



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Saras.

February 13 1918

Dear Children:

I do not mean to write long, every one else is in bed, but I have been fixing up the children's valentines, and before I forget the rhymes I will write them to you. I made a round hole in an envelope and glued in a nickel for each one of the twelve except that in Ruth's and Fred's I put in a lump of sugar and wrote on the outside--Sugar is sweet and so are you."

On Elizabeth's and George I wrote--

One's my love, Two's my dove, and Three's my heart's
desire:

Four I'll take and never forsake,
And five,--I can go no higher.

On Margaret's and Wilder's I wrote,
The Rose is red, the Violet blue,
This nickel is dull, but not so You.

On Faith's and Jean's--

If you love me as I love you,
This Nickel will pass from me to you.

On Pat's---

A Patty cake in a Patty pan,
Patty makes, or thinks she can;
If Patty Pen. can't make a cake,
Patty can this Nickel take.

On John's.

Jack Spratt would eat no fat,
His wife would eat no lean;
But Johnny Mac. can give a smack
To the one he calls Naneen.

On Billy's-

What have you there, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
What have you there, Charming Billy?
I've a nickel, as you see, 'Tis a valentine for me
From one who loves this Billy.

On Bobs---

Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the gate;
But Bobby laughed to see such a sight
As his valentine under his plate.

I put them all under their plates so that they should not see them until we sat down to the table. I have not told even the mothers that I have prepared anything, so it will be a surprise all around.

Is it not astonishing how very busy days can be? Think of all of the very busy people in this world, and wonder what it is all about, anyway. Every one is rushing from morning until night, I suppose we all get a great deal accomplished, but----- Look at the stockings, for instance. Think of the hours one spends in mending them. Precious hours they are too. Then look at the ironing--I did not get my little ironing done this morning. Two hours yesterday, and hour and a half today--about the same tomorrow, and it only means napkins, handkerchief and towels--scarcely a ripple in the flood of the family ironing. Is it wasted time? or is it vitally necessary? All in the day's work, I know, but it is queer what things take up our hours and years. However, just at present I will to bed--so goodnight.

Thursday Afternoon:

What a pity that I did not finish this letter last night so I could have sent it down early this morning, for now--- When it will get mailed, who knows? We had a beautiful week of sunny warm weather. Last night the wind changed to the North-East and first came rain and then a big snowstorm with the wind blowing a gale and drifting preposterously. Ruth took the girls down to school, got stuck on the bridge coming home. Walked back to the garage and got a man to come and

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Sawas

help her. He cranked and cranked, but could not budge it. Then they went back to the garage, got a rope and towed the car down there. It was fixed up, and Ruth started again, got up to the high school and stuck again. She got Elizabeth and they went down to get the other children while again the car was towed down to the garage. Then Mr. Sutherland brot them home and so we have the whole seven raising cain here until after the blizzard and its effects are over. This afternoon they are busy and happy over getting ready for a party. The girls are to set the table and make the sandwiches. The little boys are to have charge of the fishpond. Just now the girls are making caps for them all to wear and the fitting on is raising gales of laughter. Tomorrow, if the time begins to hang heavy there will be a candy pull with some sorghum we have on hand. They are to have a wonderful "mousse" today, and the rarest of all things, two pieces of bacon each. With chocolate and marshmallows for the cream, they expect a beautiful supper. The best part of the program, to our minds, is that the children have their supper at 5.30 and we will not have ours until after they go to bed. Cottie set some buckwheat cakes last night so we will take our trays out in the kitchen and sit around the stove and bake our cakes and eat as many ~~cakes~~ as we can hold---and have no dishes to speak of to wash afterwards. Think of it, it will be like ~~Sund~~ Sunday evenings when we have our trays in here and can talk as much as we please without interruption. For you know at the family table big folks have no show at all. We are not allowed to talk except to answer questions and give other

necessary directions. We might as well accept it for Bobby and Ruth have remarkable lungs, and the rest of them scream to make themselves heard over their din. We are only four against seven, you know. This is the time of year to expect our big storms, you know.

Solvig, who has the South cottage and takes care of the cow, is going to put in the big garden. I shall not bother with potatoes this year. I will have no corn either. Just radishes, lettuce, Swiss Chard, Onions--sets--Tomatoes, Peppers, Beans and a few Peas, cukes, and summer squash, and beets. I think that is all. Oh carrots, of course. That will be enough to furnish the summer table with fresh things. There will be strawberries and currants too. A taste of raspberries and Gooseberries, I hope. We had one bunch of grapes last year--the quality was all right. Then we have Asparagus and rhubarb. Shall I put up some currant jelly and some tomatoes for you? I made some green tomato mince meat last summer and oh but it does make the best pies. I put up some tomato sauce too, that is fine to flavor soups or any made dishes. I made a failure of the canned corn, however. The canned tomatoes and Beans were fine and so was the salted and dried corn. But the markets are so good in Baltimore that you would not miss those things so much there. Wilder loves jam so well, perhaps I can put up some of that for him,--for we are planning to go to California for next winter.

Will is very much afraid that he will never get to France. And if not "a whole year wasted"--but he does not realize what this year has done for him. He has more poise, he is more sure of himself than he ever was before. His association with men, and the assurance that he can excel in the things expected of men, and that he is something more than a "mere schoolteacher has been good for him. The windows in my room are so covered with snow I cannot see out of them. This is a sort of rambling letter--Kiss each other for me. Mother



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Saras

February 20 1918

Dear Children:

I do not know who is coming out ahead me or the cold that is attacking me. This climate does not truly agree with me in the winter months especially. The days are so bright and beautiful it seems a shame to find fault with the weather man, but climate in California sounds better and better. It is a little hard to keep up with our plans. Mame, the other day, said something about what we had been talking about when she had seen us perhaps a week before. We three looked at each other in puzzled wonder, for it was a thought of such ancient history we had almost forgotten the thought had ever been expressed. But today we have quite decided on what is best for us to do. The lands about Chico will be thrown on the market under the supervision of the State Project in April. They do look good. Farms for about 100 and over 400 applications already in. We do not like a crowd so we very gracefully withdraw in favor of others. We have gotten Will and Jack excited so that the letters that pass back and forth are the most interesting things one can imagine. Jack says "I read your letter (Ruth's) over and over and every time I read it I want to go out and yell". Ruth says "At last I have Jack where he is willing to eat out of my hand." He has promised, when he comes home, that he will let her take him by the hand and lead him wherever she wants him to go. That from Jack is very funny, for he is quite given to wanting to do the leading without any suggestions whatever. But his letters are

funny, and so are Will's. Although Will is doing considerable ~~thinking~~ along the line of what he intends to do after the war, himself. But without their joking, the boys both feel that there is a possibility that they may never come back, and in that case it would be better for the girls to be in California on a small place that may be made to yield some returns in money to help out in the educating of the children. The girls have that same thing in mind too when they are planning going out there to get some kind of such place. They also feel that it would be far better to break up now all of the old ties here and get established in new surroundings that may fill their lives with work and some hope before there shall be any chance of their having to make a decision and a move when the boys are beyond recall, if that should be the fate awaiting them. They are very wise and brave, it seems to me, to be willing to face the possible thing and prepare themselves to meet it if it should come to them.

But I started to tell you the latest plan. We think now it would be better to go out there and look around a bit ourselves while waiting for our opportunity. We may find it sooner there. We feel that some where in California there is a place for us three families, if not for Herbert too. So the girls are planning to go out in June, as soon as school closes, to one of the many beaches, get two cottages and live cheaply there for the summer. They will keep their eyes open for a good place to live in in the winter where they can send the children to school. Then they will get in touch with the University or some other helpful organization so that they may begin the study of soils etc. preparatory to knowing how to grow things. They will have a little ground about the cottages they rent in which they may experiment a little while they study. If they can live near by

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Saras

the place where they will finally settle, that will be fine, but if that place is not shown to them they will at least know more at the end of the year than they do now. Ruth declares she is to have a cow and will learn to milk it, but I rather shake my head at that. She also says she is going to do her own washing but mother again shakes her head. You see they will need me near at hand to keep them steady.

But as to my going?---Well, there are some things to be thought about there. I have written to Bertha Clough to see if she can find them a nice place at one of the beaches at San Diego so that they may know more of Southern California, because, if the place we can own might be there it would be better than farther up the interior. Ruth has also solved one of my problems--Cottie--by saying she would take her out with her. I hate to have her do that, but her children are older, I guess she can manage one more responsibility. Then, I will probably stay here a few days to get the last things done, I hope I may ~~rent~~ the house for a year if I cannot sell it outright. Then--would you like me to come to Baltimore? I could take care of the apartment while Helen was at the hospital, and then, if Wilder wanted to go to Boston, after the birthday party, and before August, I could stay with Helen and when she was ready to go to Boston I could go with her and help her settle, or if she felt she could come to Hudson I would be there to accompany her and be of some service, probably. Then, later in the summer, I would go out to the girls. Perhaps, by that time, they would know where they would be for the winter, and I could see to the shipping of our furniture. Would you like that dears?

Wilder's last note seemed so hurried and sounded so tired that I began to feel a little bit worried, and it was such a relief when I read Helen's letter and she told of how well Wilder was looking, feeling and acting. How we do read the wrong things into letters sometimes.

Mame is beginning to feel stronger. Dr. has given her a tonic that is whetting her appetite so that Herbert says "She is beginning to eat like a horse". He took home five pounds of beefsteak that was "all for Mame"--but I imagine the rest of the family had a big share of it. We want to see them and talk of these plans, but our Ford is not to be taken out of the garage until warmer weather, and today Herbert telephoned that he had put his up too. These drifts are not funny. Ruth is trying to make arrangement with a public jitney to come out twice a day to take the children to school for the next month, I do not know what the final answer will be, it will depend on the cost. But they missed yesterday and today and some other days because we could not get them down and back. Herbert's children ride down in the morning in a neighbor's wagon and walk back.

Surely, Helen dear, I shall be delighted to give you any recipes that will be of any assistance. It would seem rather foolish to speak first of a fried cake recipe, to your mother's daughter. But I want to send one that Ruth has evolved for a wartime diet. I do not say that they are as good as when white flour, more eggs and lard are usable. As I recall Wilder is very fond of them and perhaps these will be better than nothing now.

The apple sauce cake you may have, but I will put it in. Also Cottie's recipe for apple pudding for Wilder was fond of that. We are finding that an occasional meal of buckwheat cakes saves the flour if it does not save the troko and syrup--only I do so want some pork sausage to eat with them--I know you know how to make them, but have you tried the cornmeal in them? There are so many things we have to do that do not particularly improve a good thing but it makes a good thing more possible. I am not fond of cornmeal cakes but the buckwheat seems to make these very good.

I am sending you my Montgomery Ward grocery price list and marking some of the things I send for. I have tried all of their coffees and find the Santos the best for the money. Mrs. Mister got her Santos coffee at Kenny's opposite the Lexington market and you will find that good. If I could get that here I would not send away. You will note their prices of sugar. A better quality than we get here. I could get sugar of Ward cheaper than in Baltimore. Their soups are not as good as Campbell's. The Marshmallow Creme is good. I used it in school. I send for the peanut butter in quantity but you probably can do as well there. I have marked some of the jams and butters. The orange I do not like so well. I will get vary's recipe for a marmalade she makes of left over oranges, grapefruit etc. It is fine. You will find these cheaper than I could find in B. Pinecot is fine as well as the others--try some of each. The apple I do not like so well, it is spiced too much. Creole Dinner is good to have on hand for seasoning up almost any vegetable or meat made dish. We use a great many figs, dates, raisins to put in the war breads etc. The children need the fruit and it makes everything better for them. You can rely on Ward for the best for the money, I believe. The black figs are better than the white. I always keep Chop Oliv on hand for emergency sandwiches. I have marked two syrups that are fine for table use. I sent for the American Family Brand this time as it took only one-third cane and was cheaper than the other two. I do not know how good it will be. I get the Giant Head Rice for fancy--it is beautiful--and the Broken Head for ordinary use. I sent for some of the Brown Rice to try. We use the Knackebrod a great deal, I do not know if you would care for it. It should be crisped in the oven. Ammonia powder is fine and easier than the bottles of Ammonia. And the Borax soap chips are the best for washing dishes. It is good for the dishes and good for the hands. Louise, who was with me as diningroom girl for so many years felt aggrieved when she did not have the chips for the glasses.

I will send you the bran bread recipe, the best I ever ate. And for constipation it makes fine eating. Are you fond of peppers? I am so very fond of them that I will send some fillings--

All of this will keep you busy, and we are both tired, I, of writing and you, of reading. But when I get at my recipes I am lost to the world of anything-else-to-do. And yet, many of these recipes I never made myself. Most of my cooking has been done by proxy. I have furnished the recipes and looked wise and expected results. I have usually been successful, too.

God bless you both,

Mother.

Did you know that - Dr. Douglas Mac Donald
died in Philadelphia of pneumonia last week?
Mrs Anderson was with him

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

Saras.

February 25 1918

Dear Children:

Yes, time does surely move, just see the date--March will soon be here, each time of thawing will be a little more of a thaw, and each blizzardy time, such as we have today, will be a little shorter. And some of these days Spring will be here. I think I shall ask you to imagine yourself right here in my room with me. Wilder will take the big green rocker that was used so constantly first by his grandfather and then by his grandmother, and Helen will take the upholstered straight chair, also an old heirloom, and very comfortable. Now I have you both facing me. The house is strangely quiet this morning. Winifred took the two boys to St Paul yesterday, and there has been almost no crying all morning. Ruth breaks out in a scream once in a while but auntie Ruth gets her to laughing soon. Besides that Patty and Bobs do not tease her very much. Of course they let her have her own way pretty much, but it is a blessed relief, I assure you. You see, probably, it is the same thing over at Mary's. I do not doubt but that Winifred is thinking-"how good the boys are today." Ruth took the three girls and Jean down to school this morning. Jean and Patty came over yesterday to stay until Mame is better.

Mame? Well, we cannot but be glad that Dr. K. is home to look after her. She "is in a very bad way" so Dr. said, and must go to bed at once and stay there. I could not find out much that he said, for if the children were not with us we were with Mame. She has a Y.M.C.A. bed out in the front room beside the West window so she can see who comes, and facing the diningroom she can see out into

the kitchen. Bertha is slower than slow, but by the same token, she is lovely with the children. "Sure I'll take care of the baby if you will get well sooner by going to bed." Mame thinks more of her than she was inclined to do before. Besides that Bertha never wants to go away from the house. Mame would have liked us to take Wilder, for he is the hardest child to look after of the whole five--but we could not fit him in here with the others as we could the girls. But she thinks it will be easier with Wilder with the two girls gone. Patty came home with the German Measels last Friday. Her face is cleared up beautifully, now--but Fred will probably have it. Helen Phipps wants to take Fred--so did Ruth--but Mame says he will be so unhappy away from home she cannot let him go. He does not take to other people at all. (But if he has the measels?) Herbert says ~~he~~ ^{Dr.} fears it is another baby. Mame is so terribly thin, she cannot lose much more. The gas is constant and dreadful. The water brash--is that it? constant running of saliva which she wipes out with a towel almost continually--is very distressing. Mame gets all run down every winter, and when she begins to run down she seems especially liable to pregnancy. When Herbert looks back over the awful winters they have spent here, he is quite ready to try and make arrangements to move to California. I believe it will help him in very many ways. Their children are especially liable to colds. Possibly Mame is so particular that the least exposure finds them unready to meet it, possibly she has to be particular, I do not know. But---this ~~winter~~ winter is a horror--last winter was, too. and the year before that--and so on all the way back. Herbert is very much in debt. He would have to sell out in order to get away at all. Here is the argument I put up to him yesterday. You have put in \$8,000 in this place, it is not paying expenses, it is costing you more and more each year. Do as the Chinaman does with his crops--when he

Mame does
not know
this
is suspicion

3
finds he has a sick crop--he wastes no time on it at all--he

ploughs it under immediately and puts in another crop. Sell this place for what you can get for it, and take what you can get and put into land that will pay a dividend. You cannot run the farm and attend to your work at the bank--you cannot give up the bank because this farm is not nearly big enough to give you a large enough income in this country of one crop a year. You are reaching the age when it will be harder for you to make a change each year. You are capable of making a good living for your family if you are in the right place. This is not the right place for you. Make a supreme effort now and put yourself where you know you can do efficient work. You have been thwarted in every effort you have made to plan your own life, now is the time to assert yourself and prove yourself, and I will help you in any way that I can. At first, when the going to California was brought up to him, he would not think of it at all. "ame made many objections too." Her people were far enough away from her now" etc. But the great thing was that they felt tied down here and there was no chance of making things better. Finally Herbert said-"Mother I do not ~~dare~~ give any thought to this thing, for if I should and should be disappointed again, I would not be good for anything." Children, there was food for thought in that remark of his. And I dared not stop trying to arouse the desire in him to get out of here into a new environment and new work.

Herbert longed, more than anything else, for two plans for his life. One was the Navy. When a boy of his temperament, which is a very different one from Wilder's, would give up all social life, come home directly from school with a crowd of boys who would go up into our billiard room and play all the afternoon while Herbert would come into my room and study with me all the afternoon, study again all evening and really work on history and geography outside of the school work, doing all possible in the classroom as well, in order to take examinations--he has a real desire in his heart. That year, for the first and only time, the men were appointed instead of passing examinations for both Army and Navy. The appointments went to the two richest families in Washington. He slumped completely, except when he would talk chickens. When we came here he was possessed with the desire to go to Fairview and have a ranch--chicken ranch preferably. When Grandpa found that he was growing in that desire he disposed of the Fairview property for fear he would give in to him. He sent Herbert to Minnesota U. To the Agricultural School where he would have done well? No--Mining Engineering--to please Uncle Tom, although his grandfather never intended him to do anything but go in the bank. Herbert did not do well, that made him feel apologetic to father, and he went into the bank. I fought it hard for it seemed to me that it would ruin Herbert's life. I knew my boy's nature. I knew that if his father had been an out-of-doors man rather than sitting in an office----well, never mind, I knew Herbert would not develop to his best in inside work. Of course, I ~~also~~ also knew that he owed a debt of gratitude to father and he would learn many good things under his tutelage, and that father would be very happy in having him to lean upon. Herbert did good work in the bank--he also bought a few hens. It took up his attention and at home. Father came back from California and sold them off. Herbert took up gardening, Father did all he could to discourage it, although he never dug up anything until later. Herbert bought some apple land in Washington--father did not like Arthur Smith and did not want Herbert mixed up with the Spokane family in any way, so he

4
forced Herbert to break the contract. He paid the \$300. that it cost Herbert to get out of it. Then, in desperation, Herbert bought this little farm here. Father did not like it, but I had him alone about that time and I did some hard talking to him, so he accepted it, because it was near the bank and there would be no danger of Herbert ever going away. At the same time Father used often to say, "If I were younger, I would do"so and so-- always away from Hudson. But, yes, I know he meant all right, he was afraid that Herbert would not make a success of life if left to himself, and he did not know that no other human being should dare to dictate to another in his choice of his own life. Well-- I did not expect to say all of this when I began, but you have been very attentive listeners, and I do want you to understand why I am so insistent on Herbert's getting out of this rut and striking out for himself. Last winter wame was not well, the baby was not well, it was not particularly interesting at home, Herbert was out much playing cards with some of the other men, and would often go to St. Paul with Havan, parter, Cecil---all men who were not tied down at home and who had much more money to spend than he should spend, under the circumstances. When Mr. Haven went with them--he would take his wife the next day or so--but Herbert could not do that-- Was I worried?-----Now they are on the farm he stays at home, but it is a fearfully humdrum life, and Herbert is losing "pep" every X year. He sits up until all hours in the morning reading and smoking constantly he is too tired to do his best work. With all of that, he is one fine man. I am proud of the way he loves his wife, and of other things, but I want him a success and want to see him growing. He has a large family to be educated, and he is at a critical time in his life. So I tell him that I will not go West one step without him, and I tell him many other things too.

You have not quite understood the thought of our going West-- it is not for a year or two, until the boys come home. It is to make a place for them to come to and take up a new life. They are footloose, and they have families to educate too.

The California State Project has bought up a big tract of land near Chico in the Sacramento valley, and is to get more in the San Joaquin valley, later. This land is the most fertile and best land in all California when it is irrigated. It has been owned in large tracts, now they ~~are~~ putting in irrigation (the State, I mean) leveling and seeding the land, cutting it up into tracts of from 20-100 acres each for homesteads. They are appealing directly to men of small means. One cannot buy a tract if one owns more than \$15,000 worth of real estate any where else. Application is made and the state pass upon whether your application shall be accepted or not. They will build a house not to exceed \$1500 and the banks will loan money to equip the farm with machinery or stock. The owner is to pay down one-third of the cost price and will have from 20-40 years to pay back the rest--5% interest to be charged. Aside from that there will be plots called laborer's tracts, of 2 acres each, so that there shall be some laborers to help work the larger farms. Two acres well cared for will support a small family in California. Then there is a superintendent who visits each farm every so often to give advice and so on. They do not intend to let any one fail from lack of opportunity or from lack of knowledge. You see, it is made so that even a woman can accomplish something. The land can be made to yield three or four crops each year. Fruit of all kinds, nuts, olives, figs--all grow wonderfully. While these are growing, pasture crops or truck garden crops will keep things paying.

Without doubt we women can get some one to take the land and work it on shares for us. The owner furnishes land and all equip-

George has learned to be a fine mother & milks three cows - It
is wonderful how low Herbert depends on him & how
George responds.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

Sena

ment and has 52% of the crops, usually.

Herbert wants 40 acres and expects to pay expenses with some cows. There again, each community is expected to have the same breed, and the service will be furnished by the state, so that the strain may be kept pure and strong. Ruth means to learn how to milk and will have one cow. She is quite insistent that each child has some one thing by which she can earn a little extra money. Margaret, chickens--Faith, Belgian hares, Bobby Pigeons--Elizabeth

cooking. Winifred has not decided yet, she is going to wait and see what Will says. But there is one thing she is decided on that she will have a girl to keep the house while she works out doors with the boys. Best thing for her health, all right. Yes, I have my own plans, but they are a dead secret, for the present.

Yesterday I went up to Herbert's for dinner, right after S.S. I told him I had come to talk business, to talk finances. And we did get right down to hard tacks. If he can sell out, and he thinks he may know of one who will buy if he sacrifices, he can handle his own proposition. I can handle 20 acres, even if I cannot sell the house here. He proposed a possible way of selling Sarras. Each of the girls would like 20 acres.---But they have no ready money unless Galahad is sold. They object to any borrowing. But if possible I shall try and handle more than 20 acres and then they can buy from me later. If I could get 30 acres and we each take ten. Possibly I would rather have only five, after all. But the thing is to get the land together. Yes, Will and Jack are keen for the project, if it can be done.

So, the girls will probably go out in June. Not on the land, most likely, but at some beach where the children can have a happy life and they can live cheaply in a camping out way. Herbert will go out there to look the ground over before anything is done, at all. We will all do as he decides.

Now, about my coming to you--dear children I cannot go anywhere without Cottie. We suggested that she go out with the girls for the summer, I to come later. She became sick right away. She draws her whole life from me now. It would not be safe to have her go with the girls, and as long as she lives I must care for her as if she were my baby. How can we manage? To take an apartment large enough for you and us two, would not be right unless we planned to stay until you were thru at the hospital for it would be too much for you to pay for alone. Helen will need some one with her for the first few months, at least. After that she will have become at home in her feelins, will have become somewhat acquainted and would be able to get along all right, probably. But at first, she would be tied hand and foot if she had no one with her to let her get out once in a while. If I should stay a part of the winter and Mrs. K. a part of the winter--if Mrs. Mc. K. would be with her, then the rooms would be all right, if they could stay long enough.--But they have a man to consider. The only other way, and probably the best way, would be for you to take a small apartment and Cottie and I get two extra rooms somewhere, if they could be found in the same building. Perhaps, that would cost as much, or more, than it would to get an apartment, by the year, having two extra bedrooms and we paying the difference. I do see that you will need me there for a while, at least. But will you be willing to include

Cottie?

When we come to pack up I will pack your books and one of these bookcases to send to you when you are ready to have them shipped. I guess we will have to ask Dr.K. to come over and go thru your medical books and say what will be best to throw away. I will sell them to the rag man and get enough to pay for the shipping of the others. I will also pack some of your father's pictures for you. Then if there is something else that you would like let me know.

So you have discovered that the dishes are a "nuisance"--well, we have dishes for at least eleven people here three times a day. I guess they are--.

I am delighted to know that Helen is feeling so well, it is fine to have you both write and tell me things about the other. My favorite chapters? In class one day one of the girls said "Why Mrs. Penfield you always say 'this is the most wonderful lesson in all of the Bible, or something like that.'" How can I tell my favorite ones.

The 19th. Ps. the three, the "Cross", the "Crook", the "Crown"--22nd, 23rd and 24th. have meant much at different times. The 28th. has given me much courage, the 34th. that grand 34th. the 37th, the 40th. the 46th, the 91st--the safety Ps.--the 103rd, that is the one I lived on for some long weeks in 1908. the 107th. 116th. perhaps have meant more to me at different periods of my life than any others of the Psalms. In the New Testament, perhaps I oftener turn to John 1st. chapter and 14th-17th. and the book of Romans, although much of the N.T. and the book of Romans especially means good hard thinking. I. Cor. 13 needs to be read over often, Galatians 5 and 6 the two prayers of Paul, one in Eph. 1 and the other in the 3rd. chapter. I like to read that 4th. chapter occasionally. The book of Philippians should be read in one sitting, of course, it is such a human letter. I like Timothy's letters from Paul, because I can just understand Paul's anxiety for the boy he loves so much. The 12th. chapter of Hebrews, the first chapter of James and the 5th. chapter of 1st. John. Of course one's need of the present mood is the thing that counts when thinking of favorite chapters, and when one has had many moods with many needs it is hard to pick out favorite chapters. I used to look for the ones that gave comfort or was a prayer for help with its attendant promises of help being given. I am more apt to look for the thanksgiving chapters now. But these that I have given you are chapters I have lived with at different times. I suppose I have lived weeks with some of them.

I should think it would be quite surely the best thing for Helen to go to the hospital, but when other plans are more definite it will be time to decide that. Sometime I will write you just why the girls want to go to California but this letter is too long now. Keep me informed about your five cases. The little knowledge that the best of doctors have is a dreadful thing to think of, but it may be when the world is made freer of autoceacy and men know more about caring for the helpless there will not be so many complications of disease in these poor bodies and the doctors will be the ones not to cure so much as to show us how to keep well. In the meantime each Doctor must do his best to know as much as possible. The big dictionary I had was quite old--thirty years, probably. I will send you an Academic one soon. I let the children sell the big one. We have two here but one is Jack's and one is Will's. I shall be interested in Miss Mundie's work too.

God bless you both,

Mother



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Saras.

March 2 1918

Dear Children:

Your letter did not get here until this afternoon, but it was read with a great deal of pleasure and I feel just like writing you tonight even though it is Saturday night and eleven o'clock and I have not my two lessons for tomorrow. But the lessons are easy and I have only to review them while making out the program in the morning--after the dishes are done.

I must write very carelessly, for I see that even yet you do not understand the move to California. Let me put it this way. After the war is over one of three things will have happened to Ruth and Winifred. We hope that the two boys will come home safe and sound, if they do they will have to begin a new life somewhere. They will have no capital, but their liabilities will be a fairly large family of children who must soon be educated and given a chance in life. What will they do and where will they go with such a handicap? If they do not come home sound they may come safe and wounded so that their earning capacity will be below normal. Or they may not come home at all. The girls must face the possibility of the two latter ~~as~~ well as hoping for the safe coming. It is not wise for us three families to live under one roof--not because we are tired of each other but because the nervous strain is too much for us all. So many children are too hard a proposition handled together. So, there must be a move somewhere. We all dread the hard winters, cold and colds, coal and heavy underwear, a drain on purse and health. The girls have a regular income from their husbands' salary that will keep them in California as well and more cheaply than here. They are

free to move anywhere. The boys are well insured but that would only give them a living, it would not send the children to school after leaving high school, would not give them any of the extras as music etc. In California they could get nuts or fruits started that would give them a good income in a few years with a minimum of work. Work they could learn to look after by themselves, if necessary. In the meantime the land should be put into quick crops that would bring in enough to pay for the land. That is what they hope to learn to do, so that they will be independent if necessary, and so that they may be a help to the boys if they come back and can take over the proposition themselves. Their salary will stop when they leave the army and then the quick crops will have to support them. Can you not see why they need to go and go now?

Herbert is as enthusiastic as any one now. I am sending him out there to look the ground over and decide what is the best buy for us all. He is taking Mame with him because Dr. says it will be the best thing possible for her. If she can get away from the children for a while and get a new viewpoint with a more hopeful outlook it will go a long way towards making her well again and able to meet what ever lies in the future for her. I am not paying her expenses. They are going the last of the coming week. Herbert wants to get about forty acres for himself. His quick crops will be cows. A dozen of them will make the living for the family. George is a fine milker and Wilder must learn. Herbert sold some North Wisconsin property last week that he considered was a perfect loss, for \$1200 besides that, the bank has declared a dividend so that he and I each have about 1500 dollars extra. Ordinarily I should put it in the house here. I owe \$1700 on this house yet, but it will go into property in Cal. or wherever Herbert decides is the best place. Could we sell



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Sans

Galahad Winifred and I should both have some money we could invest. If I could sell this House Ruth and I would have some money to invest. You will recall that Mother's share--about a fourth--of this house she left to Ruth. But until such sales are made Ruth and Winifred have no capital at all. Therefore they can buy no land yet. But I shall have this \$1500, and if we can get the bank notes of \$2000 for which Will and I are responsible, renewed so that I do not have to meet them, one in July and the other next January, I can put that in for the first payment, and can hope to save enough out of my regular income to get equipment to get some one to work the place on shares and so meet some payments as they come due. It will depend on what time I can get on them. The Federal banks are quite willing to loan money to farmers, and with Herbert back~~4~~ or beside--me they may be willing to call me a farmer. The girls will then be able to buy from me later, or the boys will be able to buy from me. The question is how much I can swing. There is no doubt but that property will be high after the war and no property that we can buy in California, Oregon or Washington, will deteriorate. It will be a good investment for me even though the girls will want to go somewhere else later. It will make me very short of funds for a little bit, but it seems to me as if this is the thing I should do. I shall be sixty years old in a few days--I ought to be good for ten years yet. Ten years of usefulness, I mean. I feel young enough to want to be able to produce something and not just settle down to an income living on what has been provided for me. Ten years from now I will nestle down and try and be a real

dear old lady, for if I have not succeeded in doing something I shall know I never shall. Just now I have several plans. But all of these plans hinge on a foundation for an income that will be of value to all of these dear grandchildren. You will understand and appreciate that feeling, wont you?

Bless your dear hearts, of course Mother K. is the one to be with Helen now. You see we have had no visits except over the telephone and I did not know what the plans were, and I simply made the offer so that you would feel free to call on me if you desired. Personally I would rather not go so early in the summer. The girls will leave about July first, probably. After they go I shall have a lot of packing to do here. It will make it much more easy for me if they get off with the children before I begin the final breaking up. I can take a room at a time and we will not be using the whole house up to the last minute. Of course, if the house should be sold I might have to leave sooner, but even then I have a feeling that I will not be ready to leave here until nearer fall. But I think you may count on me in Boston for a while, anyway. Except for Cottie I could plan better, but there again the way will open and there is no need to worry.

I go up to Herbert's to stay with the children when they go. I have not yet become used to the idea of leaving my work here for the girls to do, for it is much harder when one of us is gone, but that will arrange itself too. The trouble is Mrs. King's mother is very ill and that complicates matters somewhat here.

I am so glad, Herbert, that you showed up well before your wife in the clinic. I should have been mortified to death had you made a failure of your diagnosis with her looking on and when she had a friend with her too. I do not believe that Helen was at all fearful ~~for~~ your blundering. I hope you will not have too many of those very full Sundays, it tires you out. But Washington's birthday helped you out this time. How fine that Helen can walk so much now.

Helen, if my little package is a bit late for the birthday I shall be more sorry than surprised. I am not going to send you more of the silver now while silver is so high and I am so low in the same commodity. But it will come sometime. In the meantime I will repeat my offer, if I have anything that you have not and would like to have may I not loan it to you? Salad forks, butter spreaders, spoons, forks, knives--anything you like, that I have.

I am sending you three recipes that Mary Mac. sends to you. I can speak for the marmalade as being very fine. When I get out to California I will have to put up some fruit for you. It is possible that I can this summer here. This summer? I wonder what will be the order of work for the summer. I cannot even tell what to do about the garden. Solvig is willing to put in the garden, but he is drafted and will probably go about June. Will Christine keep on with the garden? Oh how many people's lives are being changed.

When I begin to talk with you I never know when to stop. I have written Ray, Louise Clark, Aunt Clara, ~~Bertha~~ Bertha Clough, Mrs. Goss, Aunt Addie, Will and an inquirer about the school today, besides all of the darning, breakfast, dishes twice, put away the last of the ironed clothes, rested two hours, read a story--the ~~Call~~ Call of the Wild--to Billy and knitted all of the evening. A sample day. I do not mean that I read the whole story to Billy but two chapters of the story.

And now I am going to bid you a fond goodnight.

Mother.

Solvig is leaving in the South college & taking care of the cows.
He married Christine this winter for the first year.



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Sams

March 10 1918

You dear Children:

I wish I could tell you what good your dear letters did me. They came on Friday, but as they were marked not to be opened until the ninth of course I put them away until then. I read a part of Wilder's before breakfast, and finished them both after breakfast when I stole a little breathing spell to dip into them. Helen, if you had searched the world over with all the money of the world at your command, you could have given me anything that could have made me as happy as the words of your letter. Tears came then, as a shout of laughter came when I read how Wilder compared his mother to the Kaiser. You have heard of the old lady who never could say an unkind word of anyone? "I believe mother would find a good word for the devil himself" said one. "Well you must acknowledge that one cannot help but admire his persistency". answered mother. So, I suppose, you admire a trait in the Kaiser that you fancy is a trait to be found in your mother.

Enthusiasm--no you called it "the fire of imagination and hope"--if I have any left when ~~this~~ three weeks are over, I think you may liken me to the Kaiser or Sir William without a dissent from me. Say, this is a job that would make any one's heart quail. I don't wonder Mame is a wreck, But joking aside, it is no wonder that the winters are so hard on the poor girl. She has no control over the children as they have grown older, that I knew, but I had never been in the family long enough to hear them quarrel. It is a fright. They never say one kind pleasant word to each other. I suppose it is worse now for

Mame says that every time Jean visits over at Galahad it takes ~~about~~ about a week to get her down so any one can live with her, ~~and~~ and George, who is naturally very overbearing had the responsibility of the family laid on his shoulders and Wilder was told he "must do as George told him to do." That was a blanket order that is a wee bit hard on poor Wilder. Add to that the unfortunate fact that the whole family tell him that he is not to be trusted, that he is lazy, etc. etc. it is a bad proposition. Herbert and Mame both are continually saying, before the boy himself, that Wilder is heedless, unreliable, and lazy. I told them before they went away that if they wanted to make him so they were going to work the right way to do it--or words to that effect--and Herbert agreed that I was right. ~~zzzzzz~~ So George talks dreadfully to him and all of them, and then----cats and dogs are nothing to it--Bow, wow, spit, spit, until I am about crazy. Another thing that was liable to be a rock on which our success might split was any change that I might institute here in the family. For instance--at Galahad we have the Lord's prayer at breakfast and a song for grace at the other two meals. The girls wanted to have that here. Yesterday morning George was not ready for breakfast when we spoke of it and we waited for him and then, without an explanation we had the prayer. At noon, I said something about the song and we had a little flare up--"We have silent grace here, Dada Dean". I tried to explain, the others began, he ^{to send him} "did not know the words", etc. I had a little silent grace of my own and then said, "Well, children, I guess we would better have silent grace this time, and I think we all need to have a silent prayer of some kind." George was as pleasant as possible after that-- At supper I told him that in my own home in Spokane, we had

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL

HUDSON, WIS.

Saras

silent grace, we had it at Grandpa Jefferson's and again in school, but that Uncle Wilder had said that when he had a home of his own he should have a spoken grace, and that Auntie Ruth wanted a spoken grace, and I certainly liked it very much better. "Well, I don't think Daddy will ever have anything but silent grace." We had silent grace again. The next morning I asked what we should have--"It makes no difference to me" George said, the others voted for the prayer. At noon I said shall I give you the words of the song George? he agreed, we said it over, I spoke of all the things that it said, and we had the song. Now we have the prayer in the morning, the song at noon and silent grace at night--and "everyone is happy." By all of this, do not think that George is going to be a hard proposition for me to handle, he is a darling and is very capable and loves me very much,---and will love me better when we get a bit adjusted. George has felt more as though I belonged to him since I took the S.S. class. Did I tell you about my coming over here to dinner last Sunday? When Wilder came in to S.S. (George had a cold and did not come out) he said they wanted me to come home to dinner with them. So I went. When I came in George said "Well, Dada Dean you would ~~have~~ not have gotten over here today if it had not been for me. I just begged and begged them to have you come." Mame said "Yes, well, I guess Dada Dean knows how much you had to beg." But would not that have been a most glorious chance for a family quarrel? Did I tell you what John said the other day about my room? "Mother, I think Naneen's room must be like God's room, it looks so nice and so pretty." I think it is because it is picked up and quiet.

Yesterday was a horrid blizzard day. The children were all in the house all day Friday, all day yesterday and today except when we went to S.S. Last night I crawled into bed at a quarter to ~~night~~ and slept until seven this morning.

George hitched up the pony to take us to S.S. today. I was a little fearful of tipping over the drifts were pretty bad, not a soul had been over the road, it was the "virgin whiteness" all right. From the end of the Penfield place until after we passed the Johnsons' the three children walked, George driving, Wilder and Jean plugging on behind holding on to the cutter, and I sitting up in state like a queen on her throne. I was glad I went for every one of my seven boys were there, and we had the best class attention one ever saw, and my talk to the school was needed. Those talks on Genesis are interesting to me, I hope they are more than that to the children. After dinner I read aloud Uncle Tom's Cabin until supper time. and then read until bedtime. So you see, that did away with the quarrelling and I have enough vim to write a letter. Pats played quietly with Fred as she does not care for reading.

I do not know what the children ever did to amuse themselves before this typewriter came over.

I am so glad that you are to have that work next trimester. How did you get the chance? The money will be fine--pay the bill of the party--and, what seems to me to be fine will be the research work, for that may lead to something bigger. Oh things always come out all right, don't they?

*+ receive from Helen Phipps
had something to do with*

We have heard no robins here, but yesterday it was 10 degrees below zero, and today it was 30 above, so that is something.

Did I think of you yesterday? Well, I should think I did. Of you two and of the two who were speeding Westward—at least I hope they were speeding, although they may have been caught in this big storm. They are snowed in at Galahad. Ruth and the girls went out this afternoon and shoveled snow from the Garage on up the hill and on so that the car should have a chance tomorrow morning. The drifts are not as deep over there, but the snow plow came here this afternoon and they do not go over there.

I was glad to hear about Eber. I would like to see him again. I am sorry that I could not stay awake to keep the tryst with you at 10.30, last night Helen, but I was too sleepy, but truly, my thoughts had been with you so much that I think the fact must have been apparent to you, and you did not miss my not being there just at the appointed time. What lovely thing do you suppose your mother did? She sent me some beautiful, spring like daffodils. Coming on such a windy, snowy day do you not think they were lovely? but half as much so as her dear thought

David or Ruth? How beautiful—After reading that, I stood for a few moments and thought of those names. I had told George the story of Ruth the night before, and as I told it more than ever the beauty of her character had come to me, and as I thought of David—his beautiful youth, his strong young manhood, his great faith that made him a "man after God's own heart" it filled me full and I knew that his name would just suit the son that should come to you two great souls. And I would like another Ruth Penfield, too, for my Ruth is another beautiful character. I am glad that you have the feeling of the personality of the one that is coming so strongly in your mind that you choose the name early.

I hope that you are feeling better, Helen. I know that Wilder will watch you very carefully, and let me know each time you write just how you are feeling. Mrs. K. says she hoped to go to you the last of May. I am so glad. If anything should happen that she cannot, I will come if possible. I shall not try to make many plans now until Herbert comes back. His report will decide many things.

With much love and thank you for my happy birthday. Oh yes, Ruth gave me a book that had the poem I have been trying to find--The House By the Side of the Road--do you know it? I will copy it for you sometime and tell you why I wanted it.

With love,

Mother.

Such a number of mistakes - but you will forgive?

live until after the war. To him it means nothing that Ruth and she should have adjoining cottages. To him it means nothing that Ruth and Winifred should consult together where they are to live etc. So you see, the very best intentions of being of help may defeat itself.

At the present writing it is the intention that Cottie is to go out with them. Winifred is so distressed that she can not be of some help to me in the general moving, that she is insistent that Cottie does go with her, and when Cottie saw that Winifred really wanted her she was so pleased that she brightened up and has been in better health ever since. But she told me yesterday that she would like a visit with Bertha Clough and would like to be with Winifred for a while and would like to visit her brother's wife for a few days, but she would not feel comfortable to stay in any place for very long, as she would feel herself a burden. In other words--"I do not want to go unless you are surely coming soon." I assured her that I should pay her board with Winifred.

The present plan is that Ruth shall go as soon as school closes in June. She wants to go to a San Diego beach too. In fact we are all looking towards San Diego just now. That county has not such a boom as Los Angeles and Orange and property will not be as high. The climate is just as fine, but we will wait for Herbert's report. You ask if his place will adjoin ours. Well, this is the situation. There is very little ready money in the family. The only one who just must make a move, is Herbert. Therefore, if it takes all he and I together ~~to~~ scrape up, to get one place started--that
can

Dear Children:

This is a beautiful day--outside. I have been trying to divert the sunshine into the house, but I have not, as yet, been very successful. Perhaps after the male part of the family has had its breakfast the female part will be able to shine better. It is very true that the sunshine that lasts must come from within and no outsider can lift the veil that hides it from the outer world.

I think, when Ruth goes West she will ask to take Wilder with her. And if I go before Herbert and Mame do I shall ask to take Jean, and possibly Patty with me. That will leave



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WISCONSIN

March 19 1918

George and Fred at home. Then if Herbert spends much of his time at home, possibly Mame could get through the winter without danger of taking the final trip West. To pass on to the things that you really want to know.

The pleasantest subject that I can think of just now is what I did on my birthday, you asked about that Helen, but, come to think of it, I answered that question before, so I will only comment on yours. What a beautiful day you had dear, and you will find as the years go on that Wilder is just like that he will think of the dearest things to give you and do for you. I have often wondered in the years past how he could think of so many delightful, dear things--being mere man. (Later--with the children off to school--and every one with a smile --I wish I could be safe in saying a "smile that wont come off".)

I was over to the "house"--meaning Sarras--yesterday. I took Fred and stayed until five o'clock. I went through a big chest taking out things for Winifred to pack away to take with her, and then I mended up some bedspreads to let her have what she wanted, immediately. For Winifred is going to California very soon. I told you that Father MacQuarrie, after a talk with Will came up here to look after her getting out there? and that he means to stay by her and see that she is well taken care of while Will is away? Now, you know, it is dear of him--but, you may also know, that when one is really grown up and with children to plan for it is sometimes a bit embarrassing to be treated with so much kindness? It is a little interesting to see how it is going to work out. Mr. MacQuarrie wants to do the very best for Winifred but, of course, he knows better than she does just what is best for her. It is a long and expensive trip going to California and she and Ruth had planned to take the tourist and take some lunch with them so that too many trips to the diner need not be made. Also she had wanted to go by way of Portland to visit some of her mother's relatives--aunte and uncles of her own. But it looks as though they were going first-class, no lunch at all, and by the Santa Fe. Again, she feels as though this Calahad family were her real family and she and Ruth had made plans together, and while she might have left here sooner than Ruth, going to Portland and into a cottage of her mother's at one of the ~~Washington~~ Oregon beaches to wait for Ruth to join her there and so go to the new surroundings together, she is to go the first week in April and straight through to San Diego. Father Mac will then look for work and then they will decide where they will

What a piece of luck that you should have your volumes of Keene that you wanted. Not so much luck, perhaps, as determination.

Get a daily nap? Hardly, but I go to bed very early so I make up for it in that way, and neither do I get up quite as early, so I get the proper amount of rest. Bertha, Mame's maid is wonderful with the children in her patience.

By-the-way, that is not a coverlet, it is the first wrapping that little Hope shall have about her to receive her first greetings in this world. Not the "receiving blanket" I do not mean, but after she is dressed she will be enveloped in soft fluffy white--and this blanket will prove to be a very good friend as it will wash and wash and it is not too good to be used constantly as long as it will be needed.

I have not had time to attend to the sending of the silver as yet, but I will get it off very soon. And I am glad to be able to do so. You never told me if you needed a table cover for the sitting room. Probably you are well supplied in that way.-- I have just received the first answer to my advertisement for selling or renting the house, I do not know which, so I must stop and bathe the baby and then write an answer.

With my heart's love,
Mother.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WISCONSIN



one will be Herbert's. He must not only get the place but he must have enough to live on and keep things going until something begins to come in. Of course, if he could sell all that he has here, he could manage, otherwise, I must help him. Since being here I know more certainly than ever before that something must be done. I do not see how little Mame has even lived through the handicap of a "closed house" with the savages she has about her. Now, please do not think these children are not dear children, for they are. Give them a little more room so that every time they move they will not hit each other, then give them a firm consistent hand over them and they will be all right. But circumstances have not been advantageous for the best growth. Wilder's angelic disposition is growing to be fiendish. Jean's natural cheeriness is giving way to the constant pressure. Pat was always a spit-fire, but it is getting to be sullenness and temper mixed, now. George, capable, dear George is a dreadful tyrant and if he is not curbed the others will be ruined. He needs the more constant companionship of the father whom he adores. So do not misunderstand anything I may say about them.

Futh has made up her mind that there is no chance of her buying any property now. And so,

too, has Winifred. Galahad owes Winifred something, as well as me. If Galahad could be sold, then we might both do something. But I shall not think of my buying for myself or the girls, until after Herbert's affairs are running well. So that is the situation at present.

Herbert's report will be awaited with much interest. We hope that Will is coming home for five days the first of April. Herbert will return in order to go in the bank on the first, and then we will all have a long talk.

We can all live more cheaply and more comfortably out there than here. I do not know what I can do with the house but I am hoping and believing that the way will be shown me before it is necessary to make the final decision. With five of the family gone it will be easier to plan the next step. As to the Chico proposition, of course we do not know until Herbert reports. But he wants Southern California so much that if the proposition is not very much better and easier to handle I am quite sure he will not consider it. Of course, it is hotter there in the summer, not depressing ~~zz~~ heat like this climate, but hotter than farther South. A most wonderful valley for crops of all kinds, but that will depend upon Herbert. I think he will plan to look the matter over with an ~~unprejudiced~~ unprejudiced mind, as much as he can. The difference between one crop a year and from three to five crops is a great deal. It will mean lots of work, of course, but where does not one have to work if he gets anything. This is the last thing that I can do for Herbert. You have always known how I have held my breath for him in some ways. He is approaching the most critical time in a man's life. Far more critical it is for men at forty than at twenty. At twenty, if he takes the wrong path, he has youth and hope, he can change. But at the forty landmark if he does not take the right course, he has little chance of being able to change. It seems to me that men need more help then than when younger. Have you never noticed how men change about that age? The out-of-doors life has always been the life Herbert needed to develop him right. The Penfields seem to lack something of energy at about forty, this man Penfield of mine must have the proper energy supplied him to carry him over this critical time, and then--I shall know that the spell has been broken. I do not worry about you, Wilder, for you have the Jefferson habit of meeting obstacles as something like fighting a foe that can be overcome with the fist way of fighting. These things seem to get on the shoulders of the Penfields and weigh them down. Perhaps we are more obstinate and combative. When a boy you did things because you thought them right and it did not make much difference what any one else thought about it. Herbert did things because "Hiram wanted me to". If Herbert overcomes difficulties it is principle, alone, and not natural disposition.

It is rather interesting to see how people differ isn't it and how much personal study each man and woman needs to help them to the normal way of living, which is the ~~nazz~~ right way.

Helen, I am so glad that Wilder has you to watch over him and get rid of the grip as quickly as you made it possible for him. Washing--or wiping--dishes in bed? how funny.



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Saras

March 23 1918

Dear Children:

I do not suppose that I have to wait until Sunday or Monday before writing you again? I just want to talk to some one of my ^{own} ~~one~~ children, for I am at my wits' end. I have no hard work to do here, I have plenty of time to write or read or knit. I do write, but I cannot get my mind on much reading, and I do not touch my knitting. I do considerable darning and the baby, of course, takes up some time. George's name should be "Fritz". He has so much of the Hun cruelty and coldbloodedness in him. Now is that dreadful to say? Well, I have tried all sorts of ways to manage him and I am completely stumped. I can understand temper--he has enough of that, but a temper that never shows any contrition or shame for what has been said or done, I do not understand. No matter what happens, nor what I have said to him, in a few minutes he is as smooth to me as he would be to an inferior that had received her drubbing and he could afford to overlook all that had been said. I never saw such supreme lack of respect. He is never allowed to use matches. Nothing that I can say or threaten makes the least particlar of difference to him. He sneers--and when he gets ready he starts another fire. Yesterday and on Tuesday when it was blowing a gale he started fires out near the barn and when one was put out he started another. I told him I would report him to the police, and so this morning I called up Mr Dorwin and he and the policeman will talk to him. I am so chagined and mortified, but I have tried meeting him on terms of equality and appealing to his manhood--I have tried coaxing--I have tried harsh words--I have tried threats--all to no purpose. Now I am

trying a system of ignoring him, but that is hard to do because when he wants to talk to me he talks on as pleasantly and as chattily as if we were the best of friends. ^{and I am sure} I am keeping a record of the day's doings, not every detail, of course, but enough so that I may show it to his father when he comes home. He sees it every night and while he threatens, behind my back, but sometimes so that I can hear, that if the report is bad he will tear it up it has not been torn yet. I keep one for each of the children but while each one sees his own he does not see the other's. I have a debit and credit column and try my best to make the credit side as large as possible.

But this is dreadful to talk about my grandson in this way--but I am full to overflowing.

I went down to Mrs. K's to call on her yesterday morning. We had a nice talk about California and your children. It may be hard for her to get away before June first and then she could stay longer, perhaps. How would it do, if the house is rented here and it seems to be wise to leave Ruth alone for a while, if I should come in May and stay until she should come? Then I could visit Aunt Clara a while and come home in time to go out with Ruth? It might be that it would be pleasanter for Helen to have me there the last few weeks rather than later.

Do not think, for a moment of not going to the hospital. You can find out just what that will cost, and no matter what happens it will cost no more. You can hardly tell how much the cost will be in the home. The rooms will be hot, the responsibility of the housekeeping will weigh on Helen more or less as long as she will be so close to it, the nurse is expensive, and the "home fires" will be more expensive. Helen would get along better and be strong more quickly if away from the home and in the hospital with all of its many conveniences. With Herbert I was with

mother Penfield, all of the many inconveniences were hard to bear. With Ruth I was all alone with only a little girl in the kitchen and her mother to come in once a day to bathe the baby. We nearly lost Ruth in consequence, and I had to have an operation as soon as I was able to have it after Herbert's birth because I wanted to make it easy for the family. When Wilder was born I made up my mind that for once I would take it easy--I got along better, had a good nurse, Aunt Agnes had much of the care of the two older ones, but even then it would have been better if I had been away from the house entirely. I know that is the better way.

Herbert has written of the land in Chico, but did not say if he would really like that climate. He could not tell about the details until he had seen Dr. Wead. He expected to see him in San Francisco last Monday. I suppose he is in Los Angeles now. He said he would have much to talk about when he came home. Just how confident he feels about our being able to make the thing go, I do not know.

I guess I told you that Winifred expects to go soon. She is going Tourist--it makes about \$16. difference on each ticket and she has two tickets to buy, both boys needing a half fare. Tourist cars right through from St. Paul to San Diego leave every Tuesday. She had planned to go on the second of April, but Will may not be able to come home until the first, so she will probably not leave until the ninth. I shall begin packing my books and pictures as soon as I get home. I shall have boxes made especially for the books. I do not know if we can get transportation for the household goods so it may be better to sell off everything. Still, there are some things, like things that belonged to my grandmother that could not be replaced. The bed you made me will have to go, etc.

Helen spoke as if it might be possible that you would come home this summer. I wish that that might be. But with all of the plans

you have for the summer, I cannot see where the time would come in. But just tell me, if the way opens, would you like me to come there this spring rather than later?

This afternoon I am to go over to Galahad with real-estate Tappins to show him around the whole property to see if he can rent it to some one, or rent my house alone. Taken from the Pioneer-Press--"Leon Trotzky's reply to the Entente Allies' inquiries concerning reports that the Bolshéviki had armed thousands of German and Austrian war prisoners in Siberia, who now threatened the trans-Siberian railway, was: "Send trained officers and investigate. I will give you a train." The offer was accepted and tonight Captain William B. Webster of the American Red Cross, a son of W.E. Webster, a Hudson, Wis. Banker, and Captain W.L. Hicks of the British Military mission left for Irkutsk, Tchit and other points where the Germans are reported to be provided with rifles, field pieces and ammunition."

Wednesday

I walked down to have a talk with Mr. Bunker ~~Tuesday~~ morning. I went over some stubs with him to make out the income tax report for Galahad, and then I talked about my house etc. He thinks it would be well if I would take the whole of Galahad and have a sort of community affair etc. I declined the honor with thanks. Then he thought, if we went West, it would be well if we did something as Mrs. Coit is doing in Washington. Open a short order lunch room? "You have had some experience with the providing for the boys, I should think you would do well." I laughed. My public life is quite over. If I cannot manage one dear little twelve years old grandson, I do not think I shall try to manage much of anything else.

Cousin Charles and Cousin Florence drove over in his Henry run-about, yesterday. She declares it is the first time in their lives that they two ever went off on a picnic together. She looked very pretty and they seemed to be having a good time.

I think I will do some more darning while the blessed baby is having his nap. God bless you both. I have not really answered your letter that came yesterday, but will do that in a few days. This is a sort of extra put in because I had to talk or something would have happened.

Lovingly,
Mother.

know how to manage with our work over there. Must I take some of the children there? Must I see about the clothes? Were they Ruth's children it would be different, for I know whatever I should choose would satisfy her, while with Mame, whatever I chose she would try to be satisfied with. Last Spring I felt that I would not try and fill needs in that way again. But Sadie knows just what she wants, so something will be done without my worrying, I am sure. Then--if Herbert intends moving out there soon?---Well, what is the use in speculating? We will know more when he comes.

The boy asked me if I had sold his house. He did not ask me to sell it, he asked Dr. K. to sell it. This is what he says about the comparison of Chico property and Southern California. "This is a wonderful country here (written from Los Angeles) but I am not sure it is the place for a poor man to settle. There are many things about the Northern section that are preferable in the way of cheaper land, better water supply, etc. to be off-set here by better roads, schools, stores, and probably a better climate." Mr. Clarke "can get me a 79 acre ranch, 40 acres in alfalfa, the balance in grain; house, barn etc. for ~~\$\$\$~~ \$30,000 with a \$10,000 payment down. This is more than I was looking for, but might do for the bunch ultimately. It is at Corona, 15 miles from Riverside and 20 miles from Santa Ana."

He does not say if there is water. If there is, Dr. says it is reasonable, but if not, it is too high, even if we could handle it which we cannot do, unless he can sell this place. And can one ever sell in a hurry? The Chico proposition would seem more



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WISCONSIN

Dear Children:

March 27 1918

You want to be kept informed of things that are taking place here, day by day; I almost think that would be a task that would be impossible to perform unless I should write every day.

Let me see, since I wrote last week, what has happened? Since Wilder, in a passion which might be justified if ever such things are justified, threw a rock at George hitting him in the back of the head, George has been easier to live with. Not an angel, but at times really like the George of my previous understanding. The cut was deep but did not extend over much surface so did not have to be sewed or clamped. It cut an artery and the blood spurted most interestingly, came in great puffs and such quantities, that I wondered if the swelled head was not relieved a bit. Dr. K. examined it and put on a bandage to be worn for four days.

Saturday was quite a busy day for us all. Mary Mac. and her mother came over in the afternoon. Just before that Mr. Tappins came over for me, and I took Baby with me and I showed him all about Sarras. He was the most surprised man, I verily believe that he had never seen so complete and nice an house. He kept exclaiming at the conveniences and the finish. I do not think he feels that it can be rented for an adequate

rental which should be \$80. per month as they price such things I would be fairly satisfied with \$400. per year. He will try--- Baby did not want to leave me a minute, but finally Earnest took him and you know he is a wizard with a child. Father Mac. was there too, of course, so the Calahad children had their supper out doors and we older ones had a nice quiet time by ourselves.

After we had finished, indeed it was seven o'clock, Ray came. They gave him some supper and then when Mary the MacQuarries were ready to go home they brought Ray and me up here. We tried hard to have a good visit but Baby cried almost all of the time. Finally, at half past eleven he walked back to Calahad and slept on the porch--not even a room for him. Father Mac. is in my room.

The next morning he walked up here again and about 10.30 we two started out for S.S. We went up on the hill and sat down on a seat there and had a fine visit of about an hour. Then he walked around town while I was in S.S. Then we went out to Galahad for dinner. The Penfield children came over for the afternoon. Oh yes, they had gone over there right after dinner on Saturday but George had made such a ruction that I hesitated long before I would consent to their going again. But he promised--once more, and this time kept his word and they had the most beautiful time. They went home in time for supper, but I had left Baby at home so I stayed until Ray left on the 9.20. The reason I had taken the children so much was that Bertha had German measles, and it was too much for her with a headache.

But Winifred went off on that same train, too. Will had sent her a telegram that she must come down that night and he would come back with her on Wednesday.

Ruth had the seven children, the three trips down town and the work, with Cottie to help her. I did not go over on Monday, darned stockings for Calahad instead. Yesterday I walked down town and met Ruth at eight o'clock and went over there for the day. I wanted to burn over the grass etc. and did more than I had planned to do--I was pulling out a big weed--stepped back into a hole about a foot deep but not as wide as my foot is long, fell down and say, but I gave my poor foot a wrench. It hurt like everything for a while, then it let up and I went on with my work. After that was finished I began sorting books. I wanted to get them in order as to size so that Will could tell me how much lumber to order to pack them. There are a good many of them, Ruth's and mine--I did not get to yours--and she went at them with me. I was on my foot a good deal and it began to be pretty painful. Bertha and the children drove over in the afternoon, and they had another good time. We all came home in time for six o'clock dinner.

Dr. came up a little after ten and put the foot into adhesive strips. It felt better then and I can get around on it safely--it is still rather painful, but is quite bearable.

Winifred expects to go next week, I suppose. I had a telephone message from Will saying that he was coming up to see me--but I have not heard the latest plans from them. Here are the latest from Herbert.--- I had a telegram from him yesterday saying not to plan to send Cottie to visit Bertha Clough as her house was full. That he would start home Thursday alone.

Naturally, I am wondering--The boys would be all right if they were near enough to make them mind, but the spring drive on clothes is at hand. Ruth and I had planned just about all the



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WISCONSIN

in line with the size of our pocket books.

Whether Mame intends staying for a few weeks only, or for the time of our coming, who knows? Is it not exciting to be living day by day with so many questions to which we can only guess at the answer?

To tell you the truth, it is a little wearing and makes one feel that a little tiny cottage at some remote ocean beach where one could sit on the sands in the sun and forget all questions and their puzzling answers, just going into the house long enough to boil an egg and eat a green onion with a slice or two of bread would be quite the charming life.

Ruth says it frightens her sometimes when she realizes that she is actually planning, and knowing that the plans will be carried out, such a decided move and not having the faintest idea of where the money is coming from to allow her to buy the necessary tickets and ~~so~~ clothes. It does seem strange, yet it will all come out in some way. If it does, there will have to be considerable many changes, and every week this spring will probably be, as exciting as the last one has been.

I am getting along all right here, but when one is watching the calendar every day counting the days, time drags, even if one does keep busy.

I brought the silver up here to pack and it looked so stained that I have been waiting to clean it. I really think I shall get it off in a few days, however.

Today I am drawing threads in tablecloths. That is hard enough when the cloth is new, but when it is old, it is hard work. I am taking some of the long tablecloths and cutting them in two so that the girls will have some for their small tables. I want to get some ready for Winifred to take with her. I made up some holders etc. last week for her.

The sun is bright and the snow is all gone, but the ice is still in the lake, the winds are cold and the dust is getting pretty bad. We have not had a drop of rain as yet. To think that I am not planning a garden--think of it.

I do not think I have spoken of that Bosche button that you sent to me, and I did appreciate it very much. It was dear of you to send it and I shall keep it as a souvenir of the "Great War." These days one can hardly wait for the papers. Monday a boy was sent around to the different schools with a note saying that the British had taken 300,000 prisoners and that the Crown Prince was among them. We were something excited for a while. Then men telephoned to St. Paul papers--and there was nothing in it. The only thing I have heard as to how the rumor started was that Mr. Roe took it from the wires. The same report was in Winona, too, so said a travelling man in Birkmose's.

Do not forget to let me know the result of the operation on the woman you told me about Wilder's presenting to the class Helen, dear, do not be worried because you do not accomplish more. "Keeping the house in order, getting meals, doing the few bits of copying and work Wide wants, the week's mending and a little extra sewing" is a pretty sizable limit, my dear. How can one compare one's work to the work of anyone else. One may sound bigger, but there are just so many hours in the day for us all. Just so much time, so much strength, so many demands. Remember, I have no outside calls. I go to see no one, no one comes to see me. It is a loss in some ways, and a gain in other ways. Your day is full, your time is filled with the daily duties, and do not try to do more than you can do comfortably. It looks to me as though you did a good deal. The main thing is to take much exercise and live sanely. Your health is worth more than any little details of work that you see that you would like to do.

Here comes Pat--and I must get my things off the table. God bless you both, and may you be happy every day and every minute of your two blessed lives.

Mother.

That is just the way with letters, one reads too much into them, or not enough. I told you all about how Mame was, but it sounded different in the letters. Father Mac. and I went over the books and he made out a list of lumber that I should need for them all. I expect to get all of yours into 12 boxes made especially for them. Then wherever you may want them sent and whenever you may want them sent they will be easily handled. Thirty-seven boxes in all are to be made and packed. I will pack the instruments in your big trunk, probably, with some other things. I may put in a blanket or two. I do not know what to do with the heads. Elk, Moose, goats, peccary--- I did not know I had an affection for them. But you have never told me anything about whether you wanted some of your father's pictures? They are all good, though you may not recall them. I suppose I will have to choose for you. If you come home---oh how good that would be. I wish that Helen could come before June and you come as soon as the examinations are over. If it would not be convenient at Mother K's, you could come to me. And if the house should be rented I have the privilege of going into the lake dorm. and you know the rooms are very comfortable and convenient there. I could stay as long as I chose to stay there. I would be so glad, so glad, to have you here then. You would not need to go back until the middle of August. With an oil stove, we have been using one all winter, the cooking could be easily done. You and Helen could have the rooms that Ruth had the last year of Galahad. The two rooms, sleeping porch and bathroom are shut off from the hall

Dear Children:

I missed your letter this week, Helen; I am spoiled, you see and want the two enclosures now. I hope you are feeling all right? Of course, I know there will be many days when you do not feel quite equal to anything more than the regular day's duties, and when you do not---that is all right, just leave the letterwriting to Wilder.

I hoped that I could give you Herbert's report in this letter, and I presume I can do so, even now. The last letter I wrote was left in the barn for some days, and found by Bertha. I do not know how many letters may not have been found by Bertha, I hope not any. However, that will have reached you so recently it will do no harm to hold this one over. It has been done before, with less excuse.

This morning of changing the time is dark and cold, but Daddy is expected on the nine o'clock train, and it is April Fool's day too, so there is an incentive to get the boys up. I did up my hair in the dark, for I could not turn on the light for fear of



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WISCONSIN

April 1 1918

waking the baby. I had one of my old-fashioned nights last night. I did not get to sleep until long after the clock struck two and long before it struck four baby wakened me and refused to go to sleep again without some considerable patting. Then I did not go to sleep again, so I was glad when the clock struck six and I could get up. It was too cold to get up earlier. The trouble was that I could not get my feet warm. Stupid, was it not? Pure nerves, of course. I had been answering some advertisements for renting houses, so my brain was too active, probably.

Yesterday, in my talk to the primary school I had come to the Noah lesson and much to my surprise it made a most beautiful Easter lesson. Have you ever thought how much Noah must have been saddened by the wickedness of the world? And how wonderful the whole beautiful earth must have seemed to him after a year in the ark?

Helen Dean came Saturday morning. Will, Winifred, Helen and father Mac. drove to Minneapolis that afternoon, had dinner with the Earnest Macs. and went to the "show" and reached home at one o'clock. I went over there for dinner yesterday. Helen had brought a most wonderful cake from Webber's, it was not only delicious but the most beautiful one I have ever seen. Chocolate covering, chocolate roses around the edge, yellow flowers on each slice (it was a round cake) with butter leaves, red cherries, etc. It was a layer cake, besides. The cake seemed to be like lady fingers, but very, very thin layers and very thin chocolate filling between each layer. Will and Winifred gave Ruth and Cottie each a lovely rosebud and me a beautiful bunch of violets. Was it not dear of them?— I took the meaning of Christ's life and death for the lesson for my boys— I hope I gave them some thoughts that will help them all through life. Certainly they gave me the most perfect attention. In their "Loving Service" they answer these questions--How ~~do~~ we know God loves us? John 3:16 Why did Jesus come to this earth? "Jesus came into the world to save sinners"--then there is no more explanation than that we must "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ if we would be saved"--I want them to know how his coming saves us, and what it means to "believe on him". But they are such funny creatures, these boys. You cannot catch them directly, it has to be on an angle when they are not knowing, and the fisherman is not knowing.

Herbert should have been here last night but missed connections at Omaha so will not be here until today. I suppose he will be very busy at the bank so we cannot have any report until this evening. Winifred goes tomorrow. It has been a very busy week for Ruth but she seems to stand up under it all right. Thirteen in the family, all of the cooking to do, etc. Cottie is very far from well. She had a dreadful cold all week with headache, and yesterday she seemed to have a fever so I had the Dr. go over to see her. I could not stay to ask him about it and she said she had "grip, some malaria and bronchitis". How she could have malaria is a question. She cried all yesterday afternoon and all the evening. Why, I do not know, unless she was sick and I have been away from her too long. She depends on me as on the breath she draws, you know.

When she
gave the
report
of what
Dr. said



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WISCONSIN

by a door and makes the suite very quiet and secluded. North, East and West exposure. We could be so cosy and happy and it would be much less expense, would it not? It would be nice for Helen to have her own father care for her? Think it over carefully, and decide right away so I can make my plans. Then I would not be without a man to help me with some of the last things in the packing line.

Ruth said the other day, "it does not look sensible for me to go on making plans for going to California when I have no idea how I am going to get the money to take me out there, but I know some way will be provided." If it is not sensible for her what is it for me with this big house on my hands? And I have so many, many things to dispose of first. We will want to sell off a great many things, without doubt, and you could be of immense help to me there. Besides all of that, Wilder boy, it would make you more of a success the coming year if you should take a really good vacation this summer. Your brain will become addled if you keep it on the stretch so long. I guess I mixed up my figures of speech somewhat, but you will know the sense I am trying to make you understand.

As to the books, Dr. K. thinks you should keep them all, too. How shall I get any of the things down from the attic if you do not come home. How I would look trying to climb up there! The things, after being well packed so that there would be no danger from sneak thieves, could be left in the Gym. basement as long as Galahad is not sold.

I am very much interested in the experiments you are making please tell me all about them. Just at present I am laboring under a handicap-- the small boy insists on helping me write this letter.

Do you two realize what long letters I have been writing? But this is too much of a good thing--goodby--

Love ly ,

Mother.

The room is full of the fragrance of the violets given me by Mother & beautiful
on Sunday. Helen & I
I had been last see. **The Galahad School**
She is certainly a very lovely woman. HUDSON, WISCONSIN

Mother

April 2 1918

Dear Children:

That means Jack as well as Wilder and Helen, for I am writing what Herbert has to report and you are all interested, equally. This will save time if I make two copies instead of one.

On account of the change of time on Sunday Herbert missed his train at Omaha by about ten minutes. The train from Los Angeles running on the old time and the NorthWestern starting out on the new time. That made him twelve hours late in getting home so we did not have a chance to talk with him until last night.

He is looking ten per cent better than he did when he went away. This is what he says--" You bet your life I am looking better, I am feeling better, too. I have some pep now I want you to know." Mame is feeling better and is wildly in love with California. She was rather lukewarm in her desire to go out there until she went out and saw for herself. She is staying there for another month at least and is taking treatment with an Osteopath. Yes, Wilder, I can hear you sniff clear out here, but never mind, son, you will find out that medicine will not help nerves worn to a frazzle as quickly and as surely as Osteopathy will. Mr. Slater calls it the "rich man's proper exercise."

But here I am keeping back the great news--Herbert is the happy owner of forty acres of land in Lankershim township fifteen miles from Los Angeles center. It is eight miles from Hollywood, so you see, Helen, your father and mother may be our near neighbors, after all. The schoolhouse in Lankershim is two miles away and the ~~hally~~ trolley goes through L. to Hollywood, Los Angeles and the sea. The ocean being a thirty minute ride from L. There is a very pretty grade school building there, but the nearest high school is at Van Nuys, four miles away. But the children can have bikes--for they are used a great deal there, and can go to L. and take the trolley to Hollywood.

There are no buildings on the place, as yet. Also no trees. Just some wine grapes that are being rooted up. "My wife says I ~~may~~ not raise wine grapes." There is some alfalfa, and the whole place is reanted to one of his neighbors who will put in Egyptian corn and give him half the crop in September. Herbert has not become used to the idea of two crops a year, and when he was told he should be there to get in his potatoes in September, he felt foolish. He is very happy over his neighbors whose names are Wheeler, Maxwell and Davenport. He has been surrounded with Swedes and Germans for so long that he will appreciate a change. It will be fine for his two boys and George, especially, is perfectly happy over it.

The Los Angeles water supply is piped right through his place and that will give him all the water he wants for irrigation. And with water one can raise anything, and plenty of it. The land is selling for \$500. and \$800 an acre all around there, but it got this place for \$15,000. \$6,000 down. He will put in more alfalfa, probably, and will have cows and pigs to keep "the home fires burning".

The land in Chico is good, very good, most of it. Some is rocky and fit only for grazing. He saw Dr. Weade, and the proposition is certainly all right. But, every one says, "Of course, it is very hot here in the summer, but five hours will take you into the cool mountains. The cows will need attention twice a day, even in hot weather and the hot time lasts a long time. Of course, we know the heat there is not like the heat here, and the nights are usually cool, but when one is making a change it may be better to get just what one wants if possible. He could get 25 acres near Chico for \$8,000, \$1,000 down and the rest on easy terms. There was a very pretty

The Galahad School

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

house on the place and a good barn, but it was Southern California he wanted. And the property will not get lower in value, probably.

As far as climate goes San Diego is the best of all, but no one lives there but old people. Even a real estate dealer whom Miss Clough asked to talk with Herbert told him that he would not advise him to buy anything there if he wanted to make a living. No water, much rock, soil very shallow. In planting trees it is necessary to blast through the hard pan.

Fairview is the deadest, most dreary looking place on earth. Herbert was sick at the sight. Everywhere else in Orange Co. it was wonderful.

He saw Dollie and uncle Tom has had most dreadful luck. He was flooded out twice this winter, and many other hard things have happened. He hopes to get to New York soon, and Dollie will go with him.

Winifred left today. Ruth, Will and John drove over in the Ford, leaving here about three o'clock. Winifred and the other two children and father Mac left on the four o'clock train. Ruth went to see the Ramsdells, and Will took John to the oculist. They would have dinner together, and Winifred would leave on the eight o'clock train. Will and Ruth will drive home soon afterwards. Will is to finish up getting their things in shape, tomorrow and go to Eau Claire to see Archie, and then go back to Camp Dodge tomorrow night.

Do I think things will turn out all right for us to get out there? Well will you see how the Father manages things? When we first began talking to Winifred about California she was perfectly indifferent to it. If she went West at all it would be to Portland, and she could not do that. It would not be possible to make any move without Will. Now she is the first to go. And not only did Will come home and get her packed and well started but father MacQuarrie has gone with her and she knows that while he will be a great help to her she will also have the pleasure of making a home for him, too. Father Mac's ideas are not here, and he is quite set in his ways, but he is a dear man, and will do his very best to make life happy for her. He is so happy, too, to feel that he is of some use to some one. Oh it is hard to come to a time in life when one is not necessary to anyone's happiness. he will grow young again now.

Of course, we will want to go to one of the beaches near Los Angeles now. We will not make the extra trip to San Diego. If father Mac can get work some where near L.A. then we can all be near together for the coming time of waiting for the return of the boys. But he fears he cannot, and then Winifred will have to have a home alone. I shall not worry about that, for the One who is arranging things for us will know where He wants us.

When we first began talking about this Herbert would not listen to a word about his going, it was impossible, etc. etc. and now--he is the one who has a definite home out there. Is it not queer? no, that is not the word--is it not beautiful to see how things are brought about so naturally and easily? A little sale of land in Northern Wisconsin, two of us having a dividend from the bank, giving a little money that induces enough confidence to risk ~~xxxx~~ the getting of the rest needed.

I came home from Herbert's yesterday, and today got things arranged so that I can have Fred here with me. Ruth's little bed is placed next to mine, her chair and cab are ready for Fred, and having him here will give Bertha a chance to get the house cleaned and the children's clothes mended up and cleaned before Mame comes home. They heard from the health officer today that their washwoman had small pox in the house. A big washing was taken there yesterday. New clothes must be bought for them. Fortunately it will not be necessary to replace the winter underwear.

Herbert says Mame intends to have a tree and flower of every kind that grows on their place. It seems queer, for she never cared so very much here. But it was too hard work, as she has been situated. She is a wise girl.



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Saras.

April 14 1918

Dear Children:

How many times I have answered your last letter-in my mind- this past week. I have had long conversations with you while my hands have been busy with other things. And all about your coming home this summer. I have tried to get down to see Mrs.K.but oh the days seem so full and it is so hard to get away from the house. It will be so much better for you to come home than for me to go there for many reasons. And now Ruth is wavering about when she shall go West. If you are surely coming, then I think she will wait and see you. Elizabeth will take a full fare ticket on the 8th. of August so she would like to go before then, but, on the other hand it will be cheaper to stay here instead of paying the extra rent out there.

I will send you the money that it would cost me to go to you there, and that will help towards your coming home. I see no prospects of our selling or renting here. I will get through the worst of the packing--the going through things and sorting out all of the trunks, boxes, closets and corners, deciding what shall go and what shall be sold and what shall be destroyed---and then Wilder can help me get things ready for the going. It will be such a wonderful help and joy to have that to look forward to. Shall we just say--you are coming home as soon as Helen is able to travel? How long would that be after the party? Then we can go on making our plans as to when we shall go. You see, there being so many of us, it is rather necessary that we know about when we should go so as to give Opusin Louise time to rent a place for us.

We want to get out there and get settled before school begins.
Herbert and Mame may not want to go until October. If the ~~house~~^{farm} should be sold, they might want to go much sooner. But we want to get our minds set on some date as soon as possible.

Father Inglis has sold his business and business building in Bayfield and started for Jack last Monday. He was in such a hurry that he did not take the time to stop off here to see the family so as to give Jack the latest news. It is barely possible that Jack will be able to come home for a little time. How delightful if you and he could be here at the same time.

Earnest came over here this afternoon to see about the lab supplies. He has probably sold them. Herbert came over this evening and we had a good old talk. It is now pretty late, but work begins in the morning. A sewing woman comes for a week?--more likely Ruth will need her two weeks---and we must all get into the work with her. My especial duty will be drawers for the children and pajamas for Bobs. He is crazy to have some and each day asks me if they are made yet. I can see that my youngest grandson, is going to interfere somewhat with my work along that line, but we will have to keep him busy in other ways. He is a darling baby. He has so many little individual tricks that are so endearing. He could not see much difference in "Daddy" and "Dada Dean" he would not attempt the latter and stopped saying the former. But now he has taken matters in his own hands and says "Daddy" and Daydee. He thinks I am his one link to his old home and old life and therefore am peculiarly his own particular slave. If he is naughty he says "Daydee" gives the most seraphic grin you ever saw and turns up his little face to be kissed in the most winning manner. He gets kissed all right and hugged up hard. He can stand as much of that kind of treatment as his big brother Wilder.



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Saras.

I thought of your work on Tuesday and am anxious to hear all about it. I also want to know how the operation came out on that woman with the cancer in the gall bladder or liver or some other where.

I am glad Helen has so cautious a husband to watch her and make her very careful. De~~ax~~ children are you not having a happy time right now!-- Your last letter, Wilder was so beautifully full of P.S.'s You know it is said the P.S. is the most important part of a letter.

Ruth thought the children would be very disappointed if she decided to wait until later in the summer, but no, bless them, they all want another summer at Galahad. Rather remarkable for children to appreciate a place like that in the face of an exciting trip to new scenes. Another summer in the playhouse, the woods the many nooks and picnic places they have so enjoyed in the past.

Queer that you should feel as you do towards our president and Herbert should feel so differently. The power of the press is shown there all right. I told him tonight that it seemed strange that he and Mame should feel so when you admired him so much--He says he does not feel as strongly as I said---I have had a faint suspicion that it was more because they thought I made him too much of an ideal man, and they were bound to differ. When I did criticise him tonight for writing that letter to Davies, almost demanding the republican state of Wisconsin to send a democrat to the senate instead of a man whom we know to be as able and loyal as Mr. Penroot, Herbert felt better.

I am so sorry that John Dorsey cannot wait and fit himself for

something better and more worth while to our country. After the war his country will need all that he can give it in the best possible training. It is more love of change and excitement that loyalty that takes him over there now.

You must have that spoon somewhere, have you not? I wonder where it can be.

Bless your dear heart I wish you would find out something about Osteopaths. You are thinking of Chiropractors or something, I guess. When the regular medical schools were demanding only three years' study the Osteopaths were demanding four full years. All the work is put on anatomy--surgery is added now-- They know more about anatomy than any other school in the country, that is their specialty. They make no mistakes along that line. They know where every nerve, and every bone etc. is and just what its function. Their theory is that where there is perfect circulation there will be no disease. The circulation being interrupted or obstructed poison is held and disease is the result. As, for instance, when Ruth had one of her bad tonsillitis attacks, Dr. Parker promised it would be well in an hour. He kept his word--no medicine had ever acted so quickly. Is there pain in a nerve? there must be pressure somewhere. Remove that and the pain soon disappears. To say they can cure everything is as untrue as that any other branch of the great general system of medicine can cure everything, but to say that many things cannot be better cured by them than by medicine is equally untrue. Come, my son, take a broad view and do not condemn anything because you do not understand it, for there is good in many things you will never have the time or desire to understand.

The very fact that your little trip made you feel so much more like working shows what a real vacation will do for you. Much work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, you know. Those spoons belonged to Aunt Agnes--T.E.J. I think are the initials.

With love. Mother.

home. You see, we are taking it for granted that the "possibility" that you spoke of is to be a reality. So we are planning now for another summer here. Oh I want you to come home ^{MRS. MARY JEFFERSON PENFIELD} very, very much. Your letter was very interesting about your work. Saras
God bless you both
Mother.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

April 23 1918

Dear Children:

Such a rushing, hurrying, week as we had last week! And how much we accomplished in the sewing! Miss Waldruff came Monday afternoon and stayed until Saturday evening. We divided up into two teams. Ruth and Miss W. were the first team and Cottie and I were the second team. Of course, Ruth and Cottie had to stop the sewing often for the sake of the cooking, and I had the dear baby to do things for, sometimes. I took charge of the drawers and Bobs' pajamas and Cottie did most of the stitching for me. She did some stitching for the first team, too, and I did some buttonholes, overcasting etc. for that team. The second team almost finished three pair of pajamas and ten pairs of drawers. Just another day's work will probably put them, all marked, into the dresser drawers. Ruth has two new waists, Bob has a new coat and knickerbockers and a new suit. Elizabeth, Marmie and Faith each have a new dress that they wore Sunday. Besides some things started.

Today I needed to do some mending before we could make up the beds, so, after I emptied the five gallon can of pineole into bottles, and sorted the washing, and sorted over a barrel of rags, I emptied my big basket of the sheets, pillowcases, towels, napkins, and cloths for cleaning washbowls etc. etc. The big thing was full, and it holds as much as an ordinary clothesbasket. They are all ready for the machine now, and for fear the basket would feel lonesome I have dumped a lot of stockings that want to be mended into it. Cottie did some of the machine work and will finish them

up tomorrow. Winifred left her motor on the machine here, so Cottie likes to run it.

Wilder, you asked me to tell you all about myself and my plans for myself. Well----first, I thought I was about cured of my skin trouble, but the past few weeks it is beginning to grow again. The right side is almost entirely well. My hand, elbow, and leg and foot are clear. There is one place on the right thigh that begins to bother once in a while, and the heel is still in evidence. But the left hand and elbow trouble me again, one place on the thigh and three places on the left leg that had almost disappeared are beginning to itch and burn and spread. The big toe on my left foot was almost well, but it, too, is bothering me again. I do not know why. Two years ago now the thing began. This past winter I have imagined that everytime I had a sleepless night it bothered me more for a few days. But, while I do not always get as much as eight hours of sleep at night, still, I seldom have a really bad night now. I get a bit discouraged now that it is beginning again. Dr. Hamburger thought it might be the meat diet, but we have not had meat more than twice a week, usually, this winter.

Otherwise, I feel fairly well. I find I can do a good deal of work yet, only I cannot keep up the pace as long as I used to do. I tire more easily and it takes me longer to recuperate than it did once. I thoroughly enjoy a good long rest on my couch in the afternoons. I was just reading about Christian Girl-and he says a man does more and better work when he does not work such long hours. He works like a trip-hammer from the time he goes to his office until 6.30 and then he forgets business. I begin sooner than he does and stop a little sooner. My working hours are from 6.30 until, perhaps, 4.30. Then I lie down, getting into my loose gown. Then supper at six o'clock. After that I make

Mame is looking fine. And is much in love with California - Cef
Cover there will be an opening in California for you

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

Saves

buttonholes, or knit, or write--as I am doing now-- until the children are in bed and Ruth comes down with her sewing. Then I read aloud until about ten o'clock. I used to knit and read at the same time, but since being up at Mame's I have not felt equal to try and do two things at once.

Of course, while Baby was here the order of my day was a little different. He left us last evening, and we miss him. He is the dearest sweetest baby and I do not blame his father and mother for being a wee bit daffy about him. Mame came home last night.

Yesterday was George's birthday and Herbert took him to St. Paul with him to meet his mother, although George did not know that was what he was going for. They drove over in the car expecting to meet Mame soon after eight o'clock. A wreck on the road had sent her train up into Dakota, and she did not get in until after midnight. Herbert and George went to three movies and then sat around in the station for an hour--George still keeping awake. They did not get to bed until nearly two.

Ruth has talked with Mame over the phone and we are expecting her and Herbert over here this evening. ~~She~~ feels very much better and thinks she is going to take the summer's work very easily and quietly. She tires easily, but knows it is good to be home again and she brought a book of bungalow plans to study over. That is going to give her a lot of good times. Herbert had also sent for such a book, so they will be planning the new home now. And I do not know of a more delightful occupation for anyone.

Solvig--Christine's husband--they live in the South cottage-- has been putting in my little garden for me, and is now taking off storm windows and putting on screens, after work hours. It is

very nice to have some one near at hand to do those things. He is in the second draft, so will not be here all summer, probably.

I do not know if there will be any chance for selling or renting the house, but something will happen, if always does.

Did I tell you that the children do not want to go to California until nearly September? They love Galahad and want another summer here. That touches and pleases me. Yet I think it rather wonderful, too, when they have heard so much talk of California and the beach, and children always want a change and a trip, you know.

The committee thought I ought to take out \$300. in Liberty bonds so I did, although Herbert only advised \$100. this time. I guess it will be all right. If I could sell the house, probably I should put the whole thing into bonds and wait for the Western home.

My plans for myself? Again I hesitate to answer. I am entering upon a new phase of life, I am sixty years old. I have not the strength of body nor of mind that I once had, and yet, ----well, I am not ready to think that my own especial work in the world is over. What will be the thing that belongs to me and me alone, I do not know, yet. It may be to live quietly, near my children, keeping myself fit to be of use as occasion arises, or it may be that there will be something especial given to me to do. I guess I am walking by faith right now. I make plans, yet it is all with a question, and each plan seems not quite to fill the need. Elizabeth and Marmie, especially Elizabeth, show signs of entering the adolescent age. Elizabeth is getting so absent-minded and so dreamy. She has grown so large and robust, she does not look nor act like the same girl. This evening she took out the bread plate, cut the bread and sauntered into the diningroom with the empty plate. The other day she took her mother's butterplate and after getting the butter put the plate in the middle of the table. She does things like that all of the time. Margaret is getting more and more awkward all of the time. She is growing crude as Elizabeth is dreamy. Don't you know how different girls develop in that way? They will soon be out of childhood, and it would seem that I ought to be of some help to Ruth in their development. I know it is better for them to be alone by themselves and I shall have a house as near as I can but not with them. But really, --I know I am horrid and should not feel so, but I cannot imagine a real home with just Cottie and me. I do not know what I should do without her, but after all, there is not real comradeship between us. I think you will know what I mean. There is not the "give and take" between us that comes where friends are truly congenial. It takes more than one to make a home and Cottie and I are not two. What stimulation can she be to me? She is devoted to me, and I think a great deal of her-- but she cannot help me make a home, she cannot fill my life, so I must look for something outside of the regular homekeeping duties to make my life worth the living. At the same time I do not want to take much responsibility. I have had enough of that. I do not want to tie myself down to anything that must be done at a certain time because others are depending on me. It may be that my duty lies in just having a home for Cottie while she lives and making her happiness my care. If I were more unselfish I expect that would be the thing that I should want to do, but at present I cannot quite feel ready for that. So you see, I have no real plans for myself, I shall have to wait until they work out. Ruth is decided to wait until August so as to see you when you



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Sams

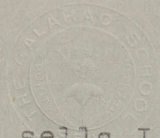
Dear Children:

April 30 1918

If I get in another letter in this month of April I shall "have to hurry". Does that sound like old times when Jack used to call out so many times a day--"If you want anything to eat, you'll have to hurry?" We are wondering what May will bring to us. April was quite prolific in things of interest to us all. First--Will was at home, Father Mac. and Helen Dean were here and Herbert came home with his California report on the first day. Winifred left on the second and Will on the third. I had the Baby for three weeks. We got all of the books packed and much other work done. Your promise to come home is one of the events of the month, doubly eventful in that it gave us a foundation on which to make our plans for going West. Then Mame came home, very much better in health and in spirits. She and Herbert both have a different outlook on life, more ambition, than they have had for some long time. But last week brought the assurance of another change that is in store for us. But this must not be spoken of to anyone but each other. Mame is looking for another little one in September. I know, it does seem hard for them, but those dear children learned such a lesson when ~~Frank~~ Jean came that they have never once made themselves unhappy over the continued enlarging of the family. Herbert said--"It does seem dreadful, but we dare not say anything, we could not spare one that we now have, and what would we do without this Freddie boy?" They really enjoy each one more than any that have come before, and now that Herbert has made plans to be with his boys more it will be more possible for little Mame who would be completely swamped otherwise.

Mame was in despair trying to think a way out for the summer and later, but I went up there for dinner Sunday and we talked it all out and have made some very good plans, I think. She thought if she did not go West until September, possibly, her people might come out to see her once more. I wish it might be arranged so that she could go to Detroit to see them, perhaps it may be.

Herbert has told them at the bank that he will go the first of September and he cannot go very much sooner because he must stay until after everyone there has had his vacation. Of course, Mame must go out before that. The plan now is that she and George, with Patty and Fred, go out the middle of June. George, she feels, will take the responsibility and be of help to her. And if he is made to understand it all I do not doubt but that he will rise to the occasion. She rather wanted to leave Fred, I think, but it would be better for him to get out there before the hot weather, and I would rather, if it would not be too much of a care for her, that she would take him, for it would be harder here with a little baby. It would be harder for us, while getting ready to move than it would be for her at the beach with nothing to do but look after her little meals and with George and Patty to look after the baby. She will take Patty because she and George get along together better than the other two do. She likes to do the things that George likes to do and she is such a little spitfire that George rather hesitates sometimes, to interfere with her. She won't take anything of that kind from anyone. She takes better care of the baby than Jean does, too. Jean is dreamy and loves to play alone, or read, and Fred annoys her. I will take Wilder and Jean over here. Also, Bertha will come here to stay until we go. That will make it just fine for us for we have been wanting to have some girl here to do the cooking while we were doing the last packing and while you were here. Herbert will stay at the farm, unless he is able to sell.



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Sara

If he sells, I hope he will stay over here.

Mame will get some of the things packed. That is, the books and dishes, etc. She will get the little things all looked over and done. She will plan the wardrobes of the children. She will get a sewing woman and Mother will help with buttonholes. Then, we will go, all of us, Herbert too, about the time you go back to your work. Mame will get a house at the beach with the idea of staying there all winter. She will go to a hospital at the time of the advent. She will also look up houses for the rest of us. We will be near together so that when she is sick I will be there to look after the family. Herbert says he does not know what to do about building. It would be suicidal to tie himself up so that he will have no capital for a year or two. It may be that he will look for work and go easy on all stock, house and barns. If so, it would be better for them to live at the beach, possibly.

Never before had Mame seemed to feel so dependent upon us and so one of us, as she has since coming back from California. I had noticed her changed attitude and yesterday Ruth spoke of it too. She speaks differently of the children too. You see, there has been a sort of feeling that I cared more for Ruth's children, which was quite natural. But now that I feel free to criticise the Penfield children as if they were my own, they feel my close interest, I guess, -- at any rate it is different, and better.

So now, your Hope has a twin in the family. Too bad that you and Mame will not see each other this summer. Still, your viewpoint will not be the same, and perhaps it will be just as well to wait until a little later, and we will say -- "when you come out West to us!" You might as well begin to plan that. You know whatever you plan always

comes to pass, in time.

But you will not plan so much work in this new and most interesting research that you will not come here in August? Most surely not, for you will do better work for having a two weeks' change, at least. One more good visit at Galahad. I should not be quite reconciled not to have that, I think. The lake is just as beautiful as ever. The birds sing just the same--only better for there is a meadowlark here this spring. The first we ever had.

I wish Wilson was not so partisan--I wish he would be big enough to drop politics. What do you think of the showing of the Middle West on the Liberty Bond sale? Minneapolis district--119%--And look at the record of the South. And from the South come all of the President's appointments---It does not look right, and it makes me sick to think so big a man should be so small, for he is a big man, and he is so small in party ways.

Our girls here, play young lady all of the time. Since the Macs. went away they have more room to spread themselves. Faith has the room at the head of the stairs. The other morning, before school, Ruth knocked on the door and walked in. Faith was sitting before her mirror powdering her face. Ruth said rub a little off on the chin, dear, it is a little too thick there. She was playing she was a girl at college. But as she is that all of the time she is powdered all of the time too--when her face is clean. They are such funny chickens.

Oh I am so pleased with the work you have to do this spring and summer. Keep me in touch with it all of the time.

Ruth has been having the car painted, getting ready to sell it. Do you remember Siever--or Sliver--Sieverson? He is doing the work. He works as watchman on the bridge all night then comes here to paint in the morning from the bridge. Sleeps a little while in the afternoon. He was talking about the war this morning--"Well, I'll tell you, there is one thing that is coming out of the war--the boys are finding religion in the trenches." Quite a significant remark showing how seriously the fact of this war is taking hold of us all.

Good for the new cookbook. Ruth sent for Mayor Mitchell's cook book and thinks it will be fine.

About my coming East--bless you, I shall have travel enough going West. There is so much to do here, that it would seem hard to get away. Solvig has my garden in, but I must do my part in it now. And the sewing and a thousand other things, and now my new family that will come a little later--don't you see how hard it would be for me to get away? On the other hand, if you come home, all of the family will have the joy of seeing you and yours. You both will be glad of and need the change from the work you have been doing and from the heat of the city. Oh this is far the better way. And then, there will be one more summer visit at Galahad. How I do love this place, and so do you, Wilder. So I shall only be too glad to have you spend the money and be excused from spending it myself. Oh yes, I forgot to speak of the help you will be in getting the last things done, but that will be no small part of the need for you to come home. So come as soon as it would be safe for Helen. I do hope Mrs. Keith may be able to get that money for you.

What a nice trip the Dorseys gave you. I wish you would tell John that I am interested in his plans for the next year and hope that he decides to go on with his work here. It will not be as exciting, but I firmly believe it will be more patriotic. I hope he can see it that way. I am sorry to hear about Marye Finney. More children in her life would help her, I am sure.

I wish I could see the bassinet and the flower boxes. I know how you are enjoying it all. You might pat a paisy for me once in a while.

God bless you dears. Mother.



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

MRS. JEAN JEFFERSON PENFIELD

Sena

May 5 1918

Dear Children:

Before I forget it let me tell you a most delicious thing that happened the other day. Faith was pouring the water at the table and passed a glass taking it up with hand over the top. Elizabeth was disgusted-"Don't hand a glass like that, who wants to drink out of a glass after your hands have been on it like that." Ruth said "Well, at least, she is not as bad as the German Red Cross women, who, when the hungry English prisoners are passing through on crowded cattle trains, wounded and tortured with thirst and hunger, will not give these men of their food. Or, if they are asked for drink, they spit in the cup of water before handing it to them. Or spit in their soup if they do not pour it out on the platform before their eyes." The faces of the girls were growing more and more horrified until the climax was reached and Margaret cried out-"Why they wasted the soup." One would know the doctrine of the empty plate was being well preached here? waste is the greatest crime of all?

Yesterday Ruth, Bobbie and I went to St. Paul in the car. Cottie was to go too, but she has not been very well, lately and we did not dare take her. We had a delightful day from the time I sold old silver and gold for \$29.80 right through the whole program. I bought a lovely dress pattern for Cottie. She needed a new dress to wear constantly. I got one of the old Priestly mohair at \$1.50 a yard--the old price--It is pretty, wont muss and wont hold the dust. Mr. Stephanson and I came to the conclusion that "antiques" were better than the new goods,--when one could find them. She has wanted, for a long time, a white crepe d'chine waist

so I bought her enough for a waist. She has also felt she could not afford the thin sheer stockings and I bought her two, of ^{pair} fibre silk, fine quality. Then when I gave them to her I added a little homily--She has had another of her depressed spells when she feels no one cares, there is no place for her in the world, she is not wanted--etc. I reminded her that she had always longed for a diamond ring--she had one. She had always longed for a good spring suit and pretty pattern hat--she had one. She had wanted just such a mohair--she had one. She had longed for such a waist--she had one. She had a good home, love etc. Was she not a fortunate woman? Had not God remembered her very tenderly? etc. I tried to hint as much as I could and not rub it in too hard--indeed I wonder if I should not have made it a little plainer, that idea of thankfulness for blessings at hand and the wickedness of depression because of its effect on herself and others about her, but I guess she may have caught a glimpse of the idea.

I also bought a new sweater for Elizabeth, Margaret, Faith and Jean, Patty and Fred. Land office business? I should say it was--but it was not money wasted for they needed them and the parents have so many of such things to buy. They are delighted--yes, both children and parents. After lunch at the Eat-shop, and a Movie at the Grrick where we saw Margurite Clark in Rich man, Poor Man--we went over to have dinner with Earnest and Mary. A good visit and a delicious dinner, and home about ten o'clock.

Today, my two regular lessons for Sunday School--and, by-the-way I could not have believed, six months ago that this class of restless youngsters would ever give me the absolutely perfect attention that those boys give me now. No matter if it is regular hard drill on learning answers to questions and the books of the Bible up to a right good story, they never take their eyes

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

Sara

off my face. And they are actually learning. Getting some real ideas, bless them.

Later in the day, three of 1916-17 boys with Esther and Anita Haven came to make a long call. It was good to see them.

I have been doing some extra work in the garden this past week, but it scarcely shows, for it was all weeding and things like that. And there is such a heap more that should be done. This week and next will be given up to sewing again, altho I must steal some little time out for gardening. I do want the place to look right pretty this last summer I shall be here. The other morning these words kept running thru my head--please sing slowly and with proper emphasis.--

Oh who will dig, and rake and plant,

rake and plant,

Oh who will dig and rake and plant,

rake and plant,

Oh who will dig--and rake--and plant----When I am far away?

Who will it be? Will the garden miss me?

Oh me!--

Is not that plaintive? For whom (or what) do you feel the most sorry, the garden or me? But I am already planning to have a garden-of flowers--in California, even though I should have nothing but "shifting sand" to work in, and should rent for a year at a time, only. I will be like the the woman who planted poppy seed out of the car window as she rode along over the waste places.

Do you suppose it is getting over-tired that has made things worse with me? Possibly, for I had to give up my long afternoon rest-times when I went up to Mame's and I ~~had~~ not gone back to them yet. A half day is such a short day to get through with all of the things that must be done. But I will try and be lazy again. My body enjoys it, but my conscience pricks me when every

one else works and I am enjoying myself on the couch.

I am glad that you feel that the week is not well started unless you have written to me, Helen dear. You are a darling to feel so. I think it is wonderful that you have not had to resort to tapes etc. long before this, Helen. Did you not buy a regular maternity dress? It is so much better to do so, and it is not a waste, for that dress is the one you will need to wear for some long time afterwards. You will not get back to your regular dresses for quite a while. A real maternity dress has ~~xxx~~ better lines than anything one can make over. Better get one right away. Something dark but cool and serviceable. It will pay you in comfort, and, I believe, in money too. Then your pretty dress will not be all strained and horrid looking when you are ready for them.

Good for the bassinnette--my impression is that I have given that word too many letters--but never mind, they are perfectly good letters and you know what I am talking about. Surely you must pack it later. By the way--lumber costs something. I heard one say once that a few years ago if a man wanted \$10. worth of lumber he sent a truck--or dray for it. Later he sent an express wagon--and "now a wheelbarrow will do." But today, he would say a good pair of arms is sufficient, I am sure. What do you think?--the lumber for the boxes in which I packed the books cost \$23.81. Besides that--the man's work. Why even the nails for those boxes cost \$1.25. I am glad I am not wanting to build a house. An 8x10 would be all one could manage. Well, education comes high these days. It might pay to unpack and give some more to the soldier boys and the Hudson library. Or, perhaps sell to John Lind the rag man.

We have had two days of really warm summer weather and just the same people are complaining of the heat that complained of the continued cold. A cool, or even cold, spring never finds me making any complaints, altho I do feel sorry for the trees and garden ~~xxx~~ stuff that want~~x~~ to come forth into leaf. But you cannot keep the dear old ~~perrenials~~ perennials back. They stick their old noses up out of the ground in spite of cold or lack of water. When it is time to grow, they grow, though it may be a bit more slowly.

Yes, Ford's hospital does look good for you, now--but I shall not give up all hope that sometime we will all be together in California. Still, I suppose if you should come out there too, we would none of us ever get East again. Probably I shall not want to come, but the rest might want to do so. I wish I had the money to buy a whole lot of Liberty bonds, enough to give each one of you enough to be sure that your children would receive the education that was required. Would it not be fun for me? Ever so much more fun than to wish that you had the money. I think I told you that there was no might about it that I would send the money to you that it would cost me to go to you?

I do not wonder that you are interested and happy in your work the need seems to be very great even greater than I had imagined. It is all so worth while now, is it not? Eleven thousand men under Paul Myers--I do not wonder he did not relish taking that job.

We are going up to Herbert's for a little while when the chicks get to bed. I wish I felt like writing a whole lot of letters--I owe every one again. The trouble is that I write such very long letters when I write that it takes too much time.--And here is Winifred needing so many--and Ray writing a card to say that he had not heard from me since he was here--oh dear, and all of the boys in France--oh certainly I am a very lazy woman--for I do not want to write at all. But I am sending a lot of love to you two----Mother.

Do you hear anything of the
Rudolph or Kemp B. B. B.

swollen, and have been for several days, but no pain. The headache was on the ~~right~~ left side entirely. Also, the joints of my fingers, some of them, are sore and swelling. My hip, right side, and often my back give me some trouble. Do you suppose it means a touch of rheumatism? Or is it all due to the same cause as the skin trouble--just worn out nerves? However, it is none of it very bad.

I did not intend to say anything about anything unpleasant in this part of the letter, but I have.

It is queer how the cold weather keeps up. Today is simply glorious. A little fire in the furnace, but the sun is so bright, the grass so green, the leaves are not coming quite as fast as they would if it were warmer, but fast enough to give great pleasure.

This afternoon Herbert and Mame are to drive to St.

Dear Wilder:

How can I tell you how happy and grateful your letter, your note and flowers made me? The greatest blessing that God can give a woman is a good, loving Christian son. I am wonderfully blessed. The loveletter came Friday. Ruth was notified that the flowers were there, on Saturday. She did not wait until Sunday to give them to me, by which means she gave me one more day of their freshness. The flower forget-me-not, that blooms in your heart, dear, will always be fresh and beautiful for you will tend it so carefully, as you always have done.



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WISCONSIN

May 13 1918

Now, shall I tell you about what I did yesterday in connection with your thought and love for me? You know I always give a talk before the whole primary school before the lesson. I thought I would tell them about mother's day and what it meant to me and my boy who was away from me. But after Mr, Phipps woke up in the morning- as usual- he had forgotten to make any plans for the day and at the last moment rushed around to get some one to do something. He decided to have the two schools together and asked me if I would give a little talk on the Day. Without thinking, I said yes I would say about what I had thought for the other school. I woke up yesterday with a frightful headache and ~~xxxxxxxx~~ nausea and had not been able to get breakfast. Went to S.S. on Asperi so I was in no condition to give much thought to anything. When I got up stairs and saw the ladies there who had sons so far away that no messages could pass between them that morning, I felt so humbled and it seemed so impertinent to say what had been in my mind. But I prayed that the right words would be given me, and, as always, I was not left to myself. The only thing that seemed to be in my mind as I stood there was a great love and sympathy for all lonely mothers, and a great longing to pass on your message of love to them. Many of them wiped their eyes, and so, dear boy, I am sure your love helped them that day.

When I came home I went to bed, had a good nap, then Herbert and Mame came over and after a good visit with them I had a little supper in bed and another sleep. I got up at six this morning feeling much better. The queer thing is that my right cheek and eye are much

for the other "homecoming". Mother used to say--"Why was I not a millionaire, I can see so many places where a little money would help out so much?"---

A sewing woman all of this week, then a rest of a week because of the Woman's club convention, and we must have two delegates, then another week of a sewing woman. That will bring us into June. The bulk of the sewing must be done by that time. Then in June, we must have Cousin Florence and Helen here for a visit, also Mrs. Pace, who is in St. Paul now. Also some church picnics, both Presbyterian and Episcopalian. Mame will get off that month, and the two children will come to us--also, Bertha. Then in July we must get into the real packing business. Going through everything? Why there are so many things. Mother's, mine, as well as Ruth's ^{to sell on} and the things being used all of the time. There will be some Galahad things to separate, too.

Is it not funny how that tower annoys Wilder? It is not so dreadfully bad, either. If it were worse, he would simply ignore it, as it is it gets on his nerves.

Oh that pudding--Cottie does not know how much flour she uses, but she will make it soon and measure it.

I had a letter from Ray yesterday, because it was Mother Day. He never forgets it either. The way he remembers is to, some time before the date, put a card calling attention to the date where it will be placed on his desk on the proper date. There is the business man at work.

Now comes the Red Cross drive. It keeps us busy. But it is the right way to do it. With a heart full of love,
Mother.



THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WISCONSIN

Paul and I asked to go with them. George is going too. They leave about four o'clock, shop until six, have supper and then go to the movies. I believe it is Douglas Fairbank in Heading South, tonight.

You asked who preached now? Mostly Mr. Alexander from Macalister. Do you recall him? He gives charming talks. I am sorry to miss them. I hope this will not prove to be a very hot summer for you. But it will be so broken up that it will not be so bad. Looking forward to the middle of June--it will be here so soon now--then to the coming home the last of July.

I am glad the dog survived, of course he would.---I was very glad to get the picture

too. Please write out the names of the boys. I cannot recall them. What do you hear from Chester? Was it not nice that Mary saw them in church?

Helen dear, this letter is for you too, but I just wrote Wilder's name at the beginning for the little love-letter he wrote me. You will understand. I expect Hollywood is a delightful place to live in but not for the children. They say it is too exciting for them--National City and the movie people are not as wholesome as to be a little farther away. It would not affect grown people, of course. Hollywood is only eight miles from Herbert. Do you know, I love the thought of your making a little ceremony of the reading of your home letters. To finish the dishes and have coffee and home talks together--it is delightful. It is also quite like you two dear children who so love to play. "When we get out to California"--that is becoming a slogan here---I wonder if I can learn to play again? I think that is what I have meant when I have spoken rather hopelessly of having a real home there. It is beginning to percolate into my inner consciousness that I have been getting tired of too close confinement and thinking so seriously of our own work that seems so very necessary. Here we are off by ourselves. For weeks at a time not a soul ever comes to see us, Yes, months at a time. The front door is never used. But, out there, especially if the house is on the ocean frontage, there will be passersby continually, and possibly I shall be able to sit on my porch and reach out and draw some of them close to me. Possibly it is not too late to learn how to play again. I told Ruth I was going to have breakfast on a tray in my room--fruit and nuts for lunch--and a big, hearty dinner at four o'clock. After dinner I was going to have coffee served on the porch and ask all of my neighbors to make that the gathering place about five o'clock each day. She began to make objections right away. But, perhaps it will work out. I expect Mrs. Freeman will be with me, but perhaps she will fall in with the idea all right. Three women ought to be able to branch out and do things their own way---Will would laugh and say "Put it to a vote, Mother Jean"---without a man or school children to consult. I could serve tea, too--so as to call it afternoon tea.

I was interested in that children's hospital. Poor little tads, how good of some one to make it possible for some of them to get well.

Oh by the way--You know the Somarr house that was built up beyond us? Her sister married Dr. Walter Cannon who is doing research work on shell shock. You will know more than I can tell you about him, but she was telling how he had cured a hopeless case with common baking soda solution. His claim that when the muscles have received a shock they absorb something, and the blood becomes acid, you will understand and know all about, doubtless, as he has sent things to Hopkins, she says.

She is very pleasant and wants to be very neighborly. I am sorry not to see your very first home, Helen dear, but it does not seem best, does it? Just as soon as the next money comes in, the first of July, I will send a check for your homecoming, I wish I could send some this

Copied from a letter written to Mr. Inglis by one of the men who occupied a tent with Jack for the time they were waiting to be sent to France as interpreters.

"It was my good fortune to occupy a tent with your son at Camp MacArthur and I shall always look back upon my association with him with very great pleasure. I really consider it a privilege to have known such a man. There was no officer who was more respected both by his brother officers and by the enlisted men, and it must indeed be a constant source of pride and gratification to you to realize that he has made such a fine record for himself.

We all miss him very much. I shall be very grateful to you if you will be kind enough to give him my warmest regards when you write him.

Very truly yours,

Leonard M. Thoses.

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

May 19 1918

Dear Children:

If we did not have the storm last night. The really interesting part of it only lasted a minute or two, but it did twist things during that minute or two. I had not been asleep, it was getting ready to storm, but suddenly things came with a rush. We had the windows closed and locked, but the house began to twist and groan, not shaking as in an ordinary wind, but in a strange way. Some locked windows flew open, but though the water came in at every little crack, they were soon closed again. We saw the poor cow was still safe and when the worst was over the family went to sleep. It was one of my wakeful nights but I did not have any idea of the extent of the damage. This morning we found two trees down completely and others denuded of some big branches.

After Ruth left ~~name~~ telephoned me. They had scarcely wakened, but the corcrib had blown over and crushed their fresh milch cow. She had lain there too nearly strangled to even bellow for five hours and no one to help her. They fear she will die. Barns were blown down all around them. In Lakeland a big barn dance was being held in a barn. 200 people there, but when the roof blew in and down on them not a life was lost, though some were hurt. Jinky Johnson was playing in the band and his face had to have seven stitches taken in it and Frank Crane is on crutches. Mr. Sutherland caught it at both garages. The down town one had the front blown completely off, but no cars were injured. The house garage had the roof blown off and down on his new Sedan car. Vine street was impassable from the trees. Not a tree left on the Harding place.

I am sending you a copy of a letter received by father Inglis from a man who was in Jack's tent for a while last winter. This is probably the one he talked the most about. They were interpreters getting ready to go to France. The one he spoke the most of was a Yale man from a very fine Eastern family who had been at the court of Spain for the past year and had travelled all over. The letter is worth keeping and we are delighted.

Jack wrote that last Sunday he had been asked by the chaplain to take his Bible class and tell the men about the early training and education of Jesus. There is very little in the Bible about that and it has to be thought out and arranged--"but thanks to Mother's Bible class teaching I did it, and the men seemed interested." So that made me especially happy,

We are just beginning to have hot weather, but oh the wind we have had all spring. Even Ruth is getting very tired and nervous over it. It tires one so to have it keep up day after day.

I am getting very tired of the constant rush at the sewing, but that only tires me because I see so many things in the garden that are crying out for me with ~~insistence~~ insistence, and I want to answer their cry, and cannot.

Now I hope that you won't gasp when you see this check I am enclosing. Herbert paid me what he had borrowed and I sat down with pencil and paper and figured things out a bit. It is in the bank and I might as well send you the money for your coming home now as well as to wait until later. You can keep it as well as I can and it helps out in the bank there if your funds are getting low to have a deposit. I figured that it would cost me not less than \$150. to make the trip to Baltimore and back, for there are some things I would have to buy for myself that I will not need otherwise. So that is for the trip. The rest is for your

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

Sams

graduation present, Wilder boy. Now, I am having no string tied to that money, you can spend it to suit yourself, but it would be nice to have you spend it on something for your medical work that you will use often and for long time. However, if you want to put it in running expenses, you are at liberty to do so.

I am very proud of my Doctor Son--please tell me when you will receive the title. The first week in June is as near as I know as to the date. I hope the middle of June date comes as it is scheduled to come and will not delay. It seems to me that Helen has been remarkably well and fortunate that she could so fix over her dresses. We feel so happy for you dear.

I had such a charming truly Will-MacQuarrie-like love letter from Will this week. He was so ashamed that he did not send a letter to reach me on mother's day--"But every family has one lil' brack sheep. You are very dear to me Mother Jean as, in fact, you are to all of us." Don't you know that it pays big to have such loveletters ~~from~~ my big dear boys?

You do~~x~~ not say what kind of a fern Wilder gave you, Helen, and I do not know what to say about the fern. Lack of light, too much water, not enough water, worms in the dirt, etc. are the things we begin to look for. A maidenhair fern will die down and then some times come up again. An Asparagus fern sometimes needs a little food stimulant. A bit of ammonia in the water, or even a little cold tea is good.

How can a dog lose 110% of his blood? Has he more than a 100%? I do not forget a nap, each day, truly I do not.

Your trip to the circus int rested me and I could imagine I

could hear Wilder laugh at the clowns.

Wilder is it not quite necessary that some of these horribly true stories of German brutality should be told? Must we not be made to understand ^{how} ~~that~~ demoralized and bestial that nation has become and that nothing but wiping them off the face of the earth will do? They must be conquered completely, there can be no half way measures with a people who could allow themselves to be made so inhuman. The stories are true, there is no doubt about it, but the wonderful thing seems to be that hatred in the heart of the Allies is not so strong as an understanding of the thing that must be done.

Yes, I have packed almost all of your books that were in the basement and in the sittingroom. I have not been to the attic for anything yet, of course. You will have packing charges and express and freight charges enough without adding the charges of the packing of the books. I shall think of you on the 24th. as at work on examinations. School here closes that day too.

Miss Waldruff will be here this coming week, and I fear will not get everything finished even then. She is doing well, but there are so many of us.

She sewed for Mame on Thursday and Mame spent the day here. On Friday Mrs. Ross, Herrmann's mother spent the day with us. I am sending you both a good big hug and kiss-
Mother.

T. W. MacQUARRIE
J. P. INGLIS
Principals

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

May 27 1918

Dear Children:

If this is not the exciting life.--A telephone message from Mame a few moments ago asked if Ruth and I would not please come up this evening-but Ruth had gone to bed at seven o'clock so that it was impossible for us to go. The new R.R. rates go into effect on the tenth of June and Mame is going on the 8th. Just think, that means next week Saturday. She did not know what to do about the packing. Her sewing waoman is to come on Monday--and she felt at her wits end, I guess. We will go up there tomorrow evening, I told her not to think for a moment about any packing excepting the things she needs to take with her and that Herbert and I would attend to the rest. She had planned to get the dishes and all of her little things packed, but she is not very well, very nervous and depressed, and certainly it would be silly to overdo before her long hard trip with the three children. Wilder and Jean and Bertha will come here when she goes. She will feel better after we have helped her plan it all out.

School closed on Friday and the children are at home now. Ruth does not have to make those trips down town and will be able to accomplish so much more than before. Saturday the children from Mrs. Murphy's and Miss Coyles' rooms came out here for a picnic. They brought their own lunches, came about half past eleven and went home about four in the afternoon. They seemed to have a good time in spite of the fact that they were not allowed to go in swimming. Ruth dared not take the

responsibility with no man around. You know two children have been drowned out here, since we lived here.

We filled the playhouse up with wood last summer and the children have been carrying it into the cellar as Ruth has been using it up, for $\frac{1}{2}$ a cent a load. Friday they finished it up, and then scrubbed out the house so that it looked like the Ingelow of past years. On Saturday the girls did seem to enjoy having a real playhouse to show to the children.

This week is to be very exciting. Wednesday Ruth is to take the children out to Troit Brook to pick flowers to send to Father Inglis for decoration day. He always expects a big box of flowers then. They will take their lunch and have a jolly time. Then on Friday there is to be a wonderful time. Earnest and Mary have invited the three girls and Wilder and George over there. I will take one child on the train with me, and Ruth will take the other four with her. At St. Paul we will have lunch, and Ruth will take the five over to Minneapolis getting there by one o'clock. Earnest will take them through his wonderful school that afternoon. The girls will sleep in their guest room where they have two single beds, and the boys will sleep in the sittingroom alcove on the broad couch. Then on Saturday they will take their lunch out to one of the parks and then will go to Snelling and go through the trenches etc. etc. / The boys will come home that evening and the girls will stay until Sunday evening. They are so dear in planning good times for every body especially the children. Ruth and I will take the opportunity to go to the dentist's. Bobbie will spend the day at Mame's, and Cottie will spend the day with one of her friends.

Did you know that the club women had pledged themselves to eat no wheat products of any kind until after the new crop

The end of the paper and the end of the evening comes so soon. I have been writing for three hours. This one and a double letter to Will and Winifred. I am not sure that ^{T. W. MacQUARRIE} Will likes to have me write letters with the carbon paper, but ^{J. P. INGLIS} Winifred does, ^{Principals} I write long letters in that way. I guess I always write long letters. --With love for you both and a good hug-good night. comes in? It is quite ~~xxxxxx~~ exciting planning such new things.

Almost all of the substitutes have had some white flour in the bread at least, but now no white flour, and no graham makes quite a change. The children have never liked anything made of cornmeal nor rice. Ruth began by making cornmeal popovers they liked them and then began to like other things. Pancakes made of Rye and cornmeal, oatmeal mush and corn or barley, oh almost any combination is really better than the white flour pancakes, we think now. We are to have some bread made of rye and potato tomorrow. Ruth is really a wonder in the way she takes hold of the cooking.

Thank you for sending the clipping. Oh Helen, your description of your back door gardens was fine. We enjoyed it so much, you funny imaginative girl. I do hope you and Wilder will never get over playing. Wilder thinks I have not forgotten how--but Wilder, to play by rule, is that really playing? Must it not be quite spontaneous? I think Dr. K. and I will have to teach each other, for I cannot imagine how he is going to play.

Wide's "stringbean tree" is probably a catalpa. Large leaves, white flowers, long seed pods. Tell Wilder, Helen, that he is wrong, he has lost his bet--I never was known to plan a gown for any occasion until I had to do so. The last thing I should think of would be the gown I should wear on the porch at the beach. I have planned the table and the dishes, however.

No, nothing in the way of a parade for the Red Cross Drive.

It rains almost every day now and still keeps cool and delightful. Now shall I tell you my troubles as you asked? I hate to talk about them--I will tell you what I told Dr. K.

The swelling in my ^{right} left eye has taken in the ^{left} right eye too, now. It is not always as bad as it is at other times, but sometimes my ~~left~~ eye, especially, casts such a shadow if it is quite annoying. Dr. said-"Why I should think it was swollen, up above the eye and below the eye, as well as the eyelid." He asked me all sorts of questions about the skin trouble. The pain in my knee with its swelling did not seem to impress him as much as it did me. That is the thing that bothers me a great deal. Sometimes it almost seems as though I was getting numb from my waist down to my feet, and then I will realize it is only that pain that starts in the knee and goes up the inside of the leg and down to the ankle. That, too, is worse some hours than it is at other times. I have not had many headaches, but from what I said Dr. inferred that it was simply a sick headache. It is my left knee, but I forgot to tell him about the right hip, that is not so bad, it hurts most when I lie on it or move on it suddenly. To press on it does not hurt it much. Oh I guess I ache all over. I thought at first that it was because I had been using some muscles that had been long dormant, when I worked in the garden, but it would get better if that was it. Dr. says it may be the kidneys and I was to take him a sample, but Ruth gets off before I am ready for her. If it is not the kidneys he thinks it may be teeth again. I will see Dr. Owen Friday. If I have to have any more teeth out I shall be very sad, for I have not become used to the new teeth I have now. The fact of the matter is I would like to go to bed and stay there, I feel just that lazy.---but my appetite is as fine as ever, so I guess I am not very ill. Hearing? I should think so. The pressure on my ears has been dreadful and it has been so hard to hear. Dr. looked for wax---but none there. I shall be all right soon, so do not worry about it.

Solvig is making me some boxes out of some lumber I have been picking up over at the Gym. basement. Some beautiful chests, with hinges etc. Some of the lumber is hard wood, I don't know but the boxes will be so heavy that I shall not be able to pack the table and bed linen in them at all. They will be nice to have to keep the things in after I get out there. You know I have a weakness for boxes, or chests, and drawers and bags. You do not remember the Spokane house very well, I expect. I had big drawers everywhere. And Aunt Agnes used to call me the bag woman because I had so many bags hanging from the attic rafters each with its mark to show its contents. I shall not have an attic so I must have all the more chests.

National city and the movie people???? For mercy sake, what dense ignorance, child, child I hasten to enlighten you. California is the mecca for the movie actors. National city is the name of the movie playhouse city at Hollywood. There they have their headquarters. Almost all of the staging and photography is done there. They have houses with four fronts, to use as backgrounds--sliding partitions and removable partitions all sorts of stage work. Such actors as Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, etc. live there the year around and do their work there. It is most interesting, I should think. The canoe, Dr.'s boat and the row boat are all sold. Only the ice boat left.

Yes, I think Mrs. Freeman will pay her share, I think her sister will see to that. She will not come out until we get settled. It all seems so far away and so vague--I cannot see the winter ahead at all. I wish Herbert could sell his place. Of course I want to get this house in some shape too, but Herbert is really worry ing about his affairs. Don't say anything---but you and I cannot begin to spend money as they do. It bothers me--would he be so foolish as to spend his capital for little things?

for a few weeks. All we know now is that Mame will be in the other half of Louise Clark's house at Hermoso beach until time for her to go to the hospital. And that the rest of us are going in August and that Winifred will try and get near us. The vaguest, queerest, surest flitting. Even the money proposition is a conundrum for us all. You need not be so sure that I have sent you so much more than it would have cost me--Add a new gown and "fixings" to the fare that is to be raised to 3½¢ a mile and you will find I figured fairly well. Oh I shall not be sorry to have missed the Baltimore heat, too. That will be worth something don't you know? You know how I hate to be sticky, Wilder. I am sorry for you now. It is still cold and rainy here.

I am not going to Minneapolis tomorrow, Ruth takes over the five children but Dr. Owen is to be out of town and it is wiser to save my carfare. Ruth, Cottie and I will go over later. This coming week I have promised to stand ready to help Mame wherever she wants me, and that promise has seemed to make things seem easier to her. Herbert proposed that he add Ruth drive his Ford out to California, they had some fun discussing it. That kind of a trip appeals to me as it always has, and he first proposed that I go with him, but he would need some one to help him drive the car. But I do not suppose that it will work out. Mame does not like the idea at all. But it would be good for Ruth and Herbert to get so well acquainted, and it would be a trip that they would always love to recall. It is not feasible, I suppose. I heard of a young couple who did do it a few weeks ago. God bless my two dear Baltimore children----Mother

Oh, by the way, I am using Capsoline on my knee and have extended it to the skin spots and it actually seems to be doing good work. I rather think your plate may be at Mannheimers--Ruth will see tomorrow, and will send it to you immediately. If not, I will look in your trunk.

Dear Children:

May 30 1918

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WISCONSIN



Just a few words--this the day of fasting and prayer, and for breakfast we older ones had a cup of coffee, only, and the children had a cup of chocolate with some bread and apple butter. Then we all, except Cottie, went to the Episcopal church at eight o'clock. At noon we are to have beef stew and baked potatoes--no bread, and nothing else. Tonight for supper we are to have bouillon and crackers. It would not have been right to have had nothing hearty for the children, and yet,

Ruth wanted to have them feel that they had a part in the fasting and praying. They are very serious over it, and even Bobbie enters into the idea very well.

Being Memorial day I wanted to write you a message of love. I have just written Elizabeth Freeman from whom I received the second letter this morning. She is going East for a visit before going West, and Margaret thinks she would better not make up her mind to stay with me for all time until we have tried it out. As that is just what I tried to say to Elizabeth the last time I wrote her, it looks as if everything would work out all right. Of course, our knowing so little of what we are to do makes that imperative anyway. It is rather funny, if one wants to look at it that way, when one senses how we are going so far away from home. No one of us in the four families knows just what is to happen. Herbert has a place, but no buildings on it, and he does not know if it will be wise to put any buildings on it this year. He does not know if he will work his place or rent it and work for some one else, He does not know where they will live--neither do any of the rest of us. We simply know that we are going out in the neighborhood of Los Angeles. We are going in the worst month in the year as far as heat is concerned, and as far as its being easy to find a house to live in. All of the Western people go to the beach for that time of year. We may have to take a furnished house in Los Angeles and wait until the people come back for school before we can find any kind of a place. We will know more about that when Mame gets out there. We will know more where we want to go and what we will want after being in the neighborhood

T. W. MacQUARRIE
J. P. INGLIS
Principals

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

June 6 1918

Dear Helen and Wilder:

The telegram--oh you see I cannot spell at all--but the telegram telling the glorious news came a little before noon via the phone. Told by Herbert to Ruth, Elizabeth and I, in the storeroom down stairs where we were looking over magazines getting them ready for the junk man, heard a squeal of delight--a rushing of feet, and a--"Oh listen, Wilder Graves Penfield Jr. has come. Weight seven pounds--all well." Elizabeth uttered a return squeal of delight--grandmother Jean said, quietly, I am so thankful, and on their anniversary." But her heart was going pit-a-pat, and she wanted to cry, and she wanted to get hold of her baby boy and his dear wife and their dear baby boy, so that her heart fairly ached. But grandmother K. will be doing that for us both today. Goodness me, but she did not get there any too soon, did she? How glad and relieved you both were to see her, and how thankful she is that it is all over and that there is only relief and happiness instead of anxiety and waiting.

Then, of course, my next thought was--now that Baby has come Wilder and Helen can come home the sooner. Your dogs, so your letter of yesterday said, are to be arranged for six weeks--by that time Helen will probably be just about ready to travel--and so I have begun to count upon six weeks before seeing the three of you.

Of course, no matter how often the miracle of birth is repeated the wonder of it never grows less--but this one is still something a little different. You will remember how you children

used to teaze each other? Mother loved Herbert best because he was the first,--and"every mother loves her first-born best". Mother loved Euth the best because she was the only girl--and mother surely loved Wilder the best because he was the baby and "every mother loves her baby the best." Well,here it is--George was the first grandchild---and he was such a wodder. Elizabeth was the daughter of my daughter,and how wonderful she was. And now,the son of my baby-----

I am starting off for Mame's for a few moments,and must stop. Put your arms around Helen,Wilder boy,and tell her she is my very very dear daughter,and I am so glad for her. So glad that it is in the past and that Baby is here,and so glad for her pride and happiness in husband and son. I am thinking back to my first son. But she will not have the awful fear that I had that she will not know how to train him,will she?

God bless you,all three.---Tell me all about everything,and how you came to change the name. Give my love and congratulations to Mrs.K.

Your most loving mother.

The Galahad School

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

June 8 1918

Dear Children:

Oh such weather as we do have. When it begins anything in this country it seems to never know when to stop. My impatience tonight with this everlasting rain comes from the fact that Herbert took Mame to St. Paul to take the train. They intended to leave at 3.30. About three a terrific thundershower came--I know how bad it was because Ruth and I had gone up to Mame's after the two children and we caught the whole of it. And now, Ruth started out for the mail (in the box near Sherry's) "between showers"--and after she left it came down in sheets and the wind blew like the mischief again. It stopped after she got in the house again. Herbert and Mame got started about four o'clock, but the roads will be very bad. I hope he will not try to come home tonight. Her train leaves at seven. Earnest and Mary expect to see her before she leaves. Are they not dear, thoughtful friends? Poor Mame was quite downhearted at going off alone with the three children.

I was in hopes to hear from you tonight, although I think it would be rather quick work to get a letter here before the evening train. I want to hear all about everything, of course.

I am sending you a clipping from the St. Paul paper. If you do not see why it struck Ruth and me as being quite likely that Wilder Graves Jr. may be just such a man, I think Helen will understand. He is quite likely to inherit all of those named qualities. I do not think his father, or his mother, either are especially overladen with self esteem, but barring that, I do not see how he could be other than is represented in that horoscope. Please keep the horoscope for him to see when he is a man.

I think of you three so much and am sending you love all day long. Wilder William and Jean are so happy to be here at Calahad. It will add to Ruth's care a great deal but Bertha will soon be here to do the cooking. Ruth will probably go to Bayfield some time this month and will, very likely, take Margaret and Bobbie with her. She may be gone two weeks. I am very much afraid that Jack will not be home this summer.

Will expects to go to France before very long taking with him the Co. that has just come to him. They are Missourians, so ignorant and so dirty. But they have the greatest awe and respect for the captain. Will wanted to know how I would like the job he has now—"one of life or death over other men? It's sort of awful, but one has to say, with a good deal of unpardonable conceit, 'Well, but if I do not do it, they may get some officer who can't do it so well". Every little while he says something that shows he is more and more feeling the solemnity of his "job". He says the men are all loyal and he believes they will be good fighters. They have only been half fed. The average weight of the company is 144.4#. Amos King is a captain and stationed near Porto Rico. His men have never worn shoes, almost no clothes and do not know how to use a knife and fork. Imagine how hard it will be for the poor fellows to learn to be a soldier. Here is another quotation from Will-- "Isn't it wonderful? Just to think that I can have a part in the greatest piece of war history that has ever been written, the last (I hope) great stand of the devil's minions here. It is sort of wonderful when one thinks that I might just be working in a school of something-- and I am tired of that." He spoke of the "dandy letter" from you. But even though I am telling you all about Will's letter I am seeing Helen and the wonderful baby in my mind's eye, and if you will please kiss them both for me, and give my love to the other grandmother--I will kiss you goodnight. I shall knit and read aloud to Cottie for awhile. Ruth is studying her S.S. lesson.

Your Mother.

The Galahad School

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

June 13. 1918

Dear Children:

How lovely of you, Helen, to write me a letter giving me my grandson's first message of love. It makes me all the more anxious to have you well enough to write me a really long, gossipy letter about him, for I think when the poor baby has a father who only sees that his little toe is long, his nose turns up, his hair silky and brown, his eyes blue and do not follow each other very well, his mouth large, his appetite enormous and his temper well developed, it is time that his mother, or grandmother, or some one comes to his rescue and writes a really truthful account of him. You know bare facts make the poorest, most untruthful of history, and as a description of such a character as I know my grandson has brought into this world with him, it is tragical. So get well as soon as possible and let me know all about him. Is he not a darling? Did you imagine how dear he would really be? Is it not the most wonderful, beautiful thing that ever happened to think that a fresh little living soul has come right into your love and home? That he belongs to you and that it will not be long before he begins to love you more than any one else in the world? Wilder was so tired, and sleepy, and dazed, and thankful, etc. etc. etc. that I forgive him all that he did not say.

Now let me tell you what I have been doing ~~xxx~~ all of this week. I began on Monday and cleared out the last letter this noon. I brought up a bushel, more or less, of old letters to look over, file away or destroy. And such a job as it has been. I have lived over the whole of my life from the time I was fourteen until today. I rather loved the dear silly girl of fourteen, but oh deary me, the woman has made so many tragic mistakes. Do you know, I understand the years of my life and all of its happenings, now better than I have ever understood before---and I am not as well satisfied with what I have done, and left undone, as I could wish to be.

I am so thankful that David and Paul had the same feelings that I have had and that they put the feeling into words and left them for me to say for my relief. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity-" And Paul goes a little farther and says that it is not what we do that makes us righteous but that through our faith righteousness is imputed to us, and James backs him up in his statement. So, though one can look back and see where one has made dreadful mistakes, if they were done through ignorance, God will make it come out all right and the mistake will be turned into a blessing and the consequences will not prove disastrous, after all and the very mistake will become a blessing. It is a wonderful thing that we have a God of love to judge us. All of that will show you that the last four days have been days of work that have brought a wholly new point of view to your mother in some ways, and we hope it will be of great benefit to her and hers. I guess that is all that you need to know about it right now.

This afternoon I have had another rather unusual experience. I have been out in society. Mrs. Otis King gave a company for her aunt who is visiting her. Yes, Mrs. Webster was there, but for the first time I did not mind it. I was able to talk and laugh and joke and say what I pleased without being too conscious of her presence and her disapproval. I did not feel like going at all, I was tired, but the very fact that I knew I must make a little exertion to make myself agreeable seemed to help.

Now Wilder, I want to talk to Dr. Penfield if you please. Of course, now that you are entitled to the title, you know a heap more than you did. I expect you will be fully competent to prescribe for any and every ill under the sun. I thought that about your father, and never for a moment did he let me feel that my confidence was misplaced. I wonder if he ever felt wholly at sea when I appealed to him. He had an admirable way of hiding it if he did. I told him once it was such a comfort to ask him things, for he always answered as if he knew it all. He really was a wonder--in his ready answers. A mighty good quality in a physician. Of

The Galahad School

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

course, later, when others have asked hard questions I have seen him coolly give a definite--seemingly--answer, and then go home and study over it. He knew how to leave the proper loophole.

Dr. K. says that all my trouble is due to worn out nerves. I am quite sure that he is right, but he has not paid much attention to the pain in my knee. Of course, it is getting much worse and I have not been back to him to emphasize the need of helping me to get over my present annoyance, so I do not feel that he is in any way to blame for not paying more attention to it. The swelling in my eyes is lessened, but that knee. When I twist it a little bit it almost make me scream out it hurts so much. The pain has in some way been a familiar pain that I could not quite place, until last night after I had had quite a nervous tension over some of the letters, it was especially bad, and of a sudden a pain ran down the nerves in my arm--and it was located, was recognized as an old enemy. The old neuritis pain of years ago. Then I said--of course, that pain is just like the nerve being stretched too far and hard. It is named, I know the cause, but the cure? I have two months of work ahead of me that no one can do but myself. I will take it as easy as I can, I will lie down as much as I can, I will try not to overdo in any way, but complete rest, until I get settled in California is not possible, so do not suggest it. I am rubbing it hard with capsoline, the skin trouble is slowly getting better under that rubbing, but this other does not seem to respond as I wish it would. It is hard to get up on my feet, when I am once up and straightened out I do not feel the pain, very much. When I turn in bed at night I have to be the most careful. Have you any suggestions to offer Dr.? Do not feel sorry for me, or scold me, or tell me to do anything impossible. My feelings are going to be racked, and there is no help for it. I am breaking up my home and beginning a new life and the burying of the dead will have to take place and will be attended by some proper and unavoidable stirring up of the feelings. The coming

perhaps I could have been with you in the 11th

weeks are bound to make some impression on nerves that have but little power to react. My life can be very well divided into three distinct and separate parts. Twenty years of girlhood, twenty years of wifehood and twenty years with the young people, the children. I am sixty years old and am saying goodbye to the past sixty years. Please do not understand from all of that, I am unhappy over it. I am looking forward with much hope and pleasure to what the next twenty years will bring to me in the way of interest. But these stretched nerves won't stand much without protesting. If they were as they should be, if they had not been mistreated, it would be an episode in my life, only.

I wanted to write to Winifred and Will tonight, but it is too late. After coming home from Mrs. King's, Ruth and I went up to Mrs. Somers and spent the evening. Last evening we went down and called on Mrs. McKowle and Mrs. John. We are getting quite giddy, you see. I told Ruth that we must go out many evenings and see our friends, but she said--"Oh it will make it that much harder to say goodbye to them if we begin to see them again." Now what do you think of that? Oh, to go back to the letters--I destroyed bushels of them, but I filed all of yours. They will make a bit of history for you later. I did not read them over, now, because I could do that some other time. But the hundreds of Ray's that went into the discard. I kept out certain ones just as landmarks. When we first began to write, when he first began to call me mother, when Galahad opened, when he told me about his engagement, his wedding, the going into the new home etc. Some of Ruth's and Herbert's mark some bit of history, and they are all filed and marked and ready to be packed when I can get the box mended. A big work finished. The cartoons and the pictures are ahead of me. It will probably take the better part of next week for them. Helen must be worn out if you give her this long letter to read all at once. Better take it in relays, Wilder boy. Please each one of you give Wilder Graves Junior a hug and kiss and a little special petting for his grandmother Jean. And do that every day until I can do it for myself.

Yours with much love,
Mother

Collie Sends Love to Junior