



Southampton

Dec. 7, 1925

Mrs E. P. Kermott.

621 North Euclid Ave
Upland Cal

Dear Madam:-

People are making a
dumping ground of your
property next to my house.
and I cannot do anything.
I would like to buy a couple
of acres if you would sell
it to me or if not I would
like to buy the whole amount.
Miss Rogers + Mr Rogers have
sold theirs and I am willing
to pay the same amount as



they received which was \$200.00
an acre.

Will you kindly let me
know at once.

yours Truly

Mrs Press

Southampton

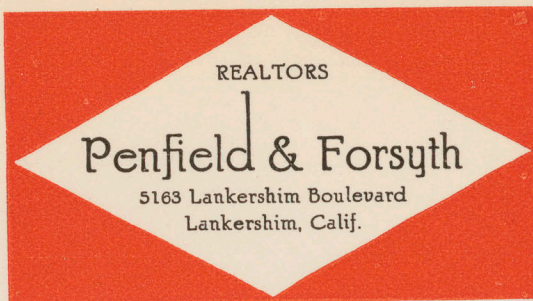
Long Island

New York.

HERBERT J. PENFIELD
POULTRY AND FRUIT
RANCHES
INSURANCE

Phone, Lankershim 122

ROY L. FORSYTH
MORTGAGE LOANS
ACREAGE, LOTS



Dec. 17, 1926.

Dear Widie:-

I received your semi-annual letter with enclosure which I have credited. It is a good thing you have to write me twice a year as I am afraid if you did not our correspondence would lag pretty badly.

Probably Mother keeps you in touch with things out here but we see Mother so seldom now that she might almost be in another Country. We see the Inglis family not more than three or four times a year. ~~They~~ They are busy and we are and our interests are so totally different that we both get careless. We are to have Xmas with them and that is about the only time we are ~~all~~ all together.

Mame is in pretty good shape most of the time and when she gets to the point where she cannot stand it any longer she goes to bed for a few days. She has about reached the age where she is due for a change and is therefore a little touchy and jumpy and having had so many kidlets she has always been nervous and things annoy her more than they did. Wilder particularly seems to get her goat. He is a funny devil and when he gets sore he takes it out on his Mother. He sure knows how. He does not dare when I am around but he picks on the whole family when I am not. George knocked him for a row last Spring so he lays off when George is home.

Now this does not sound too good and I don't want you to think this is all there is to him. He can be the sweetest kid in the world when he wants to and he says he does not know what makes him do the other things. He is always sorry afterwards but he is going thru a supremely selfish stage that is hard on him and the rest of us. He is nuts over some girl all the time. He always picks them with looks and class. His taste in girls as well as most things is aesthetic. He is artistic and a genius of some kind tho we have not been able to discover what. He would not finish school, had only four months to graduate, but would not. He went to work in a garage to learn the car business from the bottom, but his heart was not in it so he has finally, yesterday, started as a golf instructor in Hollywood. This will make him a professional and tho we have fought it for months we have decided, now that he has taken the step, to back him up all the way. I have always said that I would rather my boys were good peanut vendors than poor professional men but when it comes down to the real thing it is not so easy. Theory is one thing, practice another.

His whole heart is in it and as it is the only thing he really loves maybe it is best.



Dec. 17, 1928.

Dear Willie:-

I received your semi-annual letter with enclosures which I have credited. It is a good thing you have to write me twice a year as I am afraid if you did not our correspondence would lag pretty badly. Probably Mother keeps you in touch with things out here but we see Mother as seldom now that she might almost be in another country. We see the Inglis family not more than three or four times a year. They are busy and we are and our interests are so terribly different that we both get careless. We are to have Mass with them and that is about the only time we are all together.

Mama is in pretty good shape most of the time and when she gets to the point where she cannot stand it any longer she goes to bed for a few days. She has about reached the age where she is due for a change and is therefore a little touchy and jumpy and having had so many kids she has always been nervous and things annoy her more than they did. Willie particularly seems to get her goat. He is a funny devil and when he gets sore he takes it out on his Mother. He sure knows how. He does not care when I am around but he picks on the whole family when I am not. George knocked him for a row last Spring so he lays off when George is home.

Now this does not sound too good and I don't want you to think this is all there is to him. He can be the sweetest kid in the world when he wants to and he says he does not know what makes him do the other things. He is always sorry afterwards but he is going thru a supremely selfish stage that is hard on him and the rest of us. He is nuts over some girl all the time. He always picks them with looks and class. His taste in girls is as good as most things is aesthetic. He is artistic and a genuine of some kind. We have not been able to discover what. He would not finish school had only four months to graduate, but would not. He went to work in a garage to learn the car business from the bottom, but his heart was not in it so he has finally yesterday started as a golf instructor in Hollywood. This will make him a professional and the way he fought it for months we have decided now that he has taken the step to back him up all the way. I have always said that I would rather my boys were good peanut vendors that poor professional men but when it comes down to the real thing it is not so easy. Theory is one thing, practice another. His whole heart is in it and as it is the only thing he really loves maybe it is best.

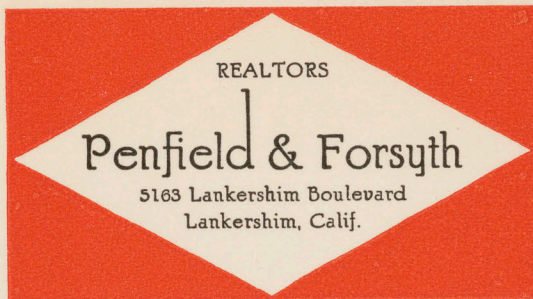
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George is a comfort and a continual joy to us. He was going haywire for some time before joining the Marines and we were very worried about him. He has it all out of his system now and when he is home he stays home. Does not care to go anywhere unless his Mother or I go with him.

Last Sunday he was home but as the Marines on the Tennessee played football with the sailors and he was on the team he had to go to the harbor to play. He took Fred and Deacon with him. The first play after the kickoff he carried the ball for a 35 yard gain and in the pile up had his ankle sprained so badly that he had to be taken out. He drove home, 35 miles, using the sprained foot. He was a wreck when he got here. Had to go back that night on crutches and I am to get him today for a leave. Not much fun this time I am afraid. When he gets out for good, another year, he will be ready to hit the ball. His kid stuff is back of him and he already is a man. We sure are proud of him. He weighs 165 is not quite as tall as I but Wilder is taller.

Jean is a senior at Hollywood. She is getting better looking than she was for awhile and the severe haircuts etc. are becoming. She wants to be a writer and if being a dreamer and procrastinator are any indication she should be a good one. She can put her studies over when she wants to and will probably go to Pomona college next year.

Pat is the flapper, is in the second year at Hollywood, puts herself over with the boys and all the men teachers. The house is always cluttered up with her friends and she even kids her Dad into doing most anything she wants and makes him like it. She is always in funds, getting less and saving more than any of the other older kids, is good to look at, vivacious and plays the game. A dandy cook and housekeeper and keeps her clothes and things longer than Jean and they always look well.

Fred is in the 5th grade, thinks the girls are more important than any of his other interests but is not a sissy in any sense of the word. Can scrap with the best of them and rather insists on being a leader. He is a good looking youngster, rather angelic in appearance.

Deacon is solemn in appearance, clever brained, quick and as lovable a little devil as you would want. Always dirty and disheveled but you want to kiss him even though you can't discover a clean spot on him.

Now if I haven't given you a bird's eye view it is not because I have not tried. I did not expect to write a serial but I will not feel badly if you take it as such.

I don't think you would be wise to think of paying back the mortgage to the Estate. As to the type of investment you should seek, I don't know what a "certified"



first mortgage is but I have an idea. This would draw more interest, probably than a safe bond, and the latter should only be purchased on the advise of some one who really knows the company issuing the bond. If you go into this I would advise going to your Banker and getting his advise. Dont hesitate to do this as he will be glad to help you and will think much more highly of your intelligence if you do this. This one of the things he is for but very few people realize this and take advantage of this phase of the banks service.

If you want to start collecting a little money before making the start put something in a building and loan company each month. I happen to be President of the Lankestrim Bldg. and Loan Assn. We pay six per cent on deposits that stay six months and no set monthly sum is necessary. This is as much interest as a mortgage would bring and more than a Bond and is subject to withdrawal at any time so that for a more or less temporary savings program or until an accumulation of funds for some fixed objective it is the ideal way to save and at the same time get the maximum return while so doing. This is a larger rate than you can get anywhere outside of the Pacific Coast but they loan their money on first ~~xxx~~ mortgages or Trust Deeds which is the same thing except that you can foreclose them in Ninety days and the security of one of these companies is if anything greater than the Banks. They are under as rigid State supervision as the Banks of the State.

It seems a shame that we cannot see each other once in awhile and to grow old without knowing each others children. Kiwanis wont take me to New York and neither will anything else unless lightning should strike so the only solution is for you to come here. Summer here is wonderful so plan a vacation trip in this direction soon.

Much love to Helen and to the kiddies whose Uncle they have never seen. I think of you often and love you as much as I ever did and you know that is a lot.

Herbert
*I have written so much
that I dont want to read it*

Criticism of Laurette's Daughter.

December 10--26

Dear Mrs Penfield:-

First stories always hold a special interest for me as I am eager to learn just what the student has accomplished by way of applying principles learned to the complete story. It was further augmented in your case, because I noted that you were an old photo-play student. Certainly I gave a most gratified sigh when I had finished reading this first short story, and realized how much better suited your especial style was to the short story, that you had turned from the medium of the motion picture where the charm of your word pictures would be entirely lost with the exception of an occasional sub-title.

Of course one expects to find some flaws in a first effort as it is really the beginning of the advanced class work in the going-to-school period in so far as your fiction work is concerned; but I am indeed happy to say that yours shows much to commend also, for there is much akin to what critics are prone to call "sheer artistry" in this work of yours which fact makes it rather difficult for an instructor to put his finger on any one spot and say-if you will do thus and so-your work will be improved, even while he is wholly cognizant of the fact that it is lacking in a measure. Certainly that fact should be most encouraging to you.

Some of your word pictures are charming, and you have succeeded in establishing real atmosphere in a rather delightful fashion. At times, one has a feeling that this is a fairy story, and not a tale of real folk.

Just a word here anent your title: I don't like it, for the simple reason that it is entirely too matter-of-factly prosaic to fit the charm of your tale in any way, shape or manner. Just now "The Dryad's Pool" pops to mind, and it may give you an idea for a better one. Please don't mind my being so frank, Mrs. Penfield, as I'm always rather heartless with students who show promise for fear they will not make the most of their talents, I presume.

Now let us take another look at the "tout ensemble" from the technical and analytical viewpoint: I believe that your story would be more convincing if your Unity of Time was more closely observed; let us say that you made Lissa (that name in itself has music enough in it to make a good title) ten or twelve years old rather than six, a queer child, more woman than girl, whom her family does not under-

stand. That would serve to compress the long time lapse a bit and preserve the Unity of Time in a greater measure, would it not?

Your opening is a bit vague as a whole, also, Mrs. Penfield; the relationship between the man and the girl should be established more definitely. How about a brief paragraph or two through the form of soliloquy where Maxwell's trust of the daughter that belonged to his dead love was made very plain to the reader; would it not serve to give the reader a clearer idea of what to expect from the story that follows, and help to knit the past with the present when Max goes back in his life and tells Lissa the story of her mother? In that, too, it would be well to ~~dwell~~ touch upon the phase of Lissa's being adopted by a man quite outside her own family; for, unless this is given the utmost care in treatment it will never seem plausible to the average reader. And you have a tendency to be somewhat vague, Mrs. Penfield; a fact that is a source of pleasure to a few readers, but confusing to the majority. From those brief foundation preliminaries, swing right into Lissa's entrance with the breakfast, and the delightful scenes that take place between the two as you have described them, weaving your tale in a fashion which keeps the shadowy influence of the mother ever in the foreground, but with the real pair uppermost in the thoughts. The tempo of your story needs to be accelerated a bit, and I believe that is one way of accomplishing the fact. As I said in the beginning, a tale that depends on the sheer artistry of atmosphere and characterization cannot be approached with any cut and dried formulas that apply to stories wherein the plot structure can be rearranged to appear less faulty.

One thing is certain, Mrs. Penfield, you will never win success through mediocre achievement, for your work shows a tendency towards the offerings that appear in such periodicals as Harper's and Century. And by the same token, it is going to take infinitely more of hard work and perseverance to reach those heights. However, the Blue Hills of high endeavor are worthy of a deal of heart rending climbing when one considers the glory of the view at the top.

Rather than rework this story at once, I want you to lay it aside to mellow for a time on your highest mental shelf. In the interim take up an entirely new plot and group of story people for Story #2, as I feel very strongly that your best interests can be served by so doing. Such procedure will give me an opportunity to see by comparison which of the two will be the most worthy of revision

Needless to say, I shall be looking forward to your next effort with uncommon interest which is the reward a promising student always draws from an enthusiastic teacher.

Wishing you the best of success with Story # 2 and the happiest of holidays seasons, I am,

Very cordially always,
Montgomery Griffiths.

Follows a letter from the Managing Editor that came this morning.

December 17-26.

Dear Mrs. Penfield:-

The report on your first story, "Laurette's Daughter", has just been sent you by the Advisory Bureau. In this initial effort you made mistakes, as we all do when we enter a new field of work. But those mistakes are to be regarded, not as evidence of failure, but simply as part of your necessary preparation. They are merely the obstacles we must surmount before we can reach the goal. You will continue to make mistakes, but you will make them less and less frequently as you learn to use the tools of this new art. The good qualities of your first story you will repeat with greater ease in your next; and as your creative imagination and technical skill develop, the dramatic and emotional strength of your work will increase.

In the criticism of your story, an effort was made to point out both the good qualities and the bad. It may seem to you that the weaknesses were emphasized and the good points slighted. This effect of criticism is inevitable in the early part of your training. You are not to be discouraged, for you have made a good start. Growth and development are always painful, always accompanied by some moments of discouragement. By realizing these facts, you will find the courage to smile and to go on with the good fight.

Consider these first efforts of yours as necessary adjuncts to your training--as practice lessons. Only through actual writing will you eventually lift yourself into the ranks of the professional writer. There is no royal road to authorship and the fameward path is not strewn with roses.

If the criticism you received seemed unduly harsh to you, if there was anything that was not made clear, or if you wish any help on your next story--write to us, addressing "The Consulting Service". I want you to feel that, in your desire to learn the technique of writing, the whole Palmer Organization stands ready to help you. We want you to succeed.

Sincerely yours,
Eugene Boylan