

Claremont--California
June 10 1928

Christian Science
& Ruth

Dear Children:

You are on your trip that I am sure will prove most interesting to you both. I hope the new language you are trying to perfect will be a working language that will not be much trouble to you. But, of course, one cannot learn to think in a new tongue in a minute--- I know that by experience I am trying to think in a new tongue, myself. I am afraid I have not always been as faithful in my work, as I should have been else I should have proved a more successful student. Claremont is the stoniest kind of soil--so stony, and yet not so worthless, either. I am told that the many rock-crusher plants all around us pay all expenses by the gold they get from the rock---and the selling of the crushed rock is velvet. But, if one wants more than weeds--beautiful as some of them are, they have to "work, work, work, watch and pray."---(That is the Christian Science motto)-- What brought this to mind, follows.

Last Sunday after writing you, Bobs drove up with Ruth and the two little boys. Jack had been ill since Friday night, and Ruth thought if they all left the house he might get more rest. They left about 5.30--She had put the boys to bed and was getting into bed herself when the first indication of any trouble appeared. Fifteen minutes later--at 9.30-- she had one of the hardest attacks she had ever had. It was

some time before he dared leave her long enough to phone the Dr. He was all alone. As soon as possible then, he phoned to me. Elizabeth and I went ~~in~~ the 50 miles in an hour and ten minutes. It was rather terrible. After I got there the attacks came about as often but were much lighter --no, not lighter, but shorter in duration. In every attack the breath stopped---and a Dr. was beside her all night working to keep her breathing. Three Drs. and a wonderful nurse. She is making the best recovery that she has ever made, and Dr. Canby is delighted with that. A year ago last January was the last one she had.

How do I account for it? Why does not Christian Science heal her? It was all very horrible, as I said, but not once was I frightened---I have learned something these last few years--not enough to make a demonstration of that kind, very true, but something. Elizabeth came back ^{to Clarence} Monday afternoon, before she regained consciousness, but when they were sure no more attacks would come-- It was the first day of finals-- and rather hard on all of the girls. She and Faith came in again on Tuesday--the day nurse had been discharged that morning and the night nurse was in full chagre until Wednesday evening when she was to go. I had left everything at sixes and sevens here, so I came back with Faith. Thursday Faith, Margaret and I went back to V.N. They two had finished their finals and Elizabeth was trying to do hefs there. It was pretty hard to do work there right in the midst of things. So, I did not stay,

I will write more about the girls before very long--with love for every one of you, Mother

Then I went out and looked at my own garden that would have been just as ugly except for the work that had been put on it. Every time I want to extend a bed, or place another plant with deep roots, I have, still, to remove rocks, sometimes big boulders-- Mr. Lake, next door--is determined to have a beautiful garden-- he is continually digging, digging to take out the hard rocks--- Not only have I to learn a new language, my dears, but I have much digging--much working, much watching, much praying, to uproot, pry out, the wrong thinking of the past before I can get the things to grow that I have learned to name and to love.

This illness of Ruth's, seems to me, is simply meant for her and me. To show us where the need is greatest etc. We have been burned over--we lie naked in our own eyes, we can see more clearly, because of this fire, where we are failing to make more progress. I cannot talk with her now--not until after she gets out from under the influence of their drugs. Those three faithful doctors--that frightened, troubled husband--I have nothing to say, shall have nothing to say to her while they feel she needs ~~her~~ and not me. Jack depends on me during the attacks--but I am sure it is just as well that I am not there now. One of the things I see more clearly is that she and I must not hamper Jack even in our thots. She wants Christian Science---she had a right to what she wants. He hates it and does not want her to have anything to do with it. There is no need to worry over his side of the question--no need to think about how things will look to him--I mean no need to worry for fear he will not see it as it is. Her failure has been, in a measure, waiting for him to go with her----She is very dependent on him. She must learn independence and find the truth and live it so that he will get light from her. That does not mean that she is to fight him, far from it, but quietly show him what it can do for her. Oh I do not know if you follow me---but never mind.

What a wonderful time you will be having in hospitals, Wilder dear! I was so surprised to hear that you had been able to return the money borrowed from the estate. Well dear, it is really a kind of insurance, is it not? You will have it intact when I am called from you, and you may need it then more than you do now. What do you hear from the Sussex money?

but came home with Elizabeth---and the other two took charge. They have two high school girls there who get breakfast and dinner and some little besides. David is in school and only Stewart at home---but there is plenty to keep them busy.

Tomorrow Elizabeth and I go in, and Faith will come back with me---she is to sing in the Glee Club tomorrow evening, and "Tommy"--(the dearest freshman, who is especially devoted to Faith, and wants to take her over to San Dimas to meet his Dr. brother) wants her for Tuesday. Elizabeth is hurrying this afternoon to finish up the last final and she will, very likely, stay in V.N. Faith will, probably, stay with me until Thursday morning when I shall go into L.A. and probably down to the Beach that evening to see Adams--and then on Friday go to Herbert's for the three weeks they are North.

I have some one to take care of the garden while I am gone, but will need to make several flying trips back here for different reasons.

But there---I said I would tell you what brought my first remarks to mind--and did not. When I returned that Tuesday night it was dark. The next morning I looked out of my window and was shocked by the nakedness of the empty lot next me. They had burned off all of the high weeds and summer flowers, and nothing was left but a few bunches of cacti and brown, hurt looking flowering sage shrubs, and the bare, ugly rocks. Gold may have been hidden there, but I could see no beauty.

Los Angeles
December 15 1934

My dear, dear Children:

I am so afraid that I shall not accomplish even an attempt at a Christmas letter, that I am beginning it before I even think of greeting cards.

I don't quite know what to say about your dear goodness to me, but this Christmas must be a most blessed one to me, so that my gratitude and love may radiate out to you bringing you added blessings in happiness.

It was a great happiness to me to have you go to the Publishing House to find the book for me, Helen dear; and then to have you so pleased with the building--and it is all paid for without any more pressure being brought to bear than a call to the church for certain moneys at different times. And it was not only the men of wealth who gave, but every member of the church, all over the world gave, because they wanted to give. The next time you and Wilder are in Boston I hope you will go into The Mother Church, listen to a service and hear the beautiful organ.

How often, especially this winter, I have thought of our experience in Ely Cathedral. Coming out of storm into the old church and hearing that organ played so quietly, it seemed like stepping into one of the heavenly places, did it not Helen dear?

You asked if I had seen pictures of the Publishing house. Two friends sent me postal cards of the outside of the building this summer, and I have read descriptions of the building, of course--but that is not like seeing it.

I asked for the brown leather for the book, even

though my case is black, for there are some new additions in the Century of Progress edition, and I love the feel of that binding. I only use the case in my room, I should not take it to church with me.

You said for me to get what I most wanted about me this Christmas, Wilder. Well, naturally, the thing I wanted most--to have you all, as a family, around me, could not be had, so I am trying for the next best thing. I sent your group picture down to the photographers to be enlarged---large enough for me to distinguish the features as I look at it on the wall opposite my bed. I am in hopes it will be finished for me this afternoon. Then I will tell you more about it.

I have not heard much about the wedding except that it was a very pretty wedding. Elizabeth will be over this evening or tomorrow to tell me all about it. I do not know anything about Audrey except that she is quite a pretty girl and the family seem pleased with her. She and Wilder have known ~~each other~~ each other and have been rather keen on each other for a long time, all through school--Her father is a dentist, I know nothing about him except that Wilder likes him much more than he likes the mother.

Jean had no idea that she could go to the wedding, though terribly anxious to go, of course. She had not been feeling very well for a week or two, but that day she felt fine, and they went. She thought that, being in a church she could sit in one of the back seats, and keep quite out of sight. But after she got there, she saw so many friends whom she had not seen for months, that she forgot all about herself, and was all over the church greeting the different ones. She went home, still feeling fine. About twelve o'clock she was awakened

with a pain, went to the hospital and at 5.30 Frederick John Hammel was born, weighing 5½ pounds.

As soon as she leaves the hospital she is going to be with the grandfather and grandmother Penfield for three weeks. A bit hard on Mary-- for she is far from well, and every bit of extra work she has to do seems to lay her low. However, I am not worrying over that, for some way will be provided--but I have not seen them since that decision was made.

Is it not queer that Jack and Elizabeth, the two most bitter ones against Christian Science, should both acquire, without knowing it, a Christian Science housekeeper? Jack has had his housekeeper for a ^{year} or more--likes her better and better. She has a little boy of her own and seems to love David and Stuart as if they were her own and the boys have not been sick since she became established, and look so well and handsome and clean.

Elizabeth cannot say enough in praise of her Mrs. Bowen. She is wonderful with John, a good cook and keeps the house well; and what surprises Elizabeth more than anything else is that she likes to wait on Elizabeth--"And you know, Naneean I never have been waited on before." And the child never has been cared for in that way, she has always looked after everyone else. School, baby, cooking, and cleaning has kept her too busyx busy altogether, but she is looking more rested now.

Bob is doin so well in his work in business College. His marks are all up near 100 and he is way "ahead of himself" as Margaret expresses it" in typewriting meaning he is way ahead of the rest of the class. He gets up at 5.30 every morning. gets his own breakfast and puts up his own lunch- (He is living with Margaret again) and gets down

have any more trouble with it. I do not yet know what they found there. How do you like this combinatio of blue paper and ink? I shall try and write again in a day or two. Mother

to the college in time to do the janitor work. He sweeps, mops floors, washes windows etc, etc. He is doing such good work there that they are more than pleased with him, and he ranks high as a student. For his room and board at Margaret's he washes the dishes, looks after the children, and does all that is required of him. And happy? He just bubbles over. I asked him--how does it seem to be entirely independent Bob? "Oh Gee," was his answer. Where his clothes come in I do not know. It is just as well that he and Jack do not see too much of each other---Jack loves him, but you know he is something of a "nagger" and that hurts when it becomes a continued story. Jack now has a small family, himself and the two little boys. No checks have come in from him yet. It may be that his grocery man, and "what have you did the only thing that was to be done to bring to time--threaten to bring suit--indeed, some one did write to the School about his debts, but the secretary of the board slipped it out and gave him warning.--He got busy--now that those debts are paid, he is resting on his laurels--but I do not see why the Estate cannot take the same tactics and scare him good and plenty. I am trying to be fair and friendly, but I declare--he is not doing right and I am in favor of punishing little boys if they make up their minds not to be good and fair. I have said so much to Herbert that I do not hanker after saying any more, but if Herbert cannot put the screws on the delinquent one it may be necessary to make things so warm that it will ~~get busy~~ cause him to get busy.

I am not suffering, you are taking care of me--and more too, but it is not right to make you suffer for the sins of others.

It seems wonderful to have you recover so soon from your operation. Oh + hope you will never

Mother's Friends

Jackson ✓

430 Oak Grove
Pract? → Minneapolis

Miss Emily Platt

German town, Pa.) Clara d.
101 W. Johnson St)
John

Bertha Clough

8304 Orchard Ave.

Clara (—) Irvine La Mesa, Calif
Leuroot ✓

Miss Godah Lodge
Bule wisc.

Mrs. S.C. Platt

354 College St

Burlington

Jean Hoard

2114 Bascom St

Madison

1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

August 22 1928

Children dear:

It has been some time since I have written, and many and various have been the reasons that have kept me from doing so---but I will try and make up for it by saying some things that will interest and not annoy you. This morning I will talk a bit about the MacQuarries? You will be glad to know something of them? I know that ~~you~~ you will.

I wrote you while I was there and told you about our "near accident" and how Will came down for me. The enforced stay in Atascadero was utilized by Jack and Ruth in a series of discoveries around that country, and made them feel that I must see some of the things that they saw, so, on the 31st. they will take me and Adams and Louise Clark to Pismo Beach etc. for a trip of a couple of days.

I spent a couple of weeks with Adams at the beach, and came home last Friday. Sunday, Jack brought Ruth out here and left her with me for the rest of the week. Friday morning he will come out after us, taking her home and leaving me in Los Angeles. I shall come home by trolley that night, and Sunday go to Van Nuys to stay with Ruth and the little boys while Jack, with Bobs, Peg and Falt take a trip through the Big Trees in Sequoia Park. Ruth and I had intended going, too, but we have given that up.

Will has won a real place for himself in San Jose. "Dr. MacQuarrie" he is to every one, and he has already done much for the College---and other State Colleges--in ~~their~~ the raising of the standard granted them by the Universities. He seemed to be the only man who could handle the situation. The view point was clear and just, and he went after what he saw was needed with no fear of man or beast. "Oh yes, that is what should be done--but if I should make a move in that direction I should lose my head." was the answer that he received from several. Stanford knew and trusted him and gave him what he wanted---and ~~that~~ ~~he~~ ~~wanted~~ ~~for~~ so did U.S.C. for he had been with them long enough for them to be willing to do what he asked---then he went for U.C.L.A.-- which is the Branch of the State U. at Berkeley. And he had a big, big, fight---but he won out. He got from them all that he asked for which was proper recognition for the State Colleges. The Universities had put them one side, would not accept their credits, after going to the State College which is a teacher's college, if a man wanted a further degree he had to take a year of preparatory work in the U. before being allowed to work for that degree. It was a big victory, and all California knows that Dr. MacQuarrie is the man who put it over.

But now a new thing is coming to Will. Mrs. Dorsey who has been the superintendent of schools here for several years is to resign in January. They want a man---and it looks as if Will might be the man. This office ranks third in the United States. Only New York and Chicago are more important. And it is more desirable than New York or Chicago because it is not a political office as those

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two are. They are looking for a big man, a man capable of the growing work.

I asked Will why he would care to make the change for the office in San Jose will be growing for years and will be growing easier and will be his as long as he cares to keep it, while the Los Angeles office will be full of problems each year, and will be growing harder each year---

" I know that, but Mother Jean, I feel that I can handle it. I feel that it is a big job but that it is my job. I feel that I can do it and I want to try."

What he did not know at that time is that his salary will be \$12,000 the first year which is the salary being paid Mrs. Dorsey--but that it will grow each year by several hundreds until it reaches, at least, \$24,000. What he did not know was that he will have a seven passenger Cadillac and one of the three best chauffeur's at his disposal from Monday morning until Saturday noon, every week of the year.----and several other things. It will call for him, at his order in the morning, go anywhere he pleases night or day----- If he goes out for dinner--goes out to the theatre--he and Winifred will go in style----

But, of course, it has not been decided yet.

Winifred is looking so well. Is growing fleshy. Not fat, but the angles are covered and it is very becoming. She is very ^{happy} and very well. John and Billy are ^{more} darlings--and Ruth will make them all ^{write} proud of her some of these days.

I will

I will write no more this morning, but very soon will write again and try and show you how much I have appreciated your last letters---

With all love for you all,
Mother

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August 25 1928

Dear Wilder, boy: *Jr.*

I have enjoyed the two letters that have come from you this summer--and certainly they deserve an answer.

You have rabbits, and the wild small creature of the forest to interest you, but I wonder if you would enjoy hearing of a trip that Uncle Jack took with Faith, Bobs and the two little boys, David and Stuart?

Every year he plans this trip to the lion farm. The man who owns the lions began, several years ago with ~~xxxx~~ three small lions. He still has two of the original ones, but he has now 150 of them ranging in size and age from the tiny babies that are being now fed on a bottle, up to old fathers and mothers.

They have been taught many tricks and are very playful as are all cats. But they differ from the domestic cat in being very affectionate. The boys saw them play, saw them fed, and put through their tricks. David was much interested, altho he did not care to handle them, but they scared Stuart in spite of himself, and when they jumped in their play he would put his hands close over his ears as if he expected a noise from them that would hurt. They spent the day at Luna Park as there were other things to see besides the lions, and had all of the icecream they could eat. I think they saw enough of the lions to last them another year, but I am quite sure that they will want to go again next August.

Bobs is off with the Y.M.C.A. older boys-- and, although he is not quite fifteen he has charge of a tent--because of his good work with the Scouts. His mother, Auntie Ruth, was washing

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dishes here at my sink Thursday morning and saw
a great gray truck filled with boys ~~passing~~
~~xxxxxx~~ on the Foothill Boulevard passing our street
She caught a glimpse of a roll of bedding
wrapped in a bright red blanket, and knew that it
was Bobs--and then she heard a cheer from the
boys and knew that Bobs had passed and had waved
his hand at her. When Uncle Jack came up on
Friday to take us in town, he said they must have
passed here at that time, that the truck was a
big gray one, that Bobs blankets were in evidence,
and that he was on the lookout for Dartmouth Ave.
No one of the Scouts has such bright red blankets
as Bobs and he is famous for them.

Auntie Ruth went on home with Uncle Jack,
but I stayed in Los Angeles and came back that
night. My wanderings are not yet finished, for

German if you have Fraulein with you--will you? Give so
very much love to dear Ruth Mary, and kiss the two dear ones,
whom I have never seen. Loving you all--Nanean

Sunday morning I go to Van Nuys, by trolley, to stay with Auntie Ruth and the two little boys while Uncle Jack and Faith and Margaret make the trip to the "Big Trees." They will camp out and do some hiking. Going Sunday and returning Wednesday. We expected to have two cars of us, but one by one we dropped out leaving only the real campers. Elizabeth is at work so she could not go.

Then on Friday, Uncle Jack will be ready for another long drive. This time, Auntie Ruth, Aunt Addie, Mrs. Clark and I will go with him. We are going up the coast to see some beaches, and beautiful gardens. Will return on Sunday----and then, I truly hope there will be no more trips planned. I believe I am tired of being away from home.

Your next adventure will be the going to Montreal----becoming a Canadian for a few years! But you will not forget what you have learned in

I told you, I suppose, that the trip they took was the annual national convention of Kiwanians?

Claremont----Monday Morning

Dear Children:

I must add a little more to this letter. Herbert and his family came out yesterday afternoon and stayed for supper. It was such a red letter day to have them all come, that I must pass it on to you.

Herbert and Mary had a most wonderful trip north. They cannot think of one thing that could have been added to or subtracted from their pleasure that could have left pleasanter memories. Herbert had a deal to do going up in the boat and during the convention in Seattle as he was second officer of California---first officer of Southern California. Out of about 1000 delegates I believe some 600 hundred were Californians. Four of Herbert's clubs took first prize for attendance---at the ~~yearly~~ weekly ~~luncheons~~ luncheons during the year and one took first prize for efficiency. That pleased him.

They visited with Virginia--Tom's daughter--and her husband and two little boys--Jeff and Stanton, (eleven months old and named for his father and called Tony.) It seems that uncle Tom was not clear in his mind for some two years before he died, and his physical appearance was much changed--so thin and drawn looking. Herbert saw

a picture of him taken a few months before he died. The only one of all of his family and friends whom he still trusted was Virginia. I am thankful that he still clung to her. Every one else, he believed, was doing him wrong. He told Virginia that she would never get anything from the estate because it was being used up by----well, I do not know ~~just~~ by whom. Herbert, perhaps. Well, she and Herbert talked it all over---and Herbert says Virginia is the sweetest woman going--her husband is a "cracker-jack" her children are adorable.

They brought me a beautiful green vase---large enough to hold big dahlias. Some time ago I was told that the Van de Kamp bakeries had delicious sweet cups for desserts called me-rin-gees----A little later I went to Van de Kamp's and asked for meringees--the girl looked rather blank and then light broke over her face--"Oh, I guess you mean meringues----" I laughed and thought probably that was what was meant. I never suspected that was what was meant, however. Well, when I was in town the other day I bought some more--as they keep well and I do not make cake--and so, I had a good egg salad, cheese, French bread, coffee---black-berries in the meringue cups and whipped cream---and we were quite satisfied with a hearty Sunday supper.

But I must get off some paid bills--etc. etc.
With much love--

Mother

1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

August 6 1928

Dear Helen and Wilder:

I was disappointed not to find something from you in the pile of mail that was waiting for me here. But it will come in a day or two.

I am trying to realize my new honors-- but until I really see Barbara Jean Penfield I doubt if it will seem quite real to me that I am a great-grandmother---and as for Adams?--- Well, a great-great-grand aunt sounds rather formidable, does it not? She claims that she does not feel her great age.

I did have such a glorious visit with the Macs. Daisy and Frank Cutchell were there one day. Frank went on to San Francisco on business and about five o'clock Will, Winifred, Daisy and I started for There. We were a little ^{late as we had} and Frank

stopped for dinner

rushed us right over to the Theatre--Of course, it was a play--not a picture. All seats were sold and he had been obliged to take a box which made it a little better for me to hear. It was Jane Cowl in "The Road to Rome." I came to the conclusion, afterwards when we compared notes, that it was sometimes just as well not to hear everything that was said. I could go on getting the drift of the play and putting, perhaps, some of my own thoughts into it and missing some very unpleasant inuendoes. I enjoyed much without embarrassment---for jokes are the hardest things to hear because almost invariably the speaker's voice drops a little when it comes to the point----- But I can quite understand now, what causes the Press of the country to slam New York on the uncleanness of its plays---- However, as I said, I enjoyed it more than the rest of the party, perhaps. Afterwards Frank insisted on taking us to a Cabaret--and it was the first time that Will, Winifred and I had been to such a place----We enjoyed it--and the girls who danced and sang interested us very much. Our table was the one nearest to them below the musicians platform, and it pleased us to see how their glances at us were directed to the ladies rather than to the men. Indeed, one little girl and I became so friendly that we exchanged cordial smiles--I felt quite in it.

Will, Billy and I left San Jose Saturday afternoon., and reached Van Nuys a little after eleven o'clock Sunday morning. John Mac. came over from Santa Monica--and he and Elizabeth celebrated their birthday--which is really on the 8th--but we could not all be together on that day. Later, Will and I came down here and this morning he left for Los Angeles. There is some pressure being brought to bear to have him as Superintendent.

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of the Los Angeles Public Schools-----If they really want him enough so that he could accept without going into any fight or pulling any wires, he will take it--to take effect in January. But it may not come to anything, although, so far, out of the many candidates he seems to be the only one on whom they could all unite. It is a miserable, political job--as all such positions are, but he has a feeling in himself that he could handle it. Also that the handling of it would give him real satisfaction. The San Jose job is one that would pay almost as much now, and quite as much later, in a financial way--it would be a much easier job--after it is re-organized, as it is fast being done---and being easier--he would not need to resign until he was about ready to give up all work. But, the harder job seems to rather appeal to him. It is about like this---"I know I can do the San Jose work---I think I can manage, successfully the Los Angeles work--and I would like to prove it." That seems to be the state of his mind. Of course, Louise Clark is working for him with all of her might--and no one on the school board has the influence that she has. The present superintendent says of her----"Mrs. Clark is the school board"--and she is doing good work there.

Adams has not yet settled her own rooms-- She is still in confusion, and has a great deal yet to do. But her work is being done satisfactorily, I think, and she seems happy. I shall be here possibly, for three weeks. Mrs. Ross will send my

mail, and will look after the man who will care for
the garden-----I am expecting it to be a very
profitable visit.

Adams and I are going to Redondo to see
Milton Sills in some picture--I do not know what-
She has been able to get out so little, that she
is hungry to see and hear things.-----
Therefore I am hurrying.

With love for you all--

Mother

1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

San Jose
July 31 1928

Children dear:

Such a lovely visit as I am having with Will and Winifred! They are such worth while dears. When you come to California you will feel as though there had been no interregnum in your acquaintance and love--I am sure.

Will is making a wonderful record as an educator and executive. There is great pressure being brought to bear on him now to take him back to Los Angeles, this time as the Superintendent of the Los Angeles Schools. It will pay him \$12,000 a year, something more than he is getting here although each year here will bring him in more money. This is a place where he can stay as long as he lives--Los Angeles will prove too much in the way of conflict to be enjoyable as he grows older. Here, he is near Stanford where he is well known and honored and where he is able to work with the educational powers of the state instead of working against them all. Of course he has been in conflict with Berkeley this year---and has beaten them in a way that has brought him into more prominence. Educational institutions show much of human jealousies just as medical institutions, and Will is a brave leader of what he considers the right----and his sense of humor softens many a sharp blade that wounds and heals at the same time.

John is in Santa Monica working in the garage for Lawson. Billy has grown and developed as have all of the children in all of the families. He is re-reading the story of Sarah, in order to "talk with the author" about it. And he certainly has asked many questions. "The best Bible story I ever read." I presume it is for I imagine it is the only one he ever read.

Ruth is softening--not yet where she will be, but really very lovable underneath her intense individuality. And Winifred/ Never so dear and sweet and pretty as now. She is growing quite plump and it is becoming to her.

They have some lovely friends and they are being very kind to me. Every day is pleasantly and inte restingly full.

Will has been teaching at Stanford during the summer school. He finishes on Friday and on ~~Monday~~ Sunday, after church and lunch he and Billy and I start back towards the South. I will go to Adams', Billy to visit Bobs, and Will to interview the School Board-----

We had a delightful trip up in spite of an accident that might have proved serious. We were making pretty good time down a rather steep grade--Suddenly the car began swirling--turning towards the bank down which we did not care to go. Bobs was driving. He could not manage the ~~brax~~ steering wheel until we struck a post and the nose of the machine was turned. And just in time. A nail did the work. They changed the tire and we limped into Atascadero about five miles distant. There was much work to be done, and it would be noon the next day---it was then about five o'clock--before the car would be ready for service again. I proposed

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going on to San Jose--something less than 200 miles farther --by stage, but Jack telephoned to Will and by eleven o'clock he was down there.

mlt We left the next morning a little after six and were here before eleven.

Will has a new Oldsmobile--the "best car made." It certainly is a fine one and makes 55 miles an hour with as little fuss as the Dodge does 35 miles.

When we go down Sunday we will stay all night at Ventura, as the whole trip is too much for one driver in one day. Billy does not drive because he still "goes to sleep" at times. Jack and Ruth and Bobs did not come on for they had so little time, and Bobs and Billy were two very disappointed boys.

It is very lovely here in the San Jose valley. The hills that surround it are hills not mountains as we have in Claremont. It is quite a bit cooler up here, too. But I am devoted to Los Angeles, and do not think I would care so much for the San Francisco country. Although many people think San Francisco the only place to live. Of course, I do not know San Francisco. A friend of Winifred's is to drive us--Winifred, Billy and me, up there on Friday--and I am to entertain them for lunch. We are looking forward to it as quite a lark.

I want to send you some clippings to show you the attitude of the Democrats about Al. Smith.

The Republicans insist that prohibition must not
bring into the people before the people

From these clippings I thought you might get a better idea of the thought of the party--some of them---than you might get in any other way over there. Jack says he is afraid he will have to vote for Smith in order to prove to himself that his being a Catholic makes no difference. The Catholics have been informed by their church that Smith must be elected. So it is perhaps possible that the issue will really be the Catholic-Tammany-Wet----against Dry-Hoover. Tammany is making big protestations for Big Business----The women are forming "Apron Clubs" for Hoover. Oh dear, and you will not be here to vote, think of that!

Elizabeth and Margaret will take your places-----

But I must not write longer----Will and Winifred are so interested in your summer. With all love,
Mother.

Claremont, California
July 24 1928

Dear Wilder and Helen:

I expect you are in Obernigk again, and settled down to regular hours and the delightful memories of your trip. I hope you found everything as you hoped with the little family, and that nothing unpleasant is left in your memory of the past few weeks.

I cannot seem to keep your days and plans very clearly in mind, and I feel that you are very, very far away. I have just received the Heidelberg card----sent to Uplands~~666~~ by dear absent-minded Helen-----And you were both so disappointed in that well-known old place! The picture-card carries out our old ideas of its beauty, does it not? But, after all, the Heidelberg ideals are ideals that are fast passing away, even in its own country. The Great War dealt a death blow to accepted ideas of war and valor. Heidelberg ideals are fast becoming as ancient as the old ideals of the Crusaders. Interesting, is it not? Interesting to watch history in the making. The new inventions of speed are causing one to be able to see the wheels of progress move. It reminds me of seeing a race on the screen--and then seeing the same race with the slowed down camera, where each separate move can be seen and analyzed. We are able to slow down the camera of life and get the perspective and get the reasons

why, and the action how, and the ultimate results at will.
We are getting to a place where we can begin to understand
~~xxxxxxx~~ something about Life, if we care to take the trouble
to analyze.

I did not write Sunday, for I went with the Rosses to
Cahon Pass for lunch. It is a beautiful little park in the
mountains and a little bit different from the ordinary picnic
park, in that it is sponsored by so many communities. The
picnic tables are of cement, round, with four benches big
enough to seat two people and leave enough elbow room, and an
entrance for the bodies on the seats without climbing over.
In the center of the table is an iron plate ~~describing it~~
dedicating it to some city near by and telling how far away
and in what direction that city lies. The Santa Fe and The
Union Pacific R.R. each has an interesting stone or cement
building erected on the roadway dedicated to its interests.
The Mission Inn and Riverside has its building--and others, as
well have similar monuments. All very artistic--in their
appreciation of the surroundings. A huge place is built for
barbecues---A Bakery firm has erected huge ovens for the
public to use for baking--A meat firm has a huge place for
broiling meats---Another place for general cooking, frying etc.
All contributed by different firms and having an appropriate
plan and beauty of outline. Quite surprisingly interesting.

The painting and cleaning and settling is at last finished.
This morning finds the house back to normal, and my mind is
getting straightened around after two weeks of upset.
But my quiet summer that I had planned on having is not yet in
evidence. Thursday evening about five o'clock, just after the
reading circle, I expect Elizabeth to come on the trolley--I
shall have everything in readiness for a "quick meal" and we
shall start as soon as possible for Van Nuys in the Dodge.
I shall go to the hotel---altho I know there will be protests--
and stay that night, so as to disarrange as little as possible
the smooth, easy getting ready at Ruth's for a long drive on
Friday. San Jose is about 380 miles from Van Nuys--Jack and
Ruth, Bobs and I start about ten o'clock Friday morning to make
the trip to see the MacQuarries. They will return Sunday--
but I shall, probably stay over a week and as soon as summer
school is out at Stanford (where Will is giving a course) on
August third--Will is coming down to Los Angeles and will bring
me back. Then I shall go to Hermosa and spend two weeks with
Adams before coming home. That will narrow down the "quiet
summer" to a very few weeks before College opens again. But
there have been several pleasant memories that the days have
brought to me.

With so much of love for you all--

Mother

The park is also a tourist camp.

Tuesday--July 17 1928

Dear Wilder and Helen:

Your letter from Koblenz has just been received--the card from Rothenburg came yesterday--how interesting it looks! You are certainly having a wonderful trip with so many things to remember later.

Last Monday I worked like a trooper to get the house ready for the painters on Tuesday---but, instead of the painter coming, Ray came. He had written that he might be out on some business but not having heard again, and its being his birthday I was just about ready to doff my garden things and write him a letter----talking was much more satisfactory.

He was on his way to Riverside--came back that night, after dinner and spent the night here. As he was alone, and I was alone, he made his headquarters here for the week. His work was in Riverside--- We had some wonderful visits. I got breakfast for us--and he provided the dinners--- as he knew I was not an enthusiastic cook. Friday evening Jack and Ruth came for the night and that night I had dinner here. The next morning Ray was to say goodby and I went back to Van N.,ys with Jack and Ruth. They expected Chauncey Pierpont and Harold Perkins and their wives for dinner---but something went wrong--somehow--for they did not come. They missed a good dinner----- After dinner
for me
Jack took me down to Hermosa, to stay the night with Adams. There we found Jean and Pat and Deacon and Lemoine--Pat's

sweetheart. One of the apartments was not rented so there was plenty of room for us all. Lemoine had come down that afternoon and was to go back Sunday evening. The others were to be there for a couple of weeks while Herbert and Mary were fishing in the mountains. Fred was with the Boy Scouts--but he, too, will be at Hermosa in a few days.

While we were at breakfast--came John MacQuarrie. He is in Santa Monica with Lawson, working in his garage for the summer. It was so dear of him to come to see Adams--for the rest of us were a surprise for him. He spent the day--and Cousin Louise came for dinner. Soon after that Jack and Ruth came to take me home. After supper here they went back to Van Nuys. Jack is so wonderful about doing things like that. 30 miles from Van Nuys to Hermosa---56 miles from Hermosa to Claremont--and 48 miles from Claremont to 14233 Valerio St.

Saturday, while I was away, the painters did the kitchen and bathroom floors so that I have not been much inconvenienced there. This afternoon a woman comes to clean, ahead of the painters who come to tomorrow to do over the two bedrooms and the breakfast room. So, by the end of the week I shall be able to get things back into place.

I mean to slough off much in the way of "things" during the rest of this year. And I have begun with my books. I gave Jack an extra bookcase--and more books than it would take to fill it. There are some that Herbert may like to have-- And for you--- I have a set of Dickens that were once Grandpa Graves--published in--about 1850 by T.B. Petersen..and with illustrations by Phiz and Cruikshak etc. Rather nice to own, altho nothing wonderful as to bindings. Would you not like them? If Herbert does not care for the set of Balzac--33 volumes--would you like them? They were with your father's books---never have been much read. Herbert has not much shelf room, he may not care for them, but I thought he should have a chance at them. I have a set of Maupassant in six volumes, and a set of the Stoddard Library---Mother's last book purchase--twelve volumes, that I shall discard. I think I shall not keep many excepting novels--stories. All of the Bible study books went to Jack--many of them will be of service to him in his Sunday school class. ~~Walking~~ College and high school boys need extra reading you know. My Stephenson, Conrad George Eliot, Thackeray, etc. etc. etc. I shall keep a little longer. Do not forget to tell me about the Dickens and Balzac--

With love for you all---Mother

them. Quite a number of them are out here.
If I should put in some slips from the papers---would it seem foolish to you? You know something of our humorist Will Rogers? Claremont--California Harry Carr and I think he is a most important, wonderful man.
July 8 1928

Loving you very much,

Dear Children:

Mother

The great and glorious Fourth has come and gone! Although last night, when I was driving with Mrs. and Mr. Ross and mMiss Ross, I saw that it had not quite gone for two children, at least. It was growing dark, and we saw a "Sparkler" being whizzed through the air. A girl of about twelve was holding it, and a smaller child sat on the steps of the house watching her. Not a particle of animation, not a stray glimmer of joyful interest was in either face. Was it a forgotten bit of joy that had been left over? And were they simply getting it out of the way as a matter of duty?---Well, do you know, it struck me that the most of the noise and fuss this year was a bit of forced gayety. The very small boys were excited enough and it was hard to wait until evening to see the "fireworkd." You know how much vim and joy Jack used to put into the Fourth?---Now, he furnishes it fireworks-- and is there, trying to revive old feelings---but the work is given over to Bobs who sets off all the fire and bosses the small boys---but Bobs does not know how to really enter into it as his father used to do quite naturally. It all seemed so forced! And when Jack and I drove into town afterwards-- We saw just one lone Roman candle go off. It was not quite ten o'clock, but all excitement was over everywhere along the line.

This has been a very busy week. Getting the garden back into shape, putting up fruit etc. Sunday Herbert and the family were here for supper. It was so delightful. Tuesday evening Jack and Ruth came out and stayed over night. Then I went back with them. David and Stuart kept their little toy guns going pop--pop--pop all day long, and I invariably jumped pretty nearly out of my chair every time they popped. I went down town and had some of the very nice ice-cream that the girls are selling--Ruth and I had a sort of catch-as-catch -can visit--but after the fireworks were over in the evening-(firecrackers cannot be bought in L.A. precincts, so we are saved that fire anxiety that used to be a part of the regular programme, but there are honest-to goodness fireworks for evening use to be bought) I was dead tired and would not stay there all night, so Jack took me in town to the quiet little hotel where I like to go.

About 9.30 Thursday morning he came for me and brought me back to Claremont. After lunch he went back home and I went to bed for an hour--only. At two o'clock our neighborhood reading circle met with Mrs. Ross, and I read aloud for some

The two cards, one from Vienna and one from Dresdan, were received and enjoyed. We can send a letter by airmail for five cents an ounce now.

two hours of more. Punch and cakes were served, and then in the evening I went driving with the Ross family. They are so good to me in that way, now that I am alone and have no driver for my car.

I have put up, and stowed away, $9\frac{1}{2}$ pints of plum conserve, 17 glasses of plum jelly, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ pints of apricot jam with pineapple and lemon to flavor. I have quite a lot more apricots to put up tomorrow. Mrs. Ross, the donor of the fruit.

I hope the painters will be here this week, but I failed in getting hold of the man who is to do the work. So I do not know if his promises will be fulfilled.

I had a dear letter from Mary Louise Field. She misses you so much. Says she does so many things for the baby just as Helen did, and doing them makes you and the children seem nearer to her, and yet makes her miss you more.

I have failed in getting over to Upland, don't know when I shall make it for the girls will not be up, probably, before they come back to school now that they are all so busy. I have just finished a yellow sweater with gold thread stripes for Elizabeth. She to have a yellow skirt to wear with it. I am now making a pink one for Margaret and have the yarn for an orchid one for Faith. Mary and her daughters seeing the one for Elizabeth and the preparations for the other two---- were pleased, and the girls suggested that they would be glad to have one--and the little boys said that I might make them one, too--if I did not mind. And Adams must have one for her birthday in September---so there will be other things to do as well as house and garden work.

Then, too, I have brought out the Galahad notes, pictures etc. to try and get them in some sort of shape, some sort of detailed notes as to when this, that, and the other thing were done and why and how. Then I can throw away some notes and have a more definite idea of the twelve years spent there. Of course, Wilder William asking me to write him a sort of history of Galahad was the moving motive for my doing this but, perhaps, the real reason is that I would like to put it in shape so that Will and Jack, especially Jack, can get a bird's eye view of the years there, and clear their thought of its having been twelve years wasted. But, to fill it out, I suppose I should write to such of the old boys as we know any thing about and ask what they really got out of Galahad--- Perhaps not put the point blank question but word it so that if they should answer me, we might discover if the school had really been of service to them in the years since then. But that would be quite a chore, would it not? Perhaps, if I go east next year, I might see some of the boys and talk with

This work of my four chauffeurs has put a spoke in my wheel--I cannot get out to Upland, nor anywhere else where I depend on having a car.

Claremont--California
July 1st.1928

Dear Helen and Wilder:

I really expect to make this letter one almost wholly a letter to Helen, for from what has been said in two or three letters lately, I fear I have not answered you as clearly as I should have done----and perhaps have left some questions unanswered entirely. So, I have brought out all of the letters that have come from both of you since March 18th, and I mean to see that all questions are answered. I know how horrid it is, especially when so many miles divide us, not to have one's questions answered.

The first question that I know needs an answer is the one in your letter of that date, Helen. It was just a note telling of the stockings that you had bought, and asking if I had a picture of Father for Jeff's book. I will look over the old pictures just as soon as I can get into the boxes in the garage. I have been waiting until the girls were gone and I should be here alone, and some questions settled as to what was to be done to the house etc. before I should tackle that job.

Mr. Rich wanted to know my plans for the future before he should decide to put on another room for me. I have decided now. I shall leave Claremont as soon as my lease is up --July 1st.1929. I have seen, to my utmost satisfaction, that I must be free from the care of a house and garden. I must live in a way so that I can be free to go and come without upsetting everything so dreadfully. I came home from Herbert's Friday. Could not even wait until they should get home. They had telegraphed they would be home that evening---but everybody was busy in the Inglis family--and it was more convenient---or less inconvenient--for Elizabeth to bring me that afternoon.

So-- I hope to get into looking over things etc. very soon. But I would better not send it to you until you reach Montreal? You would not care to have it sent across the sea?

The next letter you wrote me was the one written on ship board and mailed May 14. You were beginning to wean Jeff. You wrote an interesting letter but there were no questions asked. Then came the interesting postcards with several notes on the backs--but no questions.

Then the last one, written June 3--and enclosing the

of Pat's having scarlet fever! He came to see her the day after I wrote you and then he came again on Wednesday--altho she had even been back to school. He shook his head and protested that he was never so surprised in his life. I have been out to dinner today--such a good dinner and such friendly neighbors. God bless you all--Mother

photos and asking if any of your letters have gone thru. to me, and telling of your strenuous week while Wilder was in Berlin. But the only question was as to father's birthday which I immediately answered as July 13th.

That is all that I can find, my dear. Wilder has spoken of my visiting you in Montreal and on the envelope of his latest letter, written June 9th. he wrote--"Have you not received Helen's two letters asking you to come to visit us? We don't know what sort of house we will have but hope it can be arranged at both ends as we want to see you so much." Well--do you know, even if I had never received a direct invitation I should not have hesitated about taking the first opportunity to visit you--for if you had no extra room in your house, I should be more than willing to get a room or small apartment outside---if I could only see you.

As I have written, my program here has been a five year program--but if I do not have the house for more than another year, I am going to make a "gosh awful" attempt to get to Montreal next summer--- Perhaps you do not like that expression? It is the favorite expression of Harry Carr (my pet newspaper man,) when he wants to be most forceful.

I was glad to get home again. There is so much that I want to accomplish during the coming two months, in house, garage and garden. The garage might be called the "store-room", I suppose, and there are trunks and boxes galore out there. I mean to reay and weed out some things---but Adams has almost as much there as I have.

The Inglis family have had a windfall--as to opportunity for work. A man wished to open an ice-cream parlor. He phoned Jack to see if he knew of two sisters who would undertake to run it. Jack said he had two daughters who might be interested. Margaret will be in the store again this summer and Elizabeth will be in summer school for six weeks--but the three girls and Bobs have taken it over. They have all the responsibility--but no money invested. Elizabeth and Margaret will be there evenings. Bobs and Faith will take the brunt of it, however. And immediately Bobs--"the man o' the hoose" is very much annoyed because the girls think they know something of the running of an ice-cream parlor-----"It is to laugh"--Of course, he has never had any responsibility before---excepting as a boy scout--and naturally he knows best--how could it be otherwise? But he is a darling boy, just the same---and not so very fond of work either. They will do well, I am sure, for the whole four are mighty attractive young people.

Oh dear, how hard it was for the Dr. to give up the idea

day of the coming week---things that will balance but will cost but little. She spent a whole evening on it and I was grinning to myself all of the time. But, you see, Jean knows me better---she has been in the home at Claremont, has seen me with the other girls, has sampled our meals that were planned by Elizabeth--see?

Well, I have decided not to stay in Claremont after next June. The lease on the house runs out the first of July. Elizabeth graduates in February and will go to Madison for her M.A. Mary has asked her to stay with her. Margaret graduates the following February. They will go into the dormitory the year of '29 and '30. and I will pay for their rooms and they will apply, immediately for the opportunity of waiting on table at the Inn for their board. The Inn, the official hotel for tourists, is owned by the college. There they have the diningroom for guests--the Commons for the students, and a cafeteria for the public. There are thirty or more ~~at~~ girl students waiting on tables there, and some of the best and most popular of the students. Boys, too, serve tables in the Commons. It would take three hours a day of their time. There are many reasons why I can see an advantage in it. Well--- Jean has not been provided for---and there are many questions yet to be decided. But I shall give up the house, and will, probably, go to the beach with Adams. I shall have no rent to pay--the gas and lights will be much less--the water is furnished, there will be no garden--and the only bill that will be large will be the food bill which will be very much less than at Claremont--so I can handle some obligations that I shall undertake in lieu of the house keeping up there.

I do not know if that is all clearing your mind - I hope so.

North Hollywood
June 24 1928

Dear Helen and Wilder:

~~Excuse me~~
Yesterday Elizabeth and I went to Claremont and got the mail etc. of the week. There was a letter from each of you, and in Helen's letter there were some pictures that I have not fully digested even now. Thank you. I did not have the time to go on to Upland, but shall hope to do so next week.

Always things are coming up that one does not expect. This time it is Pat's illness. The Dr. feels sure that it is Scarlet Fever. Well, he may make it so by his insistent thinking so--- but I do not believe it. Thursday evening she did not come to dinner---had a sore throat. She was very ill that night. Friday I had made an engagement that could not easily be broken, to meet Adams in L.A. I had been up all night, but it did seem all right to keep the engagement.

When I came home about seven o'clock I found that while her fever was less than it had been she still felt preety "rummy". I gave her a bath and freshened her up in every way that I could, and she had a fairly comfortable night, altho her neck had developed a stiffness that was rather painful.

It seemed quite necessary that I go to Claremont as I had planned and Dr. said, "Go" - I found her much better last evening, altho.

the neck was still stiff. The Dr. had prescribed rubbing with Baume Bengue--and I did so, making no remarks nor showing any repugnance to doing so. She slept well last night but told me this morning that her neck was still sore. I told her that we would rub it again, if she desired, after breakfast. She went to the bathroom and freshened herself, I freshened the bed and got her breakfast, and while she was eating it I talked a bit about Christian Science. You recall, perhaps, that Pat sometime ago elected to go to the Science Sunday School? But her father and mother finally persuaded her to go back to their church----- Well---she had evidently wondered why I had not spoken before, and asked me to read to her----Jean came in and at my suggestion--urged by Pat--stayed to hear the reading. Then Jean went to start dinner and Pat and I had another talk and Then I left her to sleep and I made the rest of the beds----and here I am.

This is the "half-way" house for all of the "kids" in town, it seems to me. Every one of the boys in the neighborhood of Fred's and Deak's age congregate here in the yard--and in the boys room, but do not venture farther than the kitchen. And even in the kitchen they do not feel quite at home---- But the older ones--from sixteen to twenty--are absolutely at home in every nook and corner of the house. Every room seems to be home to them. They follow the girls into the bedrooms--anywhere, just as a brother would. It rather startled me at first--but I caught the atmosphere very quickly, and have accommodated myself to it. They accept me in the same free and easy way. Lemoine Blanchard--who is Pat's "other self" calls me "Dada Dean" and is as sure that he is on the same plane as the Penfield children in my estimation, as though he were an actual member of the family. The only line he, or the other boys seem to draw is the line of meals. They do not expect to eat here--or sleep here.

Pat and he are lovers in the most matter-of-fact, frank way that is possible to imagine. There appears to be no sexual attraction---it is like to two boy chums.

But to go back to Pat. She is rather shy of me. Has had the idea that I did not really like her. It must have been pretty hard for her, sensitive and shy as she is, to plan the meals and serve as she has done. Besides that worry and fear some other things have come in to worry her, as well--and there one has the exciting cause of her sickness. But she will not fear me any more. I told her that she was too obedient. Her mother wanted us to become well acquainted and to obey she knew of no other way than to be sick so as to force a real intimacy between us.

I think she thought she must have company meals, and so spent more money than she thought she should, and that worried her too. Now Jean has taken her week of responsibility, and sat down-----just as her Dada Dean has done so very often---
She and with pencil and paper figured out what to have for every

I was greatly interested in the work of Drs. Foerster and Vogt. I suppose the thing that made the most impression on me, the thing that stood out so strongly that I do want to speak of it especially, is the idea of Dr. Foerster of the "out-soul," the out-consciousness."

I suppose that is the part of us that does not die? that is eternal ~~xxx~~ as God is eternal? That is what is "made in the image and likeness of God"? For certainly these human bodies are not His image and likeness. Well---you are studying the material law of the material body, the body that dies. Now, is there not a spiritual law that is the law of the "out-soul"? Is not the "out-consciousness" governed by law? Did you read that book of the heavens that I sent you? Were you able to understand the immensity of the universe? And yet, that universe was held together, was governed, by some force, some law that could be seen, if not understood, could be proved, if not comprehended, by finite mind.

I suppose it is true that a spiritual law cannot be comprehended by material sense--but there is such a thing as spiritual sense? Life, Truth, Love--cannot be explained by material law, can they? Yet, in spite of that, do we not know that there is nothing more real, more eternal than Life, Truth and Love?

When I was with you in Riverdale, Wilder Jr. was puzzling over God. I told him that God was Love, and that the more he loved his father and mother and sister the more he

would be able to understand God. His face brightened-- he understood what I meant. God was something very real and very understandable---even though he could not see or handle Him. Now, I ask you--what is the real man. Is he the material man who is sick, who sins, who dies? Or is he the "out-soul"? If he is the "Out-soul" is it not sensible to study the laws that govern him? Would I ask you to give up the study of the material man? Oh no---but would it not be well to study spiritual needs and laws too? If the real man is spiritual might not Spirit govern the material man? why the material man might be called the counterfeit man, might he not? Just think about it a bit, dear Wilder. If you do so--there will be other questions that will follow in your mind; different, perhaps, from what have come to me, but questions that you may handle your own way in the search for Truth. For that is what we are both seeking.

Helen dear, I do hope the extra work that came during your week of "rest" did not make you too tired to enjoy the trip with Wilder.-----Oh dear, I cannot recall if I sent any money for you to get something for the children on their birthdays!

I am enclosing a little note to you from Cousin Florence. Ruth is getting well very fast--there is much more that I want to write--but other things are waiting. With all love for you all

Mother

Of course they will respond, gladly and fully. Why should they not? You have proved yourself as a man of ability--they will all want to be represented. I am sending a few clippings of Claremont Colleges--Hope you will be interested.

Children dear:

With love--Mother

It is the first Sunday of the month and the service is given over the radio from the third Church of L.A.--the church that seems more like home to me than any other church in the city--that, connected with other minor reasons, has determined me to have a lone service here at home this morning. It releases the girls and some heavy finals come tomorrow.

Such a red letter week as this has been! Dr. and Mrs. K. came over Monday---and I was at home! I went to Upland yesterday--and they were at home! Although I did not see the Dr. He was sleeping and she did not want to disturb him. Their garden looks like an exhibition garden--it is so pretty and so absolutely well cared for. We went out to see the flowers--and I was amused as no one else would have been, I am sure. I am inveterate wholesaler I am sure. His pentstemons were lovely---but there was only about a dozen of them--while I have a hundred or more. A dozen is only a taste to me, you see. The same way with the other plants-----I have over fifty of the lovely Baby's Breath---- I have nearly as many of stock, Oceans of petunias--Quantities of the attractive ice-plant--- indeed the ice-plant makes such a showing at times that every one that sees the place is pleased----The biggest calla lilies I ever saw--I ~~don't~~ don't know how many of them there are-- The whole side of the yard with dahlias coming on--- And others, the same way. But--that does not mean that I think my garden better than ~~Dr's~~ Dr's. They have two enormous orange trees, covered with green ones and big ripe ones. Mrs. K. asked if we did not want her to "hoe" us some oranges! and she took the hoe and hoed down her four great beauties for us! They have two beautiful Orange and brown Lantanas--I have six coming on--not in blossom yet and quite small--Two bright yellow--two lovely pink as well as two like theirs. And now I am going in for ferns. I have a dozen or more--but we will go to the mountains next week and get a wholesale supply. But is not that characteristic of me? Most people are content with two or three grandchildren--but I have sixteen plus three. In Spokane I always had more than the regular number in the family--I am still ahead of ~~my~~ the usual allotment for seventy years of age-- I think it is very funny.

But I want to tell you a littel story to illustrate the age in which we live. Several of the frats. have cabins at Balboa--on the sea. A picnic party went from here to Winston's frat. cabin and he took El zabeth, of course. Jerry took Frances, a Van Nuys girl--a stranger to all of the rest--to his frat. cabin. Winston is in love--very deeply--with E. Jerry is just

Bridges Hall of Music is one of the most restful auditoriums I ever was in. Simple, but perfect in character. Scripps had one dormitory this year, its first year of existence, this fall the second will be ready--next fall--the third--and then the 4th.

another Junior--as far as we are concerned. Carroll is a rival of Winston's and a member of the same frat. There is the setting.

In the afternoon Carroll wanted E. to go out on the water with him. To prevent that Winston reminded her that they had promised to go over to the other cabin to see Frances. So they went, and Jerry offered to take them back in his canoe. The wind was blowing, the waves were high and neither Jerry nor Winston was especially skillful with a canoe. E. sat in the middle swaying from one side to the other trying to keep the thing right side up. She does not know much about boats, but swimming is her athletic game. She was enjoying it more than the boys were, doubtless--a small steamer passed them--its waves struck them broadside and over they went. E. saw it coming, it was a new experience for her and joyfully she leaped into the water. Not so the boys--they were thrown in, and immediately Jerry struck for shore---safety first being his motto, evidently. He had no responsibility for the boat, let alone its passengers, altho he knew that Winston was only a fair swimmer. Winston came up under the canoe--E. tipped it up and told him to strike out--"I can't", he said, and went down. She got him and told him to cling to the boat--then she found an oar and paddled the boat and clinging Winston, to shore. As soon as they got into shallow water, of course, there were plenty to help them land while Jerry looked on---- Oh that picture of his swimming to safety, with no sense of any responsibility tickles me so that sometimes I wake up in the night and laugh about it. Naturally the campus is alive with the story of how Elizabeth saved the lives of two men and brought the boat to shore. But that is not quite the end of the story. Winston and Elizabeth were wet, and wanted to come home--a matter of fifty ~~miles~~ miles or so-- Carroll was there alone, having taken no girl as long as Elizabeth was otherwise engaged--so he offered to bring them home--He did; and the hardest part of the whole trip, for Elizabeth, came then. If she talked to Winston, Carroll had nothing to say--if she talked to Carroll, Winston had nothing to say--if she talked on general subjects she did all of the talking---and silence was like a suffocating blanket--the lot of "frail, delicate maidenhood" is still difficult-----

It was so good to see Helen's handwriting again, and the picture she drew of the way she would feel as she was being jerked along on the trip was very funny. I am so glad that Priscilla is growing more robust--Is that the proper word? Thank you for the pictures you sent. How interesting Prof. Foerster and his family must be, I am so glad that they are taking pains to make you feel at home. And he is giving Wilder much that he wants, evidently. Mrs. K. says the Lumbago has been driven away--never to return, I do hope. See here, Wilder boy, fear of those authors not being willing to respond for the book is no way to approach them or it.

1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

May 27 1928

Dear Children:

The last letter that came from Germany was written April 29---Too long a time between meals,I get too hungry.

Saturday Ruth and Jack were here for dinner and over night. Faith took her "Dad" to the Sophomore-Senior dance,Elizabeth going with Winston,Margaret spending the evening with music,piano,horn and Uke; Ruth and I talking. Margret does not dance,feels herself too awkward,and will not try it. I hope that she and Bob will take dancing lessons this summer.

Jack wanted to get away by seven o'clock in the morning for Sunday school at Van Nuys--so we had an early breakfast--not Elizabeth and Faith,however. Then Faith went to church with me really to church,I think I told

yoy that the girls do not feel they should let me go entirely alone, now that Adams is not here.

When we returned we found a surprise here for us. Adams came on the trolley just ~~before~~ after we left for church. She was homesick and wanted to see us. We immediately went to the garden and she laughed at and approved of everything I had done. She took up a few more things she wanted for her window boxes--or porch boxes--and after dinner Elizabeth offered to take us back to the beach. So we got Carroll to sit with ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Elizabeth and do some of the driving and loaded up some things that Adams could not take down in the first big load--and left at three getting back at nine. Sunday traffic slowing up the ordinary speed.

The week has been slow, nothing to interest anybody. Wednesday night I went to the movies here in Claremont with the Ross family, a nice little picture, and on Thursday night the same party went to Pomona to see the screen play of Ramona. We four have seen the Roman Pageant, have re-read the book and have now seen the screen--and we feel that we quite know the story yet are not in the least bored with it.

Bobs broke his arm in football--the first spring scrimmage--They thought it was only wrenched at first--but it was fractured after all. A bitter pill to stop his practice.

I feel ashamed that I have not more to write---Working in the garden for so many of the morning hours--doing housework for the rest of the morning---taking a nap after lunch--seems to leave me stupid in the afternoon. And that is a horrid thing to say. I do love you all. Mother

Claremont California
May 21 1928

and Handsome" by Stewart Edward White and judged as one of the best & stories of the year, prove that many people are beginning to think very differently of life. I will save it for you to read when you come home perhaps. Give my love to each and all of you, and know that I love you very dearly. I stopped work in the kitchen to get this letter written before the postman came---but he fooled me and came early--

My children dear:

Mother I am not often away from home but it is when I am away that the Kermotts almost always come over here. I was disgusted to find, when I came home from the city, ~~Friday~~ ~~Saturday~~, that they had been here and left some pictures of the Riverdale family and some postcards from the same family in Obernigk. I was glad that they left the pictures for me to see, but sorry that I did not see them. The pictures of the children made me rather homesick, I fear. It has been a long time since I visited you in New York--- and I wonder how long it will be before I see you in Montreal!

This is the last week in classes for this college year. Next week exams begin. And everything seems in confusion. Last Wednesday afternoon the girls gave a bridge party--- Friday, Margaret and I went to the city in the afternoon--- after her visit to the dentist (she is wearing a brace, having her teeth made straight,) we did some shopping and then went to see Gloria Swanson in "Sadie Thompson" it is very well worth seeing. Gloria was Sadie. Saturday eve. the girls went to the Senior plays---three one act plays written by three seniors and staged and acted by them. After they came home they, and their escorts came in and around the grate fire ate popcorn and toasted marsh-

mallows, Faith sang to her Uke. and the radio helped out while they danced, etc. etc.

Yesterday after church and dinner etc. such as washing their clothes, doing some cleaning--and giggling---They studied---then giggled, then studied and giggled again until bedtime. I never saw three sisters ~~whaxhad~~ ^{who could have} so much fun together.

I am so glad that the Foerstern are proving so friendly and congenial. Germany over-crowded? That seems strange to me someway. But is it not true that more and more the nations are mingling with each other? Passing back and forth in other countries, and now the movies are making us to understand each others mentalities, and the radio and the air ships are bring us closer in touch--soon we will be one big family----in spite of wars and rumors of wars. War has certainly received its death blow, however. Japan and China are looking fiercely at each other---but neither one wants to do what the rest of the world will condemn. There never was a time when such a horror as the last war could so quickly and easily be forgotten. We were taught to hate Germany--even as Germany was taught to hate all other peoples, but there was too much of divine Love in the world to make it permanent. And the knowledge of divine Love is growing so fast. Lazurus Laughed is making many people to think---and many stories, such as the one called "Free, Wide

Claremont
May 15 1927

Dear Children:

Now look at that, the fifteenth day of May--and the girls go home on the seventh of June--or the ninth, rather, and just a month from today I go to Herbert's to stay with the children for three weeks while Herbert and Mary are on the Northern trip with some other Kiwanians.

You may be surprised that I am going to take a bit of responsibility like that? I am rather surprised myself--for I am not looking for responsibility that may worry me--but there seemed no other way, and they appreciate my attitude and everything will be made very easy and pleasant for me.

Some time ago Mary asked Adams if she would stay with the children for a couple of weeks, she had done that before and it gives her a little extra spending money, and she enjoys a certain amount of responsibility. Also the little boys were delighted with the idea for to them it meant fudge etc. to their heart's content. But Adams has taken charge of the apartments at Hermosa and she can not very well leave at that time of the year. I offered to take her place there--because she would have had everything in order by that time, and it would only need some one to be on hand to answer questions and rent anything that could be reanted-----and I like to be there, too. I saw my mistake from several angles while I was there on Sunday-----so I flopped very suddenly and told Herbert and Mary I would take her place with the children. Adams was relieved but rather surprised to find that the change had been made so easily and every one was satisfied.

My garden was the one great thing to be planned for---Here in California the watering is quite a question of every day work. Herbert has never given his girls much lee-way as to driving the car, but he has agreed that Pat. may drive me home once a week---with the little boys and to stay over night so I can water all the evening and cultivate early in the morning---but Jean is too nervous to drive. I was warned that I would have trouble for Jean that she was a better driver than Pat. However, Jean is in school, doing some extra work and works at Kress' on Saturdays. So, we will come up here on Fridays. I cannot make candy--but the boys like to be read to--and you know I can do that. Fred is a great reader and reads aloud to Deak. a great deal.

Work in college is over on the seventh of June---high schools not until the 29th. of June. The girls are planning

a house party---if the apartments are not all rented by that time, and they are not, usually, before the first of July, after the public schools are closed---going down on the seventh, and staying over until Friday evening. I shall go with them and furnish the "eats", the girls taking charge of the preparation of the food etc. and Adams furnishing the rooms---for six boys and six girls. An apartment for each group, and I will sleep in her apartment with her.

I suppose Jean and Pat would like the same opportunity to entertain their young friends---and perhaps that is in the plan for the summer. There is not much of what one might call monotony in life, is there?

I was so much interested in what you said about the "glia-cells" etc. Tell me more. And about Breslau and the opera etc. If I do not take much time in writing comments on what you write me, it is not because I am not interested but because I spend too much time in giving my own gossip. I am writing against time now, for I want this letter to get off when the postman comes.

I have written every week, I am positive, not always on time, however. I am sure the letters have come to hand by now.

It was lovely of you to send the cablegram dear children. Ray wrote me a Mother's day letter to be received among the messages from the other members of my family--and All of the Penfields and the Ingli were with me at the Beach on Sunday---Excepting, of course, George and Wilder---and Faith who was at Laguna for a week-end house party and Elizabeth who, with six other girls walked up Old Baldy, coming home after dark; at midnight the flash lights showed the way into the house--one of the girls staying with her here. How wonderfully blessed I am with the love of my children! God bless them all here and in Germany.

With all love for each and every one of you,
Mother.

I beat the postman---for he is late.

the year. But then, there are flowers to reward you every month and every day in the year. And here I have taken up a whole page--saying nothing.

Last Friday Elizabeth took Adams and me in town. The car was loaded to the top with Adam's things that would not go in the huge trunk that was to be sent by express. And we drove many miles before turning towards the beach. We went to Hollywood and while Elizabeth went to see her oculist--I did some shopping. We went into Hollywood's most exclusive store--and I bought me a new hat--While it was being packed I wandered around the store and to my horror discovered, as I passed a long mirror that I had---in the hurry of getting away from home-- forgotten to change my garden shoes to better ones. They were not the very most gardeny of shoes but the ones I wore when just watering, you know. They were passably good shoes, but had forgotten they ever were black. I gasped--and asked where I could find the nearest shoe-shining place, and almost every one on the floor enjoyed, with me, my dismay. At least, all of the clerks smiled--or grinned--at me, and I grinned back, and they learned my name, and called me Mrs. Penfield in a most friendly way-----I felt I was among friends, although I had never been in the department before. The shoes looked fine after they had been shined.

Elizabeth could not have her glasses before three or after, so Adams and I went to see a picture--"Sunrise"---It was nearly six o'clock before we came into Hermosa. We had stoppped for the keys of the apartment but they would not turn in the lock. We worked and worked--and finally managed to get into one of the downstairs apartments. But her apartment where all of the supplies, as bedding, toilet paper, etc. etc. was upstairs. There was no gas, and no electric light turned on down stairs. It was a gloomy sort of a way to receive a poor woman who was so tired she could hardly keep going, and so sort of inclined to be homesick at being left alone there, under the best of circumstances---but we went up town and I invited them to dine with me at "Jack's Place"--the best that seemed to offer---and we had a very good meal, and the "Trouble Electrician" promised to come soon and turn on the lights, and Adams promised to go up town again for breakfast, and said she had an old sheet wrapped around some things, and the beds were there, and plenty of blankets, and she had a towel she could soon find. So we left her, getting home here at about nine o'clock. I have not heard from her since, hope to this noon.

On our way in we stopped in Pasadena and I bought tickets for "Lazarus Laughed"-- for Faith and me for Wednesday evening. I never go to a play, it is so hard to hear, but I know the argument so well, and am so desirous of seeing it that I could not resist the urge.

There does not seem to be much that you would be interested in hearing about--the days are full, but not especially exciting. Nothing new that would

make interesting reading, you know. How I watch for your letters--How much there is in your lives that I am hungry to know----I hope you all get the habit
Claremont--California of thinking and speaking in German. I just know that Helen
May 8th. 1928 Has made, and will carry out, wonderful plans for the
children--and that the summer will be a fine one for you
Dear Children--one and all: all. With love for you---Mother.

The house is in the early morning confusion of papers and books out of place, and an unmade bed--dishes washed but not put away in their places, but some work has been done in the garden, not as much as planned--For it is a most beautiful cloudy morning for transplanting etc. I was driven in by rain--big, glorious drops that we all hope may bring a downpour. I am rather on the defensive about that garden, for all of my neighbors are saying, "But what will you do without Mrs. Smith to work in the garden?" Of course, I can't say--"Humph, I have had some quite acceptable gardens even before Mrs. Smith came to be with me" It would not sound well, you see---so the only thing I can do is to grind my teeth and clench my hands and say, "Yes, the garden will surely miss her," and vow to myself that the garden shall not miss her, that I will show them that I am a gardener too.-----That's all very well, but I have not the same insistent desire to dig and weed that I once had---sometimes it goes quite against my feelings to put on my garden clothes and take up the hoe and spade, but I enjoy it when I once get to work, after all, and I would rather do it than have no flowers. At the same time gardening in California is much harder than gardening in Wisconsin. There is no let up--you have to keep at it every month and every day in

The P.O. could not send a money order to Spain, it seems, and Jack drew a draft for the money for Faith and we sent it to the Paris address.

Box 169 Route 1
Van Nuys, California
July 17 1924

Dear Children:

I shall be glad when I know that you are out of hot Madrid. But how many lovely things you will have to remember of your stay there. I am glad that you have been associated with such fine men---and never mind about the Spanish courtesy, dear boy. But your telling of your discomfiture when the four insisted on paying for the six coffees did surely bring a hearty laugh from me for I could see the grim set of your jaws and the slight whitening of your face.

No other pictures have been sent to me and so I am sure that these were all mine, still, to be very sure I wrote your mother about it yesterday. But oh I am so glad to have them and only wish I could strengthen the efficacy of my glasses some 100% so that I could get the features a little more clearly. Ruth knew, instantly, what Wilder and Ruth Mary were doing, but I had to read the back of the picture. But oh isn't that posture of Wilder's too funny. I am sure that the two Wilders look alike, and I am sure that they are alike too. I hope Wilder Junior will love his Naneen very very much when we are together. The very fact of his not making friends quite as quickly as little Ruth Mary makes me long to hug him close.

All right I will try to plan to be on hand about October 15th. But still, dear girl, won't it take you a little longer to get settled after a six months absence than if you had only been gone six weeks? You must not try to beat the record you and Alice made last September, for things will be different. I hate to think of your trying to sew with the sun as hot as it is there. I wish I could send you some of this wonderful California summer weather. Of course, I know, that your father fell in love over again with Wisconsin when he was there this Spring. He has many grumbles about the dryness out here, but when we speak of furnace fires and cold drives and the summer storms of Wisconsin he does not say much, just looks a little sheepish.

Lizabeth and Margaret were greatly pleased at the end of their second week to have a raise of a dollar on the weekly payments. Edna and Erna did not get the raise so they mean to ask for it. But I guess their employers have found the same thing that their teachers have found -- "Whenever you give the Inglis girls anything to do it is done." Pretty good thing to say of anyone. They are still enjoying the work and the fun. Lizabeth says she has gained four pounds in the two weeks-- that is the only "fly in the ointment": Drinking rich milk and eating mayonnaise on her salads is doing it probably.

What heartbreaking thing do you suppose I am doing now? You will recall the many trunks and boxes of "things" that I brought out here with me? Added to my own troubles in the garage storeroom there are two trunks of Mrs Lewis' two trunks of Addies----she has three barrels, a box and a machine in the cellar---- and a trunk of Aunt Elizabeth's. The washing machine--tubs--and lawnmower and tools etc.etc. Well-- I am interested in a hospital for crippled children. They have sent out a request for anything and everything in the way of salvage. "Nothing too good and nothing to bad" to take off your hands. After paying all the expense of handling their salvage department turned over to the hospital over \$12,000 last year. So I am out for blood. The only trouble is that the only blood I draw is from my own heart when I ruthlessly put aside something that has only a sentimental value for

myself. But some things are sacrificed every time I go through the trunks and it has been nearly a year, if not quite, since I made a real sweeping out there. This time I am giving away the trunks and boxes themselves so things have to go. I faltered when it came to the dolls. And they went back into the trunk. I wonder if, when Ruth Mary is a little older if she would have sentiment enough to care for a doll that her grandmother loved when she was a little girl? And would Wilder care for the shells that I gathered for his father so many years ago on the California coast? Of course I have thrown away the biggest part of them. But would you and he care for some specimens? You could not have them around without having some place to keep them. Would you care to have a cabinet of souvenirs that he might add to as he grew? I have a book "West Coast Shells" that would go with the collection. Do you remember how I wanted you to learn the poem on the Chambered Nautilus, Wilder? You know I have the whole shell and then a half shell showing the chambers. How I loved the gathering of them all for my own little Wilder--and then we never had a place where they could be preserved. There are a very few of the Indian things that Mother had amongst them, I think. Most of those have been given Robert to play with, but they have no room for anything I would care for.

I expect Herbert and Mame will be home this week. I had a postal from Mame or Mary as she signs herself now--and Sade became Sarah and now she is Eleanor--- from Lake Agnes they had just driven over from Banff. She simply said that they were having a wonderful trip but would be glad to be home again. She hated to leave California "in the Summer" and is glad to get back to it. You see, we even think the brown hills are lovely.

I know you are having a time to decide what is best to do with the professional schedule when you come home. The trouble is that you do not want to lose one thing that will be of benefit to you and one cannot do everything you know. But I know that the way will be clear when you return and are obliged to make the decision. But it is hard to decide between so many profitable things. But you will have to earn a living for your family. And when that is decided other things will shape themselves and that is said with the full understanding that while a living is necessary it is not the only thing to be thought of in making such a decision. After all the principal thing is what you are to leave to your children. The more I think about that the more convinced I am that it is not so much wealth, or fame, or position, that counts for them as it is yourself. The love and care and more than all the sympathy that fathers and mothers give to their children as they grow into manhood and womanhood. And that you two are doing, and doing together. I rejoice in that.

But this is early morning and the boxes etc. are calling. Today I have to decide what I am going to do with Galahad papers, etc. And that reminds me, I have been looking over and classifying, as to years only, the letters you have written me since 1909. It makes a big pile. I do not like to leave them where there might be danger of losing them and it makes too big a package to put in a strong box in the bank. Would you like me to bring them with me and together we could look them over and reduce the size of the package? We might go over them and I could typewrite what we wanted to save as a sort of journal?

With much of love, and a prayer that you may all keep well and come home safe, sound, and happy.

Mother

August 4 1924

Dear Children:

The room looks anything but inviting, all fo the bedclothes are in the big chair--what is not out on the lawn--but I have my back to it and can see nothing but my typewriter and a few books--for even the curtains are drawn in fron of my little typewriter table.

Ruth and Jack went to Laguna Beach Saturday morning to visit Myrta Hurbert. ~~Myrta~~ Soon after they arrived Cada and her husband--Myrta's sister-- came and the four of them stayed over night. The Inqli coming home about six o'clock last evening. Jack is so delighted that Ruth is dropping all undue sense of responsibility. And he may be just as glad that Faith is not at all disturbed by taking on the dropped sense of responsibility. Of course she is fifteen years old--but it is hard to realize that Bobs and the two babies are just as well off with her as with their mother--but they are. I am enclosing a letter from M rgaret--you need not return it-- just to give you a breath of the best kind of American girlhood. Then I want you to see the class of girls who are serving in the cafeteria during the Summer.

Herbert gave Mame a beautiful fur shoulder piece--made to order from her Gordon and Ferguson while he was in St Paul for ~~their~~ anniversary present. It is nice that he can do it---but there are compensations for those who cannot afford it. I think Rutj and Wack get more real comfort out of their children, and one cannot have everything in this world and I am thankful to say I do not think there is one particle of feeling of envy when Herbert does so much for Mame and himself. Handsome Wilder looks taller than ever on his crutches. I think I wrote you he broke his big toe in the Plunge here at Van Nuys? We did enjoy the Thief of Bagdag so much. I hear that some do not like it--but I have not such a very great feeling of confidence in their ability to like anything really good so I shrug my shoulders and keep as still

as I can. They are about the kind of people who sneer at fairy stories and all imaginative stories etc. If it had been an ordinary story with the "eternal triangle" it would have been all right. As it was it was like a breath of childhood that was a delight.

I am as empty of ideas as ever. I am just now living in Egypt through the Ebers guiding that is so very entertaining--and instructive as well for I am quite especially interested in the Egyptian manners and religion.

I shall be so thankful when the 12th of August is come and I can think of you and the blessed children as being in a cooler location. With a heartfelt of love for you all--
Mother.

I have not heard a word from the Kermotts, and am disappointed for I wanted to send you a special word.

Box 169 Route 1
Van Nuys, California
July 27 1924.

Dear Children:

Mr Lewis has just told me a funny little story--I had said to him, "I think your wife has taken on herself the responsibility of worrying over the Morris family, don't you? With his hearty laugh he shouted-"You are just right." "But it runs in the family. She has a brother who was earning a salary of about \$30,000 a year, and he was always worrying--'But what would I do if I should lose my job?' That was twenty-five years ago and he has not lost his job yet."

We have been having a few days of some heat but when I think of what you are enduring I have nothing at all to say. It does not begin to get hot until after ten o'clock and there is always a breeze, even though for a few hours it is a hot breeze--and we do not have to stay up until one o'clock at night before it begins to get comfortable. No, no, I do not want to live in Madrid. In the Geographic magazine there are some beautiful pictures of Spain Jack brought the magazine home for me to see them. I have not read the article accompanying them as yet. Besides many black and white pictures there are twenty-six in full color. The only one from Madrid is of "One of the chief treasures of Madrid's many picture gems." "The Surrender of Breda" by Velazquez, in the Prado Museum. I looked at that longer than at the others, because I was sure you two had seen it.

I wish I had something of real interest to write you-- but nothing is happening to us here. The house is receiving its new coat of paint that makes it look fine. I am trying not to think of how much it is going to cost me. That is a necessity that has been too long delayed in paying for. Stuart is really gaining in flesh and strength. Not up to the mark of a seven months old baby by any means--but getting on. David is most annoying with his tempers and general nervous condition. But while it taxes Ruth's patience to the limit she is still holding her own all right. Faith is happy with her violin lessons, and is putting in about two days a week in the cannery where she can earn about 75¢ a day. She cannot give more time for her mother needs her, but she is slowly building up a fund for the new violin that she must have this fall. Her teacher is loaning her a violin for the summer, and she is making good use of it. The violin she has always used has been a small one that a neighbor had used--and now another member of the family is ready for it.

Margaret is still enjoying her work at Catalina--Elizabeth is not enjoying it as much--too many headaches etc. But Elizabeth writes that she is sure of her tuition for the Winter anyway.

Thursday night Herbert and Mame, Jack and Ruth and I celebrate the Summer anniversaries by attending the Thief of Bagdad--- Herbert could not spare the first of August evening because the Kiwanis have their evening at the Bowl then. So we put it on the 31st. I usually have the four to dinner on one of the days--but this year it seems not seem wise to undertake it.

I have not heard from the folks at Pomona since writing you before. I mean to write Mrs. K. today, however. Of course I do not look for an answer. I think I shall enclose a postal asking her to have one of the nurses--or Dr. or Roger write me how she is--and I will send it on to you--if I get it.

If it were not that one knee is bent too much I should be walking off in great shape now. But that stiffness will disappear soon and I shall be young again, without doubt. I shall be all ready for the stairs a long time before I shall be tackling them in your home. And by the way--it is about time that I said something in answer to some things you have both said in your letters. Wilder dear, you say I am coming this time as full guest--that it will not cost me anything after I get to New York. And remind me ~~how~~ ~~me~~ of how much money I shall be able to save while I am with you for a year. Well, you know, I giggle over that--for I never was known to save any money in all my life. There has always been a dozen calls for every dollar I have ever been able to get my hands on--and, while I hope I have some imagination, I do not seem to be able to get a vision of that. I am rather going it blind in planning to get away. Herbert says--"certainly you can go, why not?" Then comes the interest, insurance, --taxes wont bother until after I am gone---painting--and my clothes. And there again, Helen dear, you say "Don't get any clothes until after you get to New York." Well--you know I might get arrested before I got there. I have not bought any clothes since I saw you last--to speak of. I am still wearing some things I bought before I went to Baltimore. I am going to wear out every last thing I own if possible, and get a whole new outfit. I am so sick of some of these thigs that are so deplorably out of style.---And that reminds me, I have been looking over some old stories that I cut out to read to the Galahad boys when they were ill-- Cut from magazines not earlier than 1903--and truly it has been a funny experience. It does not seem possible that the clothes could have been so funny so few years ago. And even the language--and the ideas of the stories, even written by such men as Stewart White--are ancient. A young person of today would not stop for ~~a~~ minute to look at them. Tom Masson seems the nearest up to date. I did not use to like him-- Perhaps he was, after all, ahead of the times?

But to go back to the matter of clothes-- I will not buy more than I seem to need for the present emergency, but if I am going to save as much money as Wilder thinks--I can certainly buy all I need even to the home things that you were so dear as to offer to make for me. That was a lovely offer, but I think if you are able to make for the children--and yourself you surely should be excused from making your mother's things. You are both darlings. As to how long I am to stay? I am making no plans. I still have the house on my hands. I think the Lewises will stay through the Winter, but they are planning to go home again in the Spring.

It tickled Robert to think of Ruth Mary losing herself in the covers."But how could she? How big a bed was it? etc. But I know how she did it. I have seen frantic little children lose themselves in that way before. But what bothers me is how could she be so wrapped up in covers when it was so hot, and she with a fever? Oh the dear, dear, children--how glad I shall be to see them again.

David has not paid much attention to me this past year--but just now he is coming over once in a while for me to read him a story. And when he has all he wants he simply gets up and without a word aside from "I guess I will go home now" he marches off.

With much of love---Mother

Box 169 Route 1
Van Nuys, California
August 17 1924

Dear Children:

I hope you are having as gorgeous weather as we are having right now. Every one is predicting an early Fall--all over the country, I guess. We have had such a wonderful Summer. Three times we have had hot days for about a week and then cool again.

Herbert and Mame surprised me by coming over Friday evening. Mame looked like a sick-bed, and as she has done so every time I have seen her since her return I made some vigorous exclamation. "Yes, but I am going to be well now." She had her tonsils out on Monday. They were plum full of pus. They did not look so bad on the outside, and one Dr said he did not think he would have thought there was any very serious trouble there. Her Dr. was rather afraid of the operation for fear he might stir up some undeveloped trouble because of the trouble she has had with her neck. I think I wrote you there was a big tumor--or something growing there? But Dr. has been treating it so that it has absorbed, and then he lanced it--and still there has been a ragged, ugly looking red welt about an inch or a little more to show where the trouble has been. That welt looks paler already. And now she is told that the low blood pressure, the headaches, the stomach irritation etc. have all been due to the tonsils---and now she is going to be better than she has ever been--and that she will weigh 140 lbs. this Winter. She makes a little face at that for she and Herbert have rather boasted of their extreme "slenderness"--and sort of pitied any one who showed a tendency to plumpness. Perhaps they were making a virtue of necessity? We will wait and see. Jean is a little plumper than she has ever been--and in the eyes of the rest of us, that much better looking--but she has been so afraid of getting "fat" that she diets--when she thiks of it. It will be very funny--to as if Mame should get a tiny bit "fat". But oh I do hope the dear child will get better in health.

While they were here, Blanché and her mother came too. There is a certain Mr Avery who has been very kind to Blanche and her mother--he is a particular friend of Sadie's--or ~~Eleanor~~ "Eleanor" as she is now called. I cannot tell how particular a friend he is, he has a wife--separated but not yet divorced---and she has Milton--separated, but not yet divorced. And they help each other out when they want company. She has seen all of Southern California in his company. When he tires of restaurant cooking he takes something to her home, she has a very pretty house at the Beach--and she cooks it for him. He seems like a very nice man--looks, manners, personality, very attractive. Mame and her mother and Blanche--and I suppose Herbert, too, like him immensely. The world has changed a heap of late years. Once they would have been ostracized---now, there is some talk but only by the old-fashioned folk, I guess. At any rate, he makes life easier and pleasanter in many ways for Mrs. Hutchcroft and her daughters--and I expect they make life easier for him---so, I expect it is all right. And please do not read into this any aspersion, or criticism, or any lifting of the eyes or shrugging of the shoulders-----for "they aint no such animal" hanging around here.

Thinking of that, and of the girls at Catalina, and many other things--it is not surprising that many of us have to step pretty lively to keep up with modern methods and thought.

Ruth had the most beautiful love-letter from Margaret yesterday. They did enjoy her visit with them and for the first time Margaret seems to feel a little homesick. She apologised for the rush and hurry and all the jabbering she did, hardly giving her mother a chance to say a word--and adds--"But yet, behind all the ~~hurry there is a sweet memory--so clam and beautiful--that I shall never forget.~~ Seeing you, being able to touch you, and talking to you was fairy-like. Even though we talked in a frenzy we exchanged silent thoughts, ideas and expressions that cannot be said or expressed in words." "Mother dear, you don't know, you can't know, how I loved that visit of yours and how I'll remember it as the best thing of the whole Summer." She and Elizabeth were to swim up to St Catherine's the next morning and then were to try to learn to dive off the new float--They were to go early so as not to have an audience." "I hate to see people get a show for nothing." We enjoy the letters from the girls so much--I hope you have had some pleasure too.

I have been going through everything I own. I did the Garage some time ago, and this week I have been doing closets etc. in the house. I certainly did bring a lot of things out here with me. I have been giving away to Mame and Ruth whatever they feel they can use. I told Mame she was the society member of the family and the other evening there was a box of paper lace doilies--Two sets of dinner cards--and things like that. I shall never entertain any more--Ruth cannot--and she does. I have promised myself that not a single box, shelf, bag, shall escape rigid examination. It does take time, and my old muscles that have not been exercising the past year do cry out in protest sometimes.

Aunts Addie and Elizabeth spent Thursday with me. Elizabeth, especially, could not get over my being able to walk. I do not think I got out of my chair once during the day that she did not express her pleasure in some way.

Did I tell you that Will has his P.H.D.? And that he will, in all probability stay on at Stanford? I hope he will, for he has so many friends there and the atmosphere is just what they both like. He told me to tell you that it would be a good thing if you could connect up with the Stanford medical department for the doctors got about all they asked for now, as the president was the former Dean of the medical department. I know you will think of nothing but New York--and that is wise, I expect, but oh dear it is so far away from the rest of us. After I once make the break and blaze the trail between here and there I suppose it will not seem so hard and I shall make the trip often. Just at present I am struggling to get the right perspective on Winter clothes. I imagine New York winters are not quite as freezing cold as Wisconsin winters.

It is almost dinner time, and Mrs Lewis will soon be in with my tray--and of all the letters I ought to write, this is the only one on the way. I am anxious to get your first letter from France. You leave the 27th? or the 29th, there seems to be some difference of opinion.--Then I cannot write many more letters to you. None after the first week of September.

Loving you all in the same old way,

Your Mother.

August 25 1924

Dear Children:

My machine is acting up in a very strange manner--I may have to take to the pen before I finish this letter. It stops every once in a while--besides other annoyances.

I have been going through things in a very leisurely sort of a way until now I have received a jolt. Mr Harold Lewis and his wife are going to take the house and live with his father and mother for the coming school year. They want to move in on the first-one week from today. Jack says I am foolish to make two moves-- And Mrs Lewis is trying to make some plan whereby I can keep my room until I am ready to go---That would be all right were Mrs Harold well but she has been paralyzed for more than a year. Her mother has worn herself out taking care of her--when her husband was not there--and she is having to give up and take a rest preparatory to an operation. Mrs Harold is broken-hearted at her mother's condition--and she dreads having any one else with her to do for her etc.etc. So I would like on her account--and perhaps a little bit on my own account--to get out of the house before they come in. So I am to look for an apartment that I can have by the week.

It seems quite exciting to me that I am really and truly getting myself ready to go and see you --next month--think of it. I am sending word to this one and that one of the change in plans--Promised to have the Missionary luncheon in September --and some other things will have to be given up.

Dr and Mrs Stewart and Sarah Felicia came out yesterday afternoon- Sarah Felicia is a dear wholesome husky little thing. about a year and a half old--Just walking--just beginning to talk--and with very few teeth. You never saw a more adored baby-- In fact Dr. did not hear anything you were saying unless it was about the baby. Her mother and her grandmother and an aunt were out in the auto--and they

were just as oblivious to every other subject of conversation as the parents--none quite so bad as Dr. however.

I had a letter from Mrs Kermott this week--it is wonderful that she was able to write-it seems to me. I am so thankful that she is getting along all right. But it certainly has been a hard pull.

I feel that I am mighty fortunate in having such wonderful people to take care of the house while I am gone. I will only get about \$25. a month--but that will help a little in getting the things I need to put on the place this winter. I want to plant it to nuts--and roses--if I can. And I know that everything inside and out will be absolutly looked after. I shall take the "For Sale sign down and feel that it is really going to be my home. And that takes a feeling of restlessness away from me.

Stuart is about the best looking of the six--I think--and certainly the jolliest little fellow. His hair is beautiful--and his eyes are black. Do(n't you see I cannot get my mind on a letter ---I have been interrupted several times--and my bed is not made and Mrs Lewis is bringing in my dinner---

I will try and do better in a few days-

Lovingly-Mother

Box 169 Route 1
Van Nuys, California
July 20 1924

Dear Children:

Herbert and Mame, Jack and I have just returned from Pomona and as your mother told me she had written you of their accident I am hurrying to write you before going to bed. I did not intend telling you until she was able to write enough so that you would not be too frightened. She confessed that she was so homesick for you that she could not help writing---and I understood perfectly.

But now you will want me to hurry on and tell you all about it. It happened last Sunday. The family had been having a picnic in the park in Pomona. As they came out of the park they had a street railway to cross. It was in rather close quarters, and the track made a curve right there like this-----

They looked both ways but saw no car coming--Right on the track Mrs. K. said "Oh there is the car"--Dr. swerved to one side and would have been all right except for that curve--The trolley struck them drove the car 60 ft--pushing your father and mother ahead of it. There is nothing left of the car but splinters--and only God's care saved your father and mother. And they are going to get well without any bad effects left.

Jack saw the account of the accident in the Tuesday morning paper. He was busy that day, but Wednesday he and Ruth and I went up to see the. We saw your father, and say--you will be able to imagine his restlessness? But his broken shoulder kept him fairly quiet. He said he got up once in a while and roamed up and down the halls but not for long for "I feel so everlasting dizzy and weak." He was troubled about your mother and did not want us to go in and see her "Although I know she will give me Jess when she knows you have been here and she did not see you." However he was quite right. She had some trouble with pleurisy from the broken ribs, and he feared pneumonia. But today we saw her, for the danger from pneumonia is quite all gone. Her injuries are greater than Dr.'s--but she is cheerful and every one else is cheerful about her condition. Her shoulder is broken--The X-Ray shows the hip cracked but not broken and there seem to be no other injuries that are serious. So the question of her being able to walk again is not troubling them now. Her face was badly cut and one tooth knocked out--She is bothering more now because of her present lack of beauty--but that will right itself too. She was worried for fear of a paralysis in the other leg, because she could not move it, but she kept at it and gradually, inch by inch, and slowly she is able to move that leg all right. You see it was hard for her to realize how temporary bruises can affect the muscles.

It was certainly a terrible accident----especially as to its possibilities. We cannot understand how it is they are alive---and to think that they will recover without anything dreadful left with them --well we cannot be thankful enough, can we?

I cannot tell you anything about the other couple who were with them. I asked Dr. about them today and he says he has not heard from them. They went to Long Beach the next day, I believe. Mr. Kernott was not supposed to be injured at all, but Roger says on his way to Long Beach he had a hemorrhage of the stomach and they feared for

his life for a while, but he recovered. Mary was with them and never had a scratch but she was quite insistent on "killing that conductor." However she had recovered from her murderous feelings by Wednesday when we saw her. She was greatly taken up with the wonderful trip ahead of her. "We are going to Montana--Nanny and I--and we are going tomorrow morning." I am going to take care of Nanny--Yes, we are going all alone, and we have twenty-five cents to buy things to eat. And we are to have some new shoes today." So you see she had recovered all right. Bless her heart she was very proud of being able to take care of Nanny. So they have gone to Ned.

Roger has given up his position and spends his time going back and forth from hospital to Upland. Doing errands and looking after things generally for them. I have told you about all of the details that I know for I know you will want to know everything. I wished I could have had a longer time to talk with your mother but my goodness, there were ten other people there--at least--perhaps I did not see them all---besides us five. And it did not take a very great amount of brains to know that enough was enough. She was left alone a minute and your father sent me back to her--but she had only time to ask me to send her your address and to please write you not to worry if she did not write for some time for it is her right shoulder that is broken and it hurts to use it. ~~Ifxixwaxx~~ And then some other people came in and I skipped---or at least if I did not really skip--I left the room and in your father's room there were two other new faces--and I suppose they would be going in to see your mother too. But Dr. watches over her all right, and I guess he sometimes refuses to have her see any more.

But the enforced rest has done your father good, I think. He seemed more quiet and contented today and his face looks better than when I saw him last in Glendale. I wish they were nearer us, so I could see them more often in order to report to you. But it takes all day to make the trip up and back. Dr says the trolley-car was going at least sixty miles an hour--through a city street, at a dangerous crossing and around a curve.

Herbert and Mame had a wonderful trip. I did not speak of dear little Ruth Mary's cut on her forehead in my last letter, I do hope it is healing all right. I will try and write again soon, but it is time I went to bed. I am going in town tomorrow and, as usual, I dread it.

Lovingly,
Mother

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Day Message	
Day Letter	D L
Night Message	N M
Night Letter	N L

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a day message. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

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ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL MONTREAL QUE

YOUR MOTHER HAS SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS OF CARDIAC ENLARGEMENT
IRREGULARITY PROBABLE DECOMPENSATION HAS LOST WEIGHT IS
DYSPNOEIC AND SOMEWHAT CYANOTIC PULSE RATE ONE HUNDRED
THIRTY NEEDS PHYSICIAN BUT REFUSES CAN ARRANGE COMPETENT
MEDICAL CARE IF YOU CAN PERSUADE HER TO HAVE A DOCTOR
BELIEVE DIGITALIS WILL HELP GREATLY LETTER FOLLOWING
CARL W RAND.

1931 MAR 17 AM 11:49

Sept 28 - Oct #5 - 1931

"If I ~~can~~ must be a burden on my children, I don't want to live. If I can get strong and work on Abraham and put together some libb stories - do something I want to live." Then she looked at me and said "does that seem wrong"? I told her it was the way I should feel.

When ~~first~~ Helen - I arrived we could see her through the window of the bungalow which looked out across the beach. I waved but she evidently did not see me. I hurried into the room. She sat on the edge of the bed, frail, stooped wasted. Her large blue eyes seemed to be bursting from her head. I shouldnt have known her and she cried. Her voice was very high not deep and sure as mother's voice always was. Finally she said ^{"Willie"} "Willie boy, I thought I was never going to see you any more." She was too short of breath to say anything more.

She was always waiting to see us but sometimes dropped asleep when people were talking. I told her we were going to stay ten days at least and she smiled and said "what a beautiful ten days. Toward the end of the ten days when she was stronger she said "This has been the happiest

Sept 27, 1931

At close of talk she was very silent and looked before her in thought -
I said what are you thinking of - She answered

Perhaps the conception (Abraham) I'm trying for
is too fine too great for a person to grasp. Wrong to hope
to put it down.

"Yes. When they told me you were coming it caught
my attention and I stopped - - - I don't want to lose
the line of life."

(I spoke of the breakers that we could see rolling
in and said "they never stop". "You have always
gotten ~~the~~ strength from the sea." She said "if they can
keep on that way so can I."

She told me a story and in the middle said I suppose it was
a dream. "I have been ~~was~~ studying the animals at the shore all
summer, the animals that work around a boat. It was
getting cold at the end of the season and they were dying
and they passed around notices, poems. They were all
of them funereal, and I said no I'd rather take the
Captains wife that is more cheerful - we called one of them
the captain." - Then she smiled as much as to say that is
all foolishness.

When I came in she had been dozing in her chair.
She sang something & then smiled. (Grand father Jefferson
used to do that sometimes) but she was not quite
clear. ~~as to the~~ she told me the above dream and
then became clearer speaking of things she wanted
people to have.

back of my life. Herbert and I often sat with her together and she would smile often ~~and~~ at us & turn to let her eyes follow the breakers. Once she spoke of how much Herbert had done for her and added that "Wilder and I have always been more alike."

The night before we left she said "I shall not think of your going until after you are gone and we're all settled down and its quiet here."

The morning we were to go she said to Helen and me "Enjoy the days and the nights of your trip back and go to that dear family." ^{have been closer than ever before.}
 And to me she said "you and I have had perfect
 complete understanding."

Abraham.

After ^{her} talking of what I might want from her. I said - Mother
if after you have worked more at Abraham you shouldn't finish
it, I should like to try it, to work at it seriously, to catch if
I can your conception of it and put it down. That is the product
of your ^{spirit} She smiled and said "It is beautiful to have you want
it. — I do want to finish it. It shall be yours. I have
I have a new, a finer conception." — after gasping a little, "those
characters & struggles were sad when they didn't live up to
their ~~conception~~ ideal. We carry in us a reflection. — That is
God. Abraham couldn't lessen his ideal, could it change
it of course because it is a reflection. If our ideal is
a reflection we can't change it, can't lessen it."

John
Credo of ...
Credo of ...
John

Neurology in General Practice

Early diagnosis of remediable lesions.

MOTHER

~~Tumors of Brain + spinal cord.~~

~~Cerebral concussion, contusion, laceration~~

~~Fractured spine~~

~~Tic doloureux~~

~~Severe pain in general~~

~~Traumatic or focal epilepsy.~~

Poliomyelitis

Cerebro-sp. Meningitis

Cerebro spinal Les

Tubes.

Sept 27, 1931

Virginia - Heavy flat silver wear
1/2 doz. set, 1 broken fork

- Virginia would like something of ^{her} Grandmother's
and she should have it.

Mary - White pin with diamonds
each diamond a flower

- She would like that. She and Herbert have
many of the pictures now. She loves her
things and so does Herbert

Elizabeth ^{best} set of drawers ^{great} Grandmother's
cherry.

w.g.p. Console table.
Cherry or light mahogany

It will have to be fixed over but Helen will
like that. I want you to have one of the pictures
but I don't know which you would like.
There is one with just two trees & a wind, nothing
else - and it meant so much to me always.
There is one a ship in fog.

" Picture anyone
" (Silver cake basket. Mary
has it now)

The opal ring. - I used to think
of as Herbert's. I had thought of
you having it. Now I don't. Perhaps
I shall give it to Margaret.

Diamond ring which Elizabeth has to be given back to mother

The balance of personal effects should be left to Ruth's
daughters.

The property is to go to Jack + his sons for their education

George. Cameo ring of Grandfather Jefferson

Jean Blood stone on ring - March stone

Claremont
Sunday, March 2nd. 1930

Dear Children-----especially Helen, whose birthday comes next Saturday and to whom I sent off a package last Friday. I hope it reaches you safely and on time. And may you like it--and do not have to pay duty on it.

That duty business is getting on my nerves. Did you have to pay much on your birthday gift, Wilder dear? I think I shall simply have to send a check, hereafter, and let each one of you select something for your own selves. That is not so much fun, but a heap more fun than the feeling that you are forced into paying out money for something that perhaps you really do not need and do not particularly care for!

Friday morning I went in town and stayed over until last night. Yesterday morning I went out to North Hollywood. I had not been there since Dorothy had left for her mother's home in San Diego. The last time I saw Herbert he looked troubled and I wanted to see them very much.

Herbert does not come home for lunch but as I was there he came and while he talked he ate bread and milk and then rushed away. "I have an engagement at the office at 12.30, and a friend has just telephoned 'On your way to the office, for heaven's sake stop and see ~~maxxi~~ my dahlias. I don't believe I am going to have any at all this year." So, Herbert explained, as dahlia expert in this town I must fulfil my duty."

He is quite busy with dahlias and gold---and business has not been over-productive this past year. All real estate firms are simply holding on and that is about all. However with the coming spring it will doubtless pick up---the trouble is that expenses go on just the same.

But I found them rather relieved than otherwise as to George and his trouble. They knew it must come. Dorothy left him in November, but he went down and brought her back, and it has been going from bad to worse all of the while. The trouble is, she is so terribly ignorant, and does not know it. Her satisfaction with herself is absolute. She wants money--but has little knowledge of any kind of culture. She had four rooms and a baby to take care of---She is a slattern, she has had no idea of how to keep her house and baby even decently clean. And when George comes home after hours of work "he is cruel" because he does not do her work for her. She has done no washing, has sent everything to the laundry--when they were washed--- There were ten shirts of George's tucked away in corners needing the laundry--and everything belonging to him needing mending.

At the same time, George loves the baby and is unhappy. Told Dorothy that if, at the end of six months, she felt she would like to come back he would do the best he could. Well, he could not stand it around there so he went to Oakland. A friend of Mary's drove up with him, and through her The Rice's--intimate friends of Herbert's and Mary's, and people of some means found him and insisted that he come to their house. They had an extra bedroom. Mr. Rice found something for him to do, temporarily. It is some kind of janitor work--but George will do anything to pay his own way through

life while waiting for something better---and Herbert's Kiwanian friends are taking the matter in hand and looking for something for him that will have some kind of a future. And Mrs. Hicks reported that before she came home George was looking much happier.

Did you receive the announcement of Patricia's graduation? Mary says, "we did want them to know of what was giving us pleasure, but we have had no note from them and fear they did not receive it."

Patricia is hoping to take a course of designing, and the fifty dollars I gave her---my fifth granddaughter to receive that that amount at high school graduation-----she has put away as a nest egg for the carrying out of that hope. She is a pretty, delicate girl. Jean has some new pictures that give her new expression---the expression that shows what the woman is to be--I like them. Deacon has had to give up his music lessons, rather to his disappointment, but he was not doing so very well, and Fred was doing fine work so Fred must keep on and Deacon understands why.

There is more I want to write--but the time will not allow. All love to all of you dear ones.

M. H.
Do you still want
me to come. Could
I come here, their worth
evening ~~to be some more~~
gone, one month ~~to be some more~~
I'll come and
more fairly satisfactory
Looking forward to
possibility of whole
family being together.
Please plan trips
to Paulsfield and
Ingles.
Mother
I'll see if you
can take me in
and order liver
Helen

Mother?
Happy birthday
We are thin being of
you today
Helen is ~~coming~~ going
To visit Kenneth
Leaving here
birthday and
your
day present.
Can not be away
from Montreal
longer than
month. But
will ~~leave~~ leave
looking forward
to short visits
to you and
Christina will ~~visit~~
with ~~side~~ visit
and see you

Claremont,
March 16 1930

Wilder dear:

Mrs.K.phoned me to say that they would not be able to come to the luncheon yesterday. She could not say much for some one was trying to get central,I guess,so things were a bit confused,so she only said,"Dr.is so miserable that he does not want to meet so many people." But said she would tell me more when she saw me.

That made me wonder. I hope that it is not because of Dr.'s health that Helen decided that she must come home?

I suppose she will be here tomorrow---perhaps not until Tuesday-- I shall telephone tonight or tomorrow.

Of course I know that I can only have a small portion of her time for she is entirely her mother's guest,but I shall be so glad to see the dear girl.

The luncheon went off very well. Every one seemed rejoiced to see each other and I had a stunning time showing off my five young lady granddaughters. They are all so different~~in~~ in looks and performance--but each one quite charming and well worth while.

You will remember Jessie Meacham Mills? She and Mr.Mills got me cornered where no one could interrupt and insisted that I tell them all about you and your work. They simply are filled with interest and wonder about your work for Ruth.

It is delightful to watch them. She has grown very fleshy,and her face is quite puffed,but they are so happy together. You recall that he is a locomotive engineer in Northern Wisconsin, has work only in the summer. They always come to California for the winter. One winter she was very ill. ~~The Drs.~~ The Drs.said she must go to the hospital for at least six months,the cost-- \$500.a month.

Mr.Mills had a heart to heart talk with the Dr. Said he could cook,he could keep the house,he could care for his wife,he would follow the Drs.directions implicitly if only the Dr.would consent to his doing so. The Dr.finally consented. They took a small apartment,and he was housekeeper,nurse and friend,and in three months time,to the surprise of the Dr.he discharged her-- well. He was at liberty,he could do for her---but that he would and worked for her and loved her back to health makes a wonderful background for one more happy couple. I love to know of such happy lives in a world where one is told there are no happy marriages.

It is Sunday afternoon,we have had another wonderful rain,the mountains are covered with snow,the wind is cold,we are all a bit tired----the girls--all three went in town to the Opera last night after the rush of the luncheon---and as I write,the three girls and Adams are playing ~~bridgax~~ bridge. It seems a bit odd for Sunday afternoon,but I guess it is all right.

I had all of the pictures of your family out for Barter to see as I knew that he would love to see them. All who were here loved to see them, and all of them liked the picture of you that you think looks so stern, the better of the two. That picture looks like you, so they all said.

But, oh dear, there was a remark made that hurt me----- Mr. Barter said to one of the family, after telling how much you and Barter used to play together, "And look at all that Wilder has done-- then look at Barter."

Poor Barter. They all think he cannot do much. They all think that one lung is almost gone. They think he cannot do for himself so----having no money of his own, not able to work, not able to stay in Wisconsin through the winters he must come with them to California. That is all right----but you see, not to be entirely dependent he really comes as their ~~chauffeur~~ chauffeur, and has no time off for himself. He cannot play golf, he cannot find his own friends, he must be ready to drive them whenever they want to go, he must lie down when it seems best to them, he is not his own master, and he is a sick man, *made worse, perhaps, by their love.* The poor boy, what chance is there for him, after all? And they all love him dearly and are doing what, to them, seems the best thing to do and the happiest for him.

I am so sorry that Will did not get to Montreal. I want, very much, to visit them, but it seems not best this spring.

Winifred sent me a very pretty necklace for my birthday--silver filigree with blue stones. But my neck is so full that it makes the wrinkles show more, so I am going to take it in town and see if I can have it made longer.

I love you very much, dear.

Mother

April 3 1930

Wilder dear:

Helen's visit here is over. I am wanting to phone her now --but for what?--just to say another unsatisfactory "goodby"--and bother them all this morning when there is so much of confusion and hurry in their getting off? That seems rather foolish and a bit selfish--so I am not phoning.

We have all enjoyed seeing her, but none more so, and rather pitifully so, than her father. My heart rather goes out to that unsatisfied, lonely, nervous man. My heart goes out to Mrs. K. with so much of sympathy, too. Her life is not an easy one--how can it be, although she is living with the man whom she so dearly loves---he is, of necessity--because of his very unsatisfied loneliness, not knowing what he really wants, fighting against any suggestions that do not originate with himself, wanting his own way but not knowing what that way is!

Ruth often laughs because of my moan, at one time that I was not twins--I think Helen should have been triplets. One self for her father, one for her mother and the other for her own self and you and the children. I suppose the latter self would swallow up the two other selves--as has ^{happened} happened, naturally, for no one of us can be triplets, nor even twins, successfully. It tears us to pieces when we try to be so.

My necklace is lovely. I love to feel it when it is around my neck and I put up my hand to take the crystals between my fingers. I thank you and love you. How many lovely things you have given to me! And, perhaps, nothing that is used so constantly and with such pleasure as the Oxford bookrack.

As to my going to Montreal this summer? I do not know. I do not feel satisfied with the visit of last year--we none of us do--but whether this summer's visit will materialize or not, I can tell. I cannot see how things can be fully arranged, but I am conscious of a feeling that some way it will work out all right. And so I am leaving it to see how it works out.

I am going to talk a bit about Margaret this morning. Adams is at the Beach--went Tuesday morning--and last evening at dinner, Elizabeth, Margaret and I were alone. Last Saturday Margaret, for the second time had dinner in Los Angeles with the Merrill family. They have received her as their future daughter, and seem very happy over Willys' choice. They wanted to see Jack and Ruth on Sunday, but they ^{Ruth} came out here instead.

Either Saturday or Sunday the family--that is, Mr. and Mrs. M. a daughter five years older than Willys, Willys and Margaret are going to drive to San Francisco. And while there Willys is to buy her ring for her. He is just six weeks older than Margaret nothing but a boy---but a good, clean, industrious, ambitious one.

Margaret is proud of his disposition of not waiting for things to happen, but going out and bringing them to pass---his father calls it "impatience"! Mr. M. is president of the White King and Mission Bell soap Co. A very popular brand of washing soap and toilet soap in and about Los Angeles.

But there is another company--separate from, and yet a part of the soap co., a cōpra-oil factory over in Long Beach. It is there Willys and Margaret will live. He begins his work of learning the whole business in that factory.

They are planning to be married June first 1931.

He graduates this June, and will be twenty-three in September. The age that your grandmother Jefferson said all of ~~her children~~ the Jefferson connections married.---And she rather thought it was the proper age to marry.

We feel rather sorry for Elizabeth. She is so thrilled that the ring is coming immediately. So delighted for Margaret---but once she said--"Oh it makes me so lonesome." Of course, Margaret and I played up to the idea that it made her lonesome because the two sisters would never be quite the same to each other, and she responded in like manner. But later, we were talking of the many boys who had been taking her out since she came home--and I said I was glad that there ~~were~~ so many, it was better than just one. "But I don't want a lot of them, I want just one."-----
"I want a home and a family of my own." And she always has. I think every man she comes in contact with is a possible "the one"--and yet, there is Don----if she does not still love him he left a terrible hole in her desires that is not yet filled. She does not talk of him, however, and she does not hear from him.

The men began work on the alley at the north of us. Tearing up beds that used to be filled with flowers--taking out the stones that made the curbing, and bringing the road that is to be paved--with gravel--close up to the steps that lead out from the screened ~~porch~~ porch and so into the yard--or street it will be now. There are a lot of them and a very noisy machine, as well. It is a good thing that I planned a morning of ironing, instead of reading.

I always seem to have so much more time to read when Adams is not here. We must do more talking than I had realized. How glad you and the children will be to have Helen home again. I love every one of you---

Mother

I am so glad that you sent back the kimona I sent Helen, and I only wish that it had come before her going.

Claremont---California

April 6 1930

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Yesterday the kimona came back to me--- with 33¢ more postage to pay. It makes one wonder "how they get that way". Of course, it is all right, and one must learn to play on his own side of the fence and ^{not} interfere with his neighbor, no matter how near that neighbor may live, or get his fingers nipped.

I am sorry for the trouble and annoyance it has caused you-- sorry for myself that the garment that seemed to me to look so much like Helen could not have come two days earlier. But I am quite resolved not to cause you any more bother along that line. I guess it is hard for me to realize that you do live in a foreign country.

It is a perfectly gorgeous day. Peg and Faith are off on their vacation and I expect that Faith is now on her way to San Diego for the concerts the Glee Club are to give there tonight and tomorrow. She is probably going with her father and mother instead of in the bus with the rest of the girls. Jack has some business connected with the American Legion down there--and takes Ruth with him. They will be on hand at the concert tonight, and come home tomorrow.

Peg will stay with the little boys today---and will probably leave for San Francisco in the morning, when Bobs takes his turn at staying with the boys until his father and mother return.

They had the operetta last night--and tonight-- Miss Wernlund, the music mistress says that Bobs will have a very fine singing voice and Ruth and Jack are filled with happy anticipations for him---and Bobs, himself, is full of happiness at the prospect.

Adams is still away and Elizabeth and I are sole keepers of the home. She had a glorious ride yesterday afternoon with Cal. Fitch who is one of the most popular men who ever graduated from Pomona. That was in 1927. Since then he has been around the world as radio man on a passenger ship.

Last night she went to the Norconian Club for a dance with the more usual Clarence.

So---woven in with all of the extra work she hopes to do during the vacation there will, evidently be much of interest outside.

Will, on his way to San Diego next week-end is to bring Winifred and Ruth as far as this district, and they will visit Ruth, Lawson and me. We are looking forward to it with much pleasure.

Every year during the spring vacation ~~there~~ is a very important conference in San Diego--or two, rather, --one for the heads of

Junior colleges and Universities--and one for the High School officials. So both Jack and Will are to be there for several days.

Last year Will gained some important recognition from the University heads for the State Colleges--especially for San Jose. I expect he has some other requests to put forward this year. The others who desire, feel that there are strings tied to them, they can only follow where the one who has no strings to pull or to be pulled can lead---For that reason he has his time pretty well tied up in these meetings.

We feel sort of wide open to the world here at the house. The alley is ready for the rock gravel that is to be its paving, the beautiful Cherokee roses are torn out---even the grass-grown geraniums are gone and we see that they were quite a seeming protection from curious eyes, because of the old wire fence screen that upheld them. I doubt if I do much to make it look more private---unless Mr. Rich feels that he would like to have the work done. The birds are questioning, I am sure, for the bird bath is gone. I took it down and shall pass it on to Ruth. They used it so very much, and I feel guilty.

There are not many links to bind me to Claremont. It seems a little bit strange that I have made no more contacts after four years' of residence. I suppose that will always be so from now on. Still, I have a growing desire for another home of my own--somewhere. Mrs. K. and I are going to plan something---- although Helen says she sees no hope for plans maturing for while I can do as I please, her mother cannot. That is partly true, of course. Her mother has a man to make decisions for her-- but, as I have not the money to carry out my plans, perhaps there is not so much difference between us, after all.

I am looking forward to your reunion on the eleventh--when every one of the family will be at the train to welcome Helen home.

With a heart full of love,

Mother

OUR HOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

Monday Morning--

Dear Children:

In thinking it over, I believe I shall have to change my plans once more. If I cannot begin to pack until the morning of the 17th. I do not believe I can make it by the morning of the 21st. It seems as though I ought to, but I cannot really begin packing at all until I can have everything ready to be packed. I may not be able to leave until Tuesday, the 24th. That would bring me in to Montreal on Saturday---if Ray ~~did not meet~~ ^{should meet} me it would be Saturday afternoon---that would not do.

But, I will make no definite plan this morning, will see how things go this week. Examinations are rushing, each one is so busy with writing and studying. And that means four of them, for this is headquarters more than ever since Neff House girls have had to move into smaller, more inconvenient quarters.

Last evening, Elizabeth and Faith had everything spread out on the diningroom table--- Peg and Willis studying and writing on the breakfast room table, Adams writing in her room and I at work in my room. The house as quiet as a studyroom should be.

I think of taking down curtains, pictures--getting dishes and silver assorted and put away--and the last laundry things--and the last cleaning--the looking after the final bills -aside from the actual packing, and I am scared---yet I shall have four days to do it in--It seems as though I ought to do it! Perhaps I shall---

Perhaps I am just scared, this morning!
Elizabeth thinks she can stay over a day or two, or more and do it for me----But you know I feel that no one else can do it as I can, even though they can do it more quickly. She laughs and says I must learn a "new technique." I told her that this summer was rather hard on one who had always had to know ahead in order to make plans, that the continual changing of plans was bewildering. It was then she made that remark--adding that my old technique had been so thoroughly learned it was necessary to learn another line. I hinted that I was too old to learn--but she scouted that.

The Inqli came out yesterday afternoon. Ruth is very happy in the thought of having all of her girls at home this summer.

Adams is not at all well, worrying over the "where am I to go" question, I do not doubt. This very indefinite P.S. seems to foolish to send--yet it is just as well to let you know that nothing is absolutely certain as to when I shall leave for Montreal--but I shall wire you when things are settled. You shall know a few days ahead of time when to expect me.

Don't both too much about my room for the summer, plan, as much as possible, to make me one of the family, sharing with all of you, the comforts and discomforts of a summer home. I hope I have not lost all ability to adapt myself to circumstances

With all love for all of you.

Mother

Claremont--June 1 1930

Dear Helen and Wilder:

I expect this letter will be all of the joy that is Margaret's, for we are quite full of its latest development. The Merrills have shown their happiness in the choice that Willis has made, in all kinds of ways and last evening brought a new kindness.

Willis and Margaret were there for dinner, and Mrs. Merrill drew her one side and asked her what she would like most to have her give her for a graduation present. "Not something to put away for some future time, but for you to use now, this summer. Margaret finally said that anything to wear would be most acceptable--and a summer coat was the choice Mrs. Merrill made. She also told her that Willis had told her that Margaret did not want to be married until she had paid off the \$275. that she had borrowed for tuition, and that she wanted her to feel perfectly free of that burden, so it would be her great pleasure to pay it for her! I suppose they are worth a half million, at least, and to Mrs. Merrill 275 dollars perhaps does not look to be very much--but to Margaret--and some of the rest of us it seems a big sum.

The soap Co. turned over, this last year some seven millions---and the Copra factory, Mr. Merrill's pet hobby, (?) less than a year old turned over some \$4,000,000. That is the business Willis is to go into at \$100. a month at first. But, it has been hinted that his mother, on his graduation, will give to him her own personal shares in the Copra mill. So--one of Ruth's daughters seems to have fallen on her feet in the matter of a future home and family.

I do not know if Elizabeth has written you her re-action to your letter, but it has brought new thoughts to the girls and they love you very much for writing as you did.

All three hope to be at home this summer. Elizabeth thought she could take the school promised her on Western Ave. Do all the household buying, and get the dinners. Her father said she could not do it, that it would take her at least four hours a day to make the trip to and fro. That all three girls were hoping for a chance to make some money this summer--and he and Ruth agreed that they could not accept the sacrifice the girls would make. But no other solution was offered. Jack is like a man in deep water, spending all his strength in keeping his head out of the flood, and with no conception of the many things that are needing to be done that are so very evident to any standing securely on the dry land.

Margaret and Willis are going in town Tuesday to see about her entrance to U.S.C. summer school, and on to Van Nuys to see if she can get a job on the Van Nuys paper. If she cannot then she will see Mr. Moore about going into the store. She has finished her practice teaching in high school music. She has studied the different instruments and has taught some classes in the rudiments of handling the violin, cello, horn, cornet etc. for orchestra work. This summer she wants to take lessons in orchestration to prepare for such a position in some high school this Fall. That will be the main question she will have to ask at U.S.C.

Elizabeth has sent letters to San Fernando, and Owensmouth, Burbank and Glendale high schools to see if there will be any chance for her nearer home. Just the position she wants in teaching was open in Van Nuys, but Jack did not think it wise for her to be under him.

Faith will make no effort along any line, except to be her mother's right hand man, and study violin, piano and voice as much as possible by herself for the summer.

Adams---well, it is still all up in the air as to where she is to be for the summer. But we are planning for our own two selves for the coming year--as near Van Nuys as we can and still be in Hollywood, Beverly Hills or Santa Monica. Perhaps I will scratch B.H. Santa Monica is not far and will give me the sea--- Hollywood--towards the North, is on the Van Nuys P.E. Line, and not far from the City. So it stands---

Claremont
Febryary 11 1930

Dear Children:

And for fear that I forget it, let me begin with the "Penfield Tree." Mrs. Allan Penfield Nicholls telephoned me that they had a new and up-to-date book about the Penfield family and did I not want to come over and look up the family to see if we might not be related. But---I have so little to go on, and I must have sent back to you the data that the New York Penfield searcher sent to you, without making a copy of it, I turn to you for help. I was certain that I had copied it, but it is not where I should expect it to be had I done so.

should like to be related to the Nicholls family, and it would be interesting to look it up in their book.

Well--the great day came last week Thursday--Elizabeth came home that morning! Margaret, Adams and I went to Pomona to meet her and bring her to Claremont for breakfast. Faith was on the glee-club trip. That afternoon we four took the car and went into town. Adams and I stopped in Hollywood, had dinner, sat in the Roosevelt hotel foyer for an hour and a half and then went to the Chinese Theatre---quite American, but Chinese points--to see Lawrence Tibbet in the Rogue Song. It is fine, I enjoyed it immensely, and then I had forgotten the glorious coloring of the inside of the theatre--I simply lost myself in color! Elizabeth and Margaret went on to Van Nuys, Faith met them there, and after dinner they went with her to Hollywood where the Glee club were to give a concert in the Presbyterian Church. Faith had concerts for the next day, Friday, before coming back to Claremont, so the two girls met us after the Rogue Song and we came home

Saturday, the two girls and I went to Pomona where they were to see about practice teaching in the Pomona High school. Sunday morning Elizabeth went to the city to meet Mr. Gould to find out about getting a school position. He is a member of the school board. Then she went on to Van Nuys. Sunday morning Margaret, Faith, Adams and I went in to Los Angeles to church and immediately after went to Van Nuys for that turkey dinner that was to have been here but had been changed to Van Nuys.

We had a mighty good dinner, the table was lovely, the day was wonderful the family quite all right, hence a good visit. Then the three girls and we came home.

Yesterday, the day was full to running over with different things ending with a concert in the evening. This morning the regular reading circle---and between stants of knitting I am trying to get this letter written for the postman.

I am getting along famously with Jeff's sweater--but such a time as I had getting the right combination of colors! I had selected a darker shade of green to tone in with the lighter one and with a

father and say--"But you must have the right training, for it is either make or break--good or bad--no half way business." Have courage, children, such children are worth any amount of care and attention. But it is not particularly easy to keep ahead of that little mind, I am certain. But you will do it--I wish I could be of help--but even if I were, with her German, and my slowness of hearing--what could I do! Loving you all---Mother

connecting strip of white---It was killing, so cold looking! I tried yellow with it, it was horrid! I tried a tiny bit of pink--worse yet! Finally we decided it was the dark green that killed everything. A beautiful shade, but it was not Baby Jeff! So, it is white and a bit of yellow to brighten the monotony of the light green, and we all like it. Next week will find the sweater on its way, if nothing happens to prevent.

I am so very, very sorry--but I completely forgot Priscilla's birthday. I am getting dreadful in forgetting birthdays--but I expect it would make Mary feel better if I should tell her, for I forgot Barbara Jean's last summer, and it was hard for them to understand how I could do so, I think.

It is such fun to hear from Elizabeth all about you. She treasures everything that happened there, I think. It does me good, continually, to know that she has been there, has learned to know you and love you all. And I do not allow myself to be a bit conscience stricken--as I am inclined to be--because of the sacrifice that you made to bring her there. I love you for it, and know that, some day, it will be made up to you many times over.

Her interest in the farm is great and I feel much more that I know something about it and, surely, it will prove a good investment financially as well as in other ways. Do not get discouraged over it, even though it may seem something of a white elephant at times. It is a good move, I am sure.

Thursday Morning Elizabeth and I take the car and go into the city to make a day of hunting "a job." Dr. Snyder is the one she hopes to win--He is principal of the Junior College--the work she wants to do, but he is not partial to women teachers, yet if he capitulates to any woman teacher he takes them. He is very friendly to Jack, and that may, or may not, be an asset. Then for Louise Clark who has much knowledge of the school business and a heap of influence. Then to Venice High and on to Beverly--The principal there really wants Elizabeth. Then for dinner at the Ingle home.

Oh Ruth does look, and act, and feel, so very well. Elizabeth was disappointed, I do not know just what she expected, and altogether made over mother--different from anything she had ever known?--Perhaps. But the other two are delighted with her improvement. Orderly? well, trying very hard to be, and perhaps there is more improvement there than one can realize. She sees the necessity of being orderly more than she ever did before--that is, since she was married. She was, originally, orderly. She is very dear, and for you two she feels a great devotion.

I hope the scarf has reached you, Wilder, and that it was needed and is satisfactory. I have your birthday gift all ready to send, Helen, and "the de'il take me" if I do not get it there on time!

I feel a distinct disappointment that it did not seem best for Ruth Mary to come with Elizabeth. I do not feel so disappointed that Helen did not come--for I knew she would not, especially after Fraulein Bergman could not be left in charge. She is a real problem, is she not! Oh dear, I do hope she does not have to go back to Germany, poor thing. Priscilla a problem? I guess most likely--such a lively, brain-active piece of humanity always is a problem to a mother like you, my dear--and should be to every mother of such a child. I used to look at her

Did I tell you that the History teacher in Madison said that her paper was 100% perfect? And that Prof. Fish said that in all the years he had been in the U. work Elizabeth's thesis was the best thought out of any he had ever had handed in on International Law?--and he had had many of them If I told you that before--forgive me for repeating.

Claremont---February 19 1930

Dear Children:

I have Jeff's sweater ready to mail, and it will be sent to the office at the first opportunity. I hope that it fits and that you will all like it.

The Dodge went to North Hollywood to take its chances with other "used cars" in finding a new owner. It was rather hard to see it go, yet I know it was the only sensible thing to do. Elixabeth tried to console me by saying, "Never mind, Nanean, if I get a good job where we can stay for a time we'll have a new one. We'll buy a Ford and have a scrumptious time with it."

Well--I don't see how any one can wonder at my love for that child. There is no one here who plans for me and my comfort as she does. We seem to "understand" each other pretty well. She even seems to think that I can understand all the things she is studying! Instead of that, as she talks to me all about the things she has to do, or the things she has to think out and report or study more deeply into, my head whirrels as it used to when I had twisted the swing round and round and then let it unwind into place. I gaze at her, unable to take my eyes away from her, blink and say nothing but wonder if I shall ever catch up with her thought----when the swing shall stop whirling. She is not supposed to have more than ten hours of work--she has fourteen, and all sorts of other things that must be done. She has a whole project with Dean Gibson that interests her so much that she mourns that she cannot spend the whole semester on that one piece of research-----Yes, certainly, I often think how my son Wilder used to mourn for the lack of hours to do what he wanted to do--and

wonder why he was so slow---if he could only work faster,as some were able to do!--I wonder where those "some" are now? Back in the ranks some where. Right where they belong,for fast work is not always thorough work,is it?

Adams went to the Beach yesterday,a picnic to Palm Springs today,and probably a couple of days with Blanche at the end of the week before coming home. Just once--the day Elizabeth came home--have the three girls been all together for a meal. Today they are to manage a seven o'clock dinner--a fish dinner--and Elizabeth is to prepare the whole of it! A gala day,for sure.

She is going to Pomona twice a week for practice teaching,and soon entering the French Revolution period,the teacher proposes to give the whole preparation and teaching into her charge! As American History is her special--and French,the least special--I notice that a book on the French Revolution is on the table beside her bed.

She has always hated French---because she felt that it was not well taught in the schools! She will,probably,have a chance of teaching French in Summer School!!! It is such a supreme joke on her. For,unless she can combine that with other things she may not be able to get the summer school,and she must have that or something else.

Margaret is so very happy in teaching--or helping in the teaching of the orchestra in the Claremont High School. "Just what I want,and the teacher is a wonder!" Margaret's first work will be to sit down beside that one French horn player--a boy that cannot keep his mind on his work,nor his body on his chair--Also,that boy with the horn who plays a note and looks around at the others for several notes--- And more than ever she is trying to plan how she can buy her a French horn-- She has the trumpet,but has always wanted the horn which is a little more expensive---she'll get it in some way. *A little later she will have the practice of leading the orchestra*

Faith has been having a hard time with her voice--changed teachers this year,and has had a series of colds and her voice has been too rigid for her to seem to be in the running at all---but she and her teacher are delighted with what the past few weeks have brought in improvement.

Am I talking too much about the girls?--I do not have very much of any thing else to think about,you know,and they are such darlings!

Perhaps I should speak of something else that is not so joyful a subject,however. I expect that Dorothy has gone home with the baby to her mother--to stay. I do not know very much about it. Herbert told me the night Patricia graduated. We were sitting in the crowded hall and there was not much opportunity for much talk. I saw him for a few minutes in his office the other day,but he was busy with some man,and by the time he left,Elizabeth had come back for me.

Herbert says it was the only thing to do,Dorothy nagged all of the time--"I should kill her if I had to live with her. And we all know George would make a dandy husband,given half a chance." It has looked that way to the rest of us. None of us have felt that it could last ~~long~~ long. Dorothy is as well educated as George,of course,but she has not

the background that George has,and she has been so constantly conscious of it that often she began her tirade with "I want you to know that my people are every bit as good as yours are." I suppose that remark will explain much of her unfairness to him. I have not seen him--I want to--but I know he loved his baby with all his heart and it will be hard for him. George has grown very manly we are all proud of him. I shall try and write again very soon,I love you all--^{mother}

Claremont, California
January 26.1930

Thirty-nine years ago this morning a dear baby boy was born in our home in Spokane. It was about seven o'clock in the morning when he came-- It is now 9:40 here in California. Thirty nine years ago just this minute you were not very old, Wilder dear. You were nuzzling around under the blankets on the green couch near the bed. Dr. and nurse were busy with your mother, grandfather and grandmother Penfield were hurrying their things out of the house into the newly rented one over on sixth street, Herbert and Ruth had gone to an early breakfast over with Uncle Tom and Aunt Agnes, everything was in commotion, everyone was hurrying excepting your mother who was happily conscious that a new baby boy had come to her to claim her love and prayers.

And for thirty-nine years he has claimed, and received, ^{the} love and prayers of his mother, and richly has he repaid her in love--and prayers. Now, he has added to his claims the gift of another dear daughter, and four more babies to love and pray for. A very rich gift I received thirty-nine years ago this morning, a gift for which I have continued to be most grateful. How much my son and I have been to each other through these years, and how thankful I am for the birthday of years ago!

But to turn to thoughts of today--I have not heard from you for so long, so long. Twice a day I watch for the postman--but the mail is not what I am looking for. Are you two so busy that you have not the time for writing, or are any of you ill--or what is the matter?

Do not think I am flooding you with literature, but I am sure you will be interested in what the Student Life said about Margaret, and perhaps the dear young artist in the family may be interested in

the art work of the Mexican school children, even if not in the most remarkable and efficient propaganda they are setting forth before the people. The comparison of the French and German interested me, and it may interest you. The breakfast brought to Mother before a hard day might be of interest in the life on the "real farm."

With all love--but rather hurriedly, for I have several things to do before Margaret comes to take us to church---

Mother

How many of the Spokane names would you remember, Wilder? Mrs. Cherington, Mrs. E. C. Moore, Mrs. Becket, Mrs. Welch (Both of the Scott family) Mrs. Oakley, Mrs. Miller, Winnie Walbridge Brewer and her mother--- None of them, probably, for you were just a little boy when we left there.

Claremont, California
February 2 1930

Dear Children:

Oh but it was good to get letters from both of you this week! I like to write my letters in the morning, my brain seems to work better then--I think I get lazy later in the day, and today, especially, I am inclined to be a little lazy. This week has been a bit strenuous for such a stay-at-home body as I am growing into.

Last Monday I sent out invitations for a Spokane luncheon--twelve of us in all. Tuesday I brought out the dishes and washed them up, to freshen them, counted out the silver and looked over the table linen. Wednesday I took the 7.30 train into Los Angeles. Did some shopping, and went to the Bell's "for the day." They invited Mrs Day--Cecil's mother---for lunch, and we had a right good visit. After lunch we went to see Cottie--but she was "in hot water" as she, herself, expressed it--trying to pack things to go off on the train, and she had so little money and had to buy two tickets---It was sad, still she looked so sort of intelligent in comparison with her two roommates! Barter wanted to know all about you, Wilder, and when I told him that you had not forgotten him at all, that you held him in memory with the old affection---he was pleased.

I came home that night with plans for a Hudson luncheon, Men and such like. Of about twenty-four!

Patricia was to graduate Thursday evening at the Hollywood High--and she had set her heart on my being there. I thought I could not manage it for Adams, with the best intentions in the world, could not manage alone. However, I set the tables early Thursday morning. Everything was well planned. Adams could cook and fix the rabbit-veal pates, and the soup--and, if I was delayed in getting home she could have the fruit cut up for the salad. I was bringing some other things from town, and she had made the pies on Wednesday.

Margaret had an examination to take in L.A. at 8.30 Friday morning, and I felt that it was quite possible for her to get me home in time for the last things. Jack and Herbert did not agree with me for if anything should happen to delay us "You would go crazy, Mother." So Herbert, Mary and Blanche drove me out after the school exercises--which were most attractive, and Patricia, herself, looked like a dream in peach-colored satin, and everything to match.

When we came home here at eleven o'clock, we found Adams hard at working in the kitchen, picking up the meat. My conscience troubled me. Had she been at work all day? But what had she had to do? The house was in order, there was no cleaning---At last I found out that she had gone to the Rosses for lunch---had gone with them for a long drive in the afternoon with them, and had spent the evening playing bridge! You see---No, it is utterly impossible for her to assemble and carry out the plans for a luncheon of twelve. You see, she had not expected me back until morning

The call of the garden is growing louder
comfort in the middle of the day. But I have to re-cover a whole comfort and get the little bedroom
each day. But I have to re-cover a whole comfort and get the little bedroom
in order for Elizabeth before Thursday.

And as to Adams visiting her Beach friends! Well, it bothers me sometimes, but
that, too, must be overcome. As Paul said--"Forgetting the things that are behind
I press forward--" And one of the things that should be forgotten is the old
I heartaches, I expect. With all love, Mother

But she has never done such things, she does not know how---but she
thinks she does. She takes infinite pains, she is a good cook. I do
not like to take infinite pains, and I am not a good cook. But if it
is necessary I can cook a meal and set the table at the same time.
She cannot, and neither does she ever think to get the hot plates etc.
ready. So---there was plenty to do the next morning, and Ruth and
Margaret, who expected to be here to help, had trouble with the car
and did not get here until about twelve o'clock! I was so thankful that
I had come home the night before, that I had no room for any other
thought. *And I rather enjoyed seeing things shape themselves into
running order.*

And Saturday morning Adams went to the Beach again. Will come home
Wednesday afternoon with Margaret. I cleaned up and put away etc.
until about three o'clock and went to the bed for a sleep of an hour
and a half, then I felt quite human again.

Elizabeth is coming Thursday morning, instead of on Sunday. Faith is of
on the Glee Club trip. Elizabeth found she could come a few days
earlier, and will be here in time to register on time for Claremont
Colleges.

Helen dear, I shall be glad to make the sweater for Jeff, as soon as I
can get the yarn. I tried to find some that would match on Wednesday,
but did not have the time to go up to Robinson's where I think I can
get it. That Ladyfair yarn seems a bit light for a boy. I shall try
to get a yarn with more body--more chance for wear, but it looked like
Priscilla.

Wilder dear---do not worry about Ruth, she will come out all right, I
am sure. She is feeling fine now. And she was so up to the minute at
the luncheon Friday. You know, that fear is such a deadly thing.
The Sunday she was here and I saw what was happening, I had a mighty
hard time with that same deadly fear. But, I think I have conquered it.
Have you ever noticed how many mothers and fathers went to Jesus asking
for help for their sick children? They were, every one of them, cured.
And God is the same God that Jesus told about when he was on earth.

I think you do not understand about the music that Margaret is after.
She neither plays nor sings--but she knows the theory of music, down
to the ground. She knows the orchestral instruments, what each one is
expected to do in the ensemble. She has worked out themes, giving each
instrument its proper consideration and place. She will be fitted to
lead a school orchestra, and play her own instrument--the horn. It will
be a joy to her to major in that for her teaching certificate, and a
joy to major in Journalism for her M.A. Then--if she wants to go into
Journalism as a business, the other major may not be used--but if she
decides to teach journalism in school the other major will be of help
to her, for she will be that much more valuable. She has been doing
much with orchestration all through high school and college

No indeed, there is no string attached to the money I sent Wilder for
Christmas. He may get just exactly what he most desires.

We are having the most wonderful weather--You know the first warm
days of spring when there is the least hint of a tang in the air but
the sun is absolutely hot? The snow on the mountains right next door
to us keep the tang of winter, otherwise it would be too warm for

Claremont--December 27 1929

Dear Elizabeth--and all of the Montreal Family!

This letter is sent to you, Elizabeth, because I want to write you all about the Christmas, and the first thing I know you will have to be back in Madison, and this may be the last chance to write you in Montreal.

But, the rest of the family will, I am sure, be interested in knowing all about "How it is done" in the far west--or south-west, and it will be better to include it all in one long letter---for I shall not know when to stop, when once started.

Perhaps on account of that danger, I would better say "Thank you" before I begin. Anyway, the thank-you feelings are very strong, even stronger than the desire to tell you all about it.

It was fine to have the beginning--and all of the in-betweens of the Forsyte Saga --and now, I have the whole of them--and Adams is getting ready for me to read the whole history of the nineteenth century idea of what made success. The successful man was the man of property--and in the younger generation, only, the third generation, almost, came the idea of success being really service and not acquisition.

Thank you.

I did not open the New York package until Wednesday morning at the tree--Oh it is lovely! When I showed it to Auntie Mame that evening, Elizabeth, she said "Oh but it is luscious! There is no other word that expresses it so exactly."---Helen dear, you are a darling--and so is that husband of yours. I don't suppose it would be possible to thank one of you separately--you are so wonderfully one in thought and action. Thank you dear children for all of the wonderful Christmas you have given to me and mine.

Wilder Junior's present is characteristic, and therefore the more welcome. Wilder dear, your father wrote me a while ago that he wished he could draw better than he feels that he does--and he said this-- "I should like to take drawing lessons--perhaps I can take some when Wilder begins to take lessons and then we can do these things together."--Those may not be the exact words he used, although they express the sense all right, I am confident. Thank you for the drawing of the deer--and the calender.

And dear Ruth Mary--You have been ill, and yet you did that work for me! But from you I had two gifts, that very pretty handkerchief, and the towel that is so lovely. Thank you, very much---

And are you two big children, and the two little children enjoying that new cousin who is with you this Christmas? We have more of the same kind out here--Oh not just like her, each one is an original--no copies.

Such weather! This for you, Elizabeth, for not one of them there could imagine such weather--anywhere. But you know. The nights are cold--the days are warm spring. Yesterday morning when your father came to the hotel to take us back to breakfast he said, "These mornings remind

I have been saving up a pile of things that I want to write you after the 17th. Each day I'm happier because of knowing you all.

me of the cold winter mornings in Wisconsin--Two sundogs should be up there, one each side of the sun"--just here I reminded him that he was dressed in no warmer clothing than in the summer--no warm mittens on his hands, no cap pulled down over his ears--no cap at all, in fact-- Oh yes, I am not cold, you know, but the air is so crisp and snappy."

Jack and Faith came out Tuesday morning for us and the packages. We reached Van Nuys somewhere about noon. The two little boys had been playing Santa Claus for the first time, and had trimmed the tree in their own sweet way--and had put what packages they could get hold of around the tree and covered them with "snow." It was a bit lopsided, several of the ornaments had been broken, perhaps, but it was a perfectly good Christmas tree until Eliot came over to see it, and rather sneered at it--His tree reached the ceiling--etc. etc. Then David rushed out to his mother and said, "Eliot doesn't like our tree, can't we have something more to trim it with?" But his mother answered very calmly--It is nice that Eliot likes his tree the better, but this is our tree, and we like our tree, you know."

Faith was in charge of pretty much everything, for we older ones were on our way for the afternoon. We went over to see Scottie--they said it would not be safe for her to go with us--she might have an accident as she has not much control over herself----she was happy in telling us that some one, "they" came to her to have her make some drawers, but she could not do it, she could draw the pattern of them all right, but she told them that it had been so many years since she had done things like that, she just must say no--she was sorry but she could not help it--over and over again. We told her that you were in Montreal--"Oh I wish I was there, too. "But I was there this morning" and she looked as happy as if she had really been there.

Then we went towards the sea. Down through the Del Ray Palisades-- up through Venice, Ocean Park, Santa Monica, and along the highway towards the north--Then around Santa Monica and back to Hollywood and they two were Adams' and my guests for dinner at The Ship Ahoy." Then the "bright lights". Everyone has outdone himself in street decoration--but I really think Van Nuys led the line. Their plan was more delicately carried out as the small trees were fastened to the lamp posts letting the five big globes show as lights with the smaller ones. The big top globe was white and above it twinkled a smaller white light on an overtopping branch--the other four--green, red, yellow and blue globes gave a deeper glow to the tree lights. Every firm, I am sure, united in furnishing decorated, well lighted trees spaced far enough apart to be most effective, and all of the same size. That was so all along through San Fernando-- Man Nuys, North Hollywood, and Hollywood. Los Angeles, too was a blaze of light. And so many windows of the homes--big and little, had marvellous trees set in the windows--and so many trees on private lawns were beautifully decorated and lighted. And every face one saw was aglow with good fellowship and happiness. It was glorious!

We came back to Van Nuys about seven o'clock and they left us at the Hotel Sylvan--they went home to finish up the tree and get ready for morning.

Margaret
was at
the store.

I do so want to hear if the box reached its destination without customs and with as little trouble to the heads of the house as possible. I shall get this thing worked out better some day.

Wednesday morning Bobs came down after us and we had waffles--sausage- and coffee until we were fully satisfied. Jack worked the kitchen waffle iron, and Bobs worked the electric one. Then they all went for the dishes--and it was not long before the sheet separation the diningroom from the living room was taken down and we marched--as usual--singing "Joy to the World--" Then a ring ~~xxxx~~ around, when the kickers kicked as high as they could and the rest of us held the line steady. Then the stockings, beginning with Stuart--of course--and then the mysterious packages!

The turkey was on cooking for their dinner--but we were expected at Uncle Herbert's at two o'clock--I wore my red velvet dress that I have not had on since coming home last February--and the Scrooge party was very distinct in my mind--for that was the first time I had ever worn it. (I have been wishing so much that I knew when that same Scrooge dinner was to be held this year.)

Mary is far from well. She seldom sits up more than four hours a day. Fortunately, just after the Thanksgiving dinner she went in town and bought the most of her Christmas presents. Other things had to go by default. She said "I wanted to write to Wide and Helen, but I have not been able to do so." I hope she did not overdo on Wednesday, but she looked pretty rocky. She is taking regular treatments of some kind-- I don't know just what. I tried to find out what was the trouble-- but she said, "Oh just tired out, I guess." Patricia and Jean have been working--as many other college girls do-- the week before Christmas. Pat in at Woolworth's and Jean at Kress' They call themselves the "Five and Dime girls." But they are through now. I was rather startled when I found that Pat is to graduate the 28th. of January----and she laughed at me in a very knowing way--and I understood--of course. She and her Dad are just as good pals as ever. But--that little Barbara Jean is the one great fact for them all. George seems very fond of Dorothy--adores the baby--and has such a tender, devoted look in his eyes when he looks at his father--He was always a lover of his mother's, of course. And she? There never was any one quite like George--It was simply another happy family--you see. Wilder had picked up some foreign substance that had lodged in his eye and it was pretty thoroughly and scientifically done up. It was feeling more comfortable, but did not add to his original beauty. Fred has grown like a weed and Mary says he is so thoughtful of her now that she is feeling so miserably. Deacon is the same bright sweet rascal that he has ever been.

Have you heard? He plays marbles--He won all of the marbles in his school and his chum won all the marbles in his school--then Deacon won all of his chum's marbles!!! Fred is a pretty good student, and looks forward to college--but Deacon has more interest in the marbles, you know.

George still talks Australia.

We had a fine dinner--of course--and the table was so pretty. Mary says Jean has really grown up this year. She is enjoying her school work and is working hard.

Uncle Herbert's hair is getting fairly white --it bothers him, but in the game of pingpong he beat both of his sons to a finish--and gloated. It has been a rather hard year, financially--they did not

get off my dusty shoes, and change my dress and begin to set the table for dinner. I can hear Adams rushing to the kitchen between putting away this thing in that box etc. getting the room cleared out!! But this letter had to be written. And tomorrow must be all devoted to letterwriting, I expect. With love for you all--Nanean

make as much of Christmas as usual. But I think they all felt that it had been a good Christmas.

Uncle Herbert and Auntie Mame took us to Van Nuys--where we had some popcorn and talked a while---a little later your father took us back to the hotel--and we slept the sleep of the satisfied.

Thursday morning we were with them for breakfast at 7.30 This time it was the new toaster--the Master toaster--that occupied the central position and thought. David was the official at the making of the toast--and every time it popped up ready to eat--he looked as proud as a boy could look... At 8.47 Adams and I went in town. The great event was seeing, and hearing, The Taming of the Shrew. The sign reads--"Together! Pickford-Fairbanks." It was as perfect as possible, I believe. Naturally, I want to hear it again.

The place was crowded. We were fortunate in getting a seat at all. The United Artists does not have reserved seats-- Adams was about sick. We stood for some time up--near the roof, and finally an usher came and said "here are seats"--we followed, rather blindly, for it was dark and the play was on--I went ahead, and supposed Adams was close behind. I was pointed to a clear row--and went in to the middle of it--and Adams wasn't there. I couldn't reach the usher, I could not make him see me, and I could not make a loud call--they were talking on the screen! I could see her, after a while slowly going down the stairs again. Well--there was nothing to be done, I was in the middle of the row--and the crowd had filled up all of the seats except the one I had saved for her between me and a man with a huge package.-----She said she lost me and kept calling "Jean, Jean" the usher assured her that he knew I had gone into a certain row-- but she could see that I was not there--so she went down again to try and find a seat nearer the screen than back under the roof. So--we both forgot our troubles and sat through the second showing, knowing that we would find each other when the time came. We did.

Jack had come into town on business, and we met him at five o'clock and he brought us and our packages back to Claremont. We had a good beefsteak that I had bought on the way home, and lettuce and hot rolls and coffee and sent him home warmed, fed, and happy--I am sure, for he had done so much all of the week to make every one else happy.

Jean Hoard sent a card to Van Nuys and included a message to me, but later, probably when she got my card, she felt that I needed a word more and what she said made me very happy and she said some nice things about my granddaughter. And we had wondered if you could possibly have gotten off from Madison in the blizzard that Friday--she said "We got a very happy and excited child aboard the Special for Montreal today. She has been such fun to have this year, and our Christmas celebration last night was so jolly. Lib is such a dear--- etc. She began Dear Nanean (May I call you that?) It warmed the cockles of my heart, you know.

And today? Well, Christmas is over! All but the happiness it left in its wake, and there has been sweeping and putting away etc. etc. as in every other well-regulated home. And now--I think I would better

were not a plan for her to be with Mrs. Mercer for the coming year--She will not listen to it if she thinks I need her--but it may be that it will be the answer to other questions--I am waiting to see what the outcome may be. With all love for each and every one of you--Mother

I wish you could read the letters I received after Christmas from the three MacQuarries. Billy's showed a mind very like his father's. The same quaint angle that he has on life and its needs and deeds. John shows so clearly his lookout on Life---Kindly, responsible, older and dearer. While Ruth, the rascal, appeals strongly to one's sense of her being just where she is neither child nor woman---She is going to be very pretty and most attractive, by the way---Her is one sentence, "It is raining, darn it, but Mother says I must be content." If that does not present a picture of Ruth--and her training! That tone of resignation, "but Mother says" makes me smile whenever I think of her.

Bobs had a girl out riding with him in his car of which he is quite proud, and there was a colision. No one hurt, but the two cars well smashed as to fenders etc. Repair of 87 dollars covered by insurance. What cannot be understood is how his new raincoat was slashed under and around the arms and the whole side next Jean cut to pieces--and no one hurt and no able to say what happened.

They picked up a dinner and came out again yesterday--the third time this month! Is it not delightful for them to do that?

Margaret finishes her four year course in Pomona this month and will immediately become self-supporting. The beauty of this position is that she earns her tuition for the spring semester and something between \$150 and \$200 in cash. Besides that she will have the satisfaction of starting something entirely new, something that she believes Pomona needs and that the idea will grow into something quite well worth while and she will be responsible for the birth of the idea. The faculty are showing great confidence in her.

She will take up work along the line of Education--and possibly music. She has had all sorts of courses in harmony etc. She knows the theory of music--and orchestration very well. She wants Journalism and school orchestration for her future teaching work. Miss Wernlund, who is a real wonder along the line of school music etc. is determined that Margaret shall be her assistant in the Van Nuys high school. Jack will do nothing towards getting her there, and Miss W. declares she will go to the Board of Education and insist that she must have Margaret. As for Margaret, well the child wants to get away from home and on "her own" and I do not think the position so close to home quite appeals to her as yet---and still, Ruth and Jack really need one of their girls to be with them----- It may be that next year when she and Elizabeth are with me in Los Angeles she will have had a taste of independence, and of social life---which I hope may follow---she will be more clear in her mind of what she wants to do.

Faith has had many disappointments in her vocal work this year, but it has been good for her, perhaps. At least she has grown up--and her character development will surprise that older sister of hers. It is almost time for the postman--I have not done the breakfast dishes, and the rooms need cleaning this morning so as to be quite ready for the reading circle tomorrow morning at 9.30. Adams went in town Friday morning to be with Mrs Jones and her sister Mrs Mercer. You may recall that Mrs. Jones was a great friend of your fathers? She expected to come home that evening, but sent a telegram that she would not be home until Tuesday--and now she will not be here until Wednesday. I should not be surprised if the

Claremont

January 20 1930

Dear Children:

Someway I feel that I am fairly well out of touch with you dear ones in Montreal. Since Christmas, or ~~the~~ since Elizabeth landed in Montreal I have had two very short letters from Wilder, and one from Ruth Mary, bless her, she gave me a glimpse into the "real farm" and that meant much--and that was a month ago! Well, Wilder dear, you say you and Helen are enjoying the copied letters---but the outlook for the coming year does not look very bright for another bit of past thoughts and deeds--now does it? Still a bad beginning often makes a good ending, they say.

Oh I know how it is and have not laid up one single hard thought towards you. Helen has been going to the hospital to make things brighter for Fraulein Bergman, and that added to the regular---and irregular--duties of the home keeper busy, and so she leaves me to Wilder's care---and he has been having an extra amount of work to do--and so, the time passes.

However, when you both get time to write there are some things I want very much to know---and if you do not have the actual time to write, get Ruth Mary to do it for you, she is quite capable of it.

And the first thing I want to know is about Ruth Mary herself. How is she? And are you going to let me have her for a while? I can think of so many very reasonable and imperative, almost, reasons for her coming with Elizabeth who says "Oh I should love that," that I can scarcely see how it can be otherwise than that she should come.

Then I want to know all about Fraulein Bergman, how she is recovering, etc.

I want to know about Bob Murray and about the operation, and its results, of January 7th.

I want to know the details about that Christmas package. Did you have trouble with it? Did you have to pay any duty? Did the glasses go through without breaking? Did the sweaters fit? Did Helen like her little pocket pen? Did the sentiment of their being of the first-fruits off my trees add sweetness to the few nuts I sent? Has Wilder Jr. decided on the one magazine that he wants to have coming to him through the year?

I am sending a little package for your birthday, Wilder dear, but am sending it to Helen who will hand it out to you at the proper time. Did you receive the little books for Jeff's birthday? Did he enjoy them? Stuart's came the 14th. of December, and I made him a sweater out of bits of yarn that I had left over, and yesterday was David's birthday and I managed to make him one out of other yarn that was left over from that wrap I was making for Ruth in Montreal. Wilder William's birthday followed Christmas rather closely--being the 10th. of January---I sent him a shirt and shorts--they were quite pretty, I thought, but I have not heard from him as to whether he received them or if he were pleased if he did receive them.

Claremont
January 6 1930

To my dear Children--Greetings, and may they attend closely to this my earnest request.

You recall that last year I made my desire to bring Ruth Mary to the California climate as it seemed as if the Montreal climate was a bit strenuous for her? It may have been that the desire was not emphatically enough voiced, for my remembrance of those weeks with Ruth is filled with the sense of great perturbation. The mental strain I had been under for some years was making itself felt, I imagine. However, Ruth Mary did not come back with me. For at least three winters she has had several illnesses----I want her--for as long as you can spare her, and now I can make her fairly comfortable.

Elizabeth comes home soon, may not Ruth Mary come with her? There will be some way of sending her to Chicago where Elizabeth will take the train for home? And you know how much Elizabeth would love to have her. She writes, "Never in my life have I seen four such attractive children." That means a good deal coming from one who thinks of her little brothers as being so very wonderful and lovable.

But, not to be turned aside from the one great theme of this letter, think of the advantages! Saturday morning Mrs. Kermott telephoned asking Adams and me to come over for the day as she was entirely alone. We called the taxi and took the trolley, and had a fine visit. She is dreadfully disappointed that Helen cannot come out this month, but could not Helen come later---in the summer, perhaps, or in the spring--if she would not take Ruth Mary home too soon.

You see, we are not far from Upland and the telephone is in good working

if she were at all under the weather, she could get in touch with Dr. in a very few minutes--and I would see that she did, all right. She would miss Wilder--think how they have depended on each other-- but there would be so many new things to see and do out here.

If you desired, she could go to school here, and there are little girls for her to know and enjoy---little boys too, I expect. While this would be her home, she could spend many hours with her other grandmother--for it would be quite simple for her to go over there alone---no traffic to fear, I mean. There would be many interesting things for her to see and learn in this college town, especially as the school year draws to a close. She would not need to go to church with me--she could go to the Claremont church with one of the girls. She would not be contaminated--or puzzled in any way--and we should all love to have her with us. Think it over carefully. The backbone of the winter may have been broken by the first of February, I suppose, but the spring might be rather trying for her?

Tomorrow, you have that big operation with the three big doctors in consultation and looking on. I am thinking of you, Wilder dear. And shall be thinking of Helen at home anxiously awaiting the outcome. After this busy time is over I hope the Montreal letters will be coming more often--and especially do I want to hear about the box I sent. Did it come thru all right? And did you have to pay any customs charges on it? Let me know. I want to learn how to send things to you without its being a lot of extra trouble and expense to you. Mrs. K. showed us with much pride the necklace and earrings you sent her--I did not blame her but told her to wait until she saw my scarf!

The postman will soon be here--and I want to get this off with him. Loving you and hoping for the reply that I hope to have,

Mother.

Tell me all about Fraulein B. and give her my love--

The end of my paper and I have not spoken of the tragedy at the animal house. How did it happen? Two month's of hard work--was nothing gained by that? Or was the result of the two month's work destroyed? Too bad! Love to you all, and tell Elizabeth I shall write her after Christmas.

Claremont
December 22 1929
Dear Helen and Wilder:

I was so glad to have a letter from you yesterday, for it had been so very long since a letter had come. But I am so sorry to hear of Fraulein Bergman's illness and approaching operation. That will be another extra expense for you, too. How Priscilla must miss her, especially. You have not said if she were learning to talk in English? But you will all miss her! Please give her my love and sympathy.

But this paragraph is full of joy. The pictures! How I love them. The group is fine, with the exception of Priscilla. The kodak taken at the farm gives a much better idea of the shape of her face, and general looks even though the sun is shining in her eyes so that it bothers her. But that picture of Jeff----is he not simply adorable! Thank you very, very much.

And the operation that is coming--you said December 7th. but of course that would mean January 7th.---- You have always been a man of prayer--and that exclamation "If I could only cure him" was a most sincere prayer, I know. Please know that your mother, too, will be praying for you. Praying that you may be guided by the Infinite Mind, that Divine Love will be consciously about you. That your mind will be alert, keen, triumphant. That your love for humanity will guide the hand that holds the knife. That God may use you again, as He has done before, to bring happiness, health to His child who has come to you for help. And I shall pray for you more intelligently than I have ever been able to pray for you in the past.

There have been so many accounts of the terrible blizzard that has been sweeping the Middle West that I am wondering if Elizabeth got through to you on time yesterday, or if she was delayed in starting.

It is so lovely to think of you in Montreal as having one of Ruth's daughters with you. So satisfying to have you know her and have her know you. The distance between us will be shortened, somewhat, by that. That you can add one more of the California family to your book of intimates.

No, I did not know of your visit to New York and Boston. That was lovely. I am so glad that Helen could have even so short a glimpse of her Riverdale friends. I should like to hear more of it, but I expect she is too busy, and perhaps too troubled, to write such a letter.

Well, the January number of the Reader's Digest came Friday---and, the card was already here. Thank you very much, dear children. I shall enjoy the reading, as you well know. I showed it to Jack when he was here --with Ruth--to take the girls home, and he was delighted for he said--I have made up my mind that I shall have that, too."

This will do for her this time perhaps? Sarah Claus boy a wonder gift to the husband of a big Park Jack had a 200 man for \$80. + could not pass it up - they are all so happy over it - the little boys are quite willing and to come in and get ready for dinner at 5 o'clock - the string man at 5:30 - I love you all Mother

*You know the nuts - which I forgot to declare -
are fruit & nuts from my orchard?*

The girls have gone, and the packages are pretty well packed here. So many little things of very little value that must be made especially dressy to look like something.

One of the girls--Faith, without doubt--for Margaret will help Mr. Moore in the store for the days between now and Christmas---is coming after Adams and me Tuesday morning. Then Jack and Ruth have planned, if it is possible, to make arrangements at the Hollenbeck Home to take Cottie and the nurse who seldom leaves her, I imagine, for a little ride. Cottie is not herself--I think I wrote you? Then we go to VanNuys to a room at the Sylvan hotel.--Just where and how we have dinner, is not fully established in my mind, as yet. But we are to have breakfast and the stockings at 14233 Valerño--at seven o'clock the next morning. Then go to North Hollywood for dinner--Herbert's family, including George, of course.

To Herbert I have given a book, "Farewell to Paradise by Frank Theiss-- The small boy coming into adolescence. Very understandingly and tenderly written. Adams gives him a can of olives.

To Mary I have given a little pocket pen like Helen's, and a quart bottle of bread and butter pickles.

To the two girls, a box of gray Galahad paper with envelopes to match that have the address like this one I am using, and a little basket holding a glass of fig jam and surrounded with candies, dates and pressed fruit, and tied up very artistically--for Adams did that. (She gave each of them a pair of silk panties--and to Mary a silk nightgown) To Wilder, a pair of sox with a jar of another kind of fig jam that he might compare with his sisters. To the little boys each a book.

To George and Dorothy quite a large box of jams, jellies and pickles, and to Barbara Jean a pink sweater.

Ruth's Christmas from me--was that blue and gray wrap begun in Montreal and never finished. I packed it in a Christmas box--and on top Margaret printed, on a card with a pup tearing up a paper and looking very inquiringly into one's face--these words-- "The cat came back, You thought she was a goner, But the cat came back." In another box tied underneath-- some more of that paper--of which I also gave to Margaret and Faith--with the proper addresses, and paper that Ruth had found packed away in the cellar, left thereby mistake when I left the house--} and in that a card saying--"Silent be! It was the cat."

To Jack and Bobs a pair of sox. To the little boys each a book.

And by the way--speaking of olives-- A man in Ontario makes some delicious ones. California ripe olives--uncoloured. You know--or perhaps you do not know, for the East knows not so much of our ripe olives, they are often quite black--and have been colored so. Well--he has no labels on the can, that is his special mark--and sells only from the packing house. They are 25¢ a quart can, and mighty good. I should love to send you some along about January 26th. but I hesitate on account ~~of~~ of the duty. Will you ask the customs about what such a package would cost, per can? And do it right soon, you know. You and Helen must have acquired the taste for them? They are infinitely better than the imported ones according to our taste.

As much as you may doubt
it I have been intending to
take time to write you but when
you come right down to it
you are so little acquainted with
my family, especially as is, that
while you might be interested
you could not understand
some of the things I would
write about. The only solution I
can see is a trip for you. Wash.
I think it would be cheaper in
the long run than to get them to
Montreal one at a time
Herbert

have some one else in her place now. Hope they keep that person!!
I love you all dearly and dearly.

Mother

Claremont,
December 15 1929

Dear Children:

As the excitement dies down a little, the remorseful, grateful feelings rise. I am not ^{going} ~~going~~ to say, "You should not have done this big thing," for you know, better than I, what you should have done. But, oh dear children, I hope some one can, and will, make it up to you ^{with} more than compound interest. Perhaps the next "desperate case" that comes to you will become the "beautiful case" that you are striving to have with every one that comes to you.

You have spoken as though there might be some little dread in your minds at having Elizabeth come to you--I suppose because you feel that she has exalted ideas of you both. Well, she has, how can that be otherwise? Like Aunt Addie, who is quite certain that never in all this world can there be such a wonderful couple as you two! I rather think I have not given very wrong impressions of you both--Ruth upholds me, all right---and, if you object to hero worship being turned your way--you will have to change your whole attitude, and that would be wholly against the nature of you both.

But I want to say this---just open your arms and take her into your heart, there is where she hopes to be. As to entertaining her? Do not worry about that--if the children will love her--and they will--and if Helen will give her something to do that she feels will make her really helpful--Elizabeth will glow with pleasure. She is rather capable--and loves to "do things." Kitchen, diningroom, nursery, any where where she can be of real help.

At present her mind is filled--not only with the necessity of getting that thesis off her mind, but with the joy of learning how to teach. She feels most fortunate in having "Aunt Jean" as her preceptor in that work--for Aunt Jean can make a grammar lesson so intensely interesting that the children sigh with regret at the close of the hour! And Elizabeth herself hates to admit how much she has learned about grammar in the two lessons that she had participated in.--So, there you have given to you two topics of conversation that will set her off. You might bring up the subjects of her two sisters, or her three brothers, or even her mother and Dad--if things should get stalled at any time--- which they won't--for she is rather keen, and interested in all kinds of things. Take her for what she is,--a bundle of contradictions who is just learning to use her own wings a bit, after having them rather uncomfortably singed, rather more deeply than some of us have realized. By the way, get her to tell you of her meeting Cornelia Stratton Parker. You will be interested in recalling her?

I am sending her a book that Helen may enjoy having her read aloud? Nothing very deep--but heart-wholesome. I shall direct it to Helen, and it might be nice to take off the outer wrappings before giving it her? It will look more attractive. There~~are~~ are other things I have forgotten to say----but house duties are calling me--Oh, Faith was home here, sick with a heavy cold for nearly a week and Adams was in bed two days with the same complaint at the same time. Adams is at work--or ~~at~~ started work at Griswold's--candied fruit place--in order to make enough money to buy some new store teeth-- I could not say much against it, for she feels the need and I did not seem to feel that I could help her out in that way---- So, of course, she was ill--she always is when she overdoes in that way. She is ambitious, all right. Well, but they

Claremont--December 12 1929

Dear Helen and Wilder:

I have just received an air mail letter from Elizabeth, and am too excited and happy and grateful and remorseful-- for words. Excited that she is really going to Montreal, and that you will know one of Ruth's dear girls, and that she will know you and her little cousins; happy that you should want her to come; grateful that it was possible for you to send for her-----but remorseful that once again you have had to pay a big a price to make yourselves and all of us so happy.

But remorseful as I am, I am putting it one side, as much as possible, and letting gratitude, happiness and excitement have full sway.

I am copying a bit of her letter--"Nanean you can't guess what has happened! I'm trembling so from excitement that I can hardly write. In today's mail came a letter from Aunt Helen and Uncle Wilder containing a \$100 check and the statement that I just must come to Montreal! Did you ever hear of anything outside of a fairy story and Mother's operation, so overwhelming? I'm afraid to move for fear I'll wake up. I had firmly resolved to work six hours average daily on my thesis during vacation, and consoled myself about Montreal saying that even though I had the money, I couldn't take the time to go. I'll work nites during January--or most anything to pull thru. I just can't refuse the trip. It's the most wonderful Christmas in the world for me, and indirectly, is a Christmas gift for my whole family, I think. Just think, Nanean, Two weeks in Montreal!!! Anything grander? Goodness, how can such a wonderful thing happen to me? I know that you will be excited and thrilled, but you just can't imagine how much so I am.

So many of the faculty who knew her here are looking forward with pleasure to her coming back for next semester. Prof. Scott saw her in Madison a short time ago and told Peg that she was prettier and more charming than ever----so I just know that you will see her as she is and will love her, and it will be so wonderful for you to really begin to know the Western family.

She never speaks of Doh now--and since Molly has become certain that it is all off I think she feels happier. It is, evidently, a closed episode.

Yesterday I sent off a box by express to you. I think you will have no trouble with the customs as the express people went rather fully into the understanding of its contents--and seemed to feel that its being Christmas gifts, would make it all right. In fact there is very little that was bought outright at the stores. I also sent, by mail, a little remembrance to Jeff for his birthday.

In the Christmas box there are two little packages from Ruth. She was to send the rest for me to pack in my box so as to make it less trouble to you. I waited as long as I could, but I did not hear from her, and this morning she phoned me that she had just learned that Jack had forgotten to mail the package.

She is looking forward to the end of her year of probation, and fully intending to begin to drive the car then. Really she has been very

patient in never getting away from home excepting when some one is able and willing to take her. "With two cars in the family I mean to be a little more independent from now on!" But Jack dreads to have her begin such independence. The girls were plotting yesterday on making a dead set at their father to have him give Ruth her first chance at the wheel on Christmas day." We can take charge of the dinner and she and Dad can go for a long ride as her Christmas present."

Faith had been struggling with a bad throat and Monday morning she came in with a "Please may I go to bed here? It will seem nicer here than at the Infirmary." Naturally, I welcomed her with open arms. She seemed to have a high fever for two days, but she is sitting at the table with me trying to write a paper on Political Control "whatever that may mean". I suppose if it were something about Harmony Control she would know better the meaning of it. She loves everything that has any connection with music, but rather cold towards other things.

I hope that you will be sending nothing more to any of the family here for we all shall feel that we are sharing in the gift to Elizabeth Although a package came to me this week from W.G. Penfield from New York. It is on top of the high bookcase in the hall and I often cast a glance up there with a loving thought for you two dear children.

But Faith has not been my only patient. Aunt Addie has been at work at Griswold's for a few days. Having worked all day Sunday in the Pasadena branch store, she took her weekly vacation on Tuesday. She felt rather heavy and old and tired and coughed a good deal, but Wednesday-- yesterday morning--she found she was in for it. She hoped to go back to work this noon but when she tried to get up she found bed was her only place. It is busy time of year for extras of that kind---as Helen has proved.

I have just packed a big box of jellies, jams, and pickles in red and white papers for Dorothy and George and a little pink sweater for Barbara Jean. The box looks very pretty.

I am not giving much---and for the life of me I cannot think what to send to Ray.

With all my love for you two dear ones----and I do hope and believe that you will feel that, however much it has cost you, it will have paid you in real pleasure. Elizabeth will delight in the four little cousins.

Your Mother.

I had no time to write Sunday because the girls had had a party the night before and there seemed to be many things to re-habilitate, and Ruth came out to go to church with me, and the whole family were here for dinner--nine of us.

Claremont California
December 2 1929

Dear Children:

Here we are starting on the last lap of the year that ends in Christmas and a week's preparation for 1930!

And that thought brings with it the temptation to breathless hurry for we remember all that we had planned to do before December came into our plans.

I have several things I want to talk about--for Adams and I spent Saturday and Sunday in the city--after the delightful Thanksgiving day here with the family--the Inglis branch of the family, rather.

Everything was so lovely that day--the sunshine, the dinner, the visit, and each and every one of us was happy to be together. The girls went home with the family that evening, and Friday Adams and I picked up the dropped threads of everyday living, and prepared to leave on the 7.30 train the next morning.

There came a day of hectic shopping, every store was crowded, of course, but all of the surroundings were beautiful with the Christmas colors. The reason for staying over night was that I had been trying to see ~~xx~~ Cottie. Had not seemed to make it possible since I came back from Montreal. Going in on the train, depending on ~~no~~ drivers who also had plans to carry out, and staying over night seemed the only solution.

We saw Gloria Swanson in the Trespasser--which seemed to be not one who sinned, but who trespassed, unconsciously, or naturally, on some one's else claims, and wanted to make right--- It was a good play and well done-- "100% talkie." Gloria Swanson does good work. I think it would pay you to see it, if it comes your way.

After a good rest at the hotel---breakfast at ten the next morning-- Church--A call at the Rex Arms to see Mrs. Oakley, but not finding her in, Adams going to see Blanche---and I going to see Cottie.

I suppose all that I need say about Cottie is that, after telling her who I was she clung to me---and told the nurse that she had known me ever since she was a little girl--that I used to take care of her when she was little.

And when I came to go away, -(her whole cry while I was there, was "Oh if I could only see you--every one--all together again!"-)- she said, "When you go, I shall cry--" and it seemed as if she ~~were~~ were a little girl again and having no sense of grown-up responsibility or self-control, because it was right to have those qualities. But also

having a very great need of love from others and the giving of love to others. She has always had a room-mate--and now that she is in the hospital, her roommates have been hopeless cases for whom she can care and love-----and each time I go there she has another one. But I have seen several very beautiful characters in the old ladies there--loving, self-sacrificing characters. The nurse says she enjoys the letters I write---and if you have the time, Wilder, send her a written Christmas greeting, speaking of some one thing that happened in Hudson, where you and she were together. I think it would enter her confused mind, gradually, not with one reading, but something that would mean pleasure to her.

I would like to tell you something of Blanche, ^{and her children} and Sade--or Eleanor. Mrs. Hutchcroft is devoted to Jane, but could see little to love in Billy. It was not good for either of the children, and after Eleanor and Eldon were married, it gradually seemed desirable to have them take Billy. He is older than Fred--I rather think Jane is a bit older than Fred, so they are both in their teens. Wonderful children, really. Eldon has a daughter older than Billy. Eldon has bought a small ranch near Whittier--and both he and Eleanor are at work to pay for it. Blanche says it is an ideal home. Eleanor has changed so very much-- She has no thought for anything but Eldon, the children, and the home.

Eldon, I do not recall his last name, is liked by all the family who know him. He is a pal of his daughter's and of Billy's. They go to football games together--he is interested in everything they are interested in, and they are interested in all that he wants done---the ranch, the home, is as well cared for as is possible. Eldon is to educate Billy. Billy is very musical--as was his father--and has been taking violin lessons, soon to take up the piano--- I know that you will be interested for old times' sake---and it is good to hear of men and women who are doing good things in the world.

The down town streets are simply gorgeous in color and beauty. We have had the driest autumn that has been known since 1849 when the government began to keep track of such things out here. Of course, we are all hoping for rain--and more rain.

With all love for each and every one of you,
Mother

galls her to have to send home for money--when she knows things are short here. But Molly will probably remember soon and El. will find her consternation was premature. That is the trouble in accepting money help--it leaves you so frightfully stranded and helpless when the donor gets tired of carrying out the offer----and they usually do, do they not? Elizabeth will be happier when the year is over and she and Molly can, Claremont California looking back at it, see more clearly and love each other more dearly.

Dear Children:

With all love--

Mother

I have begun to write this letter so hurriedly that I find the words come more rapidly than my fingers go and mistakes are being made--more than is necessary, and I halt the speed.

Friday night---nine o'clock and I was getting ready for bed--Herbert and Mary came. Oh but I was glad to see them! Herbert is looking fine, I said I thought he face was fuller--was he getting some flesh? They laughed. He can get up to 139 pounds with all of his clothes on, but in the bathroom he weighs 125 lbs. Not much for a man of his height?

Mary complains of being tired, and she cannot do the extra things she has been in the habit of doing, and loves to do.

Business is nothing. They are troubled. They are cutting out everything in the way of Christmas that they feel they can. Herbert knows so very many people in California, through Kiwanis-----and by the way, he is being urged to take the office of governor of Kiwanis. They urged him and then they came to Mary to urge her to urge him. Her reply was, "but I don't see how he can, he has neither the money nor the time." That office demands a man of wealth, and one who is interested and able to give all of his time to it.-----

To go back to the broken off sentence--They have felt the need of sending many Christmas cards--as the other friends do. Last year their Christmas cards cost them \$22. This year they have cut it down to nothing--so they think.

Also--they have made a plea for no family Christmas dinner. Mary has had it for the past two years. Ruth had it before that, and both girls paid for the confusion --more than the work--with weeks of illness. Of course, it has been some years since I could have the family dinner, and I am beginning to feel that I cannot do it--even should I have the conveniences. Selfish that last looks like--but when one does not rise with joy to meet a thing--perhaps it is better to be selfish? I do not like it, however, and--I rather suspect when I get nearer to the family so they can more easily come to a family dinner, I shall, again, be on hand with the invitations.

Pat is to spend her Christmas vacation having her tonsils out again. She had them out in Hudson and they hoped there would be no more throat trouble. Jean will spend her vacation working in at Kress & in Hollywood. Faith will go back to Allington's and Peg plans to sell Christmas goods and Moore's drygoods store in Van Nuys. Although her father thinks she should rest---which means? Well, sleep until noon and stay up until midnight or later every night. In fact

Margaret is quite a night hawk, and thinks nothing of losing sleep at that end of the day.

The Inglis family came out for lunch yesterday, Ruth bringing a big dish of "goulasch", that was mighty good eating, and we furnishing the rest of the meal. Louise--Faith's friend was here and while the girls, Jack and Bobs went to the football game, Ruth and the little boys and Adams and I had a good visit.

Plans were made for Thanksgiving, too. They will furnish and cook the turkey and we shall have the rest of the dinner ready, to be eaten here. Then the two girls will go home with them for over Sunday

Adams and I are trying to get things arranged so that housework will take up less hours of the day----But it is hard planning for that.

I think Elizabeth has finally, and fully, decided that Don is not the man she should marry, and they have had a special meeting--that lasted but a little while, and have definitely parted. I hope that he will take the matter as settled and keep away from her. Her one great thought now is to get home with "my family", finish up the year of education and get a real, man-sized job for next year--"Somewhere so that Naneean will take an apartment with me". Then if Peg can land something so that they can have a room together-----she will be happy. And---so will her Naneean.

The clinic is booming, you say--that means you are busy and happy. But--Dr. Cone still being kept busy with propositions--that is not so good, is it? Oh if you could only find someone you could take and ~~xx~~ train to take his place--would it not be better and easier? I do not believe, after having been stirred up so thoroughly and for so long, that he will ever feel quite settled, do you? And the proposition you made to him was a rather expensive proposition for you. Well--there is an answer, and you will search until you find it--as usual.

Of course, the farm will "prove a sensible and permanent undertaking" and you will all get a lot of pleasure and profit out of it, even should it cost you something more than you had figured on.

You understood that the dresses Ruth gave to the girls were from Mrs. Benedict? And now Ruth says she is to get a pattern and some new material and make up the third one that she rather wanted for herself, and during Thanksgiving vacation the girls will help her and they will make a party dress for Elizabeth and send it on to her. She has none that is right as to length now, and--this is a whisper, I have told no one else--Molly was so pleased that, without any suggestion from her, that the Thetas should take Elizabeth in, that she told E. she would pay the \$25. initiation fee, and Miss Huard said she would pay for the pin--if E. would order it. She ordered the ten dollar one, it is quite plain--but both of the aunts seem to have forgotten what they told her--and more than that, Molly has seemed to forget her \$10. monthly allowance, and she is out of shoes and stockings etc. It is rather embarrassing, you know. But she is not complaining excepting that

Claremont California
November 17 1929

Dear Children:

Mrs. Kermott brought the proofs of the pictures yesterday while I was in bed. I had not slept the night before so that Adams refused to call me. It was all right, and I shall try to get over there today to return the kodak pictures she left for me to see.

What a beautiful baby Jeff is--more beautiful than ever! And how I want to see him. I looked them over--did them up--and looked them over again. And then did them up and mailed them to you.

I cannot tell which one I liked the best, they were all so very good. Will you not have a hard time in deciding which one to keep? Do he and Priscilla play well together? Her quickness was a menace to him last winter, but his bigness and strength may be a menace to her this winter. Do you know, the impression that Priscilla has left on me? Fairy moonlight, I think of, when I think of her. What a contrast she and Jeff must be to each other! She so delicately formed and he, so substantial. How you both adore and enjoy them!

Wilder do you remember anything about Winnie Walbridge of Spokane? But of course you do not. She was one of my class of King's Daughters. You had an earache all night just before I was to give a luncheon for twenty-one of those girls. You had wakened just as I was going to bed, and we fought it out together. The pain was easing up a little when I drew up the curtains and showed you the sunrise-----Your sense of pain suddenly changed to one of great injury. The night had gone and you had not slept at all! A great sense of anger mixed with the sense of injury--and how you cried and clung to me! And how anxious I was to quiet you and get down stairs to work---A luncheon for twenty-one was no easier to manage then than it is now.

However it went off all right and your troubles were soon over. Of course you saw Winnie after that many times--still you were but a baby. Well--the years passed with her as with us--She married Tom Brewer the president of one of the Spokane banks. A very fine man in every way. He died later of sleeping sickness. She has a beautiful home in Spokane, but her oldest boy, Robert, wants to go to Cal. Tech--wants to be a chemist, so she, and her mother and her two boys come down here for the school year. She is renting a lovely home in Pasadena. She loved me years ago and she wanted much to renew our friendship. Friday Adams and I were there for the day. She invited some other old Spokaners, who are living here, for lunch and we had a delightful reunion.

The week has passed as quietly as usual--otherwise.

You have the farmer installed on the place? Is he going to prove a good one? Will he relieve you of all care there, or will he add to your daily care? Will you try to make any improvements out there this year?

In reading over a letter of yours written about Salem, in 1922, I think I realized more clearly just your attitude on having this new property. To establish a place for the children and grandchildren to live in and love! But the age is so different, as Walter Damrosch said over the radio last night, "We are living in a modern world, and we must accept what that modern world brings to us." We are living in a changing world, certainly. We are moving about from place to place, we never feel held down to any one spot--I wonder if we can establish a background, materially, for the grandchildren? But we still give to our children, and through them to our grandchildren, spiritual backgrounds. Your letters show that. The things that I could give you, the things I did give you were not material things but altogether spiritual--you have said that over and over. So it will be the spiritual things that you two dear parents can give to your children that will carry them on to successful lives. In the meantime it will be most delightful and helpful to have a established summer home. It was in the relaxed moments that we had our best talks, Wilder dear.

What are you to do on thanksgiving? I should like to be left right here just Adams and I---but I do not know how it will turn out.

With all of love for all of you--

Mother

Claremont, November 10 1929

Dear Children:

Here is a pretty state of affairs! No letter from you to answer, and my own ideas "all wet."

Friday about 5.45 Peg, Adams and I started for Van Nuys, to see the big Inglis boy ^{Bobo} in the play, The Purple Mask. He was Fouche the Chief of Police. He came on the stage in the first and the last acts, only, but he had a good many words to say while he was there.

He has a fine stage presence, and a good voice, and should do mighty well, given a little more training, for he loves it. They must have a wonderful teacher of dramatics, for it was a difficult play for high school youngsters, and they did remarkably well. It did not drag, it did not seem terribly like make-believe playing.

Adams and I stayed all night at the hotel. Ruth has two high school girls helping her now, and they have the annex, so her bedroom facilities are limited. They did not think it wise to be gone late at night leaving one girl and Bobs there alone with the little boys--hence the two girls.

In the morning Peg came after us and we had breakfast with them. Then about 9.30 we left for the city. Did a little shopping, and left there a little past six with Peg's young man. They brought us home and then took the car to the mountain cabin where the rest of the party had gone. They will be back tonight some time.

You will remember, Wilder, hearing about Mrs. Robert Miller of Spokane? They were patients and great friends of your father's. They had, at

one time a certain amount of money, but things went wrong, he lost everything, money, courage, and finally life. Her eldest son, Monroe, married and soon after, died. Robert, the younger son, is married and living here. His wife hates Mrs. Miller, Robert cannot protect her much as he would like to do so. They have two children, and Mrs. M. insists that Robert must keep the home life intact. Well--she is here in Claremont as Mrs. Pell's housekeeper, and has not been so happy in years. She is a handsome woman absolutely white hair, black eyes, erect figure, seventy years old, and is cooking, serving, etc. for a stranger! It is an ideal arrangement. Mrs. Pell is not strong, is a lovely, elderly, cultivated woman, living alone in an eleven room house. Loves to entertain, and so does Mrs. Miller, and Mrs. Miller is a wonderful housekeeper and cook, and as quick as a flash. She has just gone from here. To Robert it seems a tragedy--To her it seems like heaven. Wonderful that it should have turned out so beautifully for both Mrs. Pell and for her. Life brings strange changes.

Adams is starting to pop some corn and make a cup of tea, for it is evening, and we are going to bed early. I hope I shall have a letter from you tomorrow. Kiss each child for me----both of you.

With all love, your Mother

be satisfied other-wise.

Loving you all in the same old way--
Mother.

Claremont
October 20 1929

Dear Wilder and Helen--and all of theirs.

I do not seem to have very much to say, this morning. I have no letter to answer, and I do not seem to have had a very exciting week.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday I spent much time with pickles and Quinces. Thursday Faith took me to Pomona and we went out to the new, very lovely, home of Mr. Allan Penfield Nichols. You may recall that when I first came here and met him in the church he was attracted by my name? His mother was a Penfield and he has the greatest reverence for the name of Penfield. He is a lawyer, and evidently well supplied with plenty of money.

Their new home is built on Genisha Heights, a new sub-division, I believe, owned by him. Well--that is quite beside the mark of our pleasure of that afternoon. The house is wonderful in that it follows the curve of the hill on which it is built--indeed almost all of the homes there are situated on their own little individual hill, terraced down to the lower levels----so that each and every room has its own particular and lovely view.

They have many old pieces of furniture coming down from the Penfield family. They do not seem to belong to our branch--but they are both of them dears. The garden filled my heart with joy. Or should I call it a garden--the terraces may be better. The flowers were grouped so wonderfully.

Friday night--about ten-thirty--Jack and Ruth brought Adams home. She is pretty tired now, not quite ready for regular household duties--so we shall not get into running order for some little time yet.

Mary took her to her good dressmaker in Hollywood and she made Adams a very lovely gown from some heavy, beautiful copper-colored silk with black

velvet dots, that was amongst Aunt Elizabeth's things. She is so glad to own such a gown. Ruth still looks well and is pegging along trying to work out her household salvathion. It is quite a job, for she has so many handicaps.

The middle of the day is still as hot as summer, but the nights are delightfully cold--not cool. I witnessed a wonderful sight one morning this week. I woke up at 5.40. We had been having foggy mornings, but this morning it was wonderfully clear, and light. I could see the moon riding rather high in the west, a full moon and as red as it had been when it rose in the east the evening before. It looked strange--like the sun--and seemed to radiate color. I got up and went into the front room and there was the sun rising--as full of color as it was possible for it to be. The red and gold stretched clear around the southern horizon and met the gleam of the moon. It was simply marvellous. It must have been nearly a half hour before the moon lost its color.

You ^{are} were to be in Detroit tomorrow?---And your paper is ready today? and you may see Elizabeth in Madison before you return to Montreal? Oh I hope so. She will tell you all about the wonderful initiation at the Theta House will, perhaps, or if encouraged, tell you all about Don--etc. I begin to think that marriage with Don may become a fact, after all. However, she will do nothing rash--and will come home in February. She has written for a position here that may keep her going while finishing up the semester that will give her the education certificate. She will have her M.A. degree in February---so, if she should marry Don, and he should not help her make a success of the marriage--she will have her proper credentials for self-support. I suppose after you two know Elizabeth I shall be just as anxious that you should know Peg and Faith. I think the only solution will be for you to come to California and know them all of both families. I shall never

did was done willingly and gladly, but it was an imposition, just the same.
You two dear children are darlings--I appreciate you and love you. I also
know that you have your hands full with the demands of life, and that it is
proving something of a problem of how to meet things financially.
Claremont, California God bless you both,
November 3 1929 Mother

Dear Wilder and Helen:

Cold nights, warm bright days that are almost like summer heat
for about two hours in the middle of the day! Days that urge one to be
out of doors, to take long rides, to be lazy and content.
But the days are full to overflowing with things that are waiting to be
done. Foolish to be so bound down by the seemingly very important things
connected with the daily living?

Oh Wilder dear, how in the world did you get the idea that I was expecting
you to pay Elizabeth's expenses to Montreal?--Goodness me, I am glad that
you promised not to write to her until you should have heard from me!
It has been a double misunderstanding, for it explains, to me, why you have
been so lukewarm about her coming. Glad that you wrote me as you did.

Now let us get this thing right. Elizabeth does want to visit you very
much, but she has not urged her going, she has always said it was too expen-
sive a trip. But I was very insistent, because I not only wanted her to
know you, but I wanted you to know her. I think I have talked so much about
her that I may have given you an altogether wrong impression of her and I
wanted you to know her and see for yourself. The fact of the matter is
that Elizabeth has always demanded very little in the way of money, we have
often had to reprove her along that line. She grew up feeling that neither
her father nor her mother were wise spenders and that it rested on her
young shoulders to keep things from going to smash. She is not selfish in
that way, at all, and she has always tried to save us all in the matter of
money.

Probably things I have said about her and Molly have given you a wrong im-
pression as well. It grinds Elizabeth to be dependent--she hesitated a long
time before she consented to accept Molly's offer, and only did so because
we all thought it would be the best thing for her.

Molly and she do not pull together as well as Miss Hoard and Elizabeth.
They do not seem to understand each other as well. Molly wants Elizabeth
to think just as she thinks, and Elizabeth does not seem to know how to meet
that condition. Molly has done so much for her, she was so pleased that
the Thetas wanted Elizabeth to become one of them--but even that has brought
extra friction in their minds. The Thetas are almost all of them well sup-
plied with money, they dress very well, etc. and Elizabeth cannot. Yet--she
has never in her life been envious of girls who had more, she has never in
her life been unhappy when she could not keep up with the rest in clothes
etc. So, I know that she is perfectly sincere when she says it does not
make her unhappy now--but, she does need more things than she used to need.

She wrote me, as I told you last Sunday, that she was thinking no more of
going to Montreal, she wanted that extra money to put towards her fare home
in February. This week other letters have come bringing new complications.
She has really been having a very hard year with her feelings towards Don.
It seems strange the way things have come about. She went to Madison because
she was in love with him, and wanted to get away from him to squelch that

love or be sure that it was real love. It was not long before he was back in Chicago where his home has always been. She has been up and down ever since. Molly does not like him--Jean Hoard thinks she would soon learn to love him--Elizabeth gets sympathy from her, you see.

Well---Elizabeth thought the thing was settled--and last Saturday told him that she would marry him. She was as happy as any girl could be for about twenty-four hours. Then came trouble again. He insists that if she loves him she will marry him in February--she insists that if he loves her he will wait until Summer. She wants to come home, she wants to finish up her work in Education so that she will feel on top of the world as to being able to take care of herself, no matter what happens--She wants to have a year of teaching so as to pay back what she has borrowed on scholarships, and get something to help Faith's fifth year--indeed she wants to finance that year.

She is willing to marry Don next summer, if he will allow her to teach for the first year, but she is not willing to marry him right away without even coming home.

How that will come out, I do not know. But, she will not go to Montreal this winter--she will probably spend the holidays with Helen Dean Wilmans--as Helen has been insisting--- and the money that I have been saving out will be put with other money to bring her home---if she wins her point.

So, a letter from you advising her that it would be better not to come to you would have been only another hurt, and an unfair one from her understanding.

Margaret has had a birthday. Elizabeth sent her a lovely piece of underwear-- I think it was the one that Mrs. Andersen gave her this summer--Jack and Ruth came out Thursday night with a birthday cake, and Jack had stopped at a shop and brought three dresses for her to choose from--nice, of course, but oh dear, if he had only given her the money and let her select something for herself, it would have been better. He has taken the notion of buying all sorts of things for the house and family, not giving them a voice in the matter at all. Breakfast dishes (red elephants for decoration) blankets, (Ruth could have chosen better) and all kinds of grocery foods and heaps of fruit for the girl's breakfasts, when they come out here--things in such quantities that spoil before they are able to eat them, things they do not so much care for--they laugh ruefully and say--"If he would only give us the money those things cost!" He is growing more like his father? Perhaps. But it is rather dangerous buying necessities for other people, is it not?

Well, we had a birthday party here Friday night. Twelve young people--they had a delightful time. The rooms were bright with yellow and brown marigolds, the table was lovely with the orange and black, the place cards were lots of fun--Hallowe'en things-- the sandwiches, apple and mince pies, cider and punch were not to be beaten--and after refreshments they gathered quietly about the fire and I read them a story that they all seemed to enjoy.

I was interested in your having given your paper over the radio--it bothered you--but I am sure that you were more conscious of the bothered feeling than any one else. Any man that can master a dictograph will not long be bothered by a microphone! I seem to have reached the end of the paper--I must go and wash the breakfast dishes, but I want you to know, dear boy, that I really did not hope that you would pay Elizabeth's expenses for that visit--I know that last winter it was a burden to you when we were in Montreal--and I hope that you will never be so imposed on again. I know, too, that all that you

Dalton Centre

Nov 2-29

Dear Mr Penfield
How about the wood
I know that \$5.00 is the
usual price for wood
that is Black wood But
this is not Black wood
But is good wood to burn
so I will explain more
about wood when I see
you so call it ten dollars
for five cords

yours truly

Lawrence Penfield

Dalton Centre
an

Pa \$10
HKPs ck.
2006

some notice--and she is "in consultation" with the highest---She has no young man she can call her own "Yet all the lads they smile on"her as she walks along the campus, from the College president down to every one of the janitors.They & are all friends of hers. With love--Mother

The reason I am growing more and more sure that she loves him is that, for the first time, she hesitates about going out with other men, not wanting to encourage them--for men do fall rather heavily for her. However--- I am sending some copies of the Student Life for you to read. The resignation of two night editors--the best--and the Sports editor led to Margaret's article. It has

Dear Children: caused quite an excitement--and the faculty are taking--- We have had a week of packing and assorting and repacking.

Adams has opened the two barrels of dishes that came from Spokane and has renewed acquaintance with things she has not even seen for seven years. Very exciting! I stood aghast for a few moments, and then in a somewhat weak voice said--"Adams where are we to put them?" Every drawer and shelf in the house was full already. She looked questionly at me for a moment and said, "Why I can pack them again." Well--if I had not seen any of the things that belong to me for that length of time, and if I had come to a place that I expected to call home, the first thing that I should want would be to get my own old loved things about me. So we agreed to think it over. The most natural thing in the world came to me that night. Every house needs a going over once in a while and new things put in place of the old, perhaps. I may not stay here for more than this year, and some of the extra--perhaps mostly no-account---things must be in some way eliminated--so here goes. I shall pack away many of my pieces of bric-a-brac and extra glass ware etc. They will go to Ruth eventually, and I can call that Ruth's trunk. Then as her girls marry she may, if she chooses, go to that trunk and give to them a little something from her mother's and grandmother's things for a wedding gift. It will be her right and pleasure to give or to keep as she pleases. Well, that left quite a bit of room. Some of Adams' things are put in their places. There will be made another selection of dishes from both hers and mine that will be put away to be used when we are in a city apartment. We could not take all of our many things into a two-roomed

Apartment

When the paper comes I wish Helen would open it, as there will be a special message in it for her.

so when the next moving is made there will be a final clearing out, but we shall be separating gradually all of the coming months between now and June.

One of the things that has come to me is this--Wilder do you recall when Grandma J. bought the little creme d'Menthe --is that the way it is spelled?---glasses? Do you recall her intense delight and satisfaction when she used those little glasses filled with the beautiful, sparkling liqueur? I do not think it ever occurred to her that a really good prohibitionist would not serve that minty, sparkling drink--it used to be a joke between Tom and me. However, I still love the glasses because of her. Would you and Helen care to have them? If so, I should like to send them to you as a Christmas gift. All of the Christmas gifts I give this year will be something on that order--left-overs!

I am enclosing a beautiful tribute to the Pewter Pot. Thought that you would like it.

I think you knew, Wilder boy, that to know that you would not drink wines in the U.S. would give me great pleasure. Thank you for telling me.

The atmosphere of Montreal is seeping into your consciousness as being much more like enjoyable living, is it not? I was much interested in your reaction to things.

But truly, you must feel rather like a "Man without a Country" at present. A Canadian here, an American there.---But you are quite a man wherever you may be, as they all must acknowledge.

I am so anxious to hear if you went to see Elizabeth--I shall be very disappointed, I am afraid, if you do not see her. Chicago is such a little way from Madison.

Don is urging her to marry him in February and not come home. But I think she feels that she must come home. She has borrowed money for tuition and thinks she should teach long enough to pay that back and to lay a small foundation for Faith's fifth year. She feels that she should finish up what she has started--but acknowledges that he is putting up a strong argument and it is a very great temptation.

Also, she says so much has been done for her that she does not feel that any more stinting should be done here to take her to Montreal this winter but that money should go towards her fare home. She wants to go to Montreal just dreadfully, but she does not feel that it is right. And if she marries Don and lives in Chicago she can have that visit some other time in the not distant future.

His first marriage went on the rocks because he could not earn more than \$300 a month. He has said, until now, that he would not marry again until he was earning at least \$400. He is College graduate, a fraternity man, and has his pilot's transport ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ license..(Had a terrible time spelling that word.) So it would seem as though he might be sure of a good living, and Elizabeth can make a dollar go a long way and will not object to practising economy. And, of course, it will be much better for Barbara to have the new mother as soon as possible.

She, probably saw Don Friday night, going to a frat. party with him, and on Saturday having dinner at his home. I hope that came off all right.

She has been holding back until she was very sure of her own feelings because of the family's non-approval, and I think a visit at his home, seeing his father and mother and the baby, will help her to know what is right.

excited they all were! When I asked the little boys what they expected to see--they said "a pig." They had never seen a live pig--but when they came home they had seen so many other wonderful things they never spoke of the pig. Please tell Ruth Mary I send my congratulations on the long swim. Ruth was greatly pleased to know that her namesake liked what she so liked to do. And last night she was as excited as she used to be after seeing the races with her father. You know she went with him to the racetrack and I went with Herbert to baseball. And this morning Margaret takes me to church!

Dear Children:

I am delighted with your purchase of 233 acres--in the wilds--and believe that your \$2500 are well invested. Surely roads will be built and the property will be more valuable. Surly if tenants have been found for the past 80 years, tenants will be found for the coming 80 years. If the tenants can make a living for themselves and look after the property--in other words protect the buildings you may build later--during the winter months, they will pay for themselves.

Of course, I understand that--at present--there will be no need for buildings save on one of the sites that you have chosen. Oh dear, it is fun to plan for when the children are married and will need homes---but there is a lot of questioning when they are old enough to choose for themselves!!

Are you tired of hearing about Elizabeth? But I want you to know her a little bit before she comes to visit you and I am going to venture one more bit of copying.

She wrote a personal letter to her mother--full of joy that she is now able to take her place in the home, "just as efficient as any one else."

"One of the things that makes me most joyous is that the two little boys won't ever remember the mother which we are all forgetting, but only our new, perfect, real mother. Indeed we have much, very much, for which to be thankful." "Every once in a while I have to explode into a paean of joy. It's all been said over and over before, but quite often it still causes me to stop and realize and appreciate anew the glorious wonder of it."

You see, no one of the family--aside from Jack and me--appreciated to the full, just what was coming to Ruth.

Molly and Katherine were making curtains--hence the following.

"I got lunch. Such a thrill for me--the first of its kind since I arrived in Madison. I miss never fussing in a kitchen except to wipe dishes or watch Katherine. Suppose I'll lose my knack?" "My latest ambition is to marry a wealthy man and have six or eight children. The only complication, besides the man, of course, is that I would not have much time or opportunity to cook. Another specification is that he be an architect. I'm going to study interior decorating and I have gorgeous plans for our beautiful home. Dreams? yes, I'll probably end up by marrying Don after all this fuss. He still wants me to do so."

I wanted to quote something from a letter to me, but I guess Ruth took it home with her last evening. I had written her about the trip to Montreal at Christmas time. She had not said much about it and I suspected the reason so I wrote her that she need not worry any more about the money that it would take--for in some way the money would be forthcoming, for it would be a crime for her not to go. Then she let out her feelings on the subject. her Naturally she wants more than anything else to visit you. Be prepared for having placed you both on a rather high pedestal. She has heard nothing but

With all love - Mother
In trusting you to make real sense in some places I am showing just faith, I think

but wonderful things about "Uncle Wide and Aunt Helen" and she longs to know you both and she longs to know the children.

Don has been up to see her, and has taken her up in an airplane---He is teaching in a ground school in Chicago, and is fitting a Madison pupil for a transport license. So she spent some time in the air-port field while he was there. She says she will not worry about the question of marrying him, she will just let matters slide quietly until she is sure. "But I cannot help the feeling that, in some way, I belong with him."

Molly was very nice and invited him to dinner---and then, she evidently showed that she felt Elizabeth should feel as she felt. For Elizabeth had to take a two mile walk to quiet her feelings, and that not being enough "I just had to let out to you. But it is all over now, and I am smiling." The most of the letter was probably written through tears--or so I judge.

I think Ruth is, perhaps, the wisest of us all. She says, "No one can decide for another. While I am disappointed, it is Elizabeth who must decide for herself, and no one else." While I let off pretty hard at the time she and Don had their trouble---which, as it appears to us, was that he cooled and she did not---and I wrote her just exactly what I thought, I have not mentioned the matter since. But Ruth has written her just as she feels and as she expressed herself. It will be a wonderful letter for Elizabeth to receive, and will steady her far more than any opposition. The fact of the matter is, Elizabeth has always decided things for herself, and when poor Molly tries to guide her as she has so many other girls, it is hard for both of them. It is rather interesting to watch--but Ruth will smooth it over for both of them as she has written Molly quite plainly as to how she feels is the best way to meet it all.

And now I must tell you something else that I know will interest you. Wilder William has decided that he should at least graduate from High school. His work in the lumber mill takes him from home on the early car--six, I believe. He goes to Hollywood, changes there for Glendale. Formerly he was home for a late dinner. Now he stops in Hollywood and goes to night school. Says he may ~~not~~ graduate in Pat's class or perhaps not until Fred is ready--but graduate from Hollywood--where he began his work--he will. So it seems that those two boys are a bit slow in getting settled, but quite sure. George and Dorothy, a friend and, of course the dear baby, came Friday in time for lunch. They left the baby with me and went to the Pomona Fair--as they did last summer. After a fairly late dinner they went on home. Both George and Dorothy are pulling for Australia--and are trying to get Herbert and Mary to go with them. I nearly fainted at the idea--but George said "Dada Dean, Dad has got to do something. There is nothing in Real Estate now except the high powered salesmanship--and he hates that." That means free bus rides, lectures, etc. A down payment which is rushed to the bank and cashed before the victims reach home in time to stop the payment--etc. Of course, George is the apple of Mary's eye, and I wonder! George tried to make me think it would be fine for me to spend my last years in travelling from here to Montreal, around to Australia--etc. etc. Picking up any stray grandchildren that I might find on the way. Visiting around does not sound good to me. I told him it would soon be "Oh dear, next month is the month I have to take care of grandmother!"

Jack and the family came out yesterday in time for lunch and then went on to that same Fair. Wanted me to go too, but I was tired and preferred to stay home and get the dinner. They were back for 5.30 dinner and how

One volume of Mary's journal - no more may did not get in the trunk
will send to Cohen line

Claremont
October 13 1929

Children dear:

Oh such a nice newsy letter from Wilder this week!

Goodness me!!!--How what you said about Jeff made me squirm---I want some of that cuddling! Bless his old heart, love him for me sometimes.

I am alone again for a week. Thursday Peg, Adams and I went in town--did some shpping, spent something over an hour with Mary and Jean--went to Van Nuys for a few hours and left Adams there.

Ruth had received a package with three lacy party dresses in it from Eloise Platt Benedict. The one she hoped to have for herself--went to Peg. And Ruth and Adams went to ripping and mending the lace etc. and Jack and Ruth brought it out Friday night---I say night, rather than evening, because it was nearly eleven when they came--after night school--and one before they left----- The hurry was because Peg needed it. Saturday was "Founder's Day" and there was to be a big banquet, and Peg--as editor--and Marcus Stanton as president of the senior class were to sit at the president's table. Marcus to make a speech, and Peg to be introduced to the Alumni and "kind friends" from out of town. She had no evening dress---- but oh this one was so becoming and made her fair skin fairer than even.

of

I took advantage ~~in~~ the lull of getting re-adjusted here and made two more lots of pickles, and cleaned etc. on Friday and Saturday. Yomorrow I will strip the quince tree and finish up the quinces.

So Dr. Jones is out of the picture now. Do you think he will do good work in his pfeffession? I hope he has the right kind of a wife to help him. And Dr. Russell is gone! Are you satisfised with what she got in her year's work? What kind of material is Dr. Evans?

I hope Dr. Cone is back at work. You really need some one to help during these vacation times, do you not? Operating all night? How tired you must have been! Could it not be managed, after these long, hard operations that you should have one day in between for real reaxst? I hope that Paul Myers and his wife are pleased with the Magog proposition. Would you want them to buy a lot of your new property so as to make them fixtures?

You go to Detroit on the 21st. And then go to Rochester---oh will you not stop off in Madison? Do, please. You know Mary's new address? I will write it here for fear you may not have it.
2114 Bascom Street.

When you come to think of it, come to look back a very few years, how strange it must seem to you to be going to medical associations and giving papers in the company of the men to whom you gave your reverence when you were a student.

It will be interesting to meet the men in Detroit where you so nearly went to work. Things have turned out very wonderfully for you.

But what a series of traffic accidents! You are living on a rather puzzling corner, so many streets coming in together so near you. And you have no "back yard" of your own for the children to play in.

And that reminds me, I had something of a surprise handed to me last evening. Mr. Baughman called and said the city ~~were~~ was ready to gravel grade and oil the alley between this lot and the others. It seems that the alley-- or narrow street--will come up even with my kitchen steps. And all of the planting, the bird bath, etc. have encroached on the street line.

That puts a new line on garden activities. What the gophers have not destroyed will have to be moved! That means two gorgeous Cherokee roses that I fear will not respond before blossom time.

Mr. Baughman said, "Your path will have to be moved too," but I laughed and asked him where there was any room for a path. However--two peach trees are right on the line--and if the branches are trimmed up to allow the cars to pass, I shall never be able to reach the peaches--but I shall have to do nothing until it rains any way. Mr. Baughman wants to make over an old garage into a house and that faces on this street. It is all quite right, but I have not adjusted myself as yet. I notice that he wants me to write to Mr. Rich about it. He is rather afraid that Mr. Rich may object.

I bought me a new dress Thursday--but I cannot wear it today because I did not buy me a new hat to go with it. "Very shiftless"---was it not?

With all love for you all,

Mother

Of the other two lacy dresses, I think one can be fixed for Ruth and the other fits Faith perfectly--not a thing to be changed. She has two pretty evening dresses, but she needed just this one for the glee club because the other two are too long for that. She is a very popular dancing partner and goes much more than most girls.

Claremont, California
October 6 1929

Dear Montreal Family:

Thank you so very much for the kodak pictures and for the reprints. You know, Addie is here now and I read the address aloud to her just after reading the letters, and should have read the other had we had the time right then. And we did understand a little bit!

Priscilla does not look quite as she did, someway. Her little face looks so much older. Ruth Mary is such a healthy looking, happy, darling girl. Wilder Jr. looks as cross as he always does when having a picture taken--- in the four together, and yet he had Brindle Tuck with him--why? Had Ruth Mary ruffled him? He looks darling, and as he does look, in the one with ~~Er~~ Bruce, and when he is carrying the big armful of wood. And Jeff! How straight he is in the together one, and how beautiful in the one with Fraulein Bergman. I am glad to have a picture of her, too. His short hair is still curly, isn't it! I am afraid the pictures made me a bit homesick for each and every one of them. I feel so sort of remote from Priscilla--I did not learn to know her at all last winter.

I think it is most wonderful that Helen can go off with the two older children and Wilder Dr. when she can get him. I tell you I believe it is quite necessary to get away alone--or with a very few--rather often. For instance--of course, Fraulein B. fine as she is, must rub into the raw once in a while when there is such close communion through all of the weeks and months. I presume it is good for her, too, to get away from you older ones so that she can re-construct herself.

I am sure that you will never regret buying Green's Point. You will need a refuge in the winter as well as in the summer--though for a shorter time, of course.

I hope you may be able to get into the real spirit of Montreal this coming year. It has all been so hard in many ways, but after the summer change things may look a little different, and surely when you are not as pressed at home, as you were last winter, you will be able to find real friends that will make it all seem different to you.

Of course, Wilder's work will always be engrossing--of necessity--but, after all, it is nearer to you now, Helen, than it was when he was in New York? You must seem a bit more intimate in his work? You will know his patients better, perhaps? You will, as you always have, get into the swim and

go along with him in the marvellous way that you have always done, and you two will be happy because of each other for always and always. That is so good to know. I am so blessed that all of my children grow closer and closer together as the years go on.

Those 16 books to be covered with cretonne!!! What should I do with such problems?-----How wonderful and interesting about Jeff's walking as he did! Bless his heart--why can I not see him do it?

For goodness' sake do not, for one moment, fear that Elizabeth will not have a good time with you this winter. She is so homesick for her own--for

those who will know and love her because she is Elizabeth, she would be happy with you under any circumstances. She has you on a pedestal, to be sure, for we have all placed you two and your family there for the children to look up to--but to love more than worship. There is a difference, you know.

You ask how her year is being financed. Molly finances everything in daily life. Buys all of her clothes, pays tuition etc. etc. But when her teeth had to be attended to, she had that bill to pay. When she went into the Theta Sorority, it was expected of her, as of others, that she pay \$100 into the fund. She sold some stock that she had, to pay that, and we all sent money for her birthday to pay the dentist--- All of the summer expenses Molly paid. She is doing so much for her---but we could not expect her to pay the Montreal expenses, of course.

She is planning to come home in February, and hopes to get something to do here to pay her expenses while finishing the educational year. She is taking a very heavy course in Madison this semester. Heavier than the professors thought she could do. She has had no job there, it was not Molly's wish, and she has had her hands full anyway.

I must tell you about Margaret. She is so absolutely different from either Elizabeth or Faith. The three are so very unlike. Last Spring Margaret urged, with all of her oratory, Pres. Edmonds and others of the faculty that they should put in some sort of educational help--or at least some sort of daily supervision over the paper. Every one who comes here is more or less very ignorant of the work on a daily paper. They agreed with her---but--- She felt her own need of instruction so took Journalism in E.S.C. this summer. She finds 35 willing reporters--ten know more or less about a paper, the other 25 are greener than green. Things began to pile up--So, with no fuss about it, speaking to only the ones she must consult, she has found a class room she can use, has given the ten special work, and has made the other 25 enthusiastic to come to that classroom once a week while she, herself, gives them the proper instruction. They are called "cub reporters" and there is a sort of competition to be stressed, whereby those who show improvement and ability shall be encouraged, and made ready for the regular work next semester.

Will the Englishman spend some time with you in your Lab.? I was interested in your translation of Ortega's article. Well--I am sure that it will be of satisfaction to you that Dr. Come is to stay with you, and it will make your work, as a team, easier in every way. Your working together will bring your income up more easily than if you were with some new man? Is the work in the General coming out more satisfactorially? Have you a good coming man there?

Yes, George is surely going to Australia. He has always wanted to be a farmer. There is more of an opening for him in Australia than here. He had that in mind when he was in Australia on the ship, for such a long time. And Herbert, here is what he says--"George is working on me to go to Australia with him. The best thing about that is that he wants me to go so badly." Real Estate is not plain selling now--it means free bus rides--a hulla-ba-loo and lectures etc. etc. etc. Herbert cannot, and does not want to enter into such competition. He is stressing insurance more now--but their expenses are heavy, they have learned to live like rich people, and the pressure is great. "But Dad must do something" George says.

Well--the morning is passing I must stop and get ready for church--
Loving you all, Mother

Oh yes! I want to know something about the cat, the dog, the bird--and the fish. Did they all go to Magog with you?

Claremont September 30 1929

Dear Children:

The summer has gone, the sun shines as brightly as ever but, except in the middle of the day, the summer heat has gone. It is the time of digging in the gardens and planting. California's second spring time. But, I only look at the garden and wish I could get at it, or else felt that I could afford to hire some one to do the work that fairly shrieks at one. The house seems to be calling, too--and there are still the quinces to put up! Helen is feeling the great urge of work to be done, I know. I expect that she has a lot of energy stored up for the coming winter and is rather enjoying the necessity that seems to lie on her conscience. I used to feel that same delightful energy--but, some way, it does not push me now as it did, and all the energy I have seems to be doomed to overcome a dislike of doing the things that are mine to be done.

I have not heard a word from Aunt Addie all the month of September. I have been trying to find out when she is planning to come. I sent the truckman down for the main body of her many things, they are here, so I seem to hold the whip hand, she must let me know--some time--when she wants us to come down for her.

In the meantime, I am in a condition of wondering if the girls will be home for lunch, for dinner, --and when! The past two weeks have been very hard ones for them. But I think they will get fairly well organized before long. Yesterday --Sunday--Faith and I went to Redlands in order that she might try out for the choir in the Congregational church. Mr. Babcock, the leader of the Glee Club (girls') and teacher of vocal music in Pomona, is leader of that choir. The pastor is the father of one of Pomona's finest seniors, the position pays ^{their} soloist \$5. and expenses. She had a great mixup

with music---left her sacred songs in Van Nuys, etc. etc. So she sang somewhat under a handicap. There were two other applicants---one of them, I should think, would not be chosen--but the other one is evidently well acquainted, probably a member of the church, as when she stood waiting for the organist she waved and smiled at several--whether really members of the committee or not, I could not see. I do not think her singing can compare with Faith's--even under the handicap--she had to sing songs for contralto--instead of soprano--I am quite sure, too, that Mr. Babcock felt just as I did---but a committee of seven--I think--were sitting in judgement and how they will decide remains to be proved. She would have to go to rehearsal every Saturday night and stay over until after church Sunday. That would mean no going home over week-ends, and no college formals on Saturday nights--and no football games! But, she says, "I am here for music." I did not get my letters written yesterday, and am stealing time this morning. I have heard no news from any one--and all that has taken place here has been "Claremont Day" last Friday. The stores made a great effort at decoration and hospitality--they did well, it was interesting to us--but not for you. Tell me all about how things seem now that you are running on regular schedule again. How is everybody? Give a greeting to Mrs. Russell for me, and to the Cones. Is Dr. Jones happy and hard at work? Has the English Dr. Russell gone home? Have you any others studying with you? How is Fraulein did she enjoy the summer? When are the pictures of the children coming? Is Priscilla very well now? And Jeff! Goodness me, I would like to feel that little body in my arms again. And are Ruth and Wilder Jr. ready and anxious for school this term? Are they still going to the public school, or did you make different arrangements? Oh I wish I were going to Montreal this winter. I feel as though I had been defrauded of a real visit. Things were hard for you, and the anxiety about Ruth etc. Well---some sweet day I hope to try again. With all love for each and every one of you--Mother.

How nice it would be if, sometimes, we could look into the future and see where one is to be then. But you have made one decision--you will be in the present home for at least 18 months more.

I was interested in the shop in the woods--they have had the fun of doing original work even if no customers are able to find them! And what joy is greater than that? The stay in Quebec meant much to me--and the buying "The Golden Dog" pleased me to know. Helen you September 15 1929 were good to send me the postals while on your trip.

My very dearest love to you and your household.
Dear Montreal Family: Oh, by the way, has your cook proved satisfactory, and will she stay with you? Mother

I think this letter will be mostly quotations from Elizabeth's letter after visiting the Chesters. That will be, I am quite sure, much more interesting than anything I could write all by myself. The Ross family went to Laguna last Monday, to return tomorrow and all with whom I have come into very close contact, aside from the laundymen, the grocer's clerk, the iceman, etc, are Clinker Ross and myself. Of course that is perfectly good company, Clinker is a fine cat, but perhaps not very exciting to any one else.

I would send the letter in toto but the Van Nuys family have not yet read it.

"Had a perfect week end! One of the greatest treats of my year here. Arrived in Oconomowoc Sat. A.M. at 10:15 We went over to visit Mr. Miller's gardens and gather some flowers. It is absolutely the most wonderful private garden I've ever seen! It was like a fairy book spot. I kept wishing and wishing that Nanean could enjoy it with me. It was glorious!

After lunch I played with the children while the rest took a nap. Billy, age 4, is the most attractive youngster whom I've ever met. George, age 7, is a dear and Marian, 9, quite a little lady.

Mrs Chester can best be described as a perfect mother, an ideal wife. The children are better behaved than I thought possible. It was great fun to play with them.

Then we went for a walk along the lake, in the woods, to visit a friend who lives in an old English castle. Beautiful! Had an enclosed garden the size of a large lot. Lovely terrace down to the lake, etc.

When we returned we found that the other guests ^{had} arrived. Harry Ogden, graduated from Harvard a year ago, but is still a typical college senior. Margery, his sister, is a senior at Downer this year. Hibard Paine, Mrs C's cousin, is quite interesting. Will be exceedingly so from 35 on. Very poised but too grown up for his age just now. Has been practicing law in New York for a year.

His cousin, Charles Paine, about 34, from Chicago, is very attractive. Liked him.

After dinner we talked and then played bridge.

Sunday morning Mr. Chester and Charles P. played golf, and I tagged along as audience. Enjoyed it! Made a foursome with two very nice men.

After dinner we took a short ride on the lake, swam, tennised, and generally played around.

For supper we went on a corn bake with friends of theirs. Harry had to go Sunday evening, so we four younger ones went for a ride. Then Charles P.

and I sat ^{up} _{until} until 1:45 talking. Grand discussion running the usual

gamut from religion to sex--except that we left out politics.
I hated, like fury, to leave Monday morning.

Mr. Miller has bought the adjoining place for the Chesters. I wish that I had time to describe all the grounds for you. Beautiful big country summer place, sloping lawns to the lake, many servants, 2 chauffeurs, etc. They are wealthy people of real quality, who make no display whatsoever. They live very simply. Mr and Mrs Miller are charming. He is a very great tease. I certainly do not blame uncle Wide for caring for the Chesters as he does.

I don't understand Nanean's remark about the difference between Aunt Helen and Mrs. Chester. (You know I have never even met Mrs. Chester, so there was not very much that I could mean, except that Mrs. Chester had always lived a life with money--while Helen had been obliged to dig with Wilder, and so--I suppose I took it very much for granted that Helen looked at life rather more seriously than Alice Miller could be expected to do.)

I found them a great deal alike because their principle and practically only interest in life is to be as perfect a mother and wife as possible.

Mrs Chester is one of the plainest women I have ever seen. Nice figure but homely face. Doesn't even bother to powder her nose. Dresses very simply. You can't help but love her because of her graciousness. I am very happy to have had the pleasure of meeting them. It's always a pleasure to visit such a beautiful ~~house~~ ~~house~~ house, but, greater, a privilege to visit such a wonderful home.

Today is Bob's birthday. I've thought of him so very often. Said "happy birthday" the very first moment when I awoke this morning. Have also been thinking of Dad on his first day of school and hoping that everything is running smoothly and that his record, or nearly, achieved the 1200 mark.

Then follows appreciation of all the good times the two girls have had since she wrote last, and a bit of rejoicing that "Aunt Jean" will be home Friday nite. She is wildly enthusiastic about the new home, and looking forward to a very happy semester.

Is it not nice of her to write so fully to us about everything that comes into her life? And is not this better than anything I could have written? I am glad she wrote so appreciatively of Mrs. Chester, for, in some way, I had gathered a different idea of her--How, I cannot tell.

I am rather looking for the girls to come back today, for both Jack and Bobe will be at liberty to bring them back and they will not be at liberty tomorrow. So, life will be different next week. This week I have been reading R.L. Stewenson--for it has been too hot to do anything but read, after nine o'clock or so. We had a respite of a few days, and then back came the breeze from the desert.

Mr. Rich came to see me and tell me that the lawn men to whom he had talked about a new lawn, advised him not to do anything until the new year, after the heavy storms. Then they will dig it up, put in clay over the stones, and surface with rich dirt. And--if he finds it does not cost too much--he may put in a sprinkling system so that I need not cart around the hose! Well--if he does all of that shall I stay still another year here? If I thought I should I should plant different things than if I expected to go next summer!

Claremont, September 1 1929

Dear Children:

A postal card came from Helen yesterday that showed me that you were on your way to the Halifax meeting, where you are to give two lectures. Your letters, lately, Wilder boy, have been rejoicing my heart because they have been freer and you have talked more fully of your real thoughts.

I know that you are not expecting me to solve your problems. I also know that you have always felt that to talk over problems with one who is really interested, makes things clearer, very often, to the one who is in doubt. Therefore, I am so glad to be able to understand enough so that I can talk. And, perhaps, something I may say may be the thing that will help a bit.

It is this way, as I understand. You feel that your wife and children need you. That you have a personal duty to them. Something more than just making a lot of money. You feel that they need you. And certainly it is true that Helen wants you, the real you, and certainly your children, especially Wilder, sensitive blundering Wilder, just about entering the adolescent age, when he needs the loving, understanding heart of his father to guide him, needs you. Oh do I not understand that need of the boy? Do I not remember how troubled I was about your need? And I have always felt that God guided us to Galahad on your dear account. You needed a man's guidance--as does every boy. A mother can do much before adolescence, and will mean much after that time--but she cannot do for her boy during that trying age what a man can do.

Well--you think you can manage the home life and the private practice very easily, if there were no other calls. But you have never felt that you could be satisfied with just a private practice. You have always longed for the assurance that you would leave the world farther advanced because of your having passed through. Farther advanced in real knowledge.---and must you give up that longing? Is your whole duty to be given to the family?---

And when you have studied and struggled to find the answer to the devilish thing that challenges you, and having done the best that you knew how, the thing proves not to have been wholly successful----standing in the face of the other seeming necessity--you cannot help but wonder if there really is an answer to that challenge.

Have I put the matter as you are questioning? Taking it for granted that I have, I am going on to try and make it clear to you as far as I can see it, and it may be that there will be a glimmer of light that you can take and carry on until it brightens sufficiently to light the way for you. Of course, when it comes to the final decision--no one can do that but your own dear self. That is clear to us both.

I suppose the first thing I must do is to clarify my own attitude to the question, so that you will understand my argument--if there is one.

Do you remember the question of the puzzled John Baptist when he was in prison and it did not seem to him that Jesus was doing the thing that should be done if he were the great Saviour of the world? Study that eleventh chapter of Matthew--as though you had never heard it before--for it will explain what I want to say.

"Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist: notwithstanding he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he." Of course we know that Jesus meant that the least in the kingdom was greater, as regards position, not morals, than even the one who was announcing the coming of the kingdom.

And we know that John's work was absolutely necessary to usher in the kingdom. And he never failed. He did the thing he was sent into this world to do. Yet--though it took away from him to point to the one who was bringing in the kingdom--as it seemed to the world in which he lived--he did the work God sent him to do--and pointed to the one greater than he.--Yes, read with clearer understanding than ever before, that first chapter of the gospel of John.

Now, dear, you prayed, and your mother prayed, most earnestly that you might be shown the work that God wanted you to do before you decided on taking up surgery. To feel, for an instant, that God did not direct you in this work, would be impossible for either one of us. Therefore--until He shows very certainly that He wants you to do something else--you are doing the thing that He has called you to do. Just so long as you are praying as you did when you were that "boy of energy and dreams", just so long as you are honestly asking the way for you to travel as you used to ask--just so long you may be sure that you are doing the right thing until He makes it plain that you are to do something else, or do it in a different way.

Now--just another sending you to the gospel of John. Read 14:12-17. and 16:7-14. It makes no difference what a man does--if he is sure that he is doing the right thing for him to do at that particular moment.

But, of course, we need to be continually in such close communion that we can instantly detect the voice that is saying, "Well done"--go on--or "well done" now do something else.

The world is full of men and women who have not learned to listen to that voice. And, on that ~~that~~ account, the world is full of suffering ~~man~~ and women who are turning to those who seem to be able to help, hoping for relief. Should not some one be standing there who can talk their language and can be of service to them?

You are saying--Mother is a Christian Scientist. She does not see things as I do. She cannot understand. She feels that my work is not of God.

If I am right in saying that you feel that way, then I am right in saying that my dear boy does not understand. Jesus had many things to say to his disciples "that they were not able to bear" so he told them that the Spirit of Truth would come to the world--later, and tell them--those who were ready to listen--all things.

The Spirit of Truth has come. The discoverer of the meaning of Jesus' words and works, called that Spirit of Truth, Christian Science. The Science of Christianity And Christian Science explains what Jesus said and did.

And people are taking it in and it is making them well and happy.

But there are millions who are not yet ready to accept the Spirit of Truth--who are not yet able to bear it. Does God want such people to go on and suffer? God--Life, Truth, Love does not send sickness and misery. Jesus always healed any one who wanted him to do so--and certainly Love has not changed.

The world believes in sickness--do what you can to relieve the misery of the world and you are doing God's will. How do I reconcile that with my assurance that there is no evil--that all is God--good? Why, dear, if a child had a terrible nightmare that child would be suffering--although it was all untrue--and would not any kindly person do what he could to awaken that child and show him he was not suffering? But it might be that it would take some time for that child to know that he was safe.

And until every one is ready to know the Truth--there must be men who are God-called to do that work. And while you may never find what you would call a sure cure for the devilish thing that you are working to cure--just do the best that you know how for each one who may come to you for help--but if, after you have done all that man can do, the patient is still in bondage--direct him to the one greater than any mortal man, and see if God will not cure him--and save him from all evil. Certainly it is evil be lieved in as real that causes these terrible sicknesses.

Whether you are to go on seeking a cure for what is not--I cannot tell. Perhaps so, for perhaps that is the only way that you can do God's work right where you are. But I am certain, that if--when you fail (whom your patients have trusted) you are in the position where you can point them to the one greater than mortal man. And you may be the means of saving their souls.

I have written on and on--full of the thing I hope to make plain to you--yet not knowing if I have been clear in the saying or the writing of it. Sometimes when one is full of a subject, when it is put into words it is like what you said about my story--one takes too much for granted that others know as much as you do about it."

fail, you are, more than anyone else

And now, that I have tried to make you look at things from my standpoint, hoping that, in some way, it may clear your thinking, I shall go on to tell you of what a busy week I have had.

Peg came out Tuesday morning. She took me back with her that afternoon. I did a trifle of shopping--too hot to do much--and then we went to hear Bull-Dog Drummond. An all-talkie. I like Colman, immensely, but I am not ready to say that I like the talkies better than the silent drama.

Then we got a sandwich and rushed out to Hollywood where Ruth met me and we went to the Pilgrimage Play, while ~~Ruth~~ Peg went home and Jack came for us later. I stayed with them all night, and Wednesday morning Jack and Ruth with the two little boys took me down to Hermosa for lunch--while he went on to the Rotary luncheon in Redondo. We came home to Van Nuys for dinner and then Jack brought me out home.

Thursday afternoon Will and Winifred and Ruth Mac. came. They stayed over night and left for home early in the morning. It was a delightful little visit that we had, however.

It is still hideously hot. No one remembers so hot a summer here, while in San Jose everyone is shivering the most of the time.

And now I am due for dinner with the Rosses. I love you every one.
Mother

Claremont
June 2 1929

Dear Children:

I have tried my best to match this paper to envelopes and cannot. Hence, in the general plans for clearing up and clearing out, I am using up all sorts of paper and envelopes---and there is such a heap of the old Galahad envelopes. Remember, I have Scotch blood in me, and these envelopes are too good to waste. Therefore, be a little patient and you will see the last of them. In fact, as soon as I move and have the chance to look around me a bit---in other words, go to Los Angeles to shop, I am quite certain that you will see no more of them, at all.

Such a delightful surprise on Thursday. Will spent a few hours with me on his way home from Phoenix. His expenses were all paid, and he was given \$50. for a talk of about 30 minutes. Phoenix is growing to be a wonder of a town. About 6,000 inhabitants. The big hotel that cost two million and a half---and the smaller one, that only cost two million, besides several lesser ones, show what they are expecting of the world's tourists.

Will went to the two million dollar one, and chose a single room that cost \$5. for the day, leaving that night he only needed a bath and a place to deposit his grip. But Mr. so-and-so came in and found the room, and said, "That will not do for Dr. MacQuarrie, give him a suite." So, when he found his protest had no effect he said, "All right, I should like to see one of your suites." So---for the day only, he had three rooms and two baths at his disposal!

But it---or something else---was a little too rich for his blood, and he was pretty sick before he left here. Or it may have been that the contrast between there and here was too much for him? He brought me a delicious 2 pound box of candy, that was enjoyed by the family at dinner. We had hoped that Will could stay for dinner, but he left for home on the evening train from Los Angeles. Jack and Ruth and Bobs were here for dinner. We had a fine visit and, to my great satisfaction, definite plans were made as to our leaving here.

We leave Claremont Friday, June 14th. Faith will go right home, and Monday she will probably begin work in the Allington Cafe, for the summer. Margaret will go to Hermosa with me and stay for a few days. There she can sleep, swim, and drive the car for me while I am getting settled. There are always so many errands to be done at such a time.

She will begin summer term at U.S.C. the first of July---for six weeks. Now that is a long time ahead for me to be fairly certain of plans, is it not?

I suppose you are deep in work for the getting ready for your summer camp? I can just imagine how much Helen has on her mind. And the trip to New York. Something of Helen's longing for the old home showed in the card she sent me. I rather imagine you are both a bit

homesick for New York, even though you do not so much care for a big, big city. Riverdale had the advantages of a small place in the many dear friends you had there. Perhaps you will never find just such friends in Canada.

However, I imagine that if you do not feel really contented in Montreal by the end of this year---it will be because Montreal is not your home. And if that is true, the way will surely be opened to show you where you two really belong.

I suppose that there is a difference in the people of Canada and the States. A difference that is not quite definable. But certainly they have given you a wonderful reception there. They seem ready to take you into their heart of hearts, and if that is your place you will soon feel their sincerity and love them for their kindness.

Natural dancing and Faith! Natural to her, all right. The radio is on and she is dancing for the sheer pleasure of movement. She is more like "Little Grandma" than any of the rest of us. Every move she makes is a graceful one. Is it wholly because she is small? "My Little One" is what Elizabeth so fondly calls her. Elizabeth and Margaret are so totally unlike, and Faith dances and sings between them, touching Elizabeth here and Margaret there and having a very strong personality of her own. Yesterday she gave a talk to the Geology class on Red Hill. Margaret went to hear it and came home full of admiration for the way it was given, and the poise of the little girl. Faith, herself, is "tickled pink" for she never knew that she had that power. "And now, I actually do know what I was wanting to say. I understood it all perfectly clearly."

Ruth thinks I shall be very lonely without the girls next year. I can quite understand that what she thinks is true. But I shall throw myself into the next thing, the trying out the story of Sarah, and by having the girls and their "boy friends" come down once in a while, I may be able to keep in touch with them. It is rather fun for a 70 year old woman to live so intimately with twenty year olds, you know. And they have been so dear in taking me right into their confidence and talking to me as they talk to each other.

We have been watching a tiny lizard basking in the sun on the front porch, while he listens to the radio. There are such quantities of them in the garden. And such enormous tails! I love to have them near me, although I do not hanker to touch one of them.

I want to know something about each one of the four children. I want to know something of the problems of both Helen and Wilder. I want to know more about your plans for the summer. I have just announced that as soon as "finals" are eased up this week, I ^{want} to go to Upland.

With all love for you---yes, I want to know something about the Riverdale friends, Alice Lewis, Madame Boardman, oh all of them. The fact of the matter is that I want to know much more than you will have the time to tell me in one short letter. I want to know about how the lab. and hospital work is shaping up---and what conclusion Dr. Cone has reached. If I could run over to Montreal for a week or two should I get caught up? Would Jeff look forward to the evening hour with me? Oh I wonder!

Mother

Claremont
May 20 1929

Dear Children:

The time is going just as fast with you in Montreal and you are just as pushed in trying to get two days' work into one--as we are here on the Pacific coast. You work faster than I do, for instance, you accomplish more in consequence--but I cannot think that you are any busier. I lie down--take hours pff for rest, oftener than you do--but you cannot have the sense of being pushed any more clearly developed than I am tempted to have. And it is quite ridiculous, after all. There are just as many hours in the day, just as many days in the year---as there ever were. It is only the times that have changed. The times that is responsible for our ~~breathless~~ breathlessness.

In my own case I am trying to sense what to let go. I have not as much to let go, as you two have-----but I have not some other things--either. I have not, for one thing, the energy to accomplish what you dare undertake to accomplish---I have not the ability to turn off the many daily demands that you two have----Why, to think of all that you are trying to do--all that you are doing--makes me tired.

And so it is that my saying I am tired and breathless withk all of the seeming needs of the day, must seem foolish to you----and they are foolish, too.

Why thèse many words? No reason at all, just the last gasping of breathlessness of the past week, and the looking forward to what lies ~~be~~ before me in the coming weeks.

Last evening we had a Sunday night supper for the ones who are to work on the Paper with Peg next year. I wanted to meet them---It was all quite interesting. After supper, I lighted the grate fire--it was, fortunately, not too warm to sit around it. I dimmed the lights, and as the paper covered fagots were handed to each one, in turn, that one told some interesting thing that had happened in his life. There was a story of a trip ~~fræ~~ by boat from Calcutta to ~~Mandak~~ Mandalay from the young professor who had lived the first nineteen years of his life in India. There was an interesting story of a storm in the mountains that made the getting home, to New York City, a dangerous, but exciting, trip to one of the boys and his father--There was a story of the indians--"of tame Indians" as the narrator told us-----in the mountains of Western Canada. There was the story of a little girl lost in the woods---etc.etc.

I am reading the story of Sarah and her husband, Abraham, to the neighborhood reading circle. Mrs. Ross had heard before, and quite insisted that it be read to the rest---well, I rather wondered how it would take----but if I could only make the editors and publishers as enthusiastic-----it would ^ebe very nice. There has never been a story that we have read tog ether that has made each one feel that

she must be here--as this one. I do not think it is all curiosity-- Mrs. Ross is just as eager not to miss a word, as are the others. The majority of them are Bible students--in a way. Missionaries-- Bible class teachers, etc. They rather enjoy the attack on a new angle, I guess. They had never thought of Sarah as being a vital part of Abraham's search for God. Had seen, it is true, how she may hindered him, but not how she may have helped him----- It is rather interesting to me to note their reactions. It makes me ore anxious than ever to whip it into shape so that an editor may be found who will undertake to put it before his readers. Of course, Wilder's threat to write the story of her husband may enter into my anxiety to get this story published---for I am afraid that he might not tell it just as I would like it told---Pardon my fear along that line---but, someway, I do not think you know as much about their spirituãã search for health as you know about the material brain that seemed to hinder them at times. And after all---it is the spiritual story of their lives that has given us whatever knowledge we may have of them. Nicht wahr?

There are other things that I should write about--I am sure, but I do not function well as to news, this morning. So, I will just say that I love you all very dearly--and that I hope I shall have a letter today, for I have not had one for over a week.

of hearing

With the hope ~~to~~ how each and every one of you is progressing I hasten to be ready for the postman.

Your Mother