pretty well filled. But I do not get my letters written. My poor Christmas letters have not been written at all. Also my knitting does not go as fast as I wish it would.

We are all talking California. Now that the two boys will have to get into something else when they return from the war, we might just as well try and go somewhere where we do not have to use so much coal and can live more cheaply than here. Life is too everlastingly hard when Jack Frost keeps one working so hard to fight him. Jack telegraphed last night that he had been ordered, with General Richards to Spartansburg, S.C. It is quite likely that Gen. Richards will have the forming of a Brigade in the second draft. That will be interesting for Jack. Will says that he can receive no promotion except as his turn comes. Gen. R. wants him on his staff and he can only have a Major

and two Lieutenents. Jack seems to think that promotion will be in order. We hope that he is right. He has had a machine gun Co. offered him but preferred to stay with Gen.R. It has been hard not to be in any regular work but it may work out all right now.

Tell me about Kemp Bartlett. Did he not like looking after the Huns? What work does he hope to get? The Friends are doing such a wonderful work in France building up the devastated places, and how appropriate that the ones who do not believe in fighting should go back of the lines and build up what has been torn down. If you have not read "Carry On" I want to send it to you when Earnest and Herbert have read it. It is so different from Empey's "Over the Top."

It was so fine that you could have been in that apartment. I hope that you are settled now in your own. By the way--you know who John Wetherby is? Yes, you knew his daughters. One of them married Captain Safford and has a little apartment in Des Moines to be near him. Will has been there several times and is so interested in the way she has fixed up the rooms. they have cost so little. I wondered why you should not frankly do without, as they are doing. She has been used to a good deal, yet is glad now to spend as little as possible until they are settled. Second hand furniture, the very cheapest, enameled by herself. Curtains of crash that can later be used for dish towels. No tablecloth, a japanese runner or crash like the curtains. All of her dishes and silver were bought at the ten cent store. Yet Will says that every thing looks charming. She is so frank about the things she does to save spending money that every one else becomes interested in how she is doing it.

Earnest and Mary came home from Neenah this morning and stopped off for dinner with us. They were as gay and happy as ever. Winifred is very tired because she has had very little good sleep since Thanksgiving on account of the children being sick---in a warm climate we would not have so many dreadful coughs to keep people awake.--- Ruth is tired out because of so much extra work with the Ford. Since cold weather set in something has been the matter all of the time. The furnace is heavy work too, and then she is not getting her sewing and other things done, and her cleaning drags, etc. All due to the cold weather, you see.

Florence sent over to have Elizabeth and Margaret come over Thursday morning and stay until Saturday afternoon. Red Riding-Hood etc. They had a glorious time.

How like two children you were on Christmas day--I hope you will never lose the "kiddy" feeling, it will help over so many places. Helen has a good imagination she will always want to have "play days", and you must be sure and be willing to play with her, little boy. I wonder if you have heard any more from any of the hospitals. I am glad that Helen is there to write me for she will tell me some things about you that you will never tell of yourself. Now it was mighty interesting to know that you were especially wanted at Ford's Hospital.

What a pity that while Helen and Mary were having so good a visit you and I could not have had a real oldfashioned talkfest. Wilder, I shall never be able to be thankful enough for last year. It meant so much to be with you again.

The letters to the paper were published and enjoyed by us all. I will send you the Star Obs. put up to June.

Turn to the back of Jack's letter

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

Saras

January 15 1918

Dear Children:

If I write a really long letter it will be just the same as if I wrote you both under separate cover will it not? I feel like a long gossippy letter tonight altho it is right now half past ten o'clock and I have been going since before six this morning. It occurred to me a few moments ago that I did not take my usual nap today and I wondered why I was not more tired for I feel the lack of the nap when I do not get it now. Habit, you see. But I washed my hair instead and, well, what is the answer? Did it need it so much as that?

What shall I tell you first? About the approaching marriage of John MacQuarrie and Florence Young? Yes, they are to be married on the 26th. Celebrating a very famous event in my own personal family. It was announced a few days ago. Ruth and Winifred called there today. Winifred feels so sorry for her that she wants to have the family do all possible to make her happy now. The outlook is not so very comfy, it seems to me. John is two years older than Will and has never been able to support himself. He owes both Will and Earnest considerable money. If he cannot take care of one person can he take care of two, at his age? Are not his habits of spending, not only faster than he gets it, but not seeming to have any feeling of responsibility for the money he borrows rather fearsome? But I am trying to get Winifred to let the MacQuarries worry about it and to have her forget it. However, the family are to entertain them for dinner next Saturday evening at seven-thirty. Seven-thirty so as to get all of the children except Elizabeth and Marmie, who are to serve us, in bed before festivities begin. Besides the dinner there will be a little shower for the bride to-be. Unfortunately the bridegroom-to-be cannot be here. He has to work on Sunday. But we could not put it off and he could not come any other night, either. He is working in a packing house in South St. Paul. Earnest and Mary will be here, also Herbert and Mame, and the Eglins (They are members of that church) and Mrs and Mrs. Young and Florence.

It will be a kitchen shower and the plan now is to have the little gifts done up in paper and have a Mother Goose rhyme attached to each one and have her read the rhyme and guess what is coming to her. For instance--Polly Put the Kettle on"-- "For the want of a nail a shoe was lost" etc. will be a hammer, nails and tacks in a serviceable box. "Little Miss Muffet" will be a bowl, spoon and aluminum spider. "Humpty Dumpty" an egg-beater. "Cock Crow" an alarm clock. "Baen Porridge Hot" a dear little bean pot. "To Market, to Market" a market basket in which she can carry her gifts home. And many other things.

It will be a little expensive, a little trouble, a little work, but we hope it will be worth all of the effort it will require in making her happy.

I do not remember ever to have really enjoyed a Christmas tree as I enjoyed the one we had this year. It is seldom that one finds so perfect a shaped tree. It was not large but the

branches were so symmetrical and so far spreading. pr.K.saw it and exclaimed over its beautiful shape. Will and the children trimmed it with the things we have had on the larger trees at Galahad, and the electric lights seemed to be placed just right. When I went to get breakfast I would light the tree in the dining room instead of any other light, and each morning it was more lovely than before. We could not bear to have it taken down. And last Friday we had to say farewell to it. Still, I have not said a last goodby even yet. Margaret took it and trimmed it up for the birds and it is now by the water faucet under my bedroom window so that I see it several times a day. I rather think the rabbits or the rats have taken what food was placed out there, at least I have seen no birds, yet some of the food has been pulled down and scattered.

John has a queer turn or twist in his mind or eyesight. He does not visualize well. He does not do one bit good work in school, yet there are some things he remembers very well. His spelling is rather queer. You is quite apt to be spelled Uoy. Is is written or spelled si. Her reh or erh. He seems to get in all of the letters but it does not make much difference in what order they come. What would you say was the twist? Do you recall how Warren Bean could read upside down as well as right side up? It never seemed to make any difference to him how the word was presented, he knew it one way as well as he did the other. I suppose he got over it after a while. It troubles Winifred. It is certainly a handicap to him, have you ever heard of other children having troubles similar?

I had a little visit with Mary at a tea that her mother gave last Friday. It was so good to hear about you from some one who had actually seen you within a few days. I think she enjoyed her visit there and is sure that you two dear children helped clear the spiritual vision of the two girls who were with her. They had been troubled by being with some girls who were "Too Pious" as they expressed it, and to see your most natural attitude towards the Bible and prayer was a real help to them.

I am so happy to know that your married life together is starting out with regular reading and prayer. Shall I tell you how it makes me feel? It is as though we were still walking hand in hand. Wilder, do you realize that you and I have always walked side by side rather than as mother carrying her boy? Do you realize that I have always had the feeling of companionship rather than worrying for fear you would not follow? Have I expressed what I want to express? Do you understand how much you have been to me? And Helen, your "Lord and Master" and as he calls himself sometimes, will never fail you any more than he has ever failed his mother. I feel so safe for you both, for I am just as sure that you will never fail him either. Oh the joy of the "together" life. Mary thinks you are very happy, of course you are. I mean both of you, as she did. And if the happy event of next June comes as planned, then you will both be happier than ever. I am so glad for that hope you are loving to have with you. Be sure and let me know when I can tell Ruth and Herbert, for I would hate them to hear it from any one else.

I am enclosing a copy of a letter from Jack that came today. The second page is not an exact copy but I hurried it for you and me. I made four copies and in some way the second page came out with but three copies, so I wrote it over hurriedly, as I wanted a copy to see if I could get that order of rank in my head. It is half past eleven now and I am beginning to feel sleepy. I am so glad to know just the location you are in. I

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Sanas

January 21 1918

Dear Children:

I am departing from my usual method, and am directing this letter to Helen, because I had made up my mind that the next letter should be directed to her, and yet, Wilder it must be your birthday letter too. I do not seem to have managed it just right---but I guess I am too tired now to think the thing out clearly enough to tell how I have mismanaged it.

To tell the truth, we are all dead tired here today. We had a very nice party on Saturday and it did not seem to be very much work, and yet---when one works all of the time at regular duties I suppose every little extra is noticed. Winifred's cold is better but the strain has been hard and she is in one of her nervous times when every nerve is screaming. I know how she feels and all she needs is a little complete rest. But how can she get it? We talked over all sorts of plans, but nothing seemed to do. A mother cannot rest in the same house with the children and telling her to do so is utter nonsense. Winifred said "Mother Jean, if you had a home all by yourself I would come to you and have a good rest and would be glad to do so." I was glad that I spelled rest to her--even though it could not work out to her help now.

I sent for Cottie yesterday. She looks very well, of course she is weak but she will get well here faster than at the San. She is glad to be home, but she did not want to leave there, I know. Earnest and Mary came over on Friday and stayed until last evening. They enjoyed it and they were of great help in

These gifts were a bowl
a spoon and a spider.

getting ready for the party. There were fourteen here from over town. Mrs. Young and Florence, Mrs. Green and Mrs. Eglin, Mame, Alma Helen Phipps, Viola and Eleanor Roe, Bessie Bell, Alice Beggs, Miss Buck from River Falls, and George Tomlinson's wife from St. Paul and Margaret Kermott--only Margaret could not come.

We invited them for three o'clock and when they came--all together in the side-seater-- we gave them a holder to make. We had asked them to have a Mother Goose rhyme for the gifts they wished to give her, and after the holders were made we had quite a ceremony of the gift giving. Florence sat in a conspicuous place in the room and first the three Ingli girls came in with their gifts. Faith "Little Miss Muffit sat on a tuffit" (Margaret) "Eating her curds and Whey" Elizabeth: "Along came a spider and sat down beside her" (each put the gift in her lap and ran off saying) "And frightened Miss Muffit away. John came up with a package of assorted nails and a hammer and said "For the want of a nail a shoe was lost,

For the want of a shoe a horse was lost,
For the want of a horse a ~~rider~~ rider was lost,
For the want of a rider a battle was lost,
For the want of a battle a kingdom was lost,
And all for the want of a little nail.

Then Billy with a teakettle held tightly behind him--"Polly put the kettle on"--etc. Then Bobbie was scheduled to appear but of a sudden a terrible shyness took him and he could not do it. So John went instead with an egg beater and saying "Humpty Dumpty" etc. Then Ruth--She was not so shy but she was actually nervous so that Uncle Earnest had to carry her in with her market basket grasped in her fat hand. In the market basket were several packages of gold dust, holders, etc. She twisted her hair and, with help, said "To market, to market to buy a fat piggy, Home again, home again jiggety jiggy." Then the children grouped themselves about the room looking like lovely animated pictures. Of course, Billy often had to come up in the lime light to examine something a little more closely. He is the most ~~unconscious~~ curious of little fellows and when he is interested in knowing more about it he is unconscious of everything around him.

Then the guests gave theirs. A wonderful cream whip, two porcelain bowls and spoons an aluminum bake pan another one for roasting, and such beautiful quality for everything. Mrs. Eglin gave a heavy bason--with "A barber shaved a mason, and cut off his nose--and, as I suppose, popped it into a bason." Helen Phipps gave her a pyrex bread pan, Alma, a fine butcher knife, Bessie, an aluminum spatula, Mrs. Tomlinson, a kitchen diary. Now we come to the family again--Mame gave a little brown casserole but I cannot repeat all of th rhyme--and a mystic mitt dish cloth with "When I was a little girl I washed my mother's dishes, Now I am a big girl I roll in golden riches." Then Mary with a little clock with "Early to bed and early to rise--etc.

Winifred had a sieve--"A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose, A hundred eyes and never a nose." And then mine--a pyrex casserole? a round dish with a cover, and a big heavy aluminum spoon. Mary played Hey Diddle, diddle, and I said it with emphasis on the dish running after the spoon, for it could not be used with it. Then I gave a Bean pot, the tiniest one I had ever seen, for Cottie Again, slow music so that I could chant the rhyme, Bean Porridge hot--etc. Then Ruth, and Mame said afterwards "I always love to see Ruth do dramatic things. "Little Tommy Tucker sings for his supper, What shall he eat but white bread--here is the bread board and butter--here is the butter crock--How shall he cut it without a knife?--here is the knife--How shall he marry without

broken in moving about - As you will be doing for a while. You are only there for a short time & probably is hard on me & especially if they are present. In a can of this kind I am perfectly fine to achieve you - do you see? - but I shall not grudge if you need it.

Believe me just as you please. I don't mind it. Not to mind the children.

They are always too

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

about. mail. until you are settled. Some where. That is the advice of us all.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Samuel
God bless Mrs. Winifred & her old baby and his wife and his little Mother.

a wife?--friends, here is the wife." The bread board was a beauty and cost all of five cents. the butter crock was a fifteen center, a stone crock with a cover, but small. The knife cost more--and was a good one. Then Earnest read that rhyme about Jack Jingle who always lived single? Then they all talked while I went out to make the coffee and then we got busy getting in the tables etc. Mrs. Green, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Eglin and I sat at one table. Mame, Helen, Alma and Vi. at another. The rest with Winifred and Mary took the large table. Ruth and Earnest served. We had a war supper, of course. Beef loaf with tomato sauce. I put up some tomato this year that was all seasoned for sauce, and it is very "tasty" as grandma Graves used to say. And Winifred's beef loaf is as good as any veal loaf you ever ate. Rice and cheese, ripe olives, oatmeal rolls, salted peanuts and coffee. Winifred made the rolls of the rolled oats with raisins in them. They are very delicious. She is making all of our bread of oatmeal now. The recipe is on the package of Armour's oats.

For dessert we had a very inexpensive cake with pinecot and whipped cream. This Pinecot is a marmalade of pineapple and apricots and is very good indeed. I get it from Montgomery Ward. I have never seen it anywhere else. The cow is keeping up most beautifully through the winter and the cream is fine. Wilder will remember, perhaps, that I think no one can skim milk quite so well as I can, --when I have charge of the milk--and Winifred is surprised to see how much cream we have now. I rather think that sounds a little egotistical as I read it over, but it does not when I boast like that here. So please read it as a sort of joke, yet true too. Can you do that? I guess every one had a good time and Mrs. Young was happy to have the girls take such a warm interest in their new sister.

They are to be married in South St. Paul at the rectory over there. They have two furnished rooms in a five room house, and share the kitchen with the other tenant. They are to be married next Saturday. No one but the immediate family, with Winifred Earnest and Mary. They were to go to a hotel for breakfast but Mary wanted them to come there. It would be nearer lunch, I should think.

I have sent off a package to you, Helen, that you may be able to use. They are some curtains that Mother had, and I did not know that I had them yet. I hope it is not too late for you. They may do for some casement curtains, some time. You will be needing them as you move about, perhaps. You say the home is as near orderliness as it has been in months, perhaps years--and have just said that your desk was piled high in disorder. I take it that is a slam on the former tenants, or will your desk be like mine, always in disorder, even if the room about it is spick and span. I cannot keep my big desk in order- so there. If I clear it off in three minutes if I do not pile something on it some one else does. Wilder is like his father in that, Ruth is like me, poor child. And yet, I scold Cottie for having so many boxes around in her room. Consistent? not very. Let me see, you have breakfast at seven, and so do we--yet you are through two hours before we begin?

There were more kitchen things left than went into the boxes, I guess. I know there was a glass pitcher as well as the blue one, and Cottie keeps reminding me of things that we had that I had intended putting in your box the last minute. But I do not like to think of that Baltimore packing, I was an absolute fizzle at the last leaving everything to poor Wilder who was so busy with other things up to the last moment. If we had stayed over another day it would have been so much better. I wish I could see your apartment and those shelves that Wilder made and you too. I do get a spasm of homesickness once in a while. Wilder, I do not understand why you think I was not pleased that you should have come home. Bless your dear heart, I did not want you to come if you had to go back again in June. I do not approve of your being on the sea these days. But if you could see your way clear to staying over on this side, I guess I was glad to have you come home. It is much more pleasant to have you over here. But, dear, I am always trying to look at your work through your eyes and not my own. I knew how you would feel if you did not think you were doing all that was your bit to do, and if it was just for the degree, I thought that could wait. I am delighted that the ones who know, say that your duty is here for another year and a half at least. By that time you may not be needed over there. It looks to me that the surgeon-general is just exactly right. And I am so glad that it is made so clear to you that there is no other way than for you to finish and take the interne work. As to the hospital--well, if I thought of myself I should urge you very strongly to go to Ford's. But I urged you to do something once that seemed to me to be the right thing to do, and it has made you a year late in your work. It has embarrassed you several times, and I shall not urge you to make any decision that affects your life, again. A mother has no right to try and influence a grown son too much. If Boston is the best place, I hope you can get it. If Ford's is all right, I shall be so thankful. You and Helen will decide the best thing, and then you will go after it, and, if God so wills it, you will get it. He wants you to get the best thing more than we do, and He knows, and you are asking his direction. Therefore? I am content to let the burden of the finding out the answer rest on your shoulders. I do think it wise of you to try and get the very best that America or any other country has to offer. You have been ambitious to do big work in the world, and I am ambitious that you should. You have a wife that will always be a help to you, and I am so thankful for that. And now, a word about little Hope. Helen dear, I am so happy in your happiness in the coming of your little one. Fun? there is nothing like the wonderful waiting time before a woman becomes a mother of a living soul. The most glorious fun in the world. I am living it all over with you. I am so glad that you told me I might tell the girls. You know Ruth and Mame means Winifred too? and they are just as happy as can be for you. Mame came over Saturday at noon and stayed until Herbert came over in the evening. We all rejoiced together. Now, you are coming home before the advent? Are you going to try and make the ~~stix~~ clothes? or will you be too busy with home and war work? Do you like to sew? Many things will be given you, but there is always enough to do, after all.

Wilder, did you think I was afraid that you and Helen would be extravagant? I did not know but that it would help some to know that there were some people who did not have lovely homes like Katherine and --oh the one whose apartment you had at Chris mas- It is all right to use you lovely things, but they will get



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Saras

January 31 1918

Dear Helen:

I am sending you a small check to get something for my dear boy's birthday gift. If you would rather spend it for him, have the fun of doing that; if you would rather cash it and give him the money, do that; or if you would rather give him the endorsed check, do that.

I am writing all of the letter, as usual, to you both. but wanted to be sure that the check or gift reached him on the proper time and proper day.

With love,
Mother.

1874

THE CALIFORNIA SCHOOL
1874



Y. W. Alder
from
Mather

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD
~~_____~~ *Saras.*

January 28 1918

Dear Children:

It is cold, the sun is shining and the world is very beautiful. We talk of little else than how we can get to a warmer climate to live, where we can go, and when we can go. We have letters from Florida, Louisiana and Mississippi, but while Oregon looks good, really there is no place like California. The heat and stickiness of the South does not appeal to us. When I think of the South I feel that we could get land cheap, we could make a living and possibly make money, but it would mean real hard work with one's nose to the grindstone and many depressing things. When I think of California it is with hard work, but work with one's head held high and feeling the joy of it all. But, the South is nearer you. This place would have to be ~~xxx~~ ^{Sold} first, and when will that be? Ruth says, "never mind, when it is time for us to go West, when we have learned the lessons we must learn here, then along will come some buyer and we will know the time has come and will know where we can go. In the meantime it is for us to look for all of the opportunities we can, both for selling and for places to buy, and be ready to take our opportunity when it comes." Good philosophy and good Christianity.

The country swinging into line? Yes, the educated part of the country, but oh the denseness of some of the others. People like Mrs. King, the woman who washes for us, they never have cereals for breakfast--"Oh, usually ham or bacon or eggs."

Dr. Bradford can use no substitute at the sanatorium, because of the help. Such people would not use anything but butter, and white bread. Surely, we use troco, too. We also use very little wheat flour. Our bread is made of oatmeal, or barley, or rye or graham. I see the latter is called "Victory" bread. We do put many raisins, dates and figs in these breads. The children need sweets and fruit and it is given to them in that way. We still have fried cakes for breakfast, but they are made almost entirely of rye, a little wheat added to lighten it, about half the sugar we formerly used, honey, karo syrup makes a good substitute, and they are fried in cooking oil or a vegetable compound that takes the place of lard. They are mighty good, too. As for meat we never buy it more than twice a week and sometimes only once. We never have any bacon. We have fish, some of our packed eggs--(they are perfectly good except for boiling, but the pores of the shell being covered with the water glass makes that impossible) We have a good many beans, and rice and cheese. Then we use a lot of peanut butter.

I must tell you about another of Billy's prayers--"Dear God, if I should ever get lost in the woods, you will know how to find me, for I have red hair, you know." He had been a little troubled about being lost in the woods among the wild animals. But here is one of John's. "Make Billy and me good boys, and even make Bodie and Mother good. Amen" He got up from his knees and looked at his mother--"Naneen is good enough isn't she?" Of course that made me feel dreadfully.

To see Bobby and Ruth play is one of the side-splitting things that happen here. When they are left alone they play for hours. She is not quite three years old, and he is half

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HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Saras

past four. She is always the mother and he the father. The things they do and in the most matter of fact manner is too funny. You know taking the dollies to the toilet is about the only action children know when it comes to the babies, for it is the thing that has to be most emphasized in their own training, so that is one of the principal things. I do not know as you will want this written in a letter, but it was so funny and they were so unconscious of anything not quite proper. They had been lying on the floor with a blanket over their heads playing it was night. Finally Bobby said, "it is morning now, get up." So up they scampered, and the first thing, after putting the babies on the toilet, Ruth must sit on the toilet too--Of a sudden it struck her how funny it was to sit there palying and her panties were not unbuttoned--"Oh Bobby, she giggled, I am sitting on the "po" and my panties--~~are~~ why I am wetting my panties," and she giggled and giggled, and at last they were both shouting with the fun of it. Of course she had not wet her panties, for it was all play, but they saw how funny it all was. Their manner to each other is perfect, or would be if they were grown up. He is so chivalrous and waits on her so well and she accepts it all so graciously and expects all of his consideration. At the table it is hard, sometimes, for they are so interested in each other. If she has a piece of bread he must see each mouthful before it goes into her mouth, and they are always finding funny things to laugh at. She never pays any attention to her brothers unless it is to scold them. They never do funny things, but

everything that Bobby does is funny.

Saturday morning the three Ingli woke up playing the same dress-up game they were playing the night before. They all came to breakfast with their hair done up as ladies. They were ladies. Faith washed the dishes, as a lady. She took a piano lesson from Busy. She and Busy made a cake, and some other thing, I do not recall what. Margaret was taking care of the children--as a lady. It was all very interesting. But in the afternoon they all, with John, donned overshoes and high leggings and had a regular winter frolic in the deep snow and going down the bank.

Yesterday Margaret cut out some monkeys, and took a box cover, put black threads up and down the front for wires to a cage, put in some toothpicks for tree trunks, placed her monkeys, one little fellow climbing the wires, some on the trunks, and some on the floor and some on ropes. She made a little back door that would open so that she might clean out the cage, and it was interesting. Faith is quite excited because she is going to be in a "program" and is going to be a rose and sing.

I had my S.S. class over here on Saturday. They are strenuous but are getting into line. We are to be called the L.C.s Loyal Citizens. The name was to be something that they could grow into and could keep when they were grown up. They are delighted with it. Of course that is what I am trying to make them and am trying to keep before them the fact that after the war there will be a new world and it will be their part in the world to make that new world what it should be. Do you know, I believe almost the best one can do for a boy is to make

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him feel that it is business to make something worth while of himself. For instance--Leroy Johannesen, his father's hand is against the world because he feels that the rich are against him. He rules his family, literally, with a rod of iron. The feeling at home is, if you have not money, you cannot be anybody. The fact is that any boy can be something worth while if he wants it bad enough. When he cares enough to take advantage of all his opportunities, not only will men help him to rise, but God will help him. And nothing can keep a man down if God is willing to help him. To give a boy a feeling of self-respect is the biggest start for him. One of them lied to me the first day I had the class--he never will again, I am confident.

You would be surprised to see George Penfield. He is not only handsomer than he ever was, and that is unnecessary, but he is such a man. The life down town was not good for him, the responsibility he takes on the farm is quite wonderful, it seems to us. Mame does not see it because he is asserting his independence a little, and he is not always as easy to manage as she has always found him to be, but--he is more dependable, as outsiders can see. You know he used to worry me because he often got Wilder punished when he was to blame himself. I did not always trust him, but he is reaching out and deciding things himself, and, well--he is a wonderful boy, I think. Wilder is as handsome as George, in a different way, and he is improving too. But George has two years the best of him, you know. Poor little Jean, is not handsome, and has

feeling settled about next year. With love for you both--
Please give my love to Mrs. Finney and tell her how she is. Mother--
I thought of you a very much and how
around it. It is
square of
fair sized.

developed from her former gentle, sunshiny happy disposition into the veriest little spitfire and fist-fighter you ever saw. Mame is quite worried over it, but it is only a phase and I expect she has been goaded into it by her brothers and their friends. Mame saw her the other day coming home from school. A boy threw a snowball, probably not intending to hit Jean who was walking quietly, with her head down, hurrying to get home to her story. Like a flash she whirled, caught up some snow and flew after that boy in such a fury that he was frightened and ran off into his own house as fast as possible. When she came in she was muttering and storming for some time after.

Pat? well, Pat is Pat. She too, has changed for she is actually quiet. Mame thinks her the beauty of the family, but I have never thought so because of her homely mouth, but she is all right. Fred has been sick much of the winter. Teething and colds. This living in a climate where the little ones have to stay housed for so many months is dreadful, but he is a sweet, dear baby. Just as bright as the rest of them. Will could not get over the idea that Herbert had developed so much lately. I do not know, I know he is a mighty good son, and he means much to his mother. Mame will be better in the spring, she is worn out with the care of the baby, it seems to me.

But I have written so long and I have so much other writing to do-- What fun you are having fixing up the home, I like to think of you interested in that way. I am sure I wrote a letter, but probably it was the very late one and you have received it all right by now. Tell me all about Wayland and Winifred. What your impressions were. Helen is very fond of Winifred and Cecil Day says no one in Duluth is liked better. I hope you have heard from the Boston hospital, and that you are

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MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Saras

January 29 1918

Dear Children:

I am going to write you another extra--and by the way, this is my second extra within a two or three week period--but I have been thinking about the hospital proposition. If war should be over this spring it would be better for you and your future to be in the Ford hospital, would it not? War is quite likely to come to an end soon, is it not so? Will the German people stand their government much longer? Are not all the signs pointing that way? Would the pan-German organ, the Deutsche Tags Zeitung, have thought of printing articles they are now printing, even had they dared, six months or even weeks ago? If they dare call the Kaiser Germany's Hangman is not Germany's sentiment changing fast? All we here is not true, probably, but where there is so much of fire must there not be some smoke? Is not the feeling that we are nearing the end growing fast? If the German people do away with autocracy, themselves, there can be no more war against them. Would it not be well to plan for your own future? Even should war be continued another year would it not be just as well to be where you would like to stay?

If you are at the Ford Hospital Helen could be with you as I understand. If you were preparing to be an army surgeon in any case, it would be all right to think of going where you would get the best for that purpose, but if you do not want that, why not prepare for your own place and then if there

is need you can be called and answer and when you should come back would there not be a chance of your own place being held for you?

It would seem to me that you should be planning for the family. You are no shirker, you have been willing to do all that you possibly could do, but the necessity of farther sacrifice may be over, for you, and it may be your real duty to plan for the future of the family, always being ready to go if your country should need you. I have not thought so much of it before as I have today, because--well, because I am doing my best not to plan too much for my children. But today it has come upon me so strongly that I must call your attention to this side of the matter.

The Ford Hospital has always drawn you. You have wanted to go there ever since you heard of it because it seemed a good opening for a young married man. Why should you have been so continually drawn to it had there not been some reason? Don't you think that is the way our prayers for guidance are answered? And they want you there. Is that not an answer to your prayer for guidance? Think it over carefully dear. You will have a double duty to Helen soon. You should get settled as soon as you can, of course. The war will not last forever, the Germans and the Austrians are worn out. Something is surely going to happen soon. It would be wrong to stop all preparation for war, but individually you need not forget all personal matters in the looking out for something that may not and probably will not happen. Let me try to put my meaning in a different way. You know you have a family to support and you do not know that the country will need you. The call of the country should not be handicapped by your



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call of the family, but one call is certain and the other is quite uncertain. Would it not be more sensible and loyal to answer the known call but holding yourself in readiness to answer the other if it should come. You have enlisted-- you are ready to do all that is needed for the country-- you are also married and there is no doubt but that you are called upon to prepare the future for the family. One need not interfere with the other. Answer the known and wait for the unknown. You may get more to help in the army at the Boston hospital? You have had some experience in army surgery, if you are not called you will need the Ford experience more than army surgery, is that not so?

Still I do not mean to insist, but it looks to me as though the Ford is what you should take. Something has been at me all day while I have been writing to others to write you this immediately.

I am sending this check that will show that I have paid that Medical Standard Book Co. bill.

I am also sending much love. Ruth was so glad to have you write her about Bobby's shoes. That is much easier than the splints.

With love--

Mother.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

February 8 1918

Dear Children:

I know I am dreadfully late this week, but I could not seem to help it. I hope I can make up for it by the quality and quantity in this letter. But the first thing, before I forget it, I will tell you what we heard this morning. That is that Colonel Burton and Captain King could not pass the physical examination and are coming home, honorably discharged. It is too bad, but surely the "powers that be" would have done very wrong to have allowed them to go. Col. Burton's eyes are bad, and Otis is too light. The board here in Wisconsin passed them because of past years of service. Now if they will come home and organize a Home Guard, they can still be of service if not in the service.

I wish you could see the fine photo of Elbert that Mrs. Elbert sent me. I am so pleased to have it. He looks very fine in his uniform. He is safely on the other side. What do you think of the idea of the Allied Powers, to whom Russia is so in debt, taking hold of the Russian Government and administering the government until such time as Russia is ready and able to manage it herself? That would take ~~xxxxxx~~ an armed force to keep the peace, at first, but would it not be better for the world? Surely Germany means to inherit the country, and if she does, poor old Russia has seen her last of independence. Would she trust the Allies?

I am so glad you wrote me all about P.B.B. It certainly looks as if you had chosen wisely. Of course, I knew you would. Was it not queer that while you were there I was writing against it? I told you before that I was in no position to say much about it for I knew so little and you were so well able to decide for yourselves.

The only thing I fear is that now my dear old loving boy will worry too much for fear that it really is too much of a sacrifice for Helen. Well, here is something more--and now I am on familiar ground. I know what I am talking about. No woman who loves a good man is ever anything but happy when she is doing the thing that will be best for him. I know there are selfish women who do not care to make sacrifices and who demand everything from the man, but please emphasize the right word in the above statement. That word is loves. Helen will be very happy in Boston near you. In spite of the fact that you cannot be with her as much as she would like to have you. She will be far happier than if you were together and she knew that you were not getting the very best thing in the world that would help you to fulfil your life. So do not worry about Helen. She loves you and your growth is her happiness. If you should stop growing, should belittle the best in you, for any reason, then she would be unhappy and life would grow hard for her. So hitch your old wagon to the very highest star you can find, take her along with you even if she has to sit in the back seat for awhile, and know that she is having the very time of her life, even though the pace is so swift that she cannot get all of the good clothes to wear that she would like to have. The good things of life will be all the better after a

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while when you have found your level on the big the star and you can both stop to draw a long breath of satisfaction because the thing you wanted is being accomplished.

Ford will want you all the more later on---and perhaps that is the place for you, and perhaps not. Who knows? I am convinced that you have done the best thing.

Come to Boston to be with you and Helen? Mrs. Kermott and I would both be delighted to carry out the program as suggested, I know. But again, who knows? The next year will be big with changes I am quite sure. I have no idea that the girls will be here another winter. Really, why should they stay here and fight this cold weather? Until last night it never occurred to me that they could go without me, and when I saw Winifred getting more and more heart-set on going West somewhere, and saying "Oh if this house could only be sold" etc. I began to question. They could not go out and settle anywhere definitely until the boys come home, but they could live as cheaply there as here. They could each have a little home and live their own lives without mother, for a while. So this morning I told them what a rather sleepless night had brought to me. Here is Winifred's first remark--"Well Mother Jean, whenever you lie awake at night you always have something to show for it the next morning. I wish I did, but I only fret because I cannot sleep." The idea had never come to either one of them that they could pull up stakes and go without me.

You need not be surprised then, if along about next August Ruth and Winifred and their families are getting ready for a flitting. As for me? well, I do not know. This house is my old man of the sea, and it all depends. I shall stay here until cold weather, any way----but I have a family too. A small one, but a very real one, a very dependent one. But my plans need not take long to settle when the time comes. It takes longer to plan a move for children than for two old people.

It was a shock to have you say you were not coming home in June, and yet, I knew you could not, for it would not be well for Helen to travel so late. I was sort of hoping that she might elect to come home earlier and be here for the birthday party. I expect your plans are much the better for all concerned, but I just do want to see you powerfully bad.

Mame is very miserable. She looks right sick and feels more so. The saliva glands over her front teeth are so open that you can see them. She cannot swallow it, it makes her nauseated to hold it in her mouth so she keeps a hdk. at her lips the most of the time. Besides that, she has cramps after most meals. Suffers much from gas. She is ill every winter---ho for a warmer climate. Herbert would like to go---but again, debts and non-salable property. Mame came over here yesterday afternoon. She lay on the couch all of the time. We had supper together in my room. Then Herbert came over after the chores. I wish Herbert would go to bed earlier at night, I think he would have

more ambition. That is what worries me in him, bless his dear heart.

Shall I quote a little from Aunt Clara's letter? "We all liked Helen so much. She seems a brave, courageous sort of soul, just the one to step along hand in hand with Wilder along the path of noble living." She is looking forward to a longer visit from Helen, and I hope you surely go, dear. I am glad the curtains were of use, and shall look forward to that promised long letter so full of so many things. You think the war far from being over. Percy suspects that may be true, but Will is so sure of an early peace.

A Bible class? Are you sure that it will not tax you too much? I am glad for the fellows who will have your attention and if there is anything I can do, oh please let me. I shall love to help if possible.

I am glad you enjoyed the Sanfords. Of course you enjoy playing host, -Helen, because she is a whole souled, dear girl and you, because you cannot help it, your mother used to love it too. I wonder if I ever shall again? When the pressure of everyday living is lifted a bit, I think I shall. I am too tired to make much exertion now. However, Mrs. Clark and Helen spent the afternoon with us Wednesday, and Mame yesterday. But the trouble is that I want to sleep in the afternoons, and I must get at it now. This dreadful U-boat terror, how close it brings it to all of us. Will the whole world talk English after the war? Will the curse of separation that fell at the building of the Tower of Babel be lifted? Shall the world be united again? I suppose nothing separates people like that, unless it be the difference of color. Twenty-seven? Why dear, Jesus was not ready for his life work until he was thirty. I think you need not fear your getting too old. Your work is being done right along, your work of preparation being prolonged will make it that much more worth while.

God bless you both, I love you.

Mother.



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Sara

June 1.1918

Dear Children:

This is the Sunday--or the beginning of the week letter--but Ben Bunker wishes me to write immediately. I shall make mistakes all thru the letter because I am rushing so fast, yet I always want to talk so much when I do talk to you.

I will get the business part of my mind first, and hope it will cause you no annoyance to be asked to do this for us.

In the office of Lt. Col. John A. Hornsby, in the War Dept. Building in Washington is filed a blue print of Galahad. He has written Ben. that he would keep it in mind, asked many questions that looked as if he might be interested, but says he fears it would not do for a war base hospital because no building is large enough for the main building and the place seems so full of trees it would be a pity to cut them down for a building.

The print must give a wrong impression--He says the present buildings would not be much more than enough for the Drs. and nurses. Of course there would be other building necessary.

In order to get to the War Dept. at all Ben wrote Mr. Frear and he said that he, being a republican, could not reach them until he found a friend who would make an appointment for him. How much of that is Mr. Frear's talk and how much is truth, I do not know. But----could you, through Paul Myers, find it possible to do a little talking for Galahad? How can I live this property here to go to pieces? and how can I stay and keep it up? I do not mean to hint that because war conditions have closed the school, therefore the War Dept. owes us something.--That would be

too silly a thing. But---well you fill in the sentence, I have said enough about it to you before and you know how I feel. Will and Jack have given their lives and their living, it would make us happier to have the War Dept. take over the place than to have any other institution come in here. It would seem as if it were a sort of continued giving and a sort of monument to our work of love here.

What do I want you to do? If constant dripping wears away a stone, constant, or oft-repeated, bringing a thing to the notice of a man will bring him to see things in a different way. As to the buildings--The athletic field has no trees on it. The Potato field has no trees and will care for a big building. That joins the alfalfa field that has no trees. From the potato patch to the foad in front, there are but few, small trees. The point at the South, on the lake near the old R.R. spur is another large spot with no trees. There is certainly plenty of room here to build enough buildings for a hospital. The place is beautiful. It would take care of both Wisconsin and Minnesota. If some one could only come and look it over and stay long ~~en~~ enough to let the place sink into him--

I want you to talk with Paul Myers and ask him to help you, or get some one else to help you, or some one, to talk with Col. Hornsby and see if you cannot interest him a little more deeply in Galahad property. Is that a commission you will not want to undertake?

Your card plate is at Mannheimers. Ruth went to see about it yesterday---and then left the store without it. She had had a very hard morning, it was raining, and Mame asked her to do some commissions for her that took her out of the store, and she forgot that her errand there had not been completed. I will write

to them to send it to you immediately.

Ruth planned to take the children over to Mary's in the car. It had rained almost constantly for ten days, and Thursday night it simply came down in sheets. I^u was not safe to try the roads. So she and Mame and the five children went over in the train yesterday morning. The paper had said a fair day---Mame stopped in St. Paul-Ruth and the children took the car for Minn. When they reached Mary's--two blocks to walk--it was ~~ixing~~ raining very hard and no umbrella. They had planned to eat their lunch on the way, so they took it to Mary's. She is always a good sport and helped on the picnic idea. They spread papers on the table, used one plate and a fork apiece. Had a jolly lunch--then the children cleared the table and Elizabeth and ~~George~~ George washed and wiped the dishes. Ruth swept and then she went back to St. P to meet Mame and do some shopping. They came home on the five o'clock, but the day had been a hard one.

I packed all day yesterday and cleared out some almost forgotten corners. The packing of the things that have not been used much takes a deal off my mind. Now I have pictures and letters sorted out to look over and destroy or pack. I had to clear out a trunk for Mame and there was so much around there was no place to put the things, so the packing of this big box helped to relieve the pressure.

I presume that you may find several instruments among your things here that will help you. Possibly your father had a pair of measuring compasses--could you not borrow what you need this summer until after you can examine what is here?

We are getting so tired of the wind--Another lot of trees went down Thursday night. Give my love to Katherine Bartlett. I hope you are able to help the poor patient you have under your care.

There is no doubt but that the medical profession is a wonderful one when the Dr. thinks of the help he can give to suffering men. And that will always be your first thought. The \$3. will be a help, and a satisfaction. I wish I could be there on the 11th. but my thoughts and love will be all about you. I hope your "hunch" proves a winner.

Poor Mrs. Ober--it certainly has been a hard time for her. How you children have enjoyed your home. Your flowers, your Sunday teas, and all.

Helen, how lovely your tray and toilet basket for Baby must be. I am so glad you have them. And certainly Mrs. Finney has proved herself a good friend. She is another one to whom I wish you would give my love. Dear practical, undemonstrative, woman--yet I know she feels deeply and wishes she were able to express her feelings.---Ruth is getting ready to go down town and waits for the letter---and it looks as if it were going to rain again before many hours. I must hurry and wash my hair before it does.

With a heart full of love-

Mother.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

July 9 1918

Dear Children:

And to think that Jack is home and will be gone again before you get here---- It surely is too bad.

Ruth came home from Bayfield last Tuesday night quite depressed. First, she felt sure that Jack might come to Bayfield while she was there, and he did not. Second, father Inglis is so unhappy and miserable. He wont break up there and go to California where she can look after him, and he is very wretched and unhappy there. Feels they are all going away to leave him, etc. For a while she thought she, perhaps, ought to stay here where she could care for him if he should be ill, but Jack soon put that out of her head. He said her first thought was for the children and it was best for her to go on with her plans.

Wednesday morning Herbert came up with a telegram from Jack saying he would be home Friday, to tell me but not to tell Ruth. It was the hardest thing for me to keep it when she was feeling so depressed and just a word from me would have made it all so very different. It was the first time she had given way so much to her need for him.

Mrs. Pace came over for a few days visit on Friday too. Bertha stayed until Sunday and Monday we acquired a little sixteen years old girl. Cottie is having a great time with her today while Jack and Ruth are in St Paul. Yest rday I went at the packing again, but today I can do nothing but gather up some dropped threads, like writing letters and looking after some desk work, and getting ready for Miss Waldruff who comes to sew again this

week. Then there are some beans to can, too. I do not know when Herbert is planning for me to help with the packing up there. I cannot make him see that it will take any particular amount of time. I suppose if he can get enough of us up there some evening we can accomplish quite a lot, but Ruth and Jack are not really available this week as working members of the family. They are both in a dream. Ruth acts as she did when she was in love ---at first. I guess it would be better to put it that way, as she is more in love now than she was then, of course. Well, they surely are entitled to this one beautiful week. It is a pity to have to intrude cold hard facts like cooking, packing, etc. but there is less than a month now before Ruth and Herbert go and Herbert gives up his house next Monday, and his mother is only one half a woman when it comes to work and less than that when it comes to managing.

I try not to think of all that there is to be done, and am trying to find some one to do as much as possible before you come home, for we do not want to work all of the time then. I want to visit, too. I am so glad that you are planning to give me a week of your whole time, and your whole family. Do you mean that Mrs. K. left yesterday? And that you will be all packed up before she should leave you? And that you are to live ten days a really camping life? That is fine. Why, you will leave there next week, anyway, whatever the day may be. Oh to think of that. Next week-why that is just around the corner, and here am I, helplessly waiting your coming. But, Wilder boy, my knee, and other things, seem to be hopeless obstacles to overcome.

But I must tell you what a nice visit I had with Mrs. Pace. She sent her love to you both. She went home Sunday evening. We had planned a family picnic Sunday afternoon, but it was rainy and

cold so we had dinner here at home. Then went out in the two cars--or should I say the car and the Ford? for Herbert is very proud of his new Oakland. We three older women, Jean and Wilder went with Herbert. We were going to River Falls. Jack found a flat tire so we went on ahead. Just as we were making the turn from Vine St. on to 10th. a car came down the hill on the inside of the road. Herbert made a quick turn but could not get out of the way and crashed into their hind wheel. Bent the axle, and his fender, but it was so wonderful that no one was hurt. I was proud of the way he handled the affair. His face was as red as fire, but he never said a word until just as he was ^{leaving} ~~leaving~~ the men (they all got out of their car and came to see what the damage was) he very quietly said, "You know when you are coming down this hill it is your business to keep on the right side of the road." "I know it, but we were talking"-- was the answer given him. We did not go to River Falls but drove to the garage and he sent us home in the jitney. In the evening when we took Mrs. Pace to the train we found a perfectly flat tire again and run to the train and down to the garage on its flatness. We all got out there and came home again in a jitney. Who was the hoodoo? Either Mrs. Pace or I, and I wont claim the ~~xxx~~ honor and she is not here to defend herself.

General Richards is having a fifteen day leave as well, he and Jack came home together. I expect that means going to France soon. I have not had the hardihood, as yet, to say anything about it to Jack. He is looking well, but I wish he were in some more active work. He never goes to bed feeling physically tired. Is that well for one who has been so active all of his life? But he made the best choice he knew how to make. You know sitting around an office is not always a good thing? Jack

has grown very critical of every one, and that is not like him, you know. The National Army, the President's pet--the Regular army with its red tape, the men who make excuse not to go into the army, the medical fraternity who clash so much with the army officers, etc. etc. I look at him in amazement sometimes, for he has always found excuses for mistake-making humanity before. But it will all come out right in the end. We are always passing through some phase of growth that is but a phase.

I am so delighted with your work now. It will be hard work for you to write it all out as you want it written, but it will be fine for you to do it. And Helen and I know it will be well done, don't we Helen?

Winifred is two doors from Mame in an apartment house where gas, water, everything is furnished. She has to pay \$60. a month rent, but she is right at the beach, and when she is tempted to worry she lies down and lets the "glorious, wonderful ocean smooth out all of the worry lines." How does that sound for our dear Winifred? Is not that fine? and is it not sure that we have made the right move? She misses Will more than she ever did, and that is quite natural. Ruth will help her there. She says "I will sleep in the bathtub, if necessary, but you and Ruth must be right close to me." So we must.

God bless you both, and please kiss each other and the dear little baby boy for me.

Mother.

T. W. MacQUARRIE
J. P. INGLIS
Principals

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

July 13 1918

Dear Children in the dismantled home:

I was delighted with the three letters that came yesterday, please tell Wilder Jr. that he is a darling to write. So good a letter to his other grandmother, and tell him that it is fully believed here at the Galahad home that this grandmother wants to see him a heap more than he has yet felt the need of her. Of course, I know that sometimes when he cries it is because he wants his grandmother Jean, but she wants him just as much.

You will jump from the confusion of one place into the confusion of another. You will become quite used to living off the mantle piece before the next month is passed. Do you know that the date of our going I have set as the 13 th. of August? That will not be too late for you, will it Wilder? You have to be in Boston the 15th. If we go the evening of the 12th. leaving St. Paul at seven o'clock will it be all right for you? I want you to see us off, naturally. I thought that you would not need to go from here before the 13th. But if you had to leave Monday evening you and Helen could, possibly go to St. Paul with us on the 4.35 train, see us off and take your train there an hour after we are off. And Helen could leave you here. I am not trying to make the plans, only so far as the getting off of this big family. Ruth and Herbert will go as near the 5th. as possible.

A St. Paul firm is to come over and do all of the crating and the loading of the car the week of the 5th. But do not think that there will not be a lot for you to do even then, for I have a heap of things saved up.

Now as to the storage. There is no reason, so far as I can see, why your things should not be stored here in my basement store-room. It is dry and safe. Some one will always be looking after the property. If the Stillwater proposition, or any other renting proposition goes thru, there will always be plenty of room there for your things. And the place will not be sold, I am almost certain, until after the war. So send them out here rather than storing them there. That is ~~why~~ why I am sending this letter to you this morning. That, and my message of love that is always ready to go to you.

Lovingly,

Mother.

Jack and I packed dishes at Herbert's yesterday afternoon and this morning, Jack, Ruth and I go up to finish the work. His things are to be crated and brought over here until shipped. He gives possession on the 15th. I shook hands with a Prussian, and therefore a rabid pro-German, yesterday, and I did not like the feeling. I do not suppose she liked the feeling either, but I guess I do not like the Huns.

T. W. MacQUARRIE
J. P. INGLIS
Principals

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

June 30 1918

Dear Helen and Wilder--and Jr.

It was so good to get your two letters this week, or I should say it was so good to get your letter with the two inclosures. And what you both said about the dog work was so good to know. I know you are working hard and that you are working carefully and fully. I hope Helen you will be able to see at least one experiment--if you really want to do so. I do not know as I should care to see it, myself, but tastes differ, you know.

Of course Sister K. is a comfort to you both and I hope she will not be obliged to come home before you are ready to come with her. And now about your coming. I have made up my mind, naturally, that you would go to her and not to me,--but, if she has no girl and is just getting home would she not be willing you should come here for a week until she has time to turn around? Herbert will be here, and we can have one glorious visit together. I shall expect you here much of the time, anyway, even though you are hanging up your hat on the hill. For, Wilder, there will be much of the packing left for you to see to, I am afraid. But if you could be here night and day for a week it would seem very nice, for Herbert will be very busy and mealtime and nighttime will be his only chance for a real home visit. It may be the last time we shall ever all be together again. I wish Mame and Jack could be here, too, but if I can have my very own here for a week, it would be very dear to me.--And then it would be the best time to cement the feeling of real ownership in my newest daughter and it will be good for Ruth and Herbert and the children to become very sure

of the relationship. Have I said that bunglingly? or will you know without my explaining just what I want to say?

Here is some news that must not get out to Mame. She will know that Herbert has truly sold the farm to the Bickfords. But what she must not know until Herbert shows her himself, is that he has taken their new car, an Oakland, in exchange for the Ford and they are to drive to California in a big \$1100. car. A five passenger, but much more roomy than the Ford. He sold the place and personal property for \$6500.

We have had two body blows this week, but I am still happy. Bertha has to go home because her brother is going in the Creamery to work and she must go into the field to work. The other is that Mrs. King who has washed for us for so many years, is going to Cumberland into the factory and will do no more work for us. Just what we will do, I do not know--but a way is always arranged for the lame and the lazy, it is said, and I come under one of those ~~xxx~~ heads, at least.

I am being very exact in the taking of my medicine and I have to report no improvemant--twice I have dreamed that I was lame in the other knee too and wakened to find it was paining me a little. It would be right comfy to have both knees so stiff I could not move out of bed right at this present stage of the game of life. I wish there might be no more Liberty Loan--Red Cross--Thrift Stamp--Y.M.C.A. Liberty Loan drives until we get settled in our new home and I can catch my breath. North Hudson was called on for \$5000. in thrift stamps this week. I think McAdoo rather made a mistake in his planning, this time.

I have been busy with currants and gooseberries all of the week. The children, Cottie and Bertha have done the picking and I have put them up. I will have some juice bottled for you, Helen, and you can make it into jelly when you come, if you like. I am doing that

for Mame and the rest of us. I packed 53 glasses of jelly yesterday besides the bottled juice etc. I shall can some of the currants that are yet to come. Last Monday Bertha and the children picked Herbert's gooseberries. Tomorrow they go up there to pick all of his currants. They take up materials for lunch and Herbert eats with them. Herbert has a good many things to do to get all of his things in order to leave. He gives up the place on the 15th. I cannot get him down to business about the packing, but he will have to come to it soon.

Mrs. Pace will come over the fourth, I expect and stay until Sunday. Next Monday the dressmaker comes again. If I could only be a whole woman again, but this working half a day, only, is very disturbing. I quote from a letter received from the Federal Board for Vocational Education. They sent to the school for two catalogs. I sent them and explained that school was closed, and why, and that we wished the government could use the property.

Dear Sir:

By reference from the War Department, I have received your letter of My 30th. addressed to Dr. P. P. Claxton, Commissioner of Education, relative to the closing of the Galahad School.

It may be, after the work of reeducation of the disabled soldiers and sailors is inder way, we shall be able to utilize this institution. You will hear from us again.

Sincerely yours,

E. Jos. Aronoff

Secretary.

Another hope--I do not believe I sent you this copy of a letter I wrote last Saturday night. I intended doing so--I sent one to Will, Jack and Ruth. Nothing has come of this so far. And nothing will come of it until the new 10,000,000 contract is signed. They are hard at work on it now.

I have no maps of Galahad. That blue print that I told you of, as being in Washington, you could see when you went there. I am sending a catalog for you to refresh your memory with.

I must write Ruth, the MacQuarries and the Penfields in Cal. Besides that I must lie down, must read a story to the children and do some work.

The Hudson Red Cross have to furnish soon 980 pairs of socks. I took down to Mrs. Clark 13½ pair this morning. As they were knitted with yarn I bought myself, she felt doubly pleased. I must knit a few more pair before going away. These have, some of them been odds and ends of yarn that I have put together. Not as harmonious as they might be but just as warm. I am using up all of the yarn I have on hand of white, gray and kahki and want to give our Red Cross here the benefit of it.

Please give my love to Grandmother K. dear Wilder Jr. and kiss the father and mother for me too. And if they do not write me for you, there will be something doing when I see them.

With all love-
Mother.

Dear Wilder Graves Jr. :
Cottie is sending you a package by parcel post tomorrow morning and she wanted me to write you a note to tell you how very much love she is sending to you and your mother in the package. She hopes you will like the contents very much and that you will love her when you come to know her. She is loving you very much already and has spent many many hours on this work and in thinking about and being glad that she is going to see you before very long.

Hermosa beach ---California
August 26 1918

Dear Helen and Wilder and Jr.

Helen's letter has just come, been read and read to Ruth, and now I am here to answer that and the one received from Wilder on Saturday. The one written Sunday night at midnight.

Helen dear, I am certainly keeping you busy with all of your other duties--but my business will be all attended to, soon, I hope. As to the mail--I hardly know what to say about the Galahad mail. The most of it is asking for advertising matter. One letter you sent was a request for catalog etc. That needed answering but nine out of ten is not worth sending on. It would be more trouble to open and read than to re-direct--so send them on. As to the second class mail--I want the magazines I have paid for, of course. I have written all of them to send the papers or magazines on to me, but the September numbers may not have been changed. Keep track of the extra postage so that I may keep straight with you. All catalogs etc. destroy or return to the senders. A lot of non-essential things are coming all of the time.

I hope the right maid will come to you before long. As for Lilian--she is not worth bothering with. It is worse to think you have some one and then find you have not, than it is to know you have no one. It is not such a shock to one's mind. I am so sorry Mrs. McKorkle is not gaining faster but she is getting old and tired, dear. It will not be long, probably, before she will be glad to have this tired body of hers go to sleep and not waken again. Then her spirit can feel young again and she will be happier. This body of ours does hamper us so much when it gets worn out. I hope your mother may not have to take up the burden of the everyday things for some long time. If your father can sell off his holdings there and get out here in this relaxing air and sunshine how good it will be for both of

I have the water bill.

them. The changes of climate and the restlessness of effort there is all right for you youngsters, but we do get so tired of it all.

We are in the pangs of hunting for a place to live. Mr. Clark went up to Los Angeles with Ruth, Winifred and me yesterday. I know Sunday is a ~~xxx~~ miserable day to hunt houses but the house I had at last settled on taking sent out a special call to me to hurry up--but the wireless came too late the house had been rented. On last ~~Friday~~ ^{Thursday} Mr. and Mrs. Clark and I went in to see some houses. This one went right to my heart but it had nine rooms and was \$45. a month rent. I thought, at first, Ruth and I could take it. But as I thought more about it I knew that was not wise, and besides, Mrs. Freeman is to be with Cottie and me. I could not let the house go and as I studied the prices of other places I realized that it was much to my advantage in every way to get this house for us adults. I could entertain the family so comfortably when I so desired and we could be so very comfortable all of the time. But--~~also~~, my knowledge came too late. There were other houses in the neighborhood that would have done for the girls. So--the foundations were all knocked from under us, and we are greatly at sea. However, Mr. Clark will look over the whole renting question today. He is a real estate man, himself, and will talk with other men and get what they have to offer and talk with us again. This much was accomplished.--- We know there are many renters, not so many houses to rent. We know that almost everyone who has a house they do not want to occupy wants to sell. We know more about the prices we must pay. We know more about the different districts, their possibilities etc. And Mr. C. knows more about what we want and must have.

It seems good to have Herbert and Ruth here. Herbert is spending all of his time looking after the babies, big and little. He has no small job on his hands, but he goes at it in such an efficient way. He is one fine

lad--that boy of mine.

Helen dear, it is good of you to tell me how much you love me. It makes me very happy, and someday we will spend much time together and then we will be happy in our love for each other. I know it was better for me to come West just now. I have a duty here, and you have a duty in Wisconsin that is pressing you right now. And Wilder has his work farther east. I know that the being separated from each other is going to be very hard, but sometimes, I think, there are lessons to be learned during such separations that are very valuable if well learned and the separation is not for too long a time. Such fun as some of the bathers are having. It is hot in town today and so many have come out for a cool happy time.

Hot? and yet, what do Los Angeles people know about heat?--At any time the heat does not begin until nine or ten o'clock in the morning, and ends before sun down, and almost always there is a cool place to be found if one does not have to keep out in the sun. There is no such thing as a close, muggy day.

Let me tell you something funny. Elizabeth and Louise Clark are getting acquainted. Louise is a year older than Elizabeth who is just the age of Constance. I had told Louise I knew that she and E. would be great friends. So, the day E. came the two girls took a long walk up the beach to get acquainted. When they came back Louise put her arms around me and snuggled her face in my neck--"Oh Naneen, you were right, Elizabeth and I are going to be good friends." You would have thought it was a confession from a young girl about the love for a dear boy lover. Then E. told her mother--"Louise and I think alike about everything. We like the same books, the same kind of people and things and everything. There are just two things we disagree about. She wants a great big wedding and I want just a house wedding with just the home friends. And she wants four children while I

six or eight children." Now shout--but after all, is not that just as dear and girlish as can be? Is there anything more real, more delightful, more dear than the feelings of a young girl approaching maturity about the life she begins to feel opening before her?

Poor little Mame is not really happy even now that Herbert is with her. When this trial is over I hope she will see many things in a different light. Winifred has been a wonder to her, and Ruth feels, as I do, that we must, in some way get Mame into the magic circle of our family love and happiness together. But first, she must learn to love other people's children. She must see their virtues as well as their faults, and must see the faults in her own children as well as their virtues. Can she do that? That will be the real test. But--Ruth and Winifred must live very near each other even if I cannot be near them. Otherwise Winifred will be tied close to her home and children. If they are near each other Ruth's girls will help Winifred much in looking after the children. Then, it will be rather necessary for Mame's happiness if I am near her.---for many reasons, although it is quite possible that Mame does not know that yet. Not so that I can take care of her babies when she wants to go away but so that I can take care of her and help with the older children.

The exact plans for the care of Mame's children while she is at the hospital have not been made, as yet. Ruth says--with a little pride, I think--you are not a chimney corner grandmother. Meaning I could not be kept in the background being useful in filling in the empty places and taking care of the babies. That is the kind of a mother Mame wants and probably needs, but I cannot do those things, I am sorry to say. So--plans seem long in developing. To know what is the best thing for us all takes some thought and talking over as well as a heap of praying. I know the right way will be shown. Wilder boy, I am so glad things look good to you there. Keep me in touch with your work and your heart thoughts. Mother-

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

September 4 1918

Dear Children:

I do not like this way of writing to you for it makes it so long before Wilder gets his letter. I thought for sure that I had some carbon paper in one of the trunks that I had sent down here, but none showed up and as I have such a great amount of it I do not really like to buy any more. If I could make a carbon copy and send one to each of you at the same time that would be fine.

Wilder says "Why don't you write to your boy?" Well--you have heard it said that you "cannot have your cake and eat it too"? That is about what is the trouble. If I am lazy I cannot be energetic too. I surely am lazy and good-for-nothing. "Fine" says every one "keep it up." There seem to be so many problems before the whole family that I lie awake a good bit at night. Then I do not get up in the morning very early. A late breakfast makes the morning nothing. I lie down in the afternoon and read and perhaps sleep a little then some one comes in and the first thing I know it is bedtime. I cannot write at night when my brain is especially active for several reasons. I am nervous--it would keep other people awake--the fog is on and I do not like to uncover the type-writer, etc. I know those reasons do not sound very nice, and perhaps I could manage to give better ones--anyway, I love you in the same old way that grows deeper and deeper. And I am fully expecting to do better in the way of showing it from now on. I have written no letters at all. I feel so raggedy as to thoughts and the expressing of them. At the present writing I have some clothes in

the tub soaking that are calling to be taken care of. Let me see-- there are one, two, three--six children playing all around while they are pretending to wipe the dishes. Bobbie, Ruth and Patty are the playthings and noisy ones they are. Cottie came back from Glendale last night and is trying to get into the run of things. Ruth is sweeping and picking up. The sun is shining and the sea is roaring and there seems to be no feeling of real industry in the whole wide world. Over at Mame's? I went in there before breakfast--we are but through with it and it is ten-twenty---Fred kept them awake until 4-30 this morning. They are all tired and worried. The rooms are crowded.---they are like this---

No.1. is the front room--B.the bed.

No 2. is the bedroom--B.the bed one cheffonier that must hold all of the clothes for the seven, consequently trunks fill the corners and things are piled everywhere. No.3.is the diningroom. B.is the bed and T.the table. No.4.is the kitchen. In No.1.a sanitary couch is the bed.Wait let me begin at the diningroom. When they go to bed--Jean and Patty must go at the same time Fred does. They get into the diningroom bed and the door is closed. Fred's bed is a small one next the ~~fixing~~ big bed where father and mother sleep. He gets into bed and when he is asleep the two boys get into their parents' bed until they are ready to go to bed. Then the sanitary couch in the front room is pulled out-the boys are transferred, and the parents go to bed. In the morning,the girls are turned out the bed is made and folded up into its day casing,the table is set and Mame gets breakfast. The quarreling,the scolding,the getting them all ready for the morning meal is not restful and the breakfast is eaten in anything but a restful happy frame of mind. Is any one to blame? Well--I would not want to try it. No wonder that Mame is so tired it seems as though she would never be rested again. No wonder she feels she must get away from Hermosa Beach. Well she will do so probably,very soon. Then I went on to Cousin Louise' George did not come home last night. The two girls began school in Los Angeles,yesterday,coming home in the afternoon. That means they must get the 7.30 car each morning. So Louise and the cat were alone in their glory. She had her house all swept and garnished. Her face massaged and the manicuring out of the way. The kitten was plaing in the sunshine and she was getting herself ready for

send it back to Helen. This is not an answer to any letter received just a monolog--God bless you all three and may you soon be together again--at least near enough to be able to say a good-day to each other.

T. W. MacQUARRIE
J. P. INGLIS
Principals

Mother. THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

the day. I did not go on to Winifred's for breakfast was ready. Noisy happiness, noisy unhappiness and peaceful ness following accomplishment. While we were eating Winifred stopped in on her way to do her marketing. She took the boys with her and left Ruth here. They were all clean and smiling. And one knew that the house radiated cleanliness and order. I hope you get the pictures and only feel sympathy with the unhappiness mixed with the desire to help that --I am afraid cannot help. The only thing I can say is I will do the best I can when the proper time comes for me to do it.

Mame is so fearful for Fred all of the time, she is worn out and not fair to the others. George was over here yesterday afternoon. He was lying on the couch reading quietly. The five girls were playing upstairs. I was knitting in the sun, when I was not trying to read the paper. Mame came in with Fred, followed later by Wilder. (Billy was here looking at pictures too.) Then followed this-- George see what Freddie is doing--Freddie come here and wipe your nose--George Freddie is on the stairs--Freddie, you will get hurt--George dont let him stand on the couch--George dont you see he will hurt himself? George please go home and see if the fire is all right under the meat. And see what time it is. George will you go? George get Freddie and bring him here and go and do as I told you. Freddie come to Mama. (George went home and forgot to come back to tell the time. He hunted a quieter spot, doubtless. Wilder see what Freddie is doing. A shriek from upstairs--"Wilder Penfield you get right out of this." I wont.--You will** Wilder-if I were you I would not want to go where I was not wanted." Well we are different, I would." Wilder see what Freddie is doing. Freddie etc.etc.etc.etc. They finally go home followed by Wilder saying "I have as much right in that house as the girls have." He has not smiled since he came in the house. He has not spoken one pleasant word. But he has waited on Freddie every moment. The reason Mame went so soon was because she wanted to know the time and was sure my clock was wrong and Wilder suggested that if he went to find out he might not come back either. In the meantime other children had come in and the general unrest may be imagined. George did not answer back once, but gracefully escaped as soon as he could. Now that keeps up every moment of the day. Herbert said the other day when Mame was asking every one in reach of her voice to see what Freddie was doing etc. "Did you ever see any one in all your life who could keep so many people busy every moment and never let one sit quiet?" Why have I told you all of this? Just to let you know the dreadful nervous strain under which the whole family are living and to let you know Mame's mental condition while her physical condition is so weakened. Fred may be at death's door---but he looks the picture of health. He does have some bowel trouble that frightens Mame. How much is fear and too much care reacting on him is the question in my mind. But---it means an awful responsibility coming on to poor Ruth's shoulders--for she is to take care of Fred. I am glad Mame is going to the hospital for she needs a complete change and rest if any one ever did.

At present we are very pleasantly quartered in a two story house. It has just enough room for us two families. Ruth and the girls

are the housekeepers. The rent--\$70 for this month. \$90 for July and August. Winifred has at last decided to keep her apartment for the month of September at \$30. instead of \$60. When Mame goes--- Ruth hoped to have a house by herself by that time, but the only unfurnished house that we have found in Hermosa is one owned by a woman who is East somewhere and wants to rent but hates real estate men and so left her house in no one's care. We are trying to get hold of her. In the meantime--what? It may be that Ruth will take Herbert's place and Herbert and the four children come over here instead. I hope to get some one to come in and get dinner, at least. But nothing doing as yet.

In some way it will all come out right. I am rather dreading the coming month, but it will all develop right when the time comes. I suppose the dread of what is coming is one reason why I feel so very lazy now when I can.

I went to Los Angeles to look for houses and came back with the determination to stay here. The girls-Ruth and Winifred-did not like the idea and they went to Los Angeles on Saturday with the light of determination in their eyes-Indeed Winifred said "If I cannot find a house I want today I shall not come home until I do." They came home about five o'clock. They were tired and discouraged and very submissive. Willing to stay here? Most certainly, anywhere. It seems that they found two houses near together, and about what they would want in rooms and price. When much to the surprise of every one-Ruth the most of all- Ruth choked up and could scarcely restrain a right hard fit of weeping. The most desolate feeling of homesickness came over her and she knew she could never be happy in the city. It was a queer experience for clam placid Ruth but the deeper for its being so unusual. There is a house here that both girls want. It is about a block from the unfurnished one. It has been decided that if Ruth can get the unfurnished one and use some of Winifred's furniture so as to get it out of storage Winifred will take the one and Ruth the other. Then I will find something to suit me. We can find houses for the winter all right but will have to pay the exorbitant rents for the summer months or move. One lovely house I can have near them for \$35. for the winter months rents for \$175. for the three summer months.

Time is passing--this is a very long letter dears. I have not told you many things I want to say. Such as--I went into the water for the first time yesterday in my beautiful new purple suit. The water knocked me flat, I found the sea was really salty, I crawled to shore and came home. I felt fine afterwards. My knee is too stiff to jump or to try to swim, but I shall try again, of course. Oh there are many things I want to write.--Stanley Stone has been cited for bravery under fire.

If we ever get settled I shall get into some sort of routine that will make things go more orderly. Elizabeth Freeman will be here the first of October. Margaret has been washing windows and is now killing flies. Ruth came into my room last night about one o'clock to see why my light was on and killed about a dozen mosquitos. We are not usually troubled with them. George has just come in with a whopper crab. Elizabeth is ironing. The rest are still shouting--but it is all such happy shouting that one cannot help but enjoy it. My washing still waits. Ruth is talking about getting dinner and Louise comes to dinner with us. Herbert and Mame are getting ready for a dip for Herbert goes to L.A. after dinner to get the car that has been in the garage since last Friday.

Life is beautiful after all. I have only told you of the little things here. I am going to get down to figures soon and will write another letter that will go to Helem. This goes to Wilder and he will

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

Hermosa Beach
California
September 10 1918

Dear Children:

And do you know who are included in that "dear children?" Not alone Helen in Hudson, Wilder in Boston, but Jack "somewhere in France." It would be nice if we knew where that "somewhere" was--and still nicer if we knew what Jack was doing and how he was situated, but that is another story that will be told later, we hope, when we can talk face to face. However, this may make us seem a little nearer to each other. You see, both Wilder and Helen asked me so many questions that it occurred to me that Jack would like to hear the answers too. That is, if I can answer such questions as were asked. They required pretty full answers, such as "tell me all about Herbert's and Ruth's trip--as though I could." "Tell me about your getting settled" etc. But you see I have settled down to a good long monolog--note the lack of spacing and the lack of margins, and the big sheets of paper.

Their trip--Iowa meant, to them, heat, wind, dust and good roads. The heat and dust followed them almost all of the way but Iowa had the cinch on the good roads. They declare they had a wonderful time. I guess they did, and they insist it was a wonderfully good time, but not one of the party want to make the trip over again. The first day the report was "the children are angels".. That was the last time the word "angels" was used. One report from Herbert was--"I am sorry to say that I can correct only one of the three." I guess the back seat was a lively one. This is about the way I put it up. Bobbie is a dandy until he gets tired then he is--not an angel nor even a dandy. Ruth is very patient--possibly a little too much so. Elizabeth is all right if she is let alone. She and Bobbie played games sometimes but Wilder cannot let any one alone a minute and he tries to pick a quarrel all of the time, except when there is something to see. He has picked so many quarrels all summer long that he would not be understood in any other light. The girls have no love for him and that does not help matters. Herbert often made him shut up and not speak for hours at a time. Well, if that was not a severe punishment for dear talkative Wilder, could he have been unhappier? But he got more out of the trip than any one else, after all. Herbert was in too much of a hurry to get through to enjoy scenery even if the state of the roads had given him a chance to look around and enjoy himself. Ruth had her hands too full straightening out the children etc. to really have a restful, enjoyable time. The dear children who insisted that mother should not be burdened with a small boy made a mistake, I still think. Three days is so much less time than three weeks. But no one will acknowledge it even yet, unless it may be Herbert. I have not asked him.

But Wilder---say, that boy will never forget that trip as long as he lives. He saw everything and enjoyed everything. He talks more about the beauties of the scenery than any one today.

They met a great many other autos with broken springs etc. but as Elizabeth wrote me--"We have a very careful driver" they did not have as hard a time as they might have had. But enough things happened. The roads were simply impossible. One place they got

into so deep a rut that it took three cars and all of the passengers to get them out. They thought when they got into California they would surely have smooth sailing but when they at last got on good roads the car that had stood by them so nobly took revenge and gave them troubles and troubles. At last, at a little place called Livingston the climax came. The bearings were burned through to a powder. New bearings had to come from San Francisco and no one but the auto part was in any hurry to get them. Ruth and the children took the stage down to Merced and spent the worst day of the trip there. It was blistering hot and they dared not leave the hotel for fear Herbert would come. He did come towards evening and they told him he might have to wait a week then they took the train for Los Angeles. Not only did they take to train but they took the day coach. Herbert, Bob and Elizabeth slept. But Ruth and Wilder did not. Wilder kept his face glued to the window all night long he was so afraid he would miss seeing something. It was bright moonlight and he saw much more than one would think. They reached here the following noon in time for lunch. Dirty? yes-- but happy and good to see.

Now, you see that is not much of a description of the trip. put I cannot tell you of the wonderful views they had the last happy day in California. Around Lake Tahoe, I think. Nor the wonderful mirages they saw when for a whole day it was hard to convince them that it was not a large body of water they were nearing. The waves glistened in the sun so naturally. Then an auto would come through or over it for the auto was raised up so high the water could be seen underneath it. The cold nights in Wyoming made an impression especially the ones after Ruth had her coat taken from the car. That had been used for night covering as well as day wear. Then Ruth was unfortunate again in losing Herbert's key ring. She never will forget that. I am afraid.

The refrigerator was a great convenience although they never had ice in it after they filled it in Hudson. No--it did not last long but it lasted so short a while that it did not pay to have to stop to fill it. It was the finest place in the world to keep things and they bless it every time they speak of it. They did not try to cook meals--there was no wood along the way. So they tried to have one hot meal a day and have lunches the rest of the time. They consumed more ice cream cones than they ever expect to have again.

Today is Bobbie's birthday and he is a happy boy. The other day when I was in Los Angeles I bought him a cup and saucer with little blue birds on them and a little pitcher with an owl on it. It has not been sent down yet, so I gave him a quarter this morning to buy a thrift stamp. He and George have gone up town to buy it. Herbert has just started out in the car to take Winifred and Ruth to Los Angeles to go to Bekins and have their furniture etc. sent out to Glendale tomorrow. Does not that sound good? Also to buy gas stoves etc. Ruth will buy one of these coasters that the children all have for Bobbie and Cottie has some candy and toys to give him at su per time when the real birthday comes.

I must tell you something about our getting settled. George and Louise Clark took Cottie and me up to Los Angeles first for house hunting--at least we went up with Cottie to put her on the car for Glendale to visit her sister there, and while on the way Louise insisted on looking for houses. I found a darling house for myself but it was \$45. and I had not planned on so high a rent. (That will not seem high to you, Wilder, when you cannot get two rooms for less than that. This had nine rooms but no furniture)

What do you think I have done-- I have written two copies with two pages on one page and now I have to write the two over again and I have other letters to write. "So Shiftless."

T. W. MacQUARRIE
J. P. INGLIS
Principals

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL

HUDSON, WIS.

future no man knows. It may be that I shall have to let Cottie and Mrs. Freeman settle my house while Herbert and I find and settle a house for Mame. It would be impossible for me to take Herbert's children in the Carmichel house after the fuss she has made. The house is not very pretty on the outside, any more than is Winifred's. That does not mean that they are unsightly, but they are a little old fashioned. But the inside of both is good. Winifred has fine new oak floors. The Carmichel house was built by himself and is so white and clean looking. It has twenty-six built in drawers and a lovely sleeping porch where one could put four beds.

I have written to all of the publishers about sending things here except the farmer's paper. I think I will send them a card not that we are planning to be farmers again. I wish I had sent out the spade, hoes and rakes and many other things I was too tired to decide about. You need not send the picture paper of the Spanish name, nor any other papers now, for surely all have had time to make the change in address by now. You need not send any more Galahad mail--have it go to Mr. Bunker.

A letter has come from Jack written on ship board on the 13th. What pleased us most of all is that his Co. made up of wholly new men, was the first to be prepared and so embarked first. He had been so busy getting them ready that he had not taken off his clothes for three days. I hope he had time to rest on the boat. He has landed--some where--as we know from the postal card that was sent when the boat reached its destination. We are wondering if the Oregon is the name of the boat. He will really enjoy this work, and I am glad for the men under him. I had a letter from Sibley the other day. He is corporal now and has been transferred to San Antonio preparatory to the going over. He has the promise of being made a sergeant of either mess or supply. He is very happy at the prospect of going over soon, and was rejoicing in the first rain he had seen since he went to Yuma fifteen months ago.

You say the aim of the hospital seems to be to teach the internes. I am glad for I have heard complaints from some hospitals that they did not get much. The diversified work will be good for you. I hope that senior--you boss--will not be too lazy to do some of his routine work. It is all right to be busy, but routine work must not tire you out, and I am not sure that you know when to stop work. I am glad you are having practise on the typewriter, but wish you were not using the proper method of touch. I understand that Earnest is going to war. I do not understand about it all but think he is going into a training camp. Mary goes home to her mother.

I should think the apartment you speak of would be fine, and if \$45. is the price why than you will have to pay it. It means more to have the right kind of an one, where Helen and you will be sure of being contented for as long as you stay there than to hunt yourself tired to find something that does not answer so well and will perhaps save not more than five dollars. Living is hard enough without being uncomfortable. Vacant the 15th? Does that mean that Helen will go as soon as that? I think the Kermotts would better come to California right away and come to Glendale and find a house in the "near country" It is not as popular a place as Hollywood, therefore cheaper. One has to pass thru Hollywood to reach Glendale.

Six new white suits and made by the tailor--wish I could see you when you are in your white suit. Hope the color will soon come in the face, dear.

Yes indeed I know Helen that you are not as bed off as some wives--like Ruth and Winifred, for instance. But if one does not know of a harder thing one's own hard thing seems mighty hard. But you are brave and dear and patient. Please tell that little son his grandmother Jean would give a good deal to kiss those two little flying, wonderful hands. The children here are making a lot of noise that is confusing when one wants to write or talk or think.

Poor Mrs. John, she will be wanting to do something in her home even as she draws her last breath, I am thinking. I am so glad to hear about Ned and hope he may have a real visit when he comes home. Be sure and keep track of the stamps, dear. Ruth does not know what to do about that express package.

The Inglis and MacQuarrie children begin school in Glendale on Monday next and the Penfields will begin here on the same day. I will now confess that I am somewhat dreading the next few weeks. I have said that I could not and would not stand any quarreling, and as the Penfields cannot speak to each other without, it is a question whether there will be some dumb children or a crazy grandmother. It will be rather interesting to know which condition will precede the happy medium that we hope may be the outcome before the month rolls by.

David Fulton, wife, four children and Blanche came to see us yesterday. They are living at Alhambra. He is doing nothing at present health giving way in his last occupation. He is looking for some place where he can serve. He does not care much about the salary if the government can but use him. He has four nice children, of course they do not handsome up much when compared with my grandchildren, but look at the parents. Perhaps Mrs. K. will agree with me that it would not be beside the mark to say look at the grandparents, too.

Billy just came in and wanted to know to whom I was writing. "Not to Body?" "Why, don't you like him?" I must give you the new addresses. Ruth's is 120 West Fifth St. and Winifred's is 435 Cedar St. Mine will, perhaps, be 433 Cedar.

I love you all very much and hope to hear from you very often about all of the dear little details of your lives.

Mothr.

T. W. MacQUARRIE
J. P. INGLIS
Principals

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

Veramosa Beach
September 17 1918

Dear Helen and Wilder and Jack:

Again I am writing three letters at a time, and today it is a letter telling you of the new baby boy that has come to the Penfield family. I think he has received a warm welcome all right, although every one from mother and father down the line hoped that Janet was coming. Indeed, so anxious were they for the girl that the boy has not yet a name, so far as I know. Stephen Phipps or Herbert Jefferson Jr., - who knows? After he came down from the daily visit last night I asked Herbert which it was and he said he forgot to ask Name. Mame is getting along very nicely indeed, I guess. She went to the hospital at 3 o'clock A.M. the morning of the 13th. Baby was born at nine-ten that evening, but real labor lasted only about two hours. They were so far away they went sooner than they would have sent for the Dr. otherwise. As it was the baby beat him by a few moments. The short time of hard labor was, without doubt, due to the Osteopathic treatment she has had. Indeed, I doubt very much if she could have gone through the summer without him.

Ruth moved into her house at Glendale last Thursday and Winifred went up that evening to her new home. Yesterday, Herbert, the children and I were at my home to receive and unpack the goods. So many tales as could be told now--just what shall I select, I wonder. I have told you about the three houses I rented, and that Mrs. Carmichel would not rent to Ruth nor to me ~~xx~~ either. When Ruth went up Thursday she

asked the agent to show her another house for me. He thought there was none to be had excepting an eighteen dollar house a block and a half from Winifred and three blocks from Ruth. I had seen the house before and Ruth knew I would rather have that one than not have any near them. Plenty of small houses, but none where they would consent to children and none large enough for my needs. For, of course, I shall have the whole Penfield family--except Jean whose home may be with Ruth all winter--must be ~~with~~ me when Mame comes from the hospital until she is strong enough to go to housekeeping with so many little ones. This house is "early American" architecture. Each room has four walls, one or two windows, a little woodwork about windows, doors and baseboards as will hold things together. None of the closets have even doors. But --now please note these "buts".--The bedrooms are good size, and have large closets. About six hooks in each closet, but I can buy more. The walls have mended plaster that shows through the kalsomine--but the kalsomine is fresh and clean. Pine floors that are painted a dark red--but I find only one hole and that is a round one in the diningroom looking thru into the hole that is here called a cellar. There are three bedrooms upstairs and a bathroom. The bathroom has not a scrap of anything built in that is not absolutely necessary to have, but it is good size. The hall running thru the house upstairs is very narrow, but it is only for utility and not beauty. There are two high windows over the stairs that I cannot reach with a broom to sweep down, but they give a light that would make a very dark stairway and little reception hall down stairs, if there were no windows at all---Still, I cannot help but wonder why they needed to be so high, I suppose "early American" will explain. The front room and the dining room are really one room except that ~~that~~ there are about two feet of a partition on

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL HUDSON, WIS.

There were two other houses in the not far away vicinity that would do for the girls, perhaps. Well, I did not know as much then as I do now and when we made up our minds a few days later to at least take that house for me and Winifred, Ruth, George and I went up again---the house was gone and so was every other one in the neighborhood. (I forgot to say that Herbert went up for his car four days after he got here, was gone two days and then took his car to Los Angeles where it was in the shop nearly a week. So his car has been in use here about a week now.) We hunted all day--no success. George promised to look up some others. Then I went up alone again. I came home tired and discouraged. Nothing that would suit that was within our means. I advised staying here. But Ruth and Winifred wanted to try again. They went off with their heads high and hearts full of hope. Indeed Winifred said if she did not find anything that day she would stay there until she did. But they came home with heads hanging and hope dead. Before coming to the house they looked through Hermosa a little more than they had already done and had made up their minds to two houses. The situation here is--in the summer months enormous rents. A lovely furnished house could be rented for \$35. a month but the \$150 for the three summer months would mean they would have to move the first of June, and the furniture would still be in storage. Both girls wanted the house. But on this last trip they found an unfurnished house that might be rented and Ruth agreed to take that one and would use Winifred's furniture too. That would release Winifred's and together the house could be more than furnished. The extras could be stored in the high basement. It was not a pretty house but would do. A queer thing had happened in Los Angeles that day. Two houses had been found that George thought would just suit the girls. Winifred thought so too, but when Ruth thought of herself in that house to wait for Jack the most awful feeling of homesickness came over her and she almost burst into tears. She was used up all day over it. She said she could not go there, she could not breathe, she never did want to live in the city anyway. So they made up their minds to live here and I was to find something later. But there was a delay because the woman who owned the empty house was not here and would not trust any real estate man, and her friend could not get hold of her for some time. Then Mother began to lie awake nights again. You see, I wanted to get settled some here and did not relish the thought of moving in June whether I wanted to or not, for the house I wanted would call for \$175. a month at least and even then Mrs Rose thought she would want it herself. Besides that I knew I should never be happy unless I could get my own things about me. So after one great big time of it all to myself I came down to breakfast last Friday morning with my bag packed to go to L.A. and my intention was to stay in L.A. or its vicinity until I had found what I wanted. Before I announced my intention I asked Ruth if she was thoroughly satisfied to stay here. Oh yes--Was Winifred? yes, I think so. But Cattie had filled me full of hope as to Glendale telling about her sister's home there. So I said--I want some fruit trees and flowers and chickens etc. I want to get settled. A light began to stir in Ruth's eyes and before long she began to show what was in her heart but had been so sternly

repressed that she thought it was gone. I sent word to Winifred to make no contract for the Thatcher house until I returned. Herbert took me up to L.A. and George took his car and he and I went to Glendale. We stopped at the first real estate man's office we came to No--not a house except some small furnished ones. My heart sank for a minute. The next man had 50 houses all sizes-for rent. In an hour's time I had taken three houses. A small one for Winifred two doors from Ruth's. I feared W.'s house might be too small simply because it was smaller than Ruth's. Both had orange trees, peach trees, chicken yard, garage, roses, and other flowers, a lawn in front, etc. etc. Winifred's \$20. Ruth's 22.50. Then around the corner just a block and a half away a house for me at \$30. Not only a big pepper tree in the back yard and fruit trees but a vacant lot of fruit trees that went with the place, a big garage, chicken yard etc. A lovely front lawn with palm trees etc. One less bedroom than I wanted but it was elastic. So instead of staying away from home over night I brought my bag and came home. Oh yes-the houses were half a block from the Los Angeles car line the same distance from the Presbyterian church three and four blocks from the primary and the intermediate schools and not far from the High school, near the "best store" in town etc. Well I was happy, so was George, so was Ruth, so was every one but Winifred. She had thought herself into this Thatcher house so hard that she was hard to dislodge. I had made a deposit for each house. But the next morning Herbert took Winifred and me to Glendale. Winifred felt better and decided to take the house but she still is not at all enthusiastic. She will be when she gets into it, however. Herbert was delighted and will go there too, if he can later. Sunday Herbert took Mame, Ruth and his children to Glendale. Ruth was wild about all that she saw. But I had not seen Mrs. Carmichel when I rented Ruth's house, and the agent had forgotten that she stipulated--no children. She was pretty sharp about it. I had talked to the daughter and she had said nothing about it either. You know Herbert's boys--she evidently thought they were Ruth's children, and they were certainly tearing around the neighborhood as if the whole thing belonged to them and Mrs. C. would listen to no explanations at all. Before they could drive over to the agent's house she had telephoned him and raked him over the coals. Of course they knew I would exchange with Ruth and so we have telephoned him---but whether she will let me have her house when she realizes that I am the grandmother of those boys, I do not know. However Winifred and Ruth will move this week. Tomorrow they hope to have the things moved and furniture put in place and all go up there Thursday. That will let Mame move her children's things in this house on Wednesday, something she hoped to do before she was sick. The one that is the most disappointed is George. I had planned to have him live with me this winter and had told him he could have the extra lot to do with as he pleased and make some money. He was wild about it. You know he is a good worker and loves farm work. All of the children had rushed into the yard shouting and climbing into the trees to get some of the fruit off "George's trees." His exclamation had been "My there is a lot of cleaning up to do here." and he began to take off his coat. His father wanted to know what he was going to do. "Oh you go on and look at the other houses and I will begin to clean up here while you are gone." Disappointed? He fairly hated Ruth and her family for a while. But I made him understand that after all his grandmother was not dead, and while there was life there was hope and perhaps there would be some other way opened for us. So Herbert and I, Cottie and the children stay here until the first of October anyway. After that what? Mame will most certainly not be ready to go to housekeeping by that time, and the

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL

HUDSON, WIS.

each side of one end to show that there are two rooms. No fire-
fireplace, no mantle shelf, no buffet, --but there is a stovepipe
hole so we can buy a stove. There is bedroom off that room that
has but one small window that looks into the next house, but it
has a door into the kitchen too and a fair closet.
The kitchen has a worn off--not out, or through--linoleum that
has several patches where some of it had been out or thru, and
an unpainted sink. There is a cabinet of shelves, and some shelves
near where the stove will be. All of the woodwork is painted the
same shade of green, sort of faded, you know like the outside of
the house. But when I said I would pay \$30. a month she consented
to paint the woodwork white and paint the linoleum tan. There
are two good windows, one to the North and the other to the West,
and when we get in the \$50. gas stove in there I hope it will
be pleasant enough to work in. Doors lead into the bedroom, the
diningroom, and the back hall where there is a toilet, two faucets
but no set tub, and a door opening onto the street for the house
is on a corner.

The house is in pretty Glendale where almost every house owns
a back yard and a garage. And by a back yard I mean a yard
that runs back for quite a distance and full of fruit trees.
About twelve feet away from the house is the garage opening on to
the street, directly--but it is a new garage, with a window in it
and a cement floor. It had no look but I bought one. The back
yard is that twelve feet--about--and the the bit back of the
garage. Not a tree, a flower, a vegetable, nor a spear of grass.
But just as clean as a whistle. I went all over the house,
garage, yard and "cellar" to find a block or box to stand on,
but nothing there, but a little gravel. Not a tree on the place,
excepting some pepper trees that line the parking and there two
cedar trees on the edge of the lawn in front. Around one of
these cedar trees is a circular--or half-circular bed of red
geranium plants that look as though they had jaundice--But there
is a lawn in front of the house where the geranium bed isn't.
Also a lawn around the house to the back door. From there to the
garage it is gravel again. But it is not real gravel, I guess, for
they tell me all that it needs is to have grass seed planted
and plenty of water given it. And Mrs. Krulow is perfectly
willing I should take up or put in anything I want to in the
yard both front and back. The said geranium bed is all that
I could take up unless it should be the little lawn or the
broken ~~xixixixixix~~ block in the cement walk. Now let me add
one more But to the house. Off the diningroom and the bedroom
above the dining room are two screened in porches. A good place
to sleep in upstairs, and one could put a bed in there down
stairs, but there are some fairly broad shelves on the downstairs
one. Filled with plants that will make the diningroom look
prettier, and one can sit there during the day and enjoy the
passing on the street and perhaps make the house look a little
more human to the outside, passing world. I think plants and
my sewing basket will go in there. Then there is another but--
There are beautiful mocking birds in the neighborhood, it is but
a block from the Presbyterian church, although they are the
longest blocks I ever saw--It is near the children, and every one

says Glendale is a lovely place to live in. Also it is but 2½ of those long blocks from a little cafe where we can take many of our meals while I have my so large family. It is quite possible to make them all comfortable until Mame is strong again. There were a good many buts in that last one. By the time I get thru it will cost as much as a more expensive house, and will still be a horrid old house, but -another one you see, when the woman I had to clean for me yesterday said "Oh I know this house, a friend of mine looked at it but she would not take it because it was in such bad repair"--I made up my mind that I would show her and some others that even a horrid old house could be made into a fairly nice home if one wanted to have a home.

A lot of time spent on that house and still I have not told you how pleasant Winifred's home looks and how lovely Ruth's home is. Ruth looks so happy and so at home there, they all fit in so beautifully. It is such a lovely, dear family that comes out on the vine-draped porch to greet us when we go there--and her but is a wail "Oh mother I am not happy to have this beautiful home and you have the other one." It is all right. The first day she was there she turned on the hot water faucet and much to her surprise the water ran hot. She thought the agent must have built a fire in the heater and she would better turn it off. She went all over the house trying to find the heater--at last came a faint memory that Mr. Clark had said that there was a solar heating system there. She has promised to divide her fruit with me.

Herbert has gone to Long Beach to see if he can land a "job" today. They think it would be rather of a good thing for him to do a little manual labor for a while. I hope he gets one and that he does not have to go to work until after I am moved. I hardly feel equal to handling it alone. I have a bad cold, it is so far away, and there is no one on whom I can lean heavily but Herbert. Ruth has Jean and Fred--she is not settled and has six children. Fred has had his mother at his heels all summer and he is but two years old and is wearing didies that have to be washed every day. Poor little Jean came down with the mumps yesterday. Ruth's children have had them but none of Herbert's have had them. The Penfield children are so good since coming over here. There is no nagging, and actually they have almost stopped quarreling entirely. They will begin school a week later than the others who began yesterday. We hope to move on Friday. There does not seem to be very much room to put the little furniture I did bring with me, and I think there are many things I should have brought that I did not.

I think you need not send the farm papers any more, Helen dear. They all talk about snow and ice, and the winter proposition for gardens seems to be so much in evidence, and is not needed here. I am wondering if Helen has gone to Wilder yet, and all about you both. It will be good when we get to hearing regularly from Jack. God bless you all three. I will keep open the letters until Herbert comes home so I can tell you the result of the day.

Wednesday Morning. They have a great system. Each man who ~~app~~ applies for work signs his name. Herbert was 270. At 7 in the morning and 4 in the P.M. numbers and names are read. If you are not there you lose your place. Herbert is 137 this A.M. He got up early and went down to San Pedro, came home for breakfast at eight and we are now ready to go to Glendale. He will help in putting up beds and go to S.P. by four o'clock. God bless you all.---Mother.

T. W. MacQUARRIE
J. P. INGLIS
Principals

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

823 East Wilson gt.
Glendale--- California.
September 22 1918

Dear Helen, Wilder and Jack:

You keep asking me to tell you all about Jack when we hear from him, but we have not heard a word from him yet, since the letter he wrote on shipboard. But I can tell you something rather surprising about Will who is, perhaps, now on the sea. A letter from him came Thursday saying he had been assigned a battalion and was to have his old quarters and battalion H. would occupy the barracks Co. H. had occupied. He was pleased except that he had been given the place of one of his friends who was away on leave and he feared the ousted man would feel hurt. On Friday came a letter saying he was leaving for the Eastern port and would sail within a week, probably. He had been recommended by his old Col. for this place and Col. Wells had sent in another recommendation ratifying the first. He is going over with some staff officers to go to a training school in France and in a few months will be back and help train men over here. His non-com school has been such a success they were willing to send him over. It is a grand good thing for him, but while I am rejoicing with him I cannot help wishing that Jack had gone to the training school at the same time Will did. And yet----I do not believe I should feel that way, either. Jack did the fine, loyal, thing as he saw it and that was the only thing he could do. He will not lose out in the end. Besides that I cannot help but feel glad for Jack's Co. that he can be with them. He is so good with men and he likes just ordinary humanity because they are human. Will does not like the personal touch so much, as a general thing, but does like the planning and study that means the organization of things pertaining to men. There is a point there that I want to make but I do not know as I make it very clear.

This is the first letter I have written in our new home. We are no where nearly settled, of course. We came in Friday noon. Herbert brought us and helped us unpack until it was time for him to go back to Hermosa. He came back again last evening just before we went down to dinner and stayed over night. He and the boys went to church with me this morning and I felt as proud as a peacock.

Now I will begin to describe things, although it is a bit hard to describe things in the making. First--children, it is hard to move, and looks as if it would be harder to get settled. Ruth and Winifred have been moved for more than a week and they have not begun to get settled yet. They are each doing their cooking, however, and Ruth has six children and Winifred has four, for Patty is with her until I get settled. We have done no cooking for the stove did not go in until last evening too late to have the gas turned on. We go to a cafe about two blocks away. It is cheap, clean, and good food--but oh we do have to wait such a long time to get things. Do you know, this house is going to be really homelike and pretty before

shelves, etc. etc. etc. attractive. My things are old and nothing new but oh they do look so good. Cottie said this afternoon--"Do you know, I like this house better than Ruth's because it is so much lighter. Ruth has been cleaning up her yard and every time they do any thing like that they discover something. They found another fig tree and another peach tree with a lot of beautiful big peaches. I do not know how they missed seeing them before. Too busy exclaiming over the ones they did see. Oh it is such fun to see how they do enjoy that house and yard. Jean has the mumps as I told you last week--and Faith is having them too. We thought all of the Ingli had had them, but Elizabeth thinks she is coming down with them now. None of the Penfields have had them unless it may be George.

One of my rugs is too large to go on the down stairs floors and although it would fit the front bedroom that Mrs. Freeman is to have, I have sent it over to Ruth for her front room. It is not necessary to have a whole floor almost covered in a bed room and she would have to buy more than one or a very large one for her room. Rugs are way up in G. for price now. Worth their weight in gold, almost.

One of the big rugs that was in the Sarras living room is a little smaller and that is on the dining room floor. Then there is to be a smattering of rugs in the front sitting room. As you come in the front door you enter a little square hall with the stairs going right up, having two landings before they reach the second story. I am going to put on a new kind of floor covering called Brusselette ~~ixix~~ on the stairs. It is only 85¢ a yard, so you see it is nothing very fine. It is claimed that it will wear like iron. It will be all right, I think. Then the wall is pretty bad going up stairs for the plaster is broken. I am to have some dark green burlap put on all the way up stairs. I have the two light oak book cases in the hall. The round black table with the latest magazines and a rug on the floor. For both the front room and the two high windows in the hall I am to have white marquisette curtains with ~~xxxx~~ pumpkin yellow over curtains. I was in luck to find the over curtains. It is a silk and wool and hangs like a soft silk. It has a sort of maroon irregular stripe running through it and between the stripes are the dearest little green and blue parquets with red in their heads. In the diningroom and Cottie's room, off the diningroom, white curtains with the yellow sunfast curtains that were in my room at home, as over curtains. Upstairs, in the boys' room that will be sewing room or guest room when they are not here, I have white curtains and the green sunfast curtain that was on my bedroom door at home, for the over curtain. I have curtains that will do for my room and Mrs. Freeman's room but will dispense with the over curtains, for the present, at least.

The kitchen looks so pretty and attractive with the white patches on the woodwork--she enameled it too--and the tan paint on the patched linoleum. It all looks so new and clean and bright. I wish you could have your rather "dirty" kitchen treated the same way. Mrs. Krulkow did the flat work and a man put on the enamel. For Jack's benefit I must tell him that you have reanted three rooms in a private family where Helen can have the use of the

*Retiree,
I don't know
what that name is
Pony patches.*

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL HUDSON, WIS.

Mame would like to have named the baby Stephen Phipps, but did not know but that they would have misunderstood it. They had to have a name to hand in for the Dr.'s certificate at the hospital so she gave them Herbert and left the other name. She dislikes the name of Junior and so does not want to give him the whole name. I would not be at all surprised, when she has heard from Helen Phipps, if she made the name Stephen Herbert, or, possibly, Herbert Phipps. She is looking so fine now. Next Friday she will leave the hospital and come here, I have heard nothing about how I am to find a girl to look after her and the baby, as yet.

Later-- Herbert took Ruth and Freddie and Patty and Winifred down to see Mame and then they came back on the train. They came here for supper and it was such fun. We have no gas--so no heat in the cook stove. We have no dishes unpacked except one saucer and two platters. We cut the bread and put on the platter in the middle of the table. Put some butter on the saucer, put on four knives and a basket of apples, one of oranges and one of grapes. Put down napkins--one for the tablecloth and four for plates. It looked fairly pretty and --oh yes, the fig ham I made in Hermosa was on the table, too.

Herbert is still making daily trips to San Pedro. He has to be there at seven o'clock in the morning to answer to rool call. His number has gone down from 270 to 61. He goes back to Hermosa each night as it is not far from there to San Pedro. If he does not have to be there again in the afternoon he will probably be out here again tomorrow. It makes a heap of difference when he can come to give of his man's strength.

We are going to enjoy living here. The having the church just a block away is wonderful to us. Beginning today and lasting until thru Wednesday is a Bible Conference. A Mr-or Dr. Gabelein from New York is the leader. I heard him this afternoon and mean to try and go both afternoon and evening for the next three days, even if the settling is put off a little longer.

George and Wilder begin school tomorrow. It is not so bad when Herbert is with them so much, but I am dreading things a little bit for the next month. I presume it will all be much easier than it looks to be now.

Here is what Dr. Lyons of Pasadena said this morning. Adam was made from the dust of the earth and the Spirit of God. Man belongs to the earth as well as to God. Woman was made from a part of Adam, not from the earth--and they are one. She does not belong to the earth, but the man. She is not made of the earth but of the earth and spirit-man. He said other things that made it very interesting but this point interested me. Man belongs to the earth as well as to God--He is the one who makes the living, who must hold himself to material things. Happy the man who finds and wins a spiritual woman who will give to him the part he needs to make ~~any~~ perfect being. Winifred got this point. "Why I had always thought of myself as being a real, whole individual. I am not--I am a part

of another individual and we are neither one or us perfect without the other."

Tomorrow morning we get up early and go to the cafe. Then the children go to school and Cottie and I get some supplies. Then we unpack some things and get some others in place, and get lunch for the children and when they get off to school again I shall lie down a little---perhaps---and go to the bank and go to church and then to the cafe again.

The girls are so pleased with the looks of the little hall. Truly, the books do furnish it wonderfully. I have put the picture of Jesus asking Peter and James and John to follow him, over my writing desk. The picture of the cows--the Moran--will face me on the diningroom wall as I sit at the typewriter. Sarras will hang under one of the high windows and over the colored window in the hall. Others are not hung yet. The red volumes of Shakespeare are in the big brass holder on the writing desk and look quite stunning there. Perhaps I will read some of the sometimes. The other bookcase is in this room too. The books are so numerous that they are all padded behind the outer row on every shelf. The very top of the book cases have two rows of books, and all of the books on the Bible have been taken upstairs.

I am so glad that the report is off, Wilder dear, and I do not doubt but that it is much better than it seems to you to be. Helen will be with you almost as soon as this letter reaches you, probably. So the Kermotts are going to break up housekeeping in the big house. Really, I should think the plan of their living in the office would be a good one for the winter, while Mrs. K. feels so poorly. Mrs. McKorkle will be happy with Mrs. Keeley? She will be, if Mrs. Keeley can make her so, but she does miss Mrs. K. so much.

I did not have a bit nice letter from Mr. Carr the other day. I do not mean he was horrid in the way he said it, but it was a horrid thing to say--that he would not sign a release on my house. He has, already \$400. in Galahad and he cannot see why he should be asked to sign anything that would cause him further loss. He thinks any ordinary man would feel the same way. Of course, Mr. Barter would feel the same way--but how will Anita feel? That is a rather interesting thing to look out for. Mr. Phipps, Mr. Humbird and Mrs. Anderson have more interest in the thing than has Mr. Carr, and they are ready to sign. I think I will write to Mr. Phipps. I will also write Earnest to see what the law has to say--I am wondering if they sell Galahad if that will include Sarras. Evidently Mr. Carr thinks so. "Say bah to him, say boo to him, and that is what I'll say."

Good night to you all three dear children. You might give my little grandson a good big hug and kiss for his Grandmother Jean, at least once a day. Did I tell you that Herbert Jr. does not look like the other children? He looks like Blanche.

Loving you,

Mother.

Minipul's point: I did not make my clear - but she seemed to have almost a feeling of relief to feel that she was not a whole being but must work out her perfection + with perfection through time + for him

Sept 30

T. W. MacQUARRIE
J. P. INGLIS
Principals

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

Glendale
California
825 East Wilson St.

Dear Children:

It is so hot that I am leaving Jack out of this letter-- is not that a mean trick? It seems to much of an exertion to put in the carbon paper. Talk about the heat of Wisconsin-- it is not any worse than this has been for the past four days. We have been told that September is the hottest month here, and as today is the last of September we are hoping it is the last of the heat too.

I thought that we were to change time again the first day of October, and we have not seen one thing about it in the papers, they would surely give us a warning?

Mame came from the hospital on Friday, as planned. She is looking right well, but the hip will go out of place with the least exertion. When we look at her and how well she looks and recall the ~~thx~~ six weeks that she had Mrs. Hanson when Fred came, it seems almost impossible to believe that Baby Herbert is only two weeks old last Friday. Of course, it is necessary for her to be very careful and she does not get up until noon, but she is in good spirits, and is hopeful of the future. Herbert has not landed anything as yet. They have not been hiring any men at San Pedro lately, and he has been looking up other things in the meantime.

Cottie gets her breakfast at the same time she is getting Mame's, and this morning she got the breakfast for us all. Then when Herbert is here he takes Mame down town for dinner

and we go after they return. Otherwise, we go and bring Mame's dinner home in a basket, and warm it up here. Baby Herbert is a darling--of course. He does not look like the other children so much as he looks like Blanche. Mame says he is the best baby she has had yet. Of course, he is quite my baby now. I have not forgotten how to bathe a new baby, and he enjoys being bathed. I am not getting settled very fast, for when the five beds are made, the rooms are straightened, the baby bathed and the didies and etc. are washed it is nip and tuck for me to get to the grocery in time to buy things for lunch. This living from hand to mouth, as all Californians do seems so shiftless to me. But root cellars and ice chests etc. I have none. So, when we want milk, we buy it, and if we do not use it all it comfortably sours and we use it for muffins.

I do not seem to have much to tell of any interest, but I must tell you of a drive Herbert took us on Sunday. We went out through La Canada Hills, and oh I was wild in looking at the beautiful scenery. What is the use of sticking down where one can see nothing when such beautiful views are so near us. Then today, the woman who cleans for me said--"Are you used to a furnace? I am afraid you will be cold this winter, why do you not take the house opposite you, it has a furnace and has been vacant for two years." Then Herbert came Saturday evening and said-"Come out on Louise St. with me I want to show you four houses all in a row for rent. You did not go to the right agent." They were very pretty houses on the outside, and this house is certainly the ugliest one, on the outside that I care to see. No, I am not going to move. I am going to stay right ~~here~~ here until Herbert gets settled somewhere, and the boys come back from the war and I know what I really want and where I

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

want it.

I suppose that Will is on the sea right now. He is so happy in his present work. It seems that out of the many thousand men who have been at Camp Dodge Will and two others are the only ones who have proved themselves fit on the score of age, education and ability to take this work he is going over to take. It has all come about on his record, no influence anywhere. And that makes him so happy he can hardly express his content.

Ruth has had two letters from Jack. He is--probably--near Verdun In billet at present and does not know when they will leave, where they will go or what they will do. He is very happy too. It is quite cool there and that seems to feel good after the Southern heat he has had for so long.

The children are happy in school. Elizabeth says it seems so funny to have eight different teachers. George got on the soccer team, much to his delight, but has not mentioned it the last day or two and I know he is not staying for practice, I have not thought it quite the time to ask many questions about it. I hope he has not lost out. They are very particular about the language the boys use, and he does get so very angry sometimes---what a fine training it will be. Indeed the atmosphere of the whole school seems what the boys need. Wilder does not like things here at all. Too many rules, so many things one cannot do, even his S.S. teacher is not right.

I think I shall go to Sunday school with him next Sunday--if I can.

He wants me to go for "confidential" right for me with my own school.

You know how the boys quarrel---Well, we have made a compact. If they will not be naughty to each other I am going to take them to the Movies once a week. The Inglis four girls do some disputing over the dishes-I have made them the same offer. I even took their word and took them to the movies Saturday to start out right. It is working all right, and certainly these two boys can be the sweetest fellows--when they ~~are~~ sweet. I meant to tell you all about the Bible Conference, but I have not the sense to do it tonight. It was a wonderful thing for us however. I have Gabelein's book on Revelations and on Daniel and some sweet day I am going to do some studying.

*Thank you for the
pictures*

I just stopped to read a fairy story to Pats--Hansel and Gretal--do you remember when we heard the opera, Wilder dear? I think having Baby Herbert here makes me want to see Wilder Jr. more than ever. Here come the boys they ~~are~~ in their bathing suits for they have been over to Ruth's to go under the hose with the girls before going to bed. I am reading the history of the Americans at the Marne in July. The history that is out in Current History and is told in a delightful way.

Good night dear, dear children. I know that Helen has had her visit with Ned and is now getting settled in her new rooms in Boston. I cannot help being a little bit sorry that you did not get the apartment that sounded so very inviting, but it will be better, of course, to have a way of leaving Wilder Jr. when you want to go out.

With a heart full of love--

Mother.

I did not have a letter from Wilder last week, but suppose it may come tomorrow.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

825 Est Wilson St.
Glendale
California
October 6 1918

Dear Children

The church bells have just stopped ringing for evening service, Cottie has just come home from visiting her sister where she went for dinner, The Penfield family are out in the car for a little ride, little Bert is asleep on Cottie's bed in the next room, and the perspiration is wet all over me from head to foot. I like Glendale, but I do not like this atrocious heat we have had for more than a week. I do not see but that Sundays here are any different from the Sundays in the past, in one way---they seem so full of the needful things to be done. There is one beauty about it, I suppose, and that is --they do not drag. I would like to see what a draggy Sunday would be like. I do not mean I should want to have more than a little sample of it, if there could be such a thing, which I very much doubt.

Here is to-day's program. Herbert came home last evening so very tired that I thought we would not hurry breakfast this morning. It was to be at nine o'clock. I washed out all of the dipes last night before going to bed so that there would not be many of them this morning. I did not get up much before eight, because I was a little tired, myself. Cottie did not get up until I came down ready for breakfast. We both went to work to hurry up things, and breakfast was ready by nine. Wilder William is sick in bed with the mumps-- and such a case of them as he has. His face his a perfect triangle with the base running from ear to ear. I picked up and straightened things for the day as much as possible--breakfast over, I rushed Baby boy into the bathroom for his morning bath, washed out the rest of the dipes, and the clothes he took off--made up two beds and got ready for church. Mame went with me and Herbert stayed to take care of Fred, Wilder and the rest. We could not let any one of the children go to S.S. because they are not allowed to go to school when there is a case of mumps in the family. We had a most wonderful sermon. I do not mean that Mr. Edmonds is a wonderful preacher, but he was so intensely in earnest that his message went right to one's heart. "Three great verbs of the Bible." was the subject. "Come"---and he quoted so many of Jesus' invitations beginning with that word. Then "tarry"---with Jesus, and dwelt on the necessity of our tarrying with Him before we could become what He would have us be. Then----"You may think you have come to Him, and that you have tarried with Him--but have you?" I have been with this church for seven years, and I can prove to some of you t hat you have neither come to Him nor tarried with Him when I give you this next great word of action. Go--Go into all of the world and preach the gospel." No, it was not a missionary sermon, especially, it was not to urge people to go where he wanted us to go but where Jesus wanted each one to go. Then he plead with them--so earnestly He showed to us strangers that he felt what he said when he said it might be that another voice in that pulpit would help his people more--he loved them and they loved him--but he wanted results.

There was not one false note in the whole plea. At the close he asked us all to bow our heads in silent prayer and then all who would go all the way to raise their hands. Our heads were bowed so that we could not see how many hands were raised, but evidently there were some whose hands he wanted to have raised that were raised. Mame raised her hand, too, and after we left the church she asked if I did not think it was about time for George to join the church. A remark that he made a few days ago rather opened her eyes to some things and she said that just as soon as it was possible she meant to join the Presbyterian church. Herbert, too, is intending to do differently, as he told me a while back. I told Mame that it would be wise for her to tell George and Herbert just what impression the sermon had made on her. She thought at first that she could not do it, that I could tell it better---but I made her see why it was best for her to do it. It would put George in the way of looking at any thought of joining the church, and if the idea should come from me, he would be apt to feel that father and mother did not feel as I did. I do not know if she did, or not. She had the opportunity while I was at Ruth's. The Patterson's---the friends made at Hermosa---came for a look in at us and asked Winifred and Ruth to go to Pasadena with them. Ruth had refused because Fred was asleep and the girls at Christian Endeavor, so I went over to sit with Fred. By the way, Elizabeth is vice-president of the Junior Endeavor. They wanted Margaret to be treasurer---but she did not feel that she knew enough now. So E. suggested that they elect some one else now and six months from now if they still wanted Marmie she might feel more like taking it. So like Busy---that one could not help but smile.

You have asked about Herbert's work. He has a job now at the shipyards. He gets 49¢ an hour for an eight hour day and overtime double pay. Sundays they pay him \$15. for work from seven in the morning until ten-thirty at night. He would not work today but thinks he will have to do so next week. He was a painter at first, that is, he painted rivets for the time keeper, but now he is to be the time keeper, and the other fellow will do the painting. You see, the riveters count the rivets and the number they do is charged up to them, and a record is kept of the work of every man. As soon as a rivet is counted it is marked and painted so that it shall not be counted again. Also, by the record kept, if a rivet leaks it is traced back to the riveter. Herbert has had to learn the anatomy of the ship, and had to go from top to bottom and all over, under and around. He has climbed to dizzy heights, crawled down into the deepest depths and through all sorts of holes. The noise is something terrific. You know the noise a plumber's blast furnace makes? Multiply that by forty and imagine being inside of a boiler with it. Besides the noise, the heat, the climbing and crawling, dear little red hot bolts are being thrown up and down from man to man and sometimes they are not caught but drop down promiscuous like almost anywhere. Herbert felt something go down his neck yesterday, he sort of wriggled away from it as much as he could, and at noon when he took off his coveralls to put on his shirt to go to lunch he picked out one of these little bolts. Query---why was he not burned? Was he so hot it only sizzled as it went down? Last night the thing that bothered him the most was the sizzkik effect of the terrible noise left in his ears. This morning he was very stiff, at first, but now says he feels fine. How long he keeps at the work he does not know, but he is seeing a different side of life than he ever saw before, and it will be a great experience for him. Queer how things have come about this

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

last year. Will and Jack in France, Wilder fighting this most dreadful new disease, and Herbert in the shipbuilding work. Who could have foretold such changes a few years ago. No one of the family back in Wisconsin. Your account of your work is very interesting, Wilder, and I am glad that I can feel that you are sure to be wise in taking all precautions to prevent contagion. I shall copy some of your letter for Jack and Will, for they will be interested.

I do feel drawn in two different ways, Wilder boy. I know I could be of use to Helen if I could be with her this winter and it would be a heap pleasanter for us to have an apartment together than for her to be in some one's else house sharing the kitchen with the owner. Also I should enjoy being with her and loving the Baby, and seeing you---but, when I read what you said to Mame she looked right horrified and said "but, oh Mother, what would we have done?" I was needed here more than you need me, dear. And I am still needed. I cannot leave Cottie, you know, and I am quite sure that this winter will be a critical winter with George and that I can be of real use in helping out with him. We have all got to do our own work, and Mame cannot have the whole responsibility of her family right now. She has not the strength to take care of six children and do all of the work. George and Wilder are a team that is enough kill one little woman. It is best for them both to have them separated for a while. George has been developed at Wilder's expense, he is ready to accept me and be happy with me, and Wilder needs to ~~be~~ feel responsibility. Jean will develop better with Ruth. It does make it hard for Ruth to have to have another child, but the four little girls are so happy together. In some way I must help her out, too. Mrs. Freeman will be very happy in having a boy to sort of have to look after, and I think we can make George happy and he will make us happy too. He told me today that he liked the California boys they were such fine fellows and "do you know they do not use bad language at all."

Winifred has had a birthday. You know she has been just wonderful to Mame, and Herbert and Mame want to show their appreciation, and so do I. As Herbert says--"What she had done for us no money could repay, but I would like her to know we know that, but want to do a little something for her." She has ordered a porch box full of plants etc. We wanted to get it for her but wanted her to choose the filling so we let her go ahead and order it and then I saw the man and told him we would pay for it. She wanted a certain hanging basket but I told her I wanted it, so I got that in time to send over yesterday and told her that the rest of her birthday gift was to come tomorrow. So they and I share in paying for it. She has had a trapeze put up for the children, and Winifred like, has had one for the older children as well as for her own. Of course, it was great wisdom to do that, if she wanted to keep her own children at home, but so few parents see that. She is getting her chicken house ready now and is doing so much to help and amuse her children.

Ruth is such a capable, fine looking and fine acting woman. Oh dear, what wonderful children and grandchildren I have, anyway. It is much later than it was when I began this letter, and Winifred and

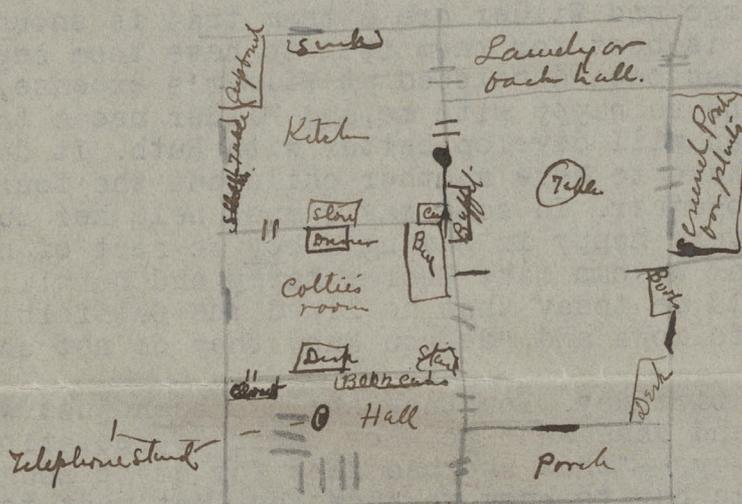
Ruth have been here and we had such a good visit together. When Herbert stays here all night Pat has to go over to Ruth's to sleep, so Ruth has only seven children with her at night. She is expected back here for breakfast, of course. And Herbert will have to get started at five o'clock in order to get to work in time.

Wilder, Baby has such a horrid erupti^on. I never saw anything ~~just~~ just like it. Mame says-"Well he caught that at the hospital, for I heard the girl in my room tell the Dr. that there were some sores on her baby, and he told her that would be all right and soon disappear, and my babies never had any such thing." The first one came on his head. All of a sudden, like a water blister only full of matter. That absorbed very soon leaving a little scurvy looking patch. Then another came on his leg, then, on the penis, and now it is all over his legs. That is, only one or two at a time that has the pus in, but others coming. Some came on his chest, or were coming but have disappeared. Mame telephoned Dr. and he seemed to know just what to expect and said send in for a prescription. She wanted him to mail it but he seemed to be very much annoyed that she thought there could be any delay--"Why my dear woman it will spread all over his body if there is any delay." So I went right out to the car and went into Los Angeles all by my lonesome and got the salve. I think, yes, I know it is much better.

If there should be any idea of your going in the army before many months, it would be much better for me to be here ready to have Helen with me. So, I am sure I am in the right place.

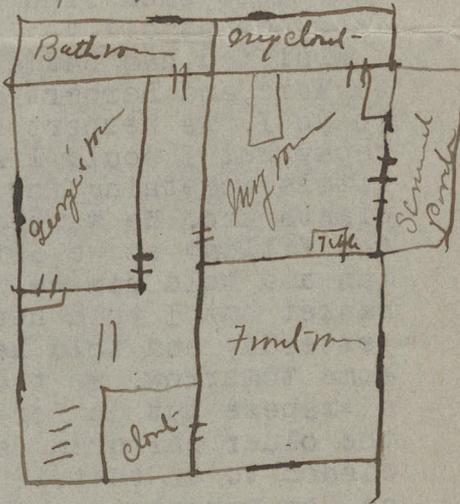
I am enjoying the pictures you sent me, Helen dear. Do you know Bert and Wilder Jr. do not look one bit alike. This little fellow is really quite dark.

Garage



The dot in the dining room is the stove hole

East
Upstairs



The boys sleep on my South screen porch - Upstairs is not as well settled - Things maybe changed much - God bless you both Mother

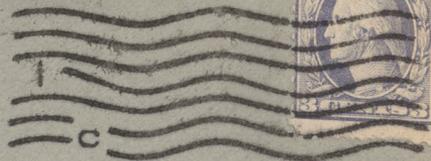
Wilder, dear, do not think you can do good work without complete relaxation sometimes. The Movies will do you good, not harm. See how much care is taken to give the soldiers relaxation.



625 East Wilson St.
Glendale
California

The Calahad School

ZX Hudson, Wis. ZX



Dr. Wilder Graves Penfield

Peter Bent Brigham Hospital

Boston

Mass.

LOS ANGELES CAL
OCT 7
12-PM
1918



T. W. MacQUARRIE
J. P. INGLIS
Principals

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

825 East Wilson St.
Glendale
California
October 8 1918

Dear Children:

Eliot succumbed to the influenza in New York last Friday night. You would better write to Cousin Florence, if you get the time. Her address is 123 South Professor St. Oberlin, Ohio. This will be a dreadful to blow to both her and Helen--and possibly just as much of an one to Cousin Charles. Eliot was much to him. He was so happy in his work. It seems to me that you are doing just as much and more dangerous fighting where you are now, Wilder, than if you were at the front in France. Influenza is taking more of our boys than the Hun bullets are taking. I feel sad that Eliot's course was so soon run, but I feel more joy in the thought that he gave his life for the great cause, and that he was happy in doing so. I am so glad that I could have seen the new look in his eyes last summer.

I have not washed the dipes yet---and it is after lunch and I must hurry to get to the bank before it closes.

I wish I could sit down and write an answer to your most interesting letters that have come to us. I expect to hear from Helen in a day or two telling of her new home in Boston.

God bless you both,

Mother,

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
Hobson, Wis.

825 East Wilson St.
Glendale
California



Dr. Wilder Graves Penfield
peter Bent Brigham Hospital
Boston
Mass.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

835 East Wilson Ave.
Glendale, California
October 14 1918

Dear Children:

Here I have been thinking that Helen was in Boston and she is still in Hudson and I have sent her no letter, but then that is no worse than she has been, for I have not received a letter from her for---well, if I should say for how long, she might think I was stretching it a little, so I will not commit myself.

There seems so much I want to tell you all that I hardly know where to begin. Schools and churches and theaters are all closed for fear of the influenza. That means some pretty restless children, and it looks as though Ruth was getting the worst of it. The Penfield children want to stay over there all of the time for on this small lot there is not such a great amount of things to do to keep them all busy--and happy. They are just like older people, the less they have to do the less they want to do. Wilder is better of the mumps and certainly we are glad. To have a boy like Wilder around and not have him smile for one whole week, and every time he spoke--which was mighty often--to have the grouch the prominent thing----well, we lived through it. And now George thinks every day he is coming down with it and he fully expects he will be "as sick" as Wilder, which means he expects to grouch too. If Wilder's Dad had been at home it is quite safe to say that he would not have been "as sick" as he was. But to happier things.

Mame and I went to look at a house last Thursday and came home satisfied. Ruth says "Talk about how Abraham was led, certainly we have been led just as truly and surely as he was." The funny thing is that not one of us has chosen her own house. I chose Winifred's and Ruth's without their seeing them. Ruth chose mine for me and Mame could only go within a half mile of her house while I went on, looked it over and paid the money to hold it. However, Saturday she and Herbert went out to see it and came away delighted.

Wilder has asked to know all about what Herbert is doing. I think I answered that last week. He is still painting rivets at the shipyards and with the overtime he did last week he earned \$50. Saturday was a holiday--Columbus Day--and so he came home Friday night and stayed until this morning. He is gaining in weight--146 lbs. now. He looks well and is happy. This house is the home of Dr. Rhone, an exclusive Los Angeles dentist. His wife is not living and his sister keeps house for him. On account of health he is moving his family to the mountains hoping the elevation and dryness will be helpful. The house has nine rooms and large rooms. The whole home is for the children, one girl and three boys. It is not so nice that Mame will worry for fear things will be hurt, and yet is so very comfortable. The place is ten miles from L.A. yet in the city limits so they can telephone us without extra charge. It is fifteen miles from San Pedro and but a block from the car line. We can take a car a block from this door, go to the station in L.A. and take a car that also goes within a block of their door. The neighborhood reminds me much of Fairview in that there is such a great

expanse of skyline and being eight miles from the ocean and no houses or mountains between the air is wonderful. Cooler in summer and warmer in winter. It is in Vermont Heights which means the highest point of land around there and the mountains that shelter Glendale can be seen beyond the L.A. city lights and the lights of the harbor can also be seen. There are no houses close up. A fine garden, besides the many flowers and vines. A garage with a ceiled room that has a gas furnace in it besides a work bench for the boys.

A part of the front porch--it faces the South-- has been enclosed in glass and opens into the living room. That gives a delightful expanse of sunshine through the house. Back of the living room is the large diningroom, back of that is the large kitchen lined with cupboards etc. A big buffet is built in the diningroom and both livingroom and diningroom have casement windows on the West. On the other side of the front hall is a large room with a fireplace and built in bookcases and window seat. A built in bookcase is in the living room too. From the front hall one goes into the back hall with two bedrooms, large hall closet and toilet room. From the back porch one can enter the laundry, the toilet or the bedroom. Upstairs there are three big bedrooms a bathroom, and lovely hall room where one could have a sewing machine and look off over a lovely view. Many big closets in the house, and other homelike comforts. All for \$30. per month. They will leave the big rugs and anything else Mame would like to have, storing the rest of the furniture. It is a wonderful find and we were led to it, without any doubt. They will move next Monday--the 31st. Herbert will get a day off to help, Mame has a woman engaged for Tuesday and Wednesday. Wilder, Baby Herbert and Patyy will go out on Monday, but Fred will stay a few days longer as he is not much help in the moving. George will go out for a day or two.

Mame is getting strong very fast and is now quite herself again. Ruth seems happy in finding how much work she can accomplish. I watch her rather anxiously for fear she is doing too much. Six children--including Fred. He and Bobbie might be called four children, perhaps. They are a team to manage. It is funny how Herbert deploras the fact that Bobbie doesn't know how to mind and we deplore the fact that Wilder does not mind any better, and being so much older one would expect he would. But they are all dear children and each one a problem to be understood and helped.

I had a Jap here this afternoon planting geraniums in the parking. They are not rooted before planting. You dig up the ground, make a trench, stick in the branches that have been cut off some one's else plants, put a little dirt around the slip and turn in the water. Just see that they are watered twice a week, and they will soon begin to bloom. He did it so quickly--it would have taken me two or three days, and it cost only \$1.60 I paid that much more willingly than I have some other things. Herbert hung pictures for me yesterday. The heavy ones I could not hang myself, and the high up ones on the stairs, for I have made my stairway an art gallery. On the upper landing I even put Mother's Aurora--there was no other place in the house for it. Then a bad place in the wall that I feared I would have to get burlap for I covered with Martha's old flag. So, by being patriotic I made the stairway much better looking. That hangs just below the Aurora.

I am glad to see that the influenza is getting under control in Boston, and I am mighty glad when a letter comes from Wilder

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL HUDSON, WIS.

giving me the assurance that he is well. Ruth is getting very anxious to hear from Jack again. It has been over two weeks since she has had a letter. Winifred was relieved today to have a card telling her that Will had arrived safely.

Winifred and Ruth both keep so busy they will not let themselves be homesick. They are both such brave, dear girls.

I should think, without doubt, that the war must be over before long, and yet no one seems to be happy over it. I have yet to see a person who rejoiced over the news that the Kaiser had accepted Wilson's peace terms. No, we feel that Germany has not been punished as she must be for all of her terrible deeds. They are not repentant, they are simply frightened. They must be brought to the knowledge of the horror the whole world feels towards them for their inhuman brutality. And the only way a German can feel anything is by reprisals. That does not mean that their women are to be treated as they have treated the conquered nations, nor that their men are to be crucified as they have crucified the French and Belgians, for the Allies could not do such terrible things. If they could they would be as bad as the Huns. But their country must be invaded, they must know that they are conquered, they must hate the things they have done as we hate them. How shall we know that they have had a change of heart? They will at least show it by spurning their rulers, they must get rid of the Hohenzollerns, at the least, before we can even think of treating with them.

I believe the whole nation will refuse to stop now, even though we hate to have our boys fighting them.

The Inglis family were talking about their Daddy fighting for liberty etc. Jean said--"Well, if my Daddy did not help build the ships I guess Uncle Jack could not go over to fight." Has it rankled in her mind? Is she glad that her Daddy is doing war work too?

I hope to get some time to write to our own soldier boys of Galahad, very soon now. The days are so full of work and seem so short, because of that, I have written very few letters since leaving Hudson.

I have written to Mrs. Freeman to come on here now at any time. She has been doing a lot of visiting while the house was so full.

I must stop and get ready for dinner and see that some garden tools are returned etc.

God bless you all.

Mother.

Tuesday Morning---

Last night's paper said that Captain O.H. King had been killed in action. I am so sorry for all of them. You know his wife is German and has relatives fighting on the other side? She was not as happy about his going into the service as the Kings were. I think, could Otis have chosen the manner of his death, it would have been while fighting for his country.

You ask about Will's non-com school. After he had been left behind his company he had no special place given him, at first.

His orders were to assist his commander. He immediately began studying the job of the man higher up, but it was not long before he was asked to take a non-com school and teach them some more of the military work than they had had. At first he did not like the work very well, because it was called a school, perhaps, but it did not take long for him to get absorbed in it, and I guess he was very successful. At any rate he was pleased and so were the men, and they improved very fast. I presume it was a part of his testing as to his fitness. It was evidently thought, by the powers that he would make a better soldier as one who should make plans rather than as one who should lead the fighting.

The Clarks came over on Sunday and Louise was amazed to see how pleasant the house was being made. She could hardly credit her eyes---so I guess it is coming out all right. Cheap, you said, yes, as far as rent is concerned, but to make cheap things acceptable it is often necessary to spend a lot of money, and some times I am afraid that it what is happening here. The improvements will bring up the rent and make it necessary for me to stay here a long time in order to make myself even. Every time I spend a dollar I say, more emphatically than before, I am not going to move from this place until I move from Glendale.

How you must miss the closing of the saloons--no wonder you do not care to leave the hospital under those conditions. You made Dr. Stone interesting to me, also. He is a different type from any other man you have known intimately, is he not? If Dr. Stewert did not like that work perhaps he did not care when he was "fired." I know that if you feel you are helping any one that you will be interested in the work--God bless you.

No, it is now well to worry about what you shall do and where you shall go in the future. The way always opens. Let me quote something for you from the Sunday School Times. "It is wasteful for us to try to bring to pass what is plainly God's responsibility. How often we waste God's time and our own by planning and scheming to bring to pass His will in matters in which He is saying, if we would but listen to Him, "Hands off". If you are in the Lord's will you won't have to do any sheming. And if you are not in the Lord's will, all the scheming in the world won't get you there."---"Commit thy way unto the Lord: trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass" is what our old hero David found to be the best and surest way. I suppose it is true that we do waste his time and ours by the wrong asking. I have put it into my thought of the Galahad and Sarras property. It is His--therefore He must know what should be done with it and my asking must be--not what and when, but "show me if there is anything I can do to help bring your plans to pass." Dr. Gabelein showed that while we worship God--Jesus Christ is our leader and it is he who is standing at God's throne to intercede for us, to listen to our needs and desires and to show us how to work alongside and together with him. So our prayers should be sent out to him in a very definite, personal way, for he is the Man who understands our needs.

All of this has been written to you alone, for the carbon paper was removed last night.

Loving you and hoping to hear again that you are still well and happy-

Mother.

Wilder's letter of last week did not come until this week.

T. W. MacQUARRIE
J. P. INGLIS
Principals

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

825 East Wilson Ave.
Glendale California
October 24 1918

Dear Children:

My letter is late this week, but to be sure of its being written today I am trying Mame's plan. She says she always tries to do the thing that could be put off first, because the things that have to be done will get done even if she has interruptions or is tired. "There is much to be said on both sides", but this morning, before the beds are made I will write this letter, for the beds must be made. Let me give you the picture of the home now. The Penfield family moved on Monday, that leaves three of us in the family, until Mrs. Freeman comes. We had breakfast at seven o'clock this morning, an hour and a half earlier than usual because George has a "job". He is very anxious to earn some money as he and Margaret have gone into business with the rabbits. They bought a second hand hutch with nine rooms and have it placed in the orchard at Margaret's. That means that George is there almost all of the time except for meals and bed. "You know Dada Dean, Margaret and I have never had a quarrel in all of our lives. I do not think I could quarrel with her." So, as Marmie hates housework and loves the rabbits and the irrigating of the trees, they are two very happy cousins.

But going into business costs money even for little folks. Rabbits to buy, feed to buy until their own gardens of alfalfa and vegetables are grown, etc. etc. Margaret's birthday gifts have been advanced to her, and George has borrowed to the limit. I asked the florist, when he was here the other day, if he wanted to hire a boy, and last night he said he did want him today. George was as happy as a king. So we two old folks were very glad to even leave our warm beds and get up in the cold, this morning and get his breakfast for him and send him off in a very happy frame of mind. There is the first picture--the boy going off on his wheel.

Now imagine Cottie pattering about the white kitchen doing up the morning's work out there. Imagine me at the writing desk in the South east corner of the room with my back to the South window and the East window at my right hand. On my left hand is the open door into the little square entrance hall. I can see the two bookcases that line the North wall, the black round table that holds the telephone and a vase of pink carnations, the gift of the florist, and the one chair. I can lean forward a little and see the stairs with the three windows with their white marquisette curtains and the many pictures on the walls that break up that long, bare, ugly, high space. Farther up the stairs, on the last turn, the North wall with its ugly, bulging, broken plaster is covered with the Aurora and the big flag, giving a lovely bit of color in just the right place. I cannot see the door that leads out on the porch as that is on the same side as the door through which I am looking into the hall. Rugs nearly cover the ugly floor. Mrs. Krukow-my landlady--was here yesterday and she was so pleased to see how pretty the house looked. "Oh how lovely this hall is, it has never looked like this before." Perhaps she will see that I

need and deserve some better looking floors sometimes.

As I look in front of me--At the right in the corner formed by the bookcase and the window is the pedestal with a bunch of leaon verbe heliotrope and button rooses, the gift of Mrs. Wannetta. The overdraps to the windows in these two rooms are mostly pumpkin yellow with dear little paraquets in blue and green. They blend in so beautifully with the yellow brown madras curtains that hang at the doorway between the two rooms. These curtains originally hung in Aunt Agnes' home in Spokane. The walls are a beautiful shade of gray and set off the pictures beautifully. On the wall between the bookcase and the doorway is the little Calabad photograph that Ray gave me. On the diningroom side is an ugly shelf that has been eliminated by hanging teacups below it, the big mahogany tray and the teapot et on it. Then come, on this same East side, the door and two windows on the screened in porch that will some time be fuller of plants than it is now. The plants that I have now show what it will be later. Then on the North wall and right in front of me is an etching, a landscape--with John Alden and Priscilla on one side and Lincoln on the other. The buffet underneath, with a plate of grapes, a bunch of yellow and orange Lantanas, the coffee urn and silver baking dish---and if anyone adds any non-essentials to the things on the buffet they catch a scolding---- Then the door to the kitchen on the West side, that I try to keep closed, then the little Franklin stove and Herbert's bookcase that has not yet been filled.

That brings us into the front room again. In the corner between the dining room doorway and Cottie's door, is the big upholstered chair of Grandma J's. with a madonna and the colored Roman Peasant girl above. Between the hall door and Cottie's hangs the lovely St. John picture that my class gave me, and the round mahogany chair. In front of me, ~~and~~ and in front of the bookcase is the big green rocker. In front of the front window is a willow rocker--then I come, again. Over my desk on the South is the etching of the Tigers and at the East is the "Come and follow me and I will make you Fishers of men." On the desk---and I believe I have solved the problem of how to kepp the top of my desk in order, I pile it so full in the first place there is no place for "all sorts of things. I have a big brass bookrack with ten large volumes of Shakespeare bound in red and gold that harmonizes with the curtains. (I always did have some sympathy with the woman who bought books to match her library furniture.) The three volumes of Burbank are in that same rack. Then there is the Oxford bookrack, a vase of Bittersweet that Helen sent Nana. I² is in a little silver vase and the color combination is charming. Then there is the covered basket that Will gave me, I keep my pencils etc. in that, the desk set, Will's and Jack framed uniform pictures, two sweet grass mats--to have things kept from scratching the top? well, no, but to keep people from seeing the scratches. Then one corner is given over to the current magazines. The bronze colored waste basket underneath completes the picture. You say add the diningroom table in the center of that room with a white embroidered centerpiece and a bunch of red and white carnations, and the rugs on the floor, and the sun shining over all, and if you have a right good imagination you will see these two rooms just as they look this minute--and everything is well dusted and in order too.

Has that descript on given you enough pleasure to pay for reeding it all? Yes, Helen, I know you will visualize it--but will the boys? Such busy boys as they all are, will they have time to care for anything so requiring the inner vision? Well, they may skip it all if they want to do so.

Implying? Surey man wrong it here. School an about it.

Will and Jack and not know where they are or if they are even getting the letters. Well, it will make them to know that I am thinking of them and loving them--if they do get the letters. Kiss and hug my little grandson for me --I see I am getting careless as to the proper number of letters to the words--Kiss each other for me--Mother

W. MacQUARRIE
J. P. INGLIS
Principals

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL

HUDSON, WIS.

they will get hurt--they all laugh at the time the boy at school snowballed her--she went berserk and that boy fled. He went as fast as her two feet could take him over the ground until he reached home and mother. He knew he was safe there, and he also knew he was not safe where he was. George says all the boys at school are afraid of her. But that is when she is beside herself. At other times she is hurt and becomes sullen. She does not forget their unkindness but broods over it. And they so often tell her she is so homely, they wish she was pretty as other girls--etc. They do not mean to be brutes, but her whole sunny disposition is being ruined. So--Ruth is the right foster-mother for her just now. As for George--of course he loves the farm and wants to be the prime mover in everything that is going on. He has been the head and front of everything. The parents have done the easiest thing, for it is easy to let the reliable one do things. But his head is not old enough to separate responsibility from favoritism--and he feels that he and Dad are all there are in the world. He will learn some lessons that will be good for him here. There will be responsibility but his old grandmother will not be set aside with a sneer. As the one who is dispensing the favors I can get myself into the proper place in his view of life much better than I can when Daddy is the head of the family. He is a dear boy, and his great faults are due to a faulty environment plus the adolescent age. You might just remember to offer a daily prayer for me that I may have the wisdom to handle him just right now. He will be a wonderful man when he has a few more years added to the Christian idea of his place in the world and in connection with other people. He has no idea of the rights of other people at present and he is very sullen when he is crossed. We had quite a funny experience last night. We have been going down to a cafe every night for dinner. Lately he has objected to getting dressed--clean fingernails and blouse are not very important things you know. And when he has felt that way he has wanted to argue about it and "I don't want any dinner" etc. Last night we had that to contend with--I told him to hurry for I wanted to go to the Sanatorium for dinner--He was furious, the cafe was good enough for him, and he did not want to go anywhere else. I very quietly asked him if he thought he was going to run this house, and that if my desires were not just as important as his, etc. Well I would not argue, but insisted on his doing things right--I did not say anything about the cleaning of the shoes he did not want to put on--but he looked fairly well when we started. He was as sullen as could be. I reminded him that I expected him to be a gentleman--but did not notice the slammed doors and the churlish way he did every thing--but I bought the rolls he liked for breakfast etc. When we got to the San. he lagged behind as I went up the steps, and then hid behind the shrubbery. After the maid had come to the door and we were waiting to enter I went out and spoke quite sharply to him telling him to come in immediately. He did--slowly--but I hustled and made it seem that I was the one delaying the game as much as possible. After I once saw he was in the room I paid no more attention and he had to follow--I was quite amused, rather than angry. He had to come to the table--he had to take up the menu and then it surely was funny. You see, the San advertised meals for the public. Mrs. Vannetta had advised me to go

there on account of the pretty surroundings, nice tables, good service, and delicious vegetables. We knew nothing about it other than that. But they are Adventists--no animal fats of any kind--no regular tea or coffee, and dinner at noon--when Mrs. V. had been there--with the lightest of invalid food for supper. George's face was a study. How to order and what to order and the prices of everything puzzled him. He would not let me help him as he would have done had he been more friendly. At last he made his selection and then threw down his pencil and looked at me so helplessly and said--"It comes to fifty cents and I have not got anything either." Then we laughed--Cottie, the waitress and I--We struck off one item, I wanted to rearrange it, but did not. I gave him some of my trisquit and some of my nuts and raisins and he had a good meal and felt better. Then the head one came and talked with me and gave me menus of the dinners etc. and now he is interested in the experiment and wants to try a dinner there. The other night Mrs. V. wanted us to sit at her table. George had gone to get a paper. When he came in I had to speak very decidedly before he was willing to sit down there. He wanted to go to a table by himself. Afterwards he was so charmed with her he wants to sit with her every day. Now those things are due to shyness etc. Farm work is all right but he needs a little polishing just now. I am in hopes that I may have the opportunity to introduce him to some things worth while as well as worth while people. Mrs. Vannetta is a widow--the one who knew Cottie when she was a little girl, and is a most charming woman who has traveled a great deal and is an artist who has the opportunity of seeing and doing going whenever and wherever she pleases.

Every body is making gardens just as we do in the Spring at home. I used to think that people are cleaning up for the tourists, but it is the regular gardening time--"getting ready for winter" they all say. We get in the coal and put on the storm windows at home--I believe I would rather trim up the rosebushes and replant the growing things.

You recall that I had rented a house two doors from Winifred for Ruth and the owner would not let us have it after the visit of the Penfield children? She would not even rent it to me--she had such a horror of my little savages. Well, the house has not been rented and now she wants the agent to see if I will not take the house. She has seen me in church and I guess I looked like a human being and she is repentant. But even though I sigh every time I pass the house and wish I were in there so much nearer the girls and there is a gas furnace etc.----but I have too much money invested in this house now, and it is so expensive to move--it is rather amusing, too.

Some day I will prove to you that it is not because I am keeping young that makes me interested in the lives of the grandchildren--except as Love is eternally young--but because I am old that I am interested. I hope, too, that you will hear much music and some good lectures this winter. Winifred says there is so much in Boston that is good and is free if one looks for it. And she wants to know in just what part of the city the hospital is. She has a friend there whom she wants to have become acquainted with Helen, and she wants to know if she knows the part of the city you are in.

By this time, Helen dear, you will know that the great reason why you did not hear from me for so long is that I thought you were with Wilder. Neither one of you thought to tell me different. I know you are enjoying your work much, Wilder boy--and I know that you will be a great help to many of these heartbroken bedside friends. You could not help but be of help with your sympathy. I am glad the epidemic is abating. I was glad to have you tell me what you did about the care to take--but why not tell me what to gargle and what kind of snuff you use. It seems queer to be writing

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL

HUDSON, WIS.

I wish I could describe the impression that the homes of the two girls make on me. They are so different and so personal. At Winifred's there is the feeling of the efficient housekeeper and careful mother who is doing so much for her three dear ones and being so brave doing it alone. The rooms are so pretty, the outside is growing to be so personal, neat and orderly. An attractive home and love is there--the doing things for the rest of the family. At Ruth's? It is more the atmosphere of the whole family at work doing for each other. The kiddy kars are apt to be in the front yard--the orchard lot has the rabbit hutch and the several little patches of garden that do not make one harmonious picture but several dear little pictures. The children are supposed to play in the back yard but the front porch is preferred. The grounds are being brought into a new orderliness, the lawn is being cut and raked, and plants are being trimmed and replanted, and plum trees cut so that the clean windows can shine on passerbys--but one would know there was a family of children there. In the house--there is an efficiency that seems odd to connect with my little girl--but it is like the efficiency of Mother Carey's Chickens--have you all read it? The working together--not always perfect because little hands have not yet learned to do things just right. The odor of burned gingerbread will make you to know that one of the girls forgot to watch closely enough--but that gingerbread will be eaten and enjoyed, just the same. The girls are taking care of their own rooms, and prizes that come unexpectedly at uncertain times keep them all on the lookout for the inspection that comes they know not when, and keep them all on their mettle. Whatever Mother is interested in, her girls are interested in. Each one has her own work to do, and they take turns in the different kinds of work. Marmie hates dishwashing, but she cannot stand to have the silver or any other drawer out of order--Like her mother who could live in any kind of an outward confusion but the dresser and its drawers must be in order--like her father before her. The atmosphere must, of necessity be different from Winifred's with her boys and younger ones. But the two girls are so different. Winifred has always looked after the details but Ruth has not had that education and to see her doing things now amazes me. I confess that I have twinges of pain sometimes when I find her washing, ironing, scrubbing cooking etc.etc. Yet that is all foolishness on my part and I know that she is learning lessons that she needs to ~~learn~~ learn, and know that she is very happy in doing it all because she feels it is her part of the world's work that she is doing. Both girls have that feeling. Neither one of them know much about real economy, I suppose, and it is another very interesting thing to watch how they are both managing. What seems so necessary for one person seems extravagance for another, you know. They are both working out some real problems, bless their dear hearts. Can any one tell me how it happens that all of my children are so adorable and fine?

But I must tell you about the Penfield flitting. Sunday Herbert and Mame took Baby Herbert and Jean and went out to their home with a load that they did not want to send in the trunks and boxes that were to go on Monday. They hung up their best clothes in the closet and left a wet diaper to show that the house was taken. The next morning we had breakfast early and we went out with

another load. Jean and Fred were still left with Ruth and I went to "look after the Baby". It is in a lovely spot--such a broad view of the whole horizon. So many little surprises in grounds and house, such big rooms and closets, so much of sunshins--and bookcases. Here is something for you, Jack---not a thing was broken in the barrels of dishes except two saucers that were not good for much. And the barrels had not been headed, at all. They had been left for Ballard's men to do and they had not done it. Ballard's men were a fake. They have caused us a great deal of trouble. Our dishes came through all right, too, Wilder--except the barrel that was smashed in one side and six of my pretty hand painted plates that belonged to mother's set, were broken.

Everything went smoothly, the men came on time with the goods, we got all the furniture unpacked and placed, the books put in the cases--and as there are enough in the house for them I am to have them two over here to relieve the congestion.--the dishes all unpacked, the baby bathed etc. George and I came home in the trolley. The car was filled with men coming from San Pedro and after a hard day's work of that kind---the effluvia was really quite noticeable. Herbert has not been feeling very well for all of last week--sore throat and a pain in his chest, but he makes light of it, although I think he is being careful. Mame stood the work wonderfully--in fact we have never known her to make so good a recovery. They will come over Sunday and will then take Fred home with them. I have not told you much about Herbert Jr. He is a dear baby, and I love him much but the more I love him and enjoy him the more homesick I am for Wilder Jr. You tell him that the Sunday he and I had our little visit together he made such a big place in his grandmother's heart that no one can possibly take his place there. They are very different in looks. Herbert has the top of his head bare--he looks like Weyland Sanford. His eyes are shaped more like Wilder William's but his nose and mouth are different from any of the other babies--the thin lips are so very like Blanche, indeed he is comically like her in looks. I think he will be a Hutchcroft baby even more than the others. He is as plump as he can be. His hands and knees are full of simples, as deep as the two in his cheeks. He cries very little, except when he has colic, and not terribly hard even then. If I were writing to Wilder all alone I would tell him that his stool is always green. So green that the stain that is left is a real blue green.

Mame has learned to appreciate Cottie as she never did before, in fact we have all come very much nearer each other than ever before. Herbert feels better to be doing this work, Wilder dear. He feels that he is helping a little in the great work. It was a real hurt to have to claim exemption. You see, his land is ~~rented~~ rented, and there are no buildings on it, and it will make no difference if he does not go on it now. Wilder William does not like work, and is most unreliable. It is better for both boys to be separated for a time, for George has a contempt for Wilder's working abilities and Wilder has been educated to feel that he is unreliable. Now, being the oldest of the children he will be more apt to develop in that way as he would not under the old regime. He is positively cruel to Jean and she is better and happier at Ruth's for the present. I know there is the danger of her growing away from the family, but until things are better regulated, as they will be for Herbert and Mame are both having their eyes opened to some things now, it is better for her future to be where she is. Patty is being made selfish and disagreeable by the teasing of the boys but she is such a little fighter herself it will leave no permanent injury. Jean is a terror when she gets worked up--he had regular hysterics and the boys have to watch out or

The Salahad School
Hudson, Wis.



825 East Wilson Ave.
Glendale
California



Dr. Wilder G. Penfield

Peter Bent Brigham Hospital

Boston

Mass.

Jark's address -

Co. B. 53rd Pioneer Regt.

do not know the Division -

1864

819 Olympia Blvd.
THE GALAHAD SCHOOL Los Angeles.
HUDSON, WIS.

T. W. MacQUARRIE
J. P. INGLIS
Principals

Nov 17 - 1918

Dear Nedir: I am enclosing a check

for \$500 which will take care of your present needs
and I will send you the balance when we get
a little more money loose in the estate. I will
send you a note for the present check and before
the first of the year will send you a note to sign
for the victuals due as I do not know what
it amounts to at present. This idea of working
during the whole of every day has its disadvantages
as I cannot go to the bank where the papers
are nor can I get to a garage to have the car
attended to unless I pay off and that is expensive.

We are having to trim the edges pretty close but
it is rather fun being a day laborer carrying my
couch and conversing with all kinds and conditions.
Under the new scale of wages that went into effect
yesterday I am making from 141 to 146 a month
which is as well as I was doing in the bank. Then
I have 3 regular passengers to the yard in the car
and they pay me \$2 a week per each which helps
I got in this yard at the right time and have
interesting work not too hard and a fine bunch
of fellows in the office from which I work. Just
now I am time kept for the "chippers and caulkers"
there are some 85 of them on 3 or 4 ships under
construction and I have to visit them twice each day
which would be easy if I could always find them.
A full grown ship has something of an anatomy to
explore. Talk about crawling thru a dark 2 1/2 ft. passage!
that would be a cinch. Sometimes you only have to
carry an electric torch, a 50 foot tape a two foot rule

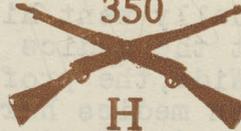
THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

a couple of 8' x 12" books and a bucket of yellow paint. Besides this I have to measure the distance from the centre of rivet holes nearest the outer edge of each plate that is put on ~~at~~ the shells of all the hulls. I do not have to hop around as the crane lifts them into place but once each day I have to inspect and record all the new ones that are being usually after they are bolted and always before they are riveted. These plates are usually 5' x 22" and run from the hull plate at the bottom up each side to the top decks and form the outside of or shell of the boat. It seems rather tame and trivial but you go up the scaffolding, 50 or 75 ft and watching all the time that some fool don't drop a 12" bolt or a hot rivet on your head and it has its interesting side too.

I think in the spring we will try to get a house in Long Beach if I stay where I am working. There we will be only 5 miles from the yards instead of 15 with good train service etc. Long Beach has a population of 4000 people. We might as well be 30 miles from Glendale as 20.

Mama sends you love her love. He is getting in pretty good shape tho she is having to work pretty hard and is alone more than I wish he had to be. Another reason for wanting to get where neighbors are closer. The baby is fine and is growing like a weed. He has colic some but does not yell like the rest of them. Have a great deal of love to you and Helen -
Arthur

350



CAMP DODGE
IOWA

Saturday Afternoon.

Dear Wide;

I received your fine letter of the 26th some days ago. I have read parts of it, especially that about surgical shock to several of the other captains, and we were all very much interested. If you are on the track of anything that will be of assistance to us in that matter we all hope you will speed up as much as possible, and have the stuff ready against that day—you know. But anyhow, I am glad you have the opportunity to do such work, and wouldn't it be a wonderful experience for you, if you should find the dope necessary? You could feel that you had been instrumental in saving the lives of so many, many of our own men, while the best we can hope is that we may get a good swing at one of those Huns, and we spend considerable time telling what we would do to the Kaiser, if we should happen to get him. I think it is the consensus of opinion that we would take a chance on making an end of him right away, and then fix it up with royalty afterwards. But, of course, you know, that may sound like counting your chickens etc. But we are getting terribly bloodthirsty; you could hardly imagine a pedagogue like me getting into that condition, could you?

But, Wide, this is the life, as the old song has it. I never did anything in my young life that I liked better. Somehow or other there must have been a combination of heredity and training in my makeup that just fits me into this work here. I have 240 men, and five lieutenants for each and everyone of whom, I am in a terribly important place.

***** Wow, here it is, Monday Evening, and this letter is not even well started. I don't remember what it was that stopped it Saturday, but I'll try to pick up the thread.

We have had some real army life today. It's a situation that may develop at any time. My voice is no good tonight, no good at all, for I have been yelling all day until it hurts. Yes, I try to "use my diaphragm" whatever that is, but it's the voice box that needs help. This whole thing would seem terribly---- oh, rats, now I know what it was—just as I was writing to you, came a card from your mother announcing the heir, and say boy—congratulations, isn't it fine to have a real heir boy of your very own, I'm so glad. Now you have a right to feel proud. Well, many happy returns, many of them. -- Oh, yes, this army work might seem terribly complicated to an outsider, and most of the time it seems so terribly complicated to us here. I have a pretty large company now and it takes a whole lot of work drilling them. 25 of them are absolutely illiterate, a number of them, well, defective. We gave them the psychological test, and quite a number, about six, I believe had to have special tests, and a couple of those were not more than five years old. Say, Wide I believe those men that are giving the government the benefit of their experience and skill in conducting these tests are doing really a wonderful work. It may interest you to know that we all took the tests, and I was fortunate enough to get rather well acquainted with the man who had charge. He showed me the graphs of the results of the test. It happens that one of my lieutenants led the division with a mark of 407, out of 412. He is the highest man in the last 100,000 who took the test, and is fourth highest in the USA. How's that. I was fortunate enough to get 361, which was pretty high—for a captain. Our company tested about the highest in the division, for an average. Lieut. Miller had some graphs made showing the results for the various branches. The engineers ran highest, the artillery next, and the infantry next. Then came the quartermasters, and guess who came lowest. Guess! You may

as well face it, yes, it was the medics. The infantry crossed the artillery a little, and actually went higher in the highest places, but averaged a little lower, but the medics were higher only than the negroes. But as a matter of fact, wide, the profession needs a boost in the army. There are some rotten medics here, and, yes, also there are some wonderfully fine men. Our major is just great, very capable, very much interested in each case, very painstaking, and also our battalion captain is very good, but there are a couple of men at our infirmary that I wouldn't trust a lead pencil to. They are rotten. It seems to have worked out this way: The very successful men, those who have ~~done~~ done so well in civil life that they can afford to go into the army and be sure to ~~xxxxxxx~~ attract a practice afterwards, and the very poor ones, to whom a lieutenant's salary looked big, and who had no practice to leave anyway. And those are the men who brought down the average, and possibly some of the older men helped also. I had one beautiful row with the dentist captain who had charge of the teeth examination of these men. He was sticking his fingers into one mouth after another, without washing them, and I reported him to the major. When the major was away the captain found me and tried to tell him what he thought of me. I told him what I thought, too, and it got so loud, and he was getting so much unenviable advertising that he cut it out. He got the idea he was the head of something and that I had no authority where my men were concerned. Had a nice time.

But today has been a corker, wide. It has been hot, hot, and-oh, yes, I went riding yesterday afternoon, and went too far, I guess, and now I just hate to sit down. It took off about two square inches of hide, and I feel quite raw and chafed over quite an area in-no woman's land.) We can get horses just about whenever we like. An orderly takes care of them, and they are all saddled etc. It's quite fine-but I prefer a Phord.

Oh, yes, it has been hot today. One man in another company fell dead on the way back from the field. The officer in charge let the battalion stop near a watering trough, and many of the men took drinks. This man developed a fit right away, and was dead before anyone could help. Our men were inoculated Saturday for the second time for typhoid, paratyphoid(?) etc, and today they are a pretty sore, sick lot. The heat has been pretty hard on them. As the best of luck would have it we drill near a grove of trees, and I do most of my company work there. It is right in my area. But much of the work has to be done out in the blaze. We were short of officers, for one reason or another today, and we had no non coms, as the foreign officers had all of our trained men out on maneuvers, running them all over the country. They marched miles with packs, crawled hundreds of yards, and splashed through mud and water. Well, but this afternoon, there was only one lieutenant and my first sergeant left me to drill about 180 men. So the ol' man had to pitch in and that's the reason I can't talk-much. Drill is interesting, really is, and one watches the play of personality in the men. But we aure had a gnueling time of it today.

When're we going across? I'd like to know myself. But we are getting closer to it. They are sending us dope now every day, about boxing equipment etc. and I guess August will see us at least at- an Atlantic Port. But no one has any real dope. I don't think it will hold over another winter, however. We may as well go back to civilian life, so far as this work is concerned. Aside from those blisters on my-skin, I am not injured in any way, at present. I don't like the dust, nor anything, but it's a great life as I said above.

I really don't think there will be any possibility of my getting a chance to run up to Bosting when I go East, but if I can arrange it, I might go to Hudson over some Sunday.

Give my love to Helen-is that permissible? and you might mention me to the baby, but I don't suppose he would remember the name. With all good wishes for the success of your work,

Will

The Galahad School

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

Each unit in the service has auxillary troops, for example:--

A regiment has a Machine Gun Co. a Supply Co. and a Medical Dept.

A Brigade has, as aux. a Machine Gun Battalion of three companies.

~~*xDivision*~~

A Division has as aux. troop a Machine Gun Battalion of four companies,

ammunition and supply trains, and Military Police. Major General

A Corps has as aux. troop as our Corps Troop of Pioneers, anti aircraft

Machine Gun Battalion, Balloon units and Artillery units. Lieut. Col.

An Army has auxillary troops like an army troop of Pioneers.

An Army contains a certain number of Corps.

Corps are made up of three Divisions

A Division is made up of three Brigades, two of Infantry and one of Artillery

A Brigade is made up of two or more regiments Brig. Gen.

A Regiment is made up of three Battalions Colonel

A Battalion is made up of four companies

A Company is made up of two (usually) Platoons (*lieut*)

A Platoon is made up of Squads of seven men commanded by a Corporal

Ours is the First Army Corps Troop, and is auxillary to the First Army Corps.

The Galahad School

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

This is the dirtiest little city I ever saw. About 20,000 people, narrow short and crooked streets. Camp Wadsworth is a New York National Guard Camp, and it is not nearly as nice a Camp, nor as well equipped as Camp MacArthur and there is no comparison between the troops. The 32nd Division is way ahead in drill, equipment and morale. The Division here is the 27th, but we have nothing to do with the Division.

Gen. Richards is to command the First Corps Troop. Corps Troops are auxiliary to an Army Corps. Three Divisions make up a Corps, and it is commanded by a Lieut. General. A certain number of Corps make up an army. Our Corps Troop will consist of a regiment of Pioneers, an anti-aircraft Machine Gun Battalion, some balloon outfit, and some artillery. We are to organize here the Pioneer regiment, and the anti-aircraft Machine Gun Battalion. We do not know where the others are being organized, but we will all be together in France. The outlook is interesting and we are anxious to get to work. When we get a table of organization I will tell you more.

These Army Corps troops are new things and nothing is published about them. We are to sort of carve our own way. Pioneers, I expect, do what the name implies, whatever is necessary, fight, build roads, bridges, trenches, etc. Our regiment of Pioneers is to be made out of what was left of the 1st. New York infantry, N.G. after the reorganization of the N.Y.N.G.

General Richards will work directly under some Lieut. General. Some job? I suppose some Lieut. Gen. will order the First Corps Troop (our command) to do certain things, anything. I also expect that as soon as we get our Pioneer regiment of Infantry and our anti-aircraft machine Gun Battalion trained we will be ordered to France to report to some Lt. General. I don't expect that for two or three months yet.

know exactly from the diagram. I hope you have managed to get off all of the dirt by now, and that you find everything as comfortable as you expected. Helen, when I first went to housekeeping I had no old cloths, and I have never forgotten how horrid it was. Is it not fine that the few things that were there were the things you really needed so much. I am so glad.

January is half gone. Next month will be February and it will be getting time to plant the first seedlings. Then it wont be long before I can get out in the garden again. I wonder how much of a garden I will have the courage to attempt this year. I have been having quite a time of jelly making. Seventy six glasses of jelly and some twenty quarts of apple butter is well for January? I expect to can some apple sauce tomorrow. When Sylvia comes to help for a day I get her to peel some apples for me and that helps out mightily. Thursday Mrs. King and I will clean the basement again. Oh yes, speaking of the basement makes me think, I was down there at work yesterday morning when Willard Trask came. He came to St. Paul to enlist in the Medical Dept. I have never cared much for Willard, but he has improved so much and he certainly said more interesting things yesterday--he was here for about three hours--than has any other person who has been in the house for a long time. He understands conditions out in Montana wonderfully well. His father and many other sheep men are selling wool to the government for 20¢ as against 57¢ of last year and 80¢ market price this year. That is real patriotism.

But I am going to say goodnight--

Mother



Wilder S. Metcalf
Farm Loans
in Eastern Kansas
Safe and Prompt.

Lawrence, Kansas.

June 22d, 1918.

Mrs. Jennie J. Penfield,
Hudson, Wisconsin.

My dear Mrs. Penfield:-

I received to-day cards announcing the birth of Wilder Graves Penfield, Junior, June 6th, 1918. The postmark on the envelope is dim, so that I am unable to tell where it came from. I had an idea that Wilder was in Baltimore, and it looks a little as though this stamp was that of Baltimore.

I should be glad to have you write me, telling me where the Doctor is and where I can reach him with a letter. I hope he has entirely recovered from the distressing accident, and I should like very much to hear from you as to his plans and his whereabouts now.

I hope that we may be able to meet each other again soon.

Mrs. Metcalf and I were on the train coming back from the East and met a lady who was on the Sussex when it was blown up, and knew Wilder, or made his acquaintance there at that time.

I have been a Brigadier-General in the Army for the last year, and have been retired as too old for overseas duty. A great mistake on their part.

Very truly yours,

Wilder S. Metcalf

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

~~Dear Uncle~~

Oct. 26. 1913

Dear Uncle Wildy,

It is a long time I am
writing you and telling of what we saw
on our trip. We got to Spirit Lake
Sunday afternoon the roads were all
right (at least) until we got to Spirit L-
ake. in Spirit lake the ^{roads} were the worst
we struck in any city we got to
Omaha on Tuesday. The first sight
of the Mts was at Cheyenne. They
they were snow capped. We
saw lots of beautiful sights
way up in those mountains
we saw some from a

very far inland
one we saw was more
than one hundred miles.

It did not look very far
away but it was.

When we saw it the first
time I said, (it was at night)
we will be there tomorrow
but tomorrow came and we
did not get there in til 2
days later it was more
than 2 miles high.

With our glass