

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.

CANADIAN NATIONAL TELEGRAM



HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, ONT.

W. G. BARBER, General Manager

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STANDARD TIME

NORTHHOLLYWOOD CALIF 21

1931 SEP 22 AM 12 59

DR WILDER G PENFIELD

2095

MAGILL UNIVERSITY MONTREAL QUE

MOTHER WENT TO HERMOSA TUESDAY ON SATURDAY AND VIOLENT INDIGESTION AND
HEART ATTACK BETTER YESTERDAY I TOOK DR SHIREY DOWN LAST NIGHT
INSISTING ON EXAMINATION HE MADE HER COMFORTABLE AND SAYS THAT IS ALL
THAT CAN BE DONE NO CONTROL OF BOWELS OR STOMACH HEART DECOMPENSATED
OEDEMA AS HIGH AS NAVAL HAS GONE SO FAR ARGUMENT ON TREATMENT NOT
WORTH

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NA17 2/16

MENTAL AGONY WOULD CAUSE HER MIGHT LIVE TWO MONTHS OR THREE DAYS WILL
KEEP YOU ADVISED

HERBERT.

EMILY H. PRATT
101 W. JOHNSON STREET
GERMANTOWN, PHILA., PA.

Dear Milder:-

I am so grateful
to you for letting me
know about your mother.

I have thought and
wandered so much about
her.

What a delight to both
of you your visit must
have been! I can well
imagine the "bully" visit
and talks you two had.

Of course she is "the
same old mother"

EMILY H. PRATT
101 W. JOHNSON STREET
CELANOWA, PA.

I can't think of "our Jean" -
our always efficient, and
capable Jean as invalid!

She has been a brave
lady and gone through
much. I'm glad she
is comfortable and in
such good hands. I
shall write her.

Thanking you again
and with best wishes
for all of you. I am
cordially and sincerely yours.

Emily H. Pratt

October the 23rd.

J. J. P. to W. P.

1931

Hermosa Beach
April 6 1931

Dear Wilder and Helen:

What a joy are letters! And what a channel for misunderstanding are they!----and so what grief they also carry!

Wilder's letter, written March 30, came this morning. Wilder dear, your desire for my consent to having a Dr. meant far ~~no~~ more to me than it did to you and far more than you could understand. I was grieved, troubled, that you could not understand why I could not take my case out of God's hands and give it over to mortal man who makes so many mistakes.

Very soon after that Herbert and Mary came down and tried to break down my "stubbornness" Mary went down stairs and got Elizabeth all wrought up--she knew I was going to die---and E. like all young people, said more than she really meant, and went for Ruth hot and heavy, for allowing me to be so foolish. "after all that uncle Widie has done for this family, you ought to do everything possible to please him" etc.

And Herbert was pleading with me ----He left in tears. Well, that was about enough to make a well woman ill, and I rather ran down hill for about three days. Did not seem to have strength enough to get hold of the Truth.

It was at that time that Ruth wrote you, and she, herself, has not been as well as before. So, take her letter and read it over with this background, and love her harder than ever.

Some two weeks ago, to relieve her, I got a nurse to come in the morning to give me a bath, clean up the room etc. A week ago she came at night to relieve Ruth from night work--I often had to get up four or five times a night, and her sleep was interfered with. Mrs Woolfok still comes and will until I am able to make my bed, take my bath etc. etc.

I am getting better every day. And Elizabeth has forgotten her fear and just rejoices over me every time she comes into the room.

Did I write you the plans Jack is hoping to put to work for our going to Van Nuys. The changes in the house itself will cost \$500. I do not know how much the work on the dormitory for the boys and Jack will be. And he is trying to make the payments possible. I cannot help him now, of course, for treatments for both Ruth and me make inroads on the monthly \$200. besides those two weddings, and the house expenses-----but it will work out all right.

And those weddings! Margaret has decided on June 20. Mrs. Merrill took her down town to look over silver and choose her pattern. I think the pattern is Lady Diana. I do not know how much Mrs Merrill is planning to give her, but Mr. Merrill has already given her \$500. to spend as she pleases.

Elizabeth is to be married early in August. "No one has asked her to choose her pattern in silver, nor given her \$500. to spend as she pleases. All of which makes me jealous for her but does not affect her at all." But I could not live with Willis. Armor is so much better for me. And I could not stand Mrs. Merrill for a mother-in-law, I should die to have her so interested in every move I mak. She is lovely for Peg- -but the Guatans are such a wonderful family, and look at the two nice sisters I am getting and the two darling brothers!" " is about what she answers.

We do not know any of them but Armor. They are Austrians and Catholics. But they all seem to think Elizabeth a wonderful girl, and Armor is a big, rather lovable boy.

He is going to Berkeley, and last week she went up, while her father was there, to see what could be done about a school there. She came home rather discouraged. Being married is a great obstacle.

She visited the MacQuarries in their lovely new home-----but they are not planning on nine bedrooms! Neither would you, in their place? Winifred has a housekeeper, and plans on doing more entertaining.

Easter Sunday has come and gone and my room is a bower of floral beauty. The flowers from you came Saturday afternoon. The Summer larkspur was a wonder, such long stems, and another lot of the firelight red glads--the same that I called cannas before. They are lovely and I thank you both so very much. Armor brought me a marvelous Easter Lily. Peg sent roses and sweetpeas from their garden, and some beautiful stock from one of the neighbors.

I am so glad that dear Ruth Mary is feeling better. Give her a big hug from me, and please tell me just what is the matter with her. Are still considering a school in Virginia for her next winter? Oh why cannot I ask her to spend a winter with me?

Congratulate Wilder on getting into Long trousers I wish I could see him and in his perfectly good overcoat! Oh how I want to see all of you, but the joy of knowing that we all love each other no matter how we may differ in our understanding of Life and Truth is worth much to me.

I must stop--but there are so many things in your interesting letters that I want to speak of---The monkey story was very interesting and I want to know more about the clue you found.

God bless and keep you all my dear children. I love you.
Mother

*Moving! - Write both of you with and
tell me all about it*

Hermosa Beach
April 16 1931

Dear Children:

I think you would surely laugh at me could you see me this morning. I thought it would be a delightful change could I put on a real dress in place of the nightdress I have become so tired of wearing, so, knowing I was quite a bit thinner than I had been since I was a girl, I questioned which one I should choose for my first attempt. Thinking that, possibly, the thin flowered dress might conform to my new form better than any others, and besides it was fresh from the cleaners and would make me feel more like the sunshine outside, I put in on-----but oh the bigness of it!

I am expecting my girdle to slip down over my hips any moment. I fear I shall have to have a new dress before I can take much of a flight outside the house. But would it not be delightful if I could keep this new form? Mrs. Kermott told me there would be no use in hoping for it, it would not come true.

It was good to see them again, but Dr. had so impressed Mrs. K. with the idea that I was sick, she must be quiet, and stay but a few minutes, that I think she was almost afraid to speak above a whisper. But, he found nothing the matter with me, after all.

Ruth has had another hard time. Thursday night A dreadful five hours of the old trouble. Mentally she is getting better more slowly than physically. But she is getting better, and has no fear of another attack as she has always been before. It was worry over me and a constant fear of an attack of the old trouble that brought this on.

With me it was only a breakdown from long worry over Ruth. I think now that we will stop worrying and get well and strong together. Send us healthful thoughts and do not believe for a moment that any harm can come to us.

I have a nurse for Ruth. Aunt Addie is getting rested, Margaret came down Sunday to take charge of the kitchen until Adams should get sleep enough to carry on. She goes home tonight. Faith has had charge out there this week of vacation for her. She had a terrible operation on her wisdom teeth last Friday. All four of them had to go under the knife. I do not understand it, bone had to be cut out---the hardest operation known to the dental profession---so now you will know more about it than I do.

You moved Tuesday? So I suppose you are beginning to feel a little bit as though you were in your own home and not in a rented house. But it will take some time to really feel that the new home is home? Jeff is able to walk again? And he will feel no bad effects again?

And Ruth Mary is really well again? Bless her heart how good it will seem to her to be out and with her friends again. I had such a nice letter from Wilder Jr. I hope to answer it before very long. And Priscilla keeps well, and busy, and happy? Give them all my love.

When do you cross the water, and will Helen be able to take the trip with you? Oh so many things as you have done this year! Montreal has been pretty fair with you, has she not?

book

Will the ~~book~~ go to press without Dr. Bill's article? Too bad that he could not get it off.

Tell me about Mrs. Murray's accident. Is she really quite well now? I should like to be remembered to her.

Is Ariel well and happy? And Dr. Bill and Avis?

If the Lewis family are in the Hillside house, what are your family going to do this summer?

There seem to be a number of questions I want to ask you. Yesterday Ruth was sitting up in the big chair. Suddenly she made a move to get up. "What are you going to do?" "I am going to get some paper, I want to write to Wilder."

But her attempt at writing was a failure.

We all love you, all six of you---Write whenever you can.

Mother.

Give a greeting to Amelia and Fraulein Bergman.

I do not know the new address

April 27 1931

Dear Children:

I think that it is not because I am not able to write you that I am so long in getting it done, but that I am just lazy enough not to want to exert myself. And I have so many things I want to comment on in your letters, and so many things I want to tell you about of the happenings here.

A week ago yesterday I went down stairs, having no thought as to how I was to get back. When I came to the point of wanting to get back to bed, with the nurse' help I started bravely, went up three steps, and my knees refused to go any farther. Armor had gone down to the barber shop. Elizabeth went after him, but he was not to be found. After about a half hour I managed to get down those three steps, and waited for him on the davenport. It has been a long time since any one has been able to lift me up as though I were a baby--but that big, strong boy made nothing of doing it. They were anxious to know how many pounds I had lost, and were sure that by comparing my weight with Elizabeth, when he picks her up, they could tell. Armor declares that I do not weigh a pound over 120-----but I would like some bath-room scales to prove that.

And now for the big news we have to tell you. Misunderstanding something I said, Elizabeth and Armor went off and all by themselves were married on April 14. But they could not keep it secret for the papers not only published the getting of the license, but in at least one paper made it rather prominent, so that Armor received many calls of congratulation.

Well, I am afraid that this house was a house of gloom rather than a house of joy and festivity over it all. At last I had a talk with Elizabeth. Every one is so happy over Margaret's wedding, and talk so much about Willis and how nice he is, and not one single person, aside from my two sisters, have said one nice thing about my choice, and I know that Amor will make more of a man than Willis is." And, Naneen, there is no person in this world that I would rather please than you,

and I thought, from what you said, that you would rather not have us have two weddings." Of course the Catholic wedding must be had.

Well, many things she said set me to thinking. I guess I had not been as cordial as I should have been to one whom I love as much as I do Elizabeth. So, we had a dinner down here, on Tuesday, just Armor and Elizabeth, Ruth and Adams, Mrs. Woolfolk and Nanean. A fine dinner, I apologized for the gloom and we had a glorious time. And Armor carried me upstairs again. There is nothing against the boy except the religion, his youth and no money. His father has a heap in real estate but real estate is not much of an asset at present.

I gave Margaret her first wedding present, and wanted to give Elizabeth her first one, but feared I could not. And that morning of the dinner a woman came here with some beautiful home made lace doilies--I gave her her first gift after all.

Work has begun on the Van Nuys house and Jack thinks it may be possible that we may go back there in about two weeks---I doubt it, and possibly it would not be wise to go so soon. It will be much as Elizabeth thinks what would be best. There would be no stairs there and Ruth would be happy and cheerful in her garden. She is full of old-time pep this morning.

Margaret is very anxious that all gifts that we feel we can give shall go to Elizabeth "for I have so much and shall have so much, and she, poor girl will have so little--" Of course, they both know that this is a bad time for their family to do much of anything. This being sick is devastating to slim purses. Just now we could let the nurse go, I suppose, were it not for keeping Adams on her two feet, so that is not to be thought of, for I am not looking for work, as yet.

I am so interested in that new home of yours. A regular house for the rich, is it? Good, I am glad glad that you and Helen can have it--you certainly served your time with the soap boxes. Perhaps that was to give you an angle of vision that will make you able to appreciate this lovely home the more. The view over the St Lawrence seems most wonderful to me.

What did you do with the G.O.K. space on the first floor? I rather hesitated over writing those initials for Herbert says they mean God only knows. Being your brother and remembering the very close sympathy that used to exist between you, I rather think that he may be right in his instant guess.

They come down once a week, but because he will not drive in the Sunday traffic, and the whole family of eight is at home for evening dinner, and Mary has to prepare it herself, they do not get down here until nine o'clock or ~~even~~ even later. It seems late to us for Ruth and I go to bed at seven o'clock or even earlier. Still, I love their coming. Oh Helen, I gave the blanket I made in Canada last summer, to Mary. She was perfectly delighted with it. And I gave the first one I made to Ruth. Now I am almost through with Elizabeth's which is like yours, and shall make one of the other kind for Margaret. This sick time has rather made things go slow.

I have a lot more I want to say, but I guess it is time to stop. I hope to answer Wilder's and Ruth Mary's letters very soon. I did enjoy them so much.

With all love, and thanking you, Wilder, for your good letter right after the moving,

Your Mother.

Hermosa Beach

May 3 1931

Dear Children:

I have had my third visit from Dr. Kermott today. Of course, I know that he is coming for your sake, never-the-less I certainly appreciate his visits. He will tell you all about it, so I leave it to him.

Jack is here this afternoon, and the house will not be ready for us for two weeks from now. I am keeping Mrs. Woolfenden so that she will go to Van Nuys with us and stay until after the confusion of moving shall have left no bad effects on Ruth. And I shall have a little help from her as well. Ruth says she has quite come to the conclusion that she likes to be waited on.

It is almost bedtime--6.15---Ruth is in bed, but I must finish my little message to you. This has been a very full day. First, the doctor--then Jack and dinner--then Pat who was at her sorority sister's for breakfast--invited for nine o'clock and served at twelve. She was driving Bobby Corbin's car--he must be fond of her to loan her his only car on Sunday. Then came Herbert and Mary, Fred and Deacon and Jean. The young people went down swimming, and we older ones had such a nice family visit.

Jack thinks that it will be two weeks before we can get in the house. They will not build the dormitory now but he and the three boys will continue in the garage. Margaret says it looks very swell out there. A cement floor but a rug covers it nicely--the three beds on one side, and the washing machine on the opposite side.

Jack says that all there will be for Ruth to do will be the garden and the mending. That is the only place that Margaret has really failed, and they all want buttons, and sox mended. But Margaret has done wonderfully. She has done the washing and ironing and there are always eight or nine shirts in the wash. It takes her just eight hours to iron them.

Margaret's report

Herbert brought me a paper from which I cut out and send to you a slip that may interest you.

He and Mary are both looking so very much better than they did six months ago.

Ray has written me so often since I have been laid aside from anything active. I wrote him this afternoon. The first time anything has come to him as to how I was getting on since I was first sent to bed, when Ruth wrote him.

I wrote you so much about the two girls ~~that~~ last Sunday. that I do not mean to say anything about them. Ruth is getting on well. It is slow for us both but we are on the right track.

Adams is not at all well, but she keeps going. She falls down often, and skins her leg or some other part of her anatomy. Worry is to be blamed I expect.

I have been paying twenty-three dollars a week for Mrs Woolfolk, but for the rest of the time it will be but two dollars a day. She will go to Van Nuys with us to stay until Ruth gets over the confusion of it all.

Do you know that I had no letter from you this week? I miss them. With all love for you two and all of the dear children---

Mother.

he begins his studying, he may spend what time he can doing office work for them. That will help a little bit.

Hurrah for the Irish setter---but Helen dear, my sympathies are with you.

Please give a warm greeting to Miss Lewis--but possibly that would better be Helen's job. I am glad she is back with you. And, by-the-way, what about those new offices for you and Dr. Cohn? Do you have to pay for them?

I might not agree to your carrying me upstairs--it is bad enough to have Armor do that and he is oodles bigger and stronger than you are--but, oh dear! I wish you were nearer us! I was a bit disappointed that the call to Pennsylvania did not appeal to you. I would like it better if you felt you could come back to the homeland rather than live a stranger in a foreign land. But you know best, without doubt.

Jack rather envies you the setter pup. He has always wanted one, but I guess it will be better for him to wait until his small boys get a little older, they do not seem to be very successful in raising dogs.

With all love for you all, Mother

We are not going to Van Nuys until a week from Saturday.

Hermosa
May 10 1931

Dear Helen and Wilder:

We are waiting for Jack to come down and tell us if we are to go to Van Nuys this week. I certainly hope so ~~for~~ ^{our} rent is paid until June 15th. We are both tired to death of these rooms, and in V.N. there are no stairs and I can get out doors and back again without any help.

And Ruth will be at home with her own family and settled in her own place.

I shall take Mrs. Woolfolk for a few days until Ruth is over the excitement and exertion of moving.

She has been sick again this week, nothing to do with the old trouble. Many in Hermosa seem to have trouble with headache, vomiting, etc. and she seems to have succumbed, and an almost complete stoppage of the bowels. However, we are not troubled, for we are sure that it is but temporary. But I rather dread

Jack's coming down, for he is greatly troubled at every new symptom. One cannot blame him. You know the reason that he will not take Ruth home unless I go with her? He worries about her all of the time when away from her, and if I am there that worry will be taken off his weary heart.

Ruth is anxious to get home to her garden. Jack says that all she will be expected to do will be in the garden and, perhaps, some mending! We do hate to leave Miss Young, however.

After all, Wilder dear, it is probably just as well that Elizabeth is already married, taking it all around. She has had the most wonderful thing happen to her about teaching in Summer school. She went to Hollywood High some long time ago to see about it--no hope at all. All summer tourists, among educators, visit Hollywood High as being the most wonderful of all California schools, and a rule had been passed that only teachers who had been teaching the course applied for, during the current year, should be accepted. And Elizabeth was but a young teacher of one ~~year~~ year's service. Lo, and behold, a letter from the superintendent--There is a vacancy in 10th. English--would she like it-----she would. Also a letter from Beverly Hills High to see *What* was her attitude on teaching history there next year. The only trouble would be, she had taught but one year and would Mr. Wood of Torrance, let her off? Miss Darcy, the head of Beverly's history department, is determined to get Elizabeth if possible as she did some work in history under Miss Darcy some years ago, and Miss D. thinks she has the history mind.

Elizabeth probably cannot get a school in the North, this year--so Armor will go to U.C. of Southern California, and go to Berkeley later. His work in the Navy has given him some credits, but aside from that he will take the full course. I do not know, four, five, six years? She went to V.N. and Hollywood yesterday, will not be back until some time this evening. She goes up to the Goettens twice a week, and he comes down here often. He is quite apt to call Ruth "Mama" although I do not think that is the name he will finally choose. The people he is working for now have told him that he could, after



Ruth and I are about the same, seemingly. She cannot walk very well, and that bothers her. She tries to go it alone sometimes, but usually falls before she accomplishes what she wants. We scold and she is trying to be patient until someone can help her. Mrs. Southern is a Virginian. She gets us some pretty good meals. With all love, Mother

Van Nuys, California
June 7 1931

Dear Children:

The Corona has been repaired \$2.50 worth, the sun is shining, we had a fine dinner, I have a fine nurse--\$6. a day---She was a graduate nurse, and through seeing what Christian Science did for a patient of hers, began the study, and made a business of it--therefore she is good for us three, including Adams, and is doing us good---for we have not studied enough, evidently.

The house looked so lovely to us the day we came home, and we have been exclaiming over it ever since. It is so wonderful that Jack could have planned things so well. Helen, you recall the north porch--looking towards the pool and the eucalyptus trees? That has been enclosed and a glass roof put over it. The roof is peaked, and inside there are roof curtains that we can pull over or pull back for the full light. The doors into the living room were taken off and it makes a lovely extension to that room.

The sleeping porches have been enclosed and windows put in that take up two sides of the room. Ruth's room is lovely with lavender curtains, and a door from her room lets her into the dressingroom and then to the bathroom. She has the S.E. corner, just where their sleeping porch room was when you were here. Adams has the inside room opening into Ruth's. The bathroom was moved to the East window, and is very pretty with peach and white tiles and yellow and black about the tub, and pretty curtains.

I have not been able to find envelopes to go with this paper--so I have not been able to find envelopes for a while longer.

Entering the bathroom one passes through a dressing room where Ruth has her "Vanity"--or dressing table. There are three shelves around the room, and under them Ruth will hang her clothes--covered by a very pretty curtain.

You may recall the boys' room? That is my sittingroom--or study.

There is a high window on the north, and a door opening on the glass porch, but not one ray of sunshine reaches the room. I can look out on the porch and see the sun, and I can see the sun coming through the three windows on the east, from my bedroom. But there is good closet room, and plenty of room for my typewriter table, and the encyclopaedia table, and will make a very nice two rooms for me.

Jack is mighty nice, and I have no board to pay for Adams and me. Therefore, after I get through with practitioners and nurses, I hope to get a few clothes, etc. etc. and by September begin saving to pay up the \$3500 mortgage, so as to give a deed to Ruth for the house and about an acre of land.

Elizabeth moves out of the Beach home into a pretty little apartment in Hollywood. Two blocks from Armor's work this summer and within walking distance of the Hollywood High where she will teach this summer. Mary has been having much fun running around with Peg and getting her wedding dress, a white Sports dress, etc.

"Lucille" made one blue dress for her, and another dressmaker is to make a blue flowered afternoon dress for her. Her wedding dress is a sort of peach color, with several little odd pretties about it. She will wear long brown gloves, brown stockings and bronze shoes with it. We have not seen her hat yet, but Mary took her to a first class milliner, and thinks it stunning. The dress will be her going away dress also. They leave here right after the wedding in their auto. Santa Barbara will be their first stop. The MacQ. expect to have a visit from them before their return. And the time will soon be here. Elizabeth's school closes the 19th. the day before the wedding, and Faith has to take her final examination that very morning of the wedding in Los Angeles. The one that she hopes will give her the credits for teaching next year. This year has been quite an expensive year, as music always is. I think Jack will have reason to draw a long breath when all three are off his pocket book.

Van Nuys--June 14 1931

Dear Children:

I hope I shall know a day or two ahead of time when Wilder will be sailing. I like to think of him as he leaves the shores of home.

There are two packages waiting Elizabeth's coming this afternoon. One is the one from you. Margaret was delighted with the little candlesticks. A great thing for a bridge table? The other is from Will and Winifred, and is the same as they sent in the same mail to Margaret, though it may be some different in color. Hers is a peach colored Kenwood blanket.

Margaret's wedding is very close at hand, and she is all ready for it. Her wedding dress, a peach colored crepe? with brown touches here and there. Bronze shoes, brown stockings and dark brown long gloves. A beautiful brown hat, that looks like "society." It will all be very becoming. Married at four o'clock, with just as few people as she could have--just family, in fact. Punch will be served, but nothing else. She does not want any more excitement than possible on account of her mother. How Ruth adores her three girls, and they seem to adore her in the same way.

Margaret's other clothes? A brown and white sports dress with ^{her} and shoes to match. She has four new pair of shoes and a beautiful pair of silver and blue mules. Lucille made her a blue afternoon dress--cotton, I guess. Another dressmaker made a blue flowered silk dress, and then she bought several short sleeved summer dresses, three hats, etc. etc. She is well provided for, I am sure. It makes Elizabeth open her eyes wide with pleasure and amazement. "Whoever would have thought of one of the Inglis girl's having such a trousseau?"

But it will be well kept up, she will not make a splurge and then have to come down to but little more than nothing again. She is so very happy that the wedding day is so near at hand.

She will wear her wedding dress at least as far as Santa Barbara that evening. They take a northern trip as far and where they may

may care to go. Can be gone but two weeks, however.

Faith came down last night and her accompanist, and roommate, will be down before evening, and Faith will give her graduating recital for the benefit of her mother--and others. Several have been invited, and we are hoping to meet Mr. and Mrs. Goetten then. They would have been to see us before, had we not been ill.

Ruth's left side has been almost wholly paralysed--but she voluntarily moved both hand and foot during service this morning. Her mental activity has been very slow, as well, but that is getting better. She still wets the bed without knowing, but that will soon right itself, when the paralysis is gone.

She sends love to you both, and Aunt Addie asked me to tell you that she was very pleased that you thought her letter was all right. It was not an easy one for ^{her} to write, I imagine.

The house is full of activity, Bobs is quite a young man now and is rather popular with the girls and musical organizations, and there are plenty of the latter taking the the front line at present.

Adams and Mrs. Southern have been hanging pictures in my room this afternoon, and it truly shows improvement.

Faith is playing the wedding march for Margaret and Willis to practice marching, and it has set Ruth to crying. She cries easily, whenever any one of the girls does something she likes, just from weakness, of course, as it was with me a few weeks ago.

I have gossiped a good deal, and yet it may be I have not made it very clear to you. The Merrills have given Margaret quite a bit of a certain pattern of solid silver, and today they sent over a whole set, of plated silver, in dozen packages. A lovely pattern made distinctive by the tall letter M.

But I must stop now, and you know how dear you and yours are to me ----even if I did let Wilder's birthday slip by without a word. I am sorry, you older ones will understand, but children cannot be expected to understand.

Lovingly, your Mother.

Address - State College - San Jose -

San Jose California

Dear Helen and Wilhelmina:

I did not bring my typewriter, and
Billy's old L. A. Smith needs overhauling
I guess -

Helen dear, I have not brought with me,
it seems, the letter in which you gave me your
Hill side address. I shall probably be here
for about four - perhaps six weeks, as Winifred
is insisting that she would be so happy to
see me through the process of getting a new
com-plate for my lower jaw. At present
I have two loose teeth in front - one loose one at the
right and two solid ones at the left. No - I am
not beautiful! -

Jack brought me up to the car - we left V. H.
Friday noon, had dinner at Pismo Beach
and breakfast at San Luis Obispo -
lunch at Cambury - and then in
time for dinner. Jack started for home before
breakfast - Sunday morning was to be at home
as he always likes to be - Sunday evening -

I was weighed for the first time since leaving
so slender! - And you would be surprised to

I do not know the address for Hillside, so I send this to Montreal. Shall I direct just to Magog?

Van Nuys,
July 6 1931

Dear Helen and Wilder:

I am all in a muddle--are you or are you not to sail the ocean blue this Summer? And if you are when are you leaving shores?

Your plans for the summer, or for July when Dr. Bill takes his vacation and you "stay close to the Hospital" looks as if you were not going, but I have had no other intimation that you had given it up.

How I did enjoy hearing from Helen, even though a sprained knee and a reference to the old sinus trouble was not so good. I also enjoyed reading about the Goodwill Gift. Now to get the disagreeable business of duty on the candle sticks off my mind. yes, they paid a duty of \$2.25 each, or \$4.50 on the two boxes.

Margaret and Willis came home on Thursday, looking as blissfully happy as any couple could look. Indeed she did get your telegram before the wedding and was delighted with the sentiment it held for her. You two have been lovely to our two girls, and we appreciate it.

I am delighted with the idea of the man and his wife being with you. It sounds so much more comfortable than the arrangement of last year. I can see how much it may do for the older children as well. My best wishes to the garden, and the pony. Let me know about the play when it is produced.

How does the marketing go? Is it easier or harder than last year?

When the bowls came, most naturally the ideas we had suggested in regard to the candlesticks became lost in the thought of how they would look on a large table. They will be dear anywhere.

Will Amalia return to you again? Or is Wilder so glad to have her gone that there is no temptation to you to have her again?

It is some time before breakfast, I looked at the clock wrong, and the house is as quiet as in the middle of the night. I rather wish things would begin to move, for I am getting hungry. Jack and Elizabeth begin summer school this morning. E. has spent a good share of her two weeks vacation in bed trying to get rested. She looked better when I saw her on Friday. She and Armor had their honeymoon by going to San Diego Friday night on the boat, coming home Sunday morning, I suppose. Armor is growing into our hearts rather fast. Ruth is especially fond of him. That same little girl, Ruth, has been having a pretty hard time since the wedding. Those attacks are of daily occurrence, and while she never becomes unconscious, and they seem to have lost much power, and she does not become discouraged, yet she is weak, has not been out of bed since the 19th. Jack is lovely about it and seems to have much confidence in the nurse. She has been with us for five weeks now. But I am getting better every day. My great joy is that there seems to be no weakness in my knees whatever, and I can get up and down with a feeling of real power. What weakness there is, is a general weakness of the whole body.

Yes, Faith is the standby in the family now, and she has stepped into the work so easily. The little boys and she are devoted to each other, and she is such a comfort to Jack who is very proud of her. The love and harmony in the Inglis family seems to strike every one who comes here. It is beautiful and every one really wants to help the others out, and there is almost no friction. Of course Stuart goes off on a rampage sometimes, but he comes back with kisses and smiles before very long. Is there never any end to sinus trouble? And I hope the knee is well and strong again. I love you, every one--

Mother

Van Nuys, California
14233 Valerio Street

Dear Helen and Wilder:

We are having a bit of hot weather, ourselves now. But there is life in the air until about ten in the morning, and six in the evening there begins to be that same life in the air again.

I have so much to write, but feel rather lazy about it. The wedding was very pretty, and only relatives and very intimate friends of both families, it was a pleasant time we had. Faith had a Los Angeles examination Saturday morning. She thought it would be possible to put off the afternoon one, but the powers that be decided otherwise, and she had to go in again and hurry through what should not have been hurried, and the wedding was a little past four. She was to sing two songs before the ceremony-- and everything waited a bit for her, but she sang well.

I was somewhat amused at pretty little Mrs. Farquerson--the minister's wife.

She came up to speak to me, I had never met her before--and she said, "Well, you could not get along without him at this time, could you?" I assured her that we could not, and that it pleased us much that he could perform the ceremony for us. I do not think that she intended any hurt to me, she thought of it as being something of a joke--and I certainly was not hurt.

Margaret was lovely, Willis was proud and happy. They stood in the glass-roofed porch. His brother Paul at Willis' right hand, holding the ring, and Elizabeth stood at Margaret's left, with Jack a bit behind both girls.

We were delighted with your gifts to the girls. They are so pretty. Several others duplicated gifts for the two, and so many

lovely gifts. Willis gave Margaret a string of three strands of small pearls, with an amethyst setting for the back fastening. I shall not stop to talk of gifts now.

Ruth went to bed Friday afternoon, and she is still there. The attacks coming every fifteen minutes or so, until yesterday when they began to come very rarely. But they are nothing like what she has had. She has never lost consciousness, and as she expresses it "they have no power." She is happy, the expression on her face is so beautiful, and the scars of the last operation are fading away. Miss Young, the practitioner from Hermosa came out Saturday afternoon, and Mrs Southern is doing wonderful work. The whole left side is still paralysed, but we are all hopeful for her recovery.

Faith is taking her place as Margaret's successor, although she was in town all day yesterday with her third exam. and has gone in today for the fourth and last. This one is an oral one and will not take so much time. These exams. are for the purpose of earning the right to teach in the L.A. schools.

Did I tell you what Stuart said when some one asked him what he was going to do now that Margaret was going away? He looked up most untroubled, "Oh we have another sister." Mrs. Southern says so often, "I never was in a family where there seemed to be such perfect harmony as there is in this family." And she is right, it is a beautiful atmosphere of love here.

It is nearly time for the postman. We have but one delivery a day, and it behoves one to get letters in the box early.

When do you sail, Wilder? The family will all be at the farm, of course. So many changes out there, and complete changes in town, it is hard to fit you in as I think of you.

With all love for you all,

Mother

14322

Va Lewis Street - ~~St~~ San Diego.

Dear Helen and Wilhelmina:

My typewriter must go to the Corvair men to be fixed - travelling and beach atmosphere has been too much for it. I do not know how I shall succeed in writing a letter with a pen, nor how you will succeed in reading it.

Before I get too tired I want to answer a question of Helen's after I express my sincere sympathy in her having succumbed to sinus trouble. Bless your heart, Helen, I am sorry - and I hope the pain is wholly gone by now.

About writing Elizabeth - I write a dear loving letter, accepting the marriage, as we have, as being all right, although a surprise, and knowing that her choice must be right - Because she made it - And then, when you send Margaret a wedding gift, include one especially nice for her - even though you must make Margaret's a bit less in price than you would have done.

That would please her and all of us - Ruth is so happy in the tenderness of Elizabeth's love for her. She has been beautiful to her all winter and has paid all of the household expenses for her mother not while in Panama.

I was interested in your entertaining the Halstead Club,

and in their being entertained in the new
house - "open house" of means your and Helen's
hospitality. A toast - to the King! How
green, and how nice that you did it! -

My remembrance to Miss Lewis -

I am sorry that your plans for going abroad
must be changed, but - I can see that the new
plan must be better under the circumstances.

The Pennsylvania question is still unsettled, and
how strange it should come up just as you have
bought the new home! What prospects are there for
permanent arrangements by Royal Victoria? You
certainly have kept faith with them, but what can
they do in comparison with the Prince?

The picture of Priscilla and Jeff pleased us much - they
are so unconscious of anything but their interest in
the cuckoo's appearance. Thank you dear -

Has Franklin Burghman trouble with her eyes any connection
with the gout? Remember to her and to Amelia if she
is still with you.

We came home a week ago last Sunday the 23rd -
I want to write you about what wonderful changes
Jack has made in the house for us - and I must
write on what conditions we are here. He will make
no plans for any paying anything for rooms & board
for either Adams nor me. He says it has all been
paid - and so, when I get out of the tangle of loans
& practitioners bills - I can begin to save and pay off the
\$3500. mortgage - The rest I must leave until another
time. When are you going abroad? With my love -
Mother

Sunday Morning
July 26 1931

Dearly Beloveds:

I never have known such hot weather in California, aside from the summer of two years ago in Claremont. The San Fernando Valley is hotter in summer and colder in winter than many other places, but we have never had such a long spell of heat, even in Claremont, as this. It began Monday, June 22, and has not let up even for a day, and the evenings are not really cold. The old story of never sleeping without a blanket over one will soon become a legend if this keeps up. And still, with all of the daytime heat, we can sleep nights without gasping, and fanning, and we do wake in the morning refreshed.

I had such a good letter from "Ariel" yesterday. It was dear of her to write it to me. So many beautiful letters of love have come to us all. But so many of them express sympathy because of the loneliness that must be ours because of Ruth's having gone away. To Jack and the children there has been not so much of a change in the daily life, for she had been gone from home for so long that the missing of her would be different. The great missing would be the anxiety and fear for her, and that kind of a missing is a relief. They thank God that she is at last free. The little boys have all of the mother-love represented in their wonderful sisters, and by the time they are ready to miss what she, as mother, would mean to them will gradually become adjusted. For this year Faith will fill their hearts, after that? but it is not necessary to think of that now. Jack will, in all probability, marry again. And why not? But that is also a question of the future. Something we can know nothing about.

As for me, Ruth's mother, I have not lost her. I shall go to

her

when my work here is finished, and while I cannot see her with these eyes of flesh, she is very really near me and I can still feel her dear presence near me. I used to wonder how grief and loneliness could be healed by Christian Science---I know now.

Wilder dear, do you recall your need of understanding the life and character of David, and I sent you some suggestions that would help you in understanding how he could sin so dreadfully and still be a "man after God's own heart?" I think your need is great right now. No, I am not referring to the Christian Science textbook but the textbook that you are glad to call yours, The Bible. You have always said that you are seeking Truth. It is to be found right there. How much are you really seeking to know Truth? Are you studying that book as you have studied to find truth in other ways? Have you ever really sought for Truth ~~in any way~~ from the only source where it is to be found? Can I help you in any way? Or will you be afraid of what I may suggest to you? You will need a concordance, and there is an Oxford dictionary and concordance that is not large, not very expensive, a book not as full and cumbersome as the large, several volumned one. Then, I should like you to study what Jesus and his apostles said was God. Life--Truth--Love. And no more until you tell me that you are willing to do some real studying, partially under my guidance. By that I mean that I want you to do your own studying seeking the Truth as God gives it to you to fill your need. It is such a personal matter, this seeking for Truth. But, for your sake, and the sake of your family who look to you as the molder of their understanding, it will be well worth your while, busy a man a you are.

I am thinking so constantly of your coming out in October when thigs of all kinds shall have had time to settle a bit and we can look around us and talk, and talk, and talk until we find out what is best for me to do, or go, in the years that may remain to me. Will dear Helen come with you?

I love every one of you--more than ever, I think.

Your mother

Talked of how much there was for me to do still, and now I have not that feeling any more and I can see how every day and hour is full of needs that I can meet.

Faith is proving herself a wonder. She takes responsibility so easily and naturally. She is such a marvel with the little boys, as her older sisters have been, but when her father is in the house her whole thought seems to be of him, and she jokes with him and sits in his lap and loves him and shows that his being "Dad" satisfies her feeling of need. Jack is wonderful with his boys, and he has given them so much of his loving care in the past that with him and a sister to look after them, they do not know much change.

Ruth's coming back was a benediction to the whole family, and has settled Adams and me in our places here without a sudden change because of her going.

As to the future? I do not know. I felt that it would be better if Adams and I stayed here until Fall, and then went off by ourselves. Elizabeth tells me that she has had a long talk with her father, and she thinks he wants me to stay here.

Then your telegram--oh Wilder, it was so dear! And the knowledge that you are planning to come here in October has been a bulwark of strength to me. Of course, Jack and I have had no chance to talk about plans, as yet. We took Mrs. Southern home last evening, and the house will soon get settled down into the ordinary routine.

It will take me until about October, I expect, before I shall be even again, financially, so by staying here with no extra expenses I can then start even again. With you here to help in the ~~plan~~ planning and making things plain to us all, the right thing will be shown us. It does not look as though it would be right to leave Adams here along, and the only way that would be possible for me to come to Montreal for a while would be to take her with me and rent an apartment as near to you as possible.

That might work out for the winter. You see, I still have some one dependent on me.

Faith, the brave, loving child, could not bear that anyone should sing for the last time for her mother but just herself. Her mother did so love to hear her sing--and she sang three songs at the funeral, playing her own accompaniments. Miss Young, the Hermosa practitioner, who had been a First Reader, read the service for us. It was very appropriate for she loved Ruth personally, and Ruth loved her equally well. The Funeral parlors are very pretty, and the flowers were lovely and very numerous. Dr. and Mrs. Kermott were there, and we had a little visit with them afterwards here at the house. We were surprised and pleased with the news of Roger's being married.

The three girls are to devote tomorrow to writing acknowledgement for the flowers, and looking over their mother's things.

Louise Clark went with me, afterwards, to see the flowers from the main room. As we sat talking I especially admired a certain bunch of pink roses so covered with the Baby's Breath that it looked like a veil. "I am glad that you like that, for that is the one I brought." Was not that queer with the many many other beautiful ones?

With so much of love, and knowing how much you love your mother so far away from you just now when she longs for you, I will write no more for the present.

Mother

I had to add "you both" for fear Helen would not know that last message was for you both.

to you both

Van Nuys, California
July 17 1931

Dear Helen and Wilder:

I have put off the writing of this letter for some days because I had a feeling that I did not want to talk about it as yet.

Of course, her going away was not unexpected, we had been feeling more and more as the days went by that it was not to be God's will that she should take up the burden of life again here on earth. I tried to think that her work here was not finished, that it could not be with these three boys to educate and watch over, to say nothing of Jack. But I can already see that her work was finished, and that she was not fitted to meet the coming questions of this growing family of boys.

While we were in Hermosa she told me once that it seemed almost strange to her that, while she was so happy when Jack came down, she did not long for him and watch for him as she had always done. And again, many times she spoke of her joy at the thought of coming home again but was troubled because she did not know how to train the little boys. She feared she would fail in being the right kind of a mother for them.

At first, when she finally went to bed, she listened for Jack's footsteps, and showed disappointment when they did not lead to her room. Jack could not stay in her room when these attacks would come, and gradually she ceased to listen for him. When he came she would smile at him, but seldom said anything, until he thought she never talked. But she did. She did not know that he was reading the daily lesson every morning, in the hopes that he might be of more help to her, and perhaps she thought that the growing knowledge that she had of truth would not be understood by him.

She often told Mrs. Southern what a comfort she was to her. She was happy during those last weeks, and the expression of her face was wonderful so full of peace and joy. Winifred spent the day with us on Saturday, and was with Ruth much of the time. She said that never before had she fully understood how Life was not in the body, that we did not live in the body, but lived and moved and had our being in Him. She loved Ruth very dearly, as you know, and the day did her, Winifred, much good. Ruth, too, enjoyed it as one could see by the glorious smiles she gave Winifred every once in a while.

But that night she had a hard night, and never after that could we be sure that she was conscious until the end came Tuesday afternoon. Her six children were all here, although the little boys knew nothing of what was happening.

About one-thirty Mrs. Southern let us know that she was changing very fast, and a little less than a half hour later, she very quietly breathed her last. There was no one here who could not thank God that she was gone out of all suffering. At first, I was selfish enough to wonder what I was to do now that I no longer had her to think of and work for. A great wave of loneliness and dread would engulf me at times, but every one was so loving to me. Jack's tenderness was that of a dear, understanding son, and the girls, especially Elizabeth, who understands me best of all,

San Jose, California
August 15 1931

My Beloved Son:

Of course, I wrote you a letter to the Empress of Britain, but I cannot quite be satisfied if you have not another letter from me on the Bremen. In other words, I want a message of love to come to you at the last moment of your leaving our country.

Do you know that I do not know just where you are going? I do not know if you are headed for London or Paris to read those papers. I imagine it is Paris, but is it not rather laughable? It is said that space is nothing, and I do not suppose it really does make any difference which city will receive you. You will be far enough away in either case. But, of course, it does make a bit of difference when people ask me where you are going, not to be a little more definite. I guess I have been so taken up with other things that I have not been very definite in my questions about your trip.

But how I shall be watching for your return on the 16th. and how I shall want to know just when you are taking the land journey to California. You have not been here since you were three years old--so there will be no past in your thought of this country. That will make no difference to either of us, we shall be so taken up with just being together and being able to talk and plan for the future.

So many say, "But he will be wanting to take you back with him."

My answer is always, "No, that is not in our plan at all."

Things are a bit confused, from my standpoint, but from Jack's

standpoint they seem to be quite clear. "Just to have you here."
Well, if that is the best thing for me to do, from his standpoint,
then it must be the right thing for me for a year, perhaps.
My feeling is that Jack will marry again, and why not?

Dear, dear boy, have a good profitable trip and come home feeling
rested and interested. Give as much as you can and receive from
others as much as you can. Although I imagine, in the majority
of cases, you have gone ahead so fast that much that you hear
seems like old stuff. After all, if we are observing and willing
almost every one we meet can widen our horizon a little, can
they not?

With all my heart full of love for you,

Mother

Saturday Morning, August 15 1931

Dear Wilder and Helen:

I do hope that sinus trouble is destroyed forever. Since ka last November you have been suffering with it? It is too bad. And thoughts of love and sympathy have been going out to you many times, dear Helen.

For a vacation, perhaps you will be able to come out with Wilder in October? I do not know what I should do if anything should happen to prevent that October visit. I am depending on it so much. But then, I should become adjusted to the disappointment, without doubt, as we all must become adjusted to many things in this life.

I go to the dentist again this morning, this time to have the beginning of the plate adjustment.

Well, if Dean Martin does succeed, that will mean that your fate is sealed too. And then you will become a permanent citizen of Canada. Yes, I am thinking that I have more than a "half fear" that he will succeed. Indeed I cannot prevent a hope creeping into my thought that he will not succeed. And yet, how dare I either hope or fear? How can I know whether Canada or The States is the better home for you. Your coming back here is a selfish hope, and I surely want the best for you.

That is rather a wonderful rule that the department of Pensions and National health has made is it not? And it will go far towards helping Dean Martin in his effort? For, I take it, that it is Penfield who has made them make such a rule? Then there

will be fewer charity patients in the future?

I can imagine your excitement over the news from Dr. Cobb.

And I can perceive the atmosphere of that excitement in your letter. Well, go to it, my boy, satisfy yourself and others with all of the hope that new research can bring to you. You are working for the hope of relieving suffering from humanity. But, after all, God is Life, and all life comes from Him.

You said you were to sail on the Empress of Britain on the 19th and so I sent a steamer letter to you. Now it is the 22nd. and on the Bremen. Your letter came the very day I mailed the one to the Empress.

But this one will reach you in Montreal ~~the~~ before you sail.

It is time to dress for down town. God bless you both, my dear children.

Mother.

out to see his wife and baby. Sweetheart brought two little dresses and a coat for the baby which she had made for her. Dorothy has a sweetheart, too--so there will probably soon be two more weddings.

Van Nuys

August 2 1931

Does it not seem sordid and common? I feel mighty sorry for Herbert and Mary. They feel it keenly. I love you all--and I am so glad

Dear Helen and Wilder: that I shall be able to talk with you soon.

Mother.

I am hurrying to finish up so many bits of things that have been put off and are accusing me now. The biggest thing is the Granny Blanket that was to have been finished for Elizabeth so long ago. I tried to do it in Hermosa but made so many mistakes that it did not prove to be satisfactory--and I have been paying the price for those mistakes now. I have found mismated socks in all sorts of corners and have been getting them into shape. Adams, Faith and I have been doing a lot of looking over and mending, but we begin to see daylight coming. I am expecting to go to San Jose in a short time for a rather long visit--two weeks, perhaps, and I am wanting to get some of the work off before then.

How full one's days can be and yet how slowly the time may seem to go. It seems so very long ago that Ruth left us. Helen is a very wise girl--what should I do if I did not have the visit in October to think about! You wrote on the 21st. that you would sail on July 19---but I rather inferred that you meant August 19. You will be home again September 21st--and after the greetings with the family you will start for California!

I can fully appreciate your feeling about the American flag, and your getting the Green Point flag reminds me of our old Recreation flag and the joy we had in that. Wilder is painting the barn! Bless his old heart, and Wilder, when you and Helen begin to think seriously of giving up the farm, for just a camping place, think of your boys. Mrs. Long, (is that the name of the pretty little woman living across the bay from you?) said that it was easy to keep the little children in an annual camping place, but that as they grew older they wanted to have different outings--I have

thought of that so often and wondered if the children kept their love for the farm and its animal life, and put into Green Point some of their own special interest each summer, through personal work making the place a part of their selves, would it be different? Just to go to a place for idleness and fun is one thing, but to put thought and the work of one's hands into the building up of a place is another thing. And on such a place as you have, there will be something new to do for many years to come. Oh I hope you may sell part of it, for it is pretty big, is it not? Has Ruth Mary any special interests this summer? and is she feeling very well, and getting ready for the coming cold winter? As I think back at last summer and recall how Wilder loved it when allowed to drive the car under his mother's instructions, I know how he loves it to be allowed to drive by himself. Oh dear, both he and Ruth Mary have had a birthday this summer--it has been so long since I have remembered any birthdays!

Is there no way of getting rid of Helen's sinus trouble? Poor girl, she had really had a good many aches and pains that must take her nerve strength. Kiss each other for me.

Yes, I know that our being here now, is making things easier to bear. We had a Filipino boy who is attending summer school here for about ten days. Dishwashing, ironing and garden work was made much easier. But he is in town today looking after a permanent, full time job. If he gets one, we shall miss him, and he will stop school which will also be bad for him. There is a good deal of work to be done here, it is a large family.

It was dear of you to send me those letters, and I return them with thanks.

I am glad that you found that letter of Ruth's thanking you for what you had done. But, Wilder dear, the Boston experience brought no relief. We came home the last day of November, I believe. It was before Christmas that the convulsions showed again, I do not recall the date----- How much she loved you and Helen for all of your wonderful kindness to her!

Yes, you will need to go on to find a better answer to the one you have now, on the materially scientific level, until you, of your own self, understand the spiritual level of the Christ. Until you understand his life work here amongst us. "There is no death" and Ruth is better understanding Life, today, than she could have done three weeks ago. I feel that I must progress as rapidly as possible in order to somewhat keep up with her. She was, and is, very close to the heart of me, as you know.

Plans will, probably, be altered very materially for us all here. What they may be, I cannot know as yet. For the summer, probably until you come, there will be no change, and then we can talk it ~~xxx~~ over. If Jack needs me, wants me here for the winter--naturally I want to be here. He is cheerful and gay, but looks very white and is getting thinner. We have had no opportunity for a real talk--- Jack and I do not talk very much, you know, but we are quite conscious of the love and sympathy that is between us. He takes Adams and me out for a beautiful drive almost every evening.

And now for the situation in Herbert's family. Dorothy--George's wife - came up a few days ago with Barbara Jean who was three years old last week. She is leaving Barbara Jean with Herbert and Mary and her two devoted aunts, for seven weeks while she goes to Reno for a divorce. On the baby's birthday George brought his sweetheart

I am not going to write any more such drivel. Therefore I will tell you about the new blanket I am making. The one for Margaret that must soon be finished. I am making it like the one I made last summer and gave to Mary. The yarn, and the ~~colors~~ shades are quite different, but I hope will be fully as pretty as Mary's. I had the opportunity of sending to the Colonial Yarn Shop in Philadelphia. 18¢ an ounce for the soft Germantown zephyr, and 14¢ an ounce for the kind I made into your blanket. Such lovely shades, too.

Adams was in town for several days and had the misfortune to lose her suitcase, with all of the many things one takes for a several days visit, including her good silk coat. She is very brave about it, but I know what a sense of loss she must feel when she has so little money to make the loss good. The man who tries to keep her eyeglasses in order tells her her eyes, especially one of them, are in very bad shape and need attention. Such things are very discouraging, are they not? She sends her love, and wants to know how you are feeling, and hopes you will come out with Wilder, and says she is looking forward to that visit when she and Wilder may become acquainted again.

I have a lot more things I want to write about, but you have had enough for one day.

With all love, dear Helen,

Mother Jean

I have not meant to be so long in writing you, but I seem to be very lazy about writing or exerting myself in any way that I can help.

August 7th. Jack and I started for San Jose.

It is about 400 miles and we did not reach there until in time for dinner on the eighth. I stayed three weeks, had a very restful, lovely visit. And ~~what~~ while there acquired a new set of lower teeth.

Winifred insisted on my having it done, "For you will not look so frail when you have teeth." I guess she was right, for every one tells me how much better I look.

Last Saturday, Will and I left San Jose for Van Nuys. We telephoned Herbert to ask if they did not want company for dinner--of course they did. We reached there about noon. ^{Sunday} The children had all gone to the Beach for the day, and Herbert and Mary had been to Glendale because of the death of a very dear friend.

Van Nuys, California
September 3, 1931

Dear Helen:

They arrived home but a few moments before we came. Mary had a salad and toasted tomato sandwiches for a simple meal, and we four had a good visit. It had been years since Will had been to a meal there and they enjoyed a renewal of old-time intimacy.

Will went to Santa Monica to Lawson, and went home on Monday, I expect. It is a long trip and I have not yet recovered from getting so tired.

I have been distressed to hear of the sinus trouble, the hard operation and your slow recovery, my dear girl. I do hope that it is over, and that you are really well again?

I know that you are missing Wilder, but are carrying on in your own brave way, as usual. I am hoping that you will be coming out with him in October. There are several things to be settled during that visit, and your advice is always good. I am not quite satisfied with the idea of staying here. There is so much to do, and I do not feel equal to doing my share. Adams is doing her part most faithfully---- To me it looks as if things are more complicated, and harder, than ~~it~~ they would be if Faith had only to plan for their own family. But it will all come out right in the end.

When you have the time to write me again tell me all about what you are doing and feeling, and all about the children and their activities. What a cute picture that was of Jeff all dressed up in his Daddy's clothes. As was, also, the one of ~~the~~ him and Priscilla looking at the cuckoo clock. Kiss all four of them for me. I have not yet regained my hold on Ruth's two little boys. They are so full of life I do not seem to have the strength to meet them and become a part of their daily life. The fact of the matter is that I do not want to be forced into giving any of my strength to any one else--I just want to be lazy and good for nothing. For that reason I am inclined to think that it would be better for all concerned for me to have a place all to myself instead of staying in this most busy household.

Hermosa Beach
September 16 1931

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Since coming back from San Jose I have not been feeling ~~very~~ very well, in fact I was in bed all of last week. In order to be near Miss Young, Adams and I came down to Hermosa yesterday. Faith brought us down and was so pleased with the apartment that we have that she hated to go back home.

It is a pretty apartment. It is right on the strand and we can see every bit of the ocean that is to see. Just now I am sitting in the livingroom close beside the North window and can see up to the Pier, and am facing the West window which is large and has no screen, and looks out over the broad ocean.

There is ^{this} a living room with a bed that whirls around and has a beautiful closet, ^{behind it} with a fine chest of drawers and plenty of room where one can dress. Back of this room is the kitchen with plenty of drawer ^{room}, the cooler and a small refrigerator. From there a little hall that leads into my bedroom with a fine large closet and a dresser and chest of drawers. We pass the bathroom on the way to my room. It seems so good to be close to the bathroom, I have so far to go in Van Nuys.

Adams has gone up town to do some necessary shopping, and I love the sea. Right across the street on our right is the house that I ~~re~~ rented when I first came down to the Beach, in 1918. A large house that housed Ruth and little Bob the two Penfield boys, Cottie and me. A pleasant house inside. We stayed here until we found homes in Glendale.

Now if I can spend the two weeks for which I have rented the apartment, feeling that I have nothing to do but eat, sleep whenever I

feel like it, and loaf whenever I feel like it, and not worry if none of the things that I feel I should do are done----it will do me good.

The variety of costumes out on the Beach are most marvellous! Now for business in answer to Wilder's letter. Of course I would not, for a moment, ask you to take the trip out here until the press of business needs could be lightened somewhat. And I feel sure that if you come the last week of October, instead of the first, you will not only enjoy the trip more but will feel that you can stay long. So come as soon as you can and stay as long as you can after the insistent need for your being at home is past.

I was so glad to get your last letter, there was so much news in it. It was quite wonderful your going over with Dr. Grant. The talks with him must clarify your thought in regard to Philadelphia. I am fairly holding my breath to know your final decision on the two places, and I am so thankful that I do not have to decide it. Oh this beautiful water! Herbert says they will not be ~~down~~^{down} here, "it is too far." ^{About 40 miles} And Jack, last Sunday when I sent Adams down to find a place for us, insisted that he come down after her instead of her taking the trolley both ways. Jack says he does not like Hermosa, it is so dreary. He likes Balboa where there is something going on every minute of the day and night. He is a very restless boy now. I would like to have a visit with you this morning, but I am tired of writing.

Helen your good letter was just as you used to write, so like you and so full of things I wanted to know. What funny things people do at the Beach. I white haired fat old lady just sat down on the bench took off shoes and stockings and with her big bundle went galloping down to the water. And Why shouldn't she? She will have a jolly time. Wha a good trip you must have had with Wilder and Ruth Mary with the Lewis family. I do hope you are feeling well again dear Helen. By the way are you planning to come west with Wilder? I think you would love it out here together. We will all give you the warmest kind of a welcome. God bless you all, I love you. Mother

proposed to write the check 50. but - changed to
the 100. I may love out on it - this month
I am sorry to have said some of the things I have
said, but I seemed to have been obliged to do
no more on her so I could hear the benefit
of this sunny window + the most beautiful,
minute bit of sun.

Will write faint notes. So my things
I want to talk over with you - I do same
quite some now that. Memorial will be for
home. When I think of the the Sky, the river the
Vines, the home, the family + Sampson there
with the cold bright walls of Philadelphia, I
cry out for you and then + the children. Stay
when you can without - any more any ideas after
it.

Such dear letters from the his child
the my kind grandmother -

I love you all -

Hermosa

October 28. 1931

Dear Helen and Wilder -

My first letter and handwritting by
not being able to hold the typewriter!

There are other handicaps and as I am
a frail thing - it is almost - a begging
letter.

Who knows, as well as you, the dear
desire of my heart? I want - a chance to
see what I can do with ~~of~~ ^{with} Abraham. I have
tried to do his work and the family, so many
times, and have been thwarted. But - I can see
that - it was best - because I myself was not ready
for the writing. I can do nothing trying to work
from the surface with the faculty about me,
I have got to "dig in" for serious work -

Here is what I want - to do. I can go to Mrs G's

(I don't know the name well enough to spell it -
the 6th lines of on 14th (Pier Ave. is 13th st.) with
a magnificent view of the ocean beyond the
Pier, she will give me care, attractive
will planned meals etc. nothing to worry about

I need meet - no one, I can be by myself and give the
whole thought - to my work. for 125. a month
for the winter. The frame price 140. but for reasons
she thinks she can make the lower price
she has no family - only a husband who is away from
home ^{much} of the time.

Of course, normally, there would be no question
about the money - but how? - Herbert & many
think of this desire for mine as a sort of joke from
their standpoint - and a foolish plaything for
mine.

Friday morning! all of this time and my letter not finished!
was a failure - my time would all be taken up by
listening to her talk... etc.

There is a plan for me somewhere, with just what
I need. Will you be in sympathy with my making the
move, to get away from my dear family and all of their
dear confusion for the winter, while I have the oppor-
tunity of studying and writing all by myself? -
I would not hurt Addie's feelings for the world and get
I must get away from her for a while. Her idea of
what I want - is something like this. "How we will put your
typewriter table right here; "But I would rather have it here" -
"But see, di-di-di. and you will have a view of this beautiful
proclamation!" - so with very nice of furniture in the room
suitable in appearance I give in and the room is not my
working room. I know she loves me, I know she thinks
she is devoting her life to me, I know that I should miss her
like very thing - if I had the strength to insist on her
living by my left rather than hers. Ruth, who loved her dearly,
as did, was the only one who knew the of art - conditions. Any
would have liked up to be separated once in a while -
help me to get away from my family and live what I
want for the winter!

Herbert & an Aunt - Addie 100 - this month. came

866 Monterey Ave.
Hermosa Beach, California

November 17 1931

Dear Helen and Wilder:

As you see, I have moved. It was more than two weeks after I wrote you before I heard from you and things could not stop moving here.

I was more disappointed than I can tell you when your letter never mentioned conditions with you. I imagine my letter to you was full of myself, and you thought it only fair to say nothing of what I did not, seemingly, consider worth mentioning. Well, perhaps it did look that way, but in reality, the thing that is most on my heart and mind at present is how things are coming with you, and if you wanted to punish me for my gross selfishness, you succeeded. I was at my wits end the day I wrote you. I have no other excuse.

I am not in a boarding house, Mrs. Mills never took boarders, I am in a beautiful private home. Everything in good condition, a whole drawer full of the size of handtowels one likes to use and good quality and not a hole to be found in any one of them, and most of them marked with a heavily embroidered "P."--so also the dresser scarves and the table napping.

The room is the south-west corner, near the bath-room--and I can walk there myself, now--- Pink the prevailing color althouh the furniture is cream and picked out with blue. The beds, there are two of them at present, Mills using one of them, are delightfully soft and inviting--I have not left ~~the~~ mine to sit in a chair during the night since I came, on Saturday. Before, I always spent from two to four hours wrapped up in the chair, every night. The bed blankets are so soft and pretty, so warm and light. The sheets and pillowcases have not a worn thread in them.

After Mr. Mills and Mr. Hartley, their son, are out of the bathroom in the morning, a glass of orange juice is brought me and I get up and get ready for breakfast, in a warm, well-equipped, roomy bathroom. Then I walk out to the diningroom. Mrs. Mills often sits with me while she has her cup of coffee and toast and applesauce. Mr. Mills often comes him to jolly me up a bit, for he is a great jollier. Hartly has gone to the City. The room is warm, my toaster by my side, the doily over the heavy white table cloth is colorful, the dishes are china thin, beautifully pattered, all well matched as to their own individual sets, and not a broken or cracked one among them. The silver all matches and there is plenty of it even to boullion spoons and individual butter knives. No cracked. or mismated table glasses. I will go no further as to furnishings that make you feel so at home.

Then we come to the bathroom and Mrs. Mills gives me a wonderful sponge

and we laugh and talk, and then I come to bed for a nap to last an hour or more as I please. Then I read for the time that she is getting my dinner which is served, also in the diningroom and with only her company, off and on. And such meals as she serves me. Just as you would like them served, and as you would like the same things cooked. Real dinners, so unlike what I have been having when about eleven, perhaps later, either Miss Zadaw or ~~Edie~~ would come in and ask "What do you want for your dinner today?" Today I had pressed chicken, creamed celery, green peas, and muffins with apple sauce.

Now I am sitting in the big chair, filled with pillows next the west window where later I shall see the sunset over the broad expanse of water and sky. Supper I shall have about 5.30 here in front of this same window. And they are real suppers, well thought out and planned and on the tray you gave me.

A nurse? and six months of brain softening reading? Were you thinking of your mother when you issued that command? She would be in her grave in less than six months, you would never have the opportunity of saying "see what my prescription did for her." What would a nurse do? I could keep her pretty busy during the mornings, that would be all. Would any three dollar a day nurse combine all of the qualities that give me so much satisfaction in Mrs. Mills. Mrs Mills is a lady. Her husband and son in whom she is really devoted, are gentlemen. She reads beautiful ly, Miss Zadaw talked so low I could not listen to her and she could not pronounce the English printed words. After the morning work she was at a loss as to how to put in her time, I actually had to have her in the dingy, crowded bedroom once in a while to entertain her.

"Send Addie to the movies", you do not know your aunt very well if you

think you could keep her away. She has had a wonderful time for resting. She slept until she wanted to get up were it 8,9, or even ten o'clock. She did necessary work about the house, visited with Mrs. Eichhorn, and did some sewing for herself, (I was mighty glad of that.) She got the dinner, Miss Zada helping with the dishes afterwards, if she did not do them all. Adams had many rides in the auto ~~with~~ with different friends, she went to the movies several times, and to lectures, etc. She was busy for six weeks but had no pressing work to do. Had her feet been in good condition I should say that her life had been free from almost all trying things---- except the bank book.

Would you ask me to go back to that dingy house with its restricted, often unpleasant surroundings, after having a taste of this beautiful home here on the hill?

As for Abraham! I realize, as well as you do that I am not ready for steady work now. But while I am waiting until I can do the work I absolutely refuse to fill my mind with silly reading that I do not want, and have a nurse around me night and day.

Dear, give me that six months to follow the leadings of the Holy Spirit, wholly. Let me have that six months to be wholly under the care of God. Try and be willing that I should do that. Do not bind me with the cords of material anxiety. I am getting better every day, and it is God, alone, who is helping me.

I am tired and need a bit of a rest and will stop for today. Thank you for your offer of help for the nurse, I will write about finances the next time.

And do write me about how things are going between Philadelphia and Montreal, and how much you know about the future.

Always your loving Mother.

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November 25 1931
Hermosa, California

Dear Helen and Wilder:

I suppose it is too early for me to cheer, for there were hours, after you wrote me on the 19th. when there could have been a change in your mind about Philadelphia. But I must say there was a feeling of satisfied peace when you said you had decided on Montreal. That feeling of suffocation would never have left you, because of the change of work from outside inside personality, to outside interests away from your patient. Your personal love and sympathy for an individual who needed you as well as your knife, would have been lost and you would have grown hard and impersonal.

You have a home and a growing place in the hearts of the people in Montreal. You are already a personality and not a machine, and that, your warm friend-loving nature needs for growth. And, too, Montreal will give you a longer, happier life with Helen and the children. I have felt it, somewhat, all along but never able to express what was not really well developed in my own mind.

So, I am waiting until I hear again before I let out any audible cheers.

I said this letter would be on finances, but I have not seen Herbert since the day he brought me here, the 14th. So, I will only say, that I was obliged to go into my emergency fund rather deeply, as, when it was all sifted down and the bills paid for last month I had but ten dollars left out of the \$150 that he had given me in November to meet November bills. You and I will neither of us worry about it for, in some way it will come out all right. I have enough owing me to settle all debts, which are

still growing, when the time comes when it can be collected. The next move is up to Herbert. Poor boy, I feel sorry for him for he is having such a hard pull on his own account. Adams went there for dinner a while ago, and all they had on the table to eat was Chile ~~comestible~~ con Carne and bread and nucoa. Their blankets are worn out and she has asked me for some who am short, too. The blankets are packed away among the dishes But I shall manage to find her something, I am sure.

By the way, before you buy a Bible Encyclopaedia There is one that is far superior to what you were looking at here as fifty years or so of intense research could make any book of reference. Now don't worry, it is no more of Christian Science origin than is the Brittanica or Diction ary.

It is "The Popular and Critical Bible Encyclopedia." Published by the Howard-Severance Co 250 West Monroe Street, Chicago. It is edited by Bish Fallows than whom I suppose there is no better Bible scholar and Episcopalian. It was published in 1901 and 4. but has just come to my notice. I have got to have it as soon as possible, and have written them for some details, will let you know when I hear from them. In looking up any subject you want to know more about, it is well arranged and succinct. If one had the time a look over in the big second hand bookstores would pay, especially now after this depression.

I am very happy here--again I emphasize the fact that it is not a boarding house any more, than as much, as your own home. I still have the feeling of the first three verses of the 23rd psalm very strongly in my mind. "The still waters" that is something I could not have in the

crowded, noisy home of the Ingli. This is best for me now, believe me dear.

I am getting better, but it seems slow work. I am very weak, it seems to me, yet the improvement in the past ten days is very marked.

I do not go out to the family dinner, but have my supper earlier in my room. That leaves them some family life, and it is better for me at that hour of the night.

Miss Young senses very clearly that I am not ready for any continuous, close work, but is keeping my interest alive, and I am growing in the in the gentle art of patience, as who could help it in the quiet atmosphere of this home?

Hartley Mills, the twenty-six years old son, comes in for a few minutes each evening to have a little breezy conversation with me, and you know how I would enjoy that. I am hours alone during the day, but with gentle Mrs. Mills within call of the quaint little bell that is close beside me.

And that bell! Wilder and Ruth Mary would be interested in seeing it. A small green glass with the glass bottom taken out and a metal one put in. On top of the metal disc is an ostrich, and through that disc is hung a wire holding the big ostrich egg that forms the clapper.

This third letter that I have written you is a long one. I shall not promise so long an one every time but I will try and fill Adam's place and keep you up with the times here.

No, much as I would like you much nearer than Montreal, I would not

care to be the "efficient mother" I might be if I had succeeded in keeping you close to me. You might have lost something valuable out of your life that Mother could not have given you. But oh, that visit of yours and Helens'!

You recall Will's story of the man who made mouse-traps. He made the best mouse-traps that were made any where--and people went from all over the world to buy those traps of him. Is it not so with Kall constructive work? If it is the best people can get anywhere, you do not need to go to them, they will come to you even if you live in a cave xxf the woods. And you are independent of any man's dictation! More power to you and Dr. Cone!

Loving you all,
Mother.

Hermosa Beach, December 5 1931

Dear Helen and Wilder:

The more unpleasant news should come first so that the later news may leave a pleasanter taste in the mouth? Since Thanksgiving I have not been feeling so well, hence the delay in answering your so good letter. Wilder boy. More of weakness, loss of my too good appetite, nervousness, almost constant itching, funny time with my eyes when, at first, there would times of almost loss of sight, and, always the delightful assurance of a second person on my left side. Seldom a man more often a woman and sometimes a child. I could never get a glimpse of their, (or, to be more exact, I never do get a glimpse of their faces, it is always their hands which are always doing something. They never speak, never annoy me in any way except by being there. I often put out my hand to catch hold of them or turn quickly to get a look at them, but there is nothing there. How horrible it would be if I lived in the time of ghosts! As it is, it is only annoying, tiring. This morning she has been playing tennins, now she is sewing, turning once in a while as if to look in my face, or look over the typewriter. Sometimes there will be blank spaces, when I may look directly at something I am looking for, and I do not see it. But I use my eyes very little and keep them closed much of the time. Perhaps the little people on my left side are a source of companionship at such time for they sit quite close to me.

Every one, is so good to me. Mr. Mills, Hartley, sometimes a friend of Mrs. Mills will come in to talk or read to me. I do not see much of the family, they are all so busy now. My appetite and my strength are returning, I am happy and very sure that I shall soon be very well again. Miss Young is a host within herself and gives me just what I need.

Now I do not believe that Addie, herself could have told you more.

This morning the pink shows in my cheeks, my hair is coming so abundantly and shines like silver in the sunlight. I am sitting in the full sunshine in the window. Mrs. Mills loves to comb it, as I love to have her. Last night I actually got into bed and slept the night through, without change to the chair.

I do not know what I should have done without the pretty bathrobe you gave me. It is my constant companion, even if it is too warm to have it on it is close beside me. The funny thing is that the solid color pink blanket on my bed is also a Kenwood, and almost repeats the shade of the robe.

As to your offer to help me financially where it is most needed, I hate to have you do it, but it would be a great relief, and surely I shall, sometime, have back from the Estate what is not being paid now. Such a thing has happened before you know, and then I shall be able to accept what you do now as a loan, and can repay it. And now--how, for what purpose, and how much can you conveniently let me call on you for?

The thing that bothers me the most, is Miss young's bill for past services for Ruth and me. She has made it so ridiculously small, and she needs the money so very much, for others are taking advantage of the past depression to say "I cannot pay you until my taxes, or some other thing is paid for. There are times when she is not sure where the next meal may be coming from, it always comes, but I hate dreadfully to be one of the many that makes material living so hard for her. Oh she will get it sometime, but she needs it now. My bill to Dec. 1 is \$186. It worries me, of course, altho she insists that I must not worry

that in some way all needs for us both will be met. You see, she understands my predicament, because she is ~~xxxxix~~ meeting it all of the time.

I understand, too, how it is not pleasant for you to be paying money to a Christian Science Practitioner for me. Yet, dear, she is bringing me back to health. Or, rather, God is bringing me back to health thru her.

I planned to pay all of my extra running expenses, clothes etc. with the money that Jack shall pay me. Of course there ~~xxxxonlyx~~ has been only one payment made, the one in November. That came promptly to Herbert, there was some delay in his getting it to me, but it has done its work, and Herbert will, doubtless, come tonight, or Sunday with Jack's December check, and, I hope the money for Mrs. Mills which will due on the 14th. It does not seem possible that I have been here so nearly a month.

I had thought that if Herbert could make a go of it--as he probably can, That it would be the nicest thing for you to help me get the ~~xxx~~ books that I feel so much in need of having. By stringing them out in monthly payments Jack's check may be able to take care of all the running expenses and the books. Thrn only ~~xxxxxxx~~ need will be Miss Young's bill and \$150. that Herbert thought he could get for me each month. I could then pay Elizabeth what I owe her and some other bills that are not as pressing as the ones I havw mentioned. You offered to pay half the wages of the nurse, that would be \$45. on the basis of three dollars a day. That is a good deal to ask of you, but if you could do that giving it to me in cash that I might place it where it would be most needed, and Herbert could keep up his end, I should have some hopes of getting out of the hole I am in, before ,

Books!
What a
Woman!

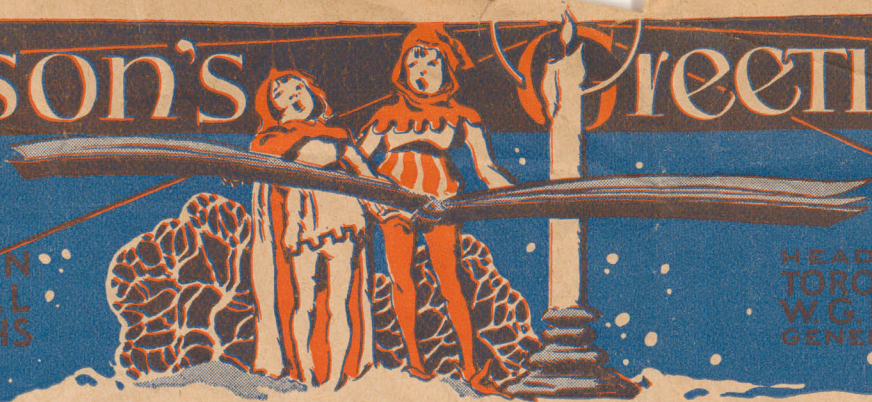
perhaps, the year of '32 should have passed. Hartley has just been in for a little talkfest. It is so nice to have him and his father coming in that way. It shows that they like me to be here, and that is pleasant.

With all love for all of you,
Mother.

Season's Greetings

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GREETINGS FROM MILLS FULL HEART OF LOVE TO ALL

MOTHER.