

J.P. to W.P.

1932

January 5 1932

Dear children:

me

How good you two dear children were to at the Christmas time, and even now I cannot seem to write you and tell you so. I am better, growing stronger each day, but it does seem slow work. Jack's interest comes each month for running expenses, and is being eaten up fast, this month, for bandages, gauze, etc.

I think my legs have run out barrels of water, small barrels, of course. I suppose I ought to be thankful for every drop that runs out--and I am, for the sooner that water is out, the better for me. But it adds greatly to Mrs. Mill's work to keep so many bandages going, and keep them fairly dry.

I have given her so much more work than any of us expected, and she was so very tired with it all that I paid her \$25. extra for last month, and was so thankful that I could do it. I felt I should get a night nurse at one time, but she would not hear to my doing it, on account of the expense I am getting a little stronger each day, and I feel confident that I am on the way to recovery.

I still have written no Christmas letters, I do not do much of anything that I am not obliged to do. Following your instructions, you see. You asked about the little people. They have not been coming so often, lately, although one of them is sitting close to me right now, always on my left side.

Wilder, I have been so lonesome for you this holiday time. Do you suppose that next Christmas I may spend with you and Helen?

No, I never yearn for the snow and cold, but your houses are so warm and comfy, and I should not need to go out when it seemed too cold.

We had a lovely Christmas celebration here, but I cannot tell you about it today, nor shall I speak especially of the gifts that came from you and

and the children, I am tired and must stop. I loved and appreciated each one.

The water from my legs is leaving a bright yellow stain now, and there is quite an odor from the urine that has not been before. My abdomen swells pretty hard and big much of the time, making it hard for me to sit up, or be one bit comfortable.

There now, I have said what I do not like to say, because I do not want to voice it, nor do I want you to be holding it in your thought. Making it real, as belonging to the real man, the one made in the image and likeness of God, and reflecting Him in His perfection, makes it harder to make it, in my own thought, the unreal thing that it surely is. You want to know just how I would seem to you were you here, I try to meet that very natural wish as much as I can.

Miss Young is trying to make me understand how to see you and the rest of the family spiritually rather than humanly so that I shall not miss you so much, and long to see you, but can visit with you without the need of touching the human side of us all. My greatest prayer of gratitude is that Christian Science the truth that Jesus taught, is truly becoming more real to me, and I seem capable of loving you more and more.

I see very little of the family since Christmas, I guess they are all tired and busy. I hope you all had a good vacation at the farm and will come home with added strength and cheer. I hope, too, that going over the books will not discourage you in keeping it up. The little vacations that you can take out there with or without the family, seem to me very necessary to you, more than to many men, to keep you fit mentally and physically. You give of yourself so much that you need frequent relaxation.

As to the wheeled chair---no, I do not need it dear boy. This little makeshift that I have will do the work very well for the time that I shall probably need one. You see, I am preparing for health and strength not for helplessness, and the next toast you drink, remember that----No, the next prayer you offer,

remember that, and expect it with me.

It is almost supper time---of the next day-- and I still look forward with pleasure to the coming of meal time, I am a husky looking invalid, and my hair has about stopped coming out and is coming in full of life and sleekness. The sick look that I had in my face to a certain extent, they all tell me I am losing, even if I do try to kid myself into believing that I am not quite up to the mark as to health.

Mrs. Mills brought in some prunes from the Santa Clara valley where prunes are prunes. They taste as if just freshly dried. I wish you could taste them.

Again I send love to you all, and greetings to the many friends I found in Montreal. You might give a good big hug to each member of your family for me, Wilder.

Your Mother.

January 12, 1932

Hermosa Beach, California

Children dear:

I am sitting in a flood of sunshine in front of the South window in my bedroom. Outside, the wind is blowing a gale and the white caps on the blue water that I can see over the roofs of the little beach cottages are beautiful.

I certainly like Hermosa, and this part of the town is quite new to me, although Circle Drive is not so far away. I should have said that this part of the Beach is quite new to me, something like twenty-one blocks ~~to~~ North of Mrs. Eichhorn's little cottages where you were. Have we told you that she claims to have lost a bed-pillow and has accused Addie of deliberately stealing it? Addie feared that she would some day have been arrested and began to lose sleep over it. Then Jack took a hand and went to see her. She was not at home and he left a note which produced results in that we have heard no more from her. She acted like a crazy woman. Came up here once, and sent her nephew later, after that pillow!! I guess we shall not think it worth while to go there again.

Much excitement in the family. Elizabeth expects a little one in July. At first she was overwhelmed with fear of the financial problem that seemed to confront her if she could not teach. But, as usual, take responsibility away from a man and he accepts it. Pile the responsibility onto his shoulders, and if he is the right kind of a man he responds to it with joy. Armor is like a crazy kid in his joy over the prospect. Elizabeth says she is afraid to walk down the street with him for fear of his buttonholing any one he meets to insist on their hearing the wonderful news. They had guests at the house one evening. Young people whom

Elizabeth had never met before, but who were old schoolmates of Armor's. All of a sudden he shouted out, "Folks, if all goes well, in seven months from now I shall have a baby of my own." Elizabeth is just as happy over the beautiful promise of having a baby as he is, but not quite so lawless in her joy. She loves her "family" more than ever because of the way they have all taken it. All are happy with her. And now both expectant father and pulling for a boy. Grandfather Merrill won't allow anyone to suggest that it may be a girl in Willis' family.

But what a difference in Elizabeth's and Margaret's circumstances. Madam Merrill buys and sends to Margaret everything she sees that will be love for the new-comer--

Father Goettin said he would sell one of his lots for Armor, but Armor refuses to accept, as his father would have to sell it too great a sacrifice. "I shall pay for my own baby," he proudly says. How? I said "this may change your plans as to study?" "No, I think not. I am looking for a job for the daytime, and shall go to night school which will delay me in my medical week only about half time." "I am studying better now than I ever did before, I think I can make it."

Their plans include that I shall live with them. Elizabeth has never been alone, and she dreads the long days and evenings when Armor is at work and night school. Besides that, she wants me for "Nanean's sake as she has always depended on me. "All through my life, it has always been you more than any one else to whom I have looked." So, they are watching to see me grow stronger, and every time they come down they rejoice because I am looking so much better.

Another thing they are doing-- Father Goetting owns a fairly good house over by Exposition Park where many of the immigrants live. They are

planning to emigrate. They are making all sorts of plans as to improving the house and surroundings. There are two bedrooms besides a little room right off the sleeping porch--to be made ready for the baby. Never once has Armour spoken of the baby as "the kid." There is a goodsized front yard for flowers, and a larger back yard for vegetables, fruit trees, and chickens. There will be a high board fence to keep out all dogs while the baby is sleeping, and Armour will take care of the six new chickens because Elizabeth has always hated them--"They have no sense."---So, perhaps they are as happy planning this new, unpretentious, non-aristocratic home as Margaret and Willis are in their plans in the more conventional, beautiful and comfortable surroundings. In the meantime they, young fathers and mothers, are most happy---only as to the suspense as to sex. When I am well again, how I shall love being with Elizabeth! At present I feel dubious as to my ability, weakness is hard to combat, is it not?

I am swimming most of the time, as my legs keep up the night and day streaming from their pores. That is no fun, either. Three or four times during the twenty-four hours I have some or all of the bandages changed, and four or more hours are added to Mrs. Mills' work day. How Ruh hated these winds! And I am a close second, I do not like them, they always gave Mother a headache that would, eventually send her to bed. But we do not have them often.

By the way, Mrs. Mills has corrected me, we are only nine miles from where we were when you were here. I rather thought something was wrong with my figuring.

May God bless each and every one of you. Mother.

①

Hermosa Beach, California

January 17 1932

My very dear youngest:

I am sending this letter wholly to you, not because I want to shut out our dear Helen, but because it may be the last letter you will receive from me before your birthday again comes to you. Thirty-three years older than your mother, so you figured up once upon a time so, as I never seem to forget 1858, so an important year to me because of my entrance on the stage of this material life, and I do seem to be more prone to forget other dates, I say, with certainty, my youngest, my baby boy, will soon be forty-one years of age! And see what he has accomplished during those years! For something over twenty years I had you all to myself, then came a dear, sweet girl to share your heart with me, and how unselfish and loving she has been in that sharing, no one knows better than I do. I thank God for the true "helpmeet" who has been willing to share with you all of the hard years of your early married life, and may you and she keep on all through the years to come with an added, deepened love as your reward. May God bless my Montreal children and grandchildren.

Adams surprised us, yesterday, by coming to spend a short day with us. We had a good visit. In the evening Herbert and Mary were here for a short time. I asked him if the estate ~~were~~ was not going to be able to pay anything for the month of January. His answer was, "Well what do you care, you have money enough to meet your expenses, haven't you. Don't worry, Mother, Wilder is not loaning that money to you he is loaning it to me, and we will take care of everything." So, I leave it in the hands of my two boys.

Elizabeth and Armor were down about a week ago and announced that they were to have "a family in July." I said, "Good!" As it was what they expected me to say, we had an evening of rejoicing. Armor is like a crazy kid over the

This letter seems very much mixed up, but I have marked the pages so that I hope it will not give you much trouble.

The lunch tray will soon need the table before me, and I must close this letter. So many hugs and kisses will be sent you by wireless on the day of your birth, one week from tomorrow. Did ever mother have such a son as I have? God bless you and yours, dear boy.
Mother.

(2) prospect. At first, Elizabeth said, she was frightened when she thought of the complications--teaching for a living and handicapped like that. But the joy of the hope overcame everything else very soon. And the result? Why Armor, realizing his own responsibility, is making plans to support his own family. Take responsibility away from a man and he becomes a poor thing at best. "You will give up the medical preparation"? I asked, "Oh I think not, Naneean. I will try and get a job for the daytime and go to night school. But that will leave Elizabeth alone too much." And that is where you come in, Naneean. You know I never have known what it was to be left alone, as soon as you are strong enough will you come and live with me? All my life even as a little child I always seem to have turned to you for help, and we know that we like to live together." The night before I had been wondering just where I should go when I was well and ready to leave here-- and there seemed to be the answer.

Now it seems to me that I have written all of this to you, before this. If so, pardon me.

As to myself? The rivers in my legs are still flowing and wetting every thing in reach. But, in some way hard to define, it seems to us that the legs look better after all. Not so much of the matter but something of the red stain is showing on the all night pads. I have had no more of the distressing shortness of breath attacks the past week---due to gas, without doubt? I am still ravenously hungry for my meals, especially breakfast. I am taking several little walks about my room and on into the diningroom some two rooms beyond me. My color is good, my eyes are bright enough for good health. From eleven o'clock last night until seven this morning I ~~was~~ only got up once.

Herbert says Dr. K. is ill. I am troubled about it, too. Herbert will go out there today, and has promised to let me know about him as soon as possible

(3)
Would it surprise or trouble you very much if you thought Jack might be thinking of another marriage? Don't let it, for the little boys need some one besides young sisters to train them. We know that Jack loved Ruth, and we know all that he did for her. She has been gone but a short time, it is true, but Jack's home has been disrupted for a long time. For his own protection he will need to settle things as regard to his choice. Yes, there is a certain one, a Mrs. Baker. She has been the Penfield's music teacher ever since Jean first began her work. "She has a way" with all children they adore her but are glad to obey her. She has snow white hair, but probably is not yet forty. Pretty, artistic, very charming, I have not seen her as yet. I do not mean to say that things are all settled between them, for I do not know and the family, who do not know either, are divided on their ideas. He is very attentive, and "She adores him, oh yes she does." Herbert watched some women the other evening making quite real fools of themselves over Jack and thought, for the sake of Jack's sanity the sooner the better. Do not say anything about this, of course.

Monday Morning:

Your letter, telling something of the lecture given in Boston, came a short time ago. It is 11.30 and I have just finished the cleaning up process of the morning which is a little later on Monday mornings.

No, I have not been out doors as yet, one of the principle reasons being that it is too cold. Last week Los Angeles was covered with a blanket of snow some inches deep, the first time on record. I content myself with the hot sun coming from the windows, South and West, and I get all I can of it. Mrs. Mills exclaimed over and over this morning

14 over the way the swelling on my body had gone down. Actually, I am almost straight over my hips, and the relief from pressure is very wonderful to me. The floods of water from the legs still continue.

Dr. Cushing, being Dr. Cushing, would you, or could you expect any other than that flippant tone? Your discovery is not his discovery, nor even done under his direction---therefore? Poor Dr. Cushing how much joy he misses.

The old Sussex injury! After all of these years, strange that it should be active again. I shall want you to keep me informed as to how the treatment is working out with the joints.

Your picture, the two of them, are in sight of my eyes, and I smile a good-morning at you the first thing when I waken, and again when my tray is brought in somewhere between eight and eight-thirty with the breakfast of toast, bacon, a fried cake and hot water flavored with tea, for which I am simply ravenous. Every meal is enjoyed, but the breakfasts are especially so.

One day, some week or more ago, Miss Young said, very wistfully, "I do hope that Wilder knows that I am doing my very best for you." I think she would appreciate a special message from you, if you care to send it.

When I speak of walking you will understand that I only walk with help. Perhaps Mr. Mills' strong right arm, or Mrs. Mills', not so strong but very effective, when support is removed for a moment, I have a feeling that it would not take much for me to pitch forward on my face. But that will be corrected very soon, it seems queer because I have never been weak like that before.

I am wearing my Montreal nightdresses now, and they fit so much better than the ones I have bought here. Thank you, again. I am impatiently waiting to be able to go to Los Angeles again so as to wear my new silk scarf.

L. A. Library for books, especially when I do not know what to ask for. If you know of any book written by ~~Woolley~~ Woolley or any of his helpers, I wish you would let me know about it. Do not send the book to me, but let me order it from here. His expedition is sent out by the U. of Pennsylvania but when I was in Philadelphia they did not have much from there in the way of exhibits.

Wilder, I have thought so much about your knee. Please tell me all about it. I do trust that you will have no further trouble. Mrs. Mills is ready to come in here to clean up and make gauze pads for my legs. So I must leave every thing else until some other time. There are so many interesting things about you and the children that have been written and I have not noted in my letters that I want to hear more.

Tell me Why dropsy? and what does it indicate and do? I did not know until the other day that I had been in a "deep sleep" twice since being here. From one of them I awakened saying that I could not go until my work here was finished, and I can recall a very clear impression that I prayed that I need not go until I had learned how to live, how to love my fellow-man better. And the still clearer impression that I had a work to do first. It may have been the book, it may have been Ruth's children who seem to need a grandmother, it may have many other things that were trying to call me back, but whatever it may have been it was very real and I am trying to hold myself in readiness to meet the call whenever it may come and whatever it may be.

As for going with Elizabeth--don't you know that I must plan for Adams? She has been very patient through the winter in the hopes that when I was well again she and I might have a place that we could call home--together. She feels now as though she were a stop-gap between acts. She works hard but does not feel independent as she does with me.

But here comes the broom with a smiling little woman to guide it. With the greatest of love for you both and for the dear children,
Mother.

Hermosa Beach,
February 1 1932

*Elizabeth's address, if you should need it - is
1533 Council Place
City Terrace
California
(It is not in
L. A.)*

Dear Helen and Wilder:

A letter from Wilder in the morning mail, and one from Helen in the afternoon mail! What kind of a day would you call that for the beginning of a new month? Helen, your letter was like a breath of fresh, fragrant spring air---in spite of the slush under foot and the "very unusual weather." How many times, and in how many places has that remark been made this past year? We are saying it all of the time out here, and it is true, it has been unusual everywhere.

The Woman's Club of Hudson has an anniversary tomorrow and I am trying to write a night letter to them---and do you suppose I can compose one? The very thought of being held down to 50 words drives every thing I want to say out of my head.

Herbert and Mray were over last night in the heavy rain, and he made me to understand that the Estate will owe you, or does owe you, for principal and interest on the money you are sending me. I am glad to know that, it makes it seem more sure, somehow.

February 6 1932

I had written thus far, stopped and between Mrs. Mills and me we lost the letter in one of the many boxes I have about me. I kept thinking I should find it, and as the days went by the amount of what I had written and the importance of it, as well, seemed to grow and I felt that it had been almost a finished letter, and I am so surprised to find it was but an illusion. It makes me think of the first time Wilder went to St. Paul with his grandmother after coming from Spokane to live with them. You had been lonesome for the old scenes, I imaging, and the remembrance of the beauty and the size of the buildings of Spokane had filled your thoughts to such an extent that nothing in St. Paul could possibly compare with them. You were so disap-

in buildings, streets, stores, everything. St. Paul streets are narrow down town---St. Paul stores were darker than Spokane stores with their sunny broad aisles---and poor little Wilder, used to far-seeing scenes all of his life, felt cramped--as his mother used to feel that the houses and especially the sheets on the bed, were damp. You would have felt more at home in Minneapolis, I expect.

I expected to write you on your birthday, I had been recalling all of the incidents surrounding your coming into the world and wanted to talk with you about them, but laziness was the stronger feeling of the two, and I did not.

Now for a talk all about my progress towards health. And when I have finished, and you are ready to answer my letter, you will tell me what materia medica would say about the condition, past, present and future?

The blisters on the left leg are still discharging furiously, although there have been mornings when it was all quite dry and looking as if ready to dry up. The smaller blisters are many of the gone but the ones from an inch to an inch and half long are still holding on.

Night before last I was up to urinate every hour all night, rather hard on Mrs. Mills who has so much to do in the daytime she has no time for naps, but I, who have the time to nap, never closed my eyes all day nor all night, last night, until after four this morning, I was all washed and ready for breakfast by eight this morning, however. It has been some time since I have been awake like that. It makes me appreciate how much fun it has been to sleep.

I am still sitting in my chair all day and all night, simply changing chairs--to a rocker during the day--and changing windows and views. In the sunshine of the South window during the morning, and in the sunshine of the West window in the afternoon in preparation for the sunset which does not always light up the sky during these rainy or cloudy days. But there have been but few days this winter when the sun did not shine during the earlier hours of the day.

Mrs. Baker acknowledged to Adams that she and Jack were engaged to be married. Jack not only has not said anything to me about it, nor has he been down to see me. He told Adams that he hated the Beach, and did not want to come down here. I hope I shall not lose him in this queer shuffle. I mean to write him and ask him to bring her down to see me. She is giving the two little boys and Faith music lessons, and Faith is most enthusiastic over what she is learning from her. Faith says it is no trouble to get the boys to practice all that is necessary, for they love it.

I do not see much of the family now. Margaret has about five weeks to go now, and I expect they do not encourage her taking the long drive. Elizabeth and Armor have been having examinations and moving into the new house. --New to them, I mean. A sleeping porch to build, ground to prepare both front and back, a chicken house to put up, besides house-keeping and studying for them both. They are right busy and very happy young people.

I think I told you all about myself excepting that every one exclaims over how well I look. I can walk out to the bathroom and enjoy the ability of doing so, although I still feel that I want the support of wall or furniture to help me in my unsteadiness. And that reminds me that I did forget one item. I have had some trouble with my heels. Sitting with my feet on a soft cushion, the heels soon get to paining me much as it pains when a limb has gone to sleep and one tries to use it---only more so. But, what seems queer to me is, when I walk the heels never pain me. Keep on walking is the answer? But then that makes my back ache!

Helen dear, you asked if I had been reading about the excavations in Syria. I have not seen a thing all winter. I have C. Leonard Wooley's book, out for its second printing in 1929, called the Sumerians and published by yjr Oxford Press. I know that he is still at ork and have understood that one of his assistants has also written a book on the work there, but do not know his name. It is so hard for me to send to the

Hermosa, California

February 19 1932

Dear Helen and Wilder:

It is true that I have not been writing quite as often, lately but--neither have you, so, as it is not wise for the pot to call the kettle black, perhaps we would both better say, "I am sorry," and try and do better in the future.

I do hope that you two and all of the family are well. Tell me about your knees, Wilder.

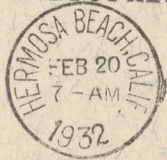
As for myself, I seem to be about the same, steadily, but very slowly, getting a little better each day. The odor from the legs, which are exuding a deep yellow fluid, make me hate to live with myself. I take it for granted, however, that it is all right and good to get rid of.

Jack told Elizabeth that he thought the wisest thing for me to do would be to let Adams stay there in Van Nuys and I go to Elizabeth. "Oh please, Nanean." Armor is working hard to get the sleeping porch built so that I can have a bedroom. Of course I can not go as long as my legs are doing things to me, for I cannot get dressed, and need dressings twice a day. There is still something of that feeling that they are encased in jackets. Otherwise, that is if they would become normal. I should like to go to Elizabeth's on the 14th of March, as my way here is paid up to that time.

I am not worrying, however. When the stage is set for my moving I shall know it, and move. I had such a nice letter from Wilder Metcalf. I should so like to see him again. We have not seen each other since I was married. He was kind enough to say that he should like to meet the rest of the family. With love for all of you

Mother

866 Monterey Boulevard
Hermosa Beach, California



Dr. Wilder Penfield
4302 Montrose Ave.
Montreal
Canada

Hermosa, California

Feb. 28 1932

Dear Daughter Helen:

I have not divulged all of the incidents of Sunday, a week ago, to any one because I have not wanted to hear what they might say, but I think you and Wilder can handle it all right and in a kindly manner. Sounds rather mysterious, does it not? If it does, then truly telling of it will prove to be an anti-climax which any one would want to avoid.

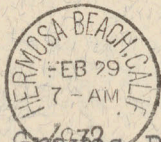
Mr. Mills has been very anxious for me to be well enough so that I could take a Sunday ride with them. Last Sunday I felt that I was able to go, and to ride out to Van Nuys. Mr. and Mrs. Mills started about twelve o'clock. Getting into the car would be the hardest proposition, unless it should be the getting back into the car.

I was sure that I could go to Van Nuys without having to visit a service station, but we must stop in L.A. for lunch, and although we could get that at a "Drive in" lunch place, a place I had never even heard of before, still I feared being so far away from a toilet. So, we decided to stop in L.A. at their own house there which, just now is without a tenant. I wanted to see that place anyway. Was glad that I did, such a pretty home, so sunny, large rooms quietly furnished in good taste as to colors, and a pretty garden, and in a good neighborhood. Four bedrooms and made me wish that Armor and Elizabeth could be there with Adams and me, instead of my being with them.

Then the unfortunate thing happened. I suppose I was more tired than I realized, and could not rotate that car as easily as when I left here. Mr. Mills asked me if I would not let him lift me in. At last I consented and --well I

and love you

866 Monterey Boulevard
Hermosa Beach, California



Mrs. Wilder Graves Penfield

4302 Montrose Ave.

Montreal

Canada.



Hermosa Beach, California.

March 21 1932

Dear Helen, Wilder, Wilder Junior, and Ruth Mary:

I wonder if you will forgive me if I write to all of you under one enclosure? It seems to be hard for me to write very much and, as I want to send a separate message to each of you, this seems a bit easier.

On the evening of the ninth, and still more so on the morning of the tenth, I wanted to write you all, but another little set-back has stood in my way.

My birthday was a joy. The day was perfect, and the family were good and most of them were here to give me a message of love. It all began with the coming of the breakfast tray on which was a beautiful and suggestive card from Mr. Mills. It was a colored picture of a long pathway bordered with beautiful flowers. The path led up to a closed gate in a high wall ~~surrounding~~ surrounding a beautiful garden. The garden wall was covered with vines and bright flowers, but beyond the closed gate nothing could be seen but the tops of green trees and glimpses of more flowers, sunshine and birds. The beauty that has always surrounded my garden was plain to be seen, but the beauty of the coming years is hidden from mortal sight for the present.

Mrs. Mills expended much thought on the birthday dinner that came later. Then the flowers began coming, and such a bower of beauty as my room soon became! In the mail came letters from Montreal, even before my breakfast was finished. The shoulder shawl that Ruth Mary had knitted for me, so pretty, so needed, for my older ones have been used so constantly they begin to show wear. Thank you, dear Ruth Mary. No one knows better than your Nanean how much work it was for those dear little fingers of yours, and every time I put it over my shoulders I shall think of the love you must have worked into those stitches.

I have one or two paper cutters, but they are packed away, and I have been borrowing one from Mrs. Mills to open my letters with. In this same wonderful mail delivery came the letter full of the delightful odor of red cedar, and the dear little letter opener fashioned with the knife of dear Wilder Jr. It meets a real need, and filled my heart with gratitude for the love that it showed me was in your heart for me, Wilder dear. Thank you, dear. Then came a box of all kinds of spring flowers, from Mr. and Mrs. Merrill, (Margaret's father and mother) There were roses, jonquils, iris, oh I cannot recall them all. They were followed very soon by the box ordered by the two heads of the Montreal family. A box filled with glads and stock, ~~and~~, and lo, the whole room was full of the wonderful fragrance of the stock that seemed to add life, ~~and~~ hope and love to every blossom in the room, as the beautiful "Baby's Breath" that came from that same stock seemed to unify the many bouquets.

Other, smaller bunches of flowers came in, and I insisted that each and every one must be in my room for that day, at least. Then I had candy, a special kind of fried cakes for the "White Cow" in L.A. Herbert and Mary had brought me some carnations a few days before, so, this time as Mr. Mary said she knew there would be plenty of flowers, she brought me a cake of deliciously perfumed soap. Then the dear little handkerchief that came in your letter, Helen, and the book that is to come? Oh such a beautiful birthday!

For your birthday, on the eighth, I ordered a year's subscription to The House Beautiful, beginning with the January number. I have not heard from you that it has been delivered, neither have I heard from the publishers that the order was received, so I am rather wondering if all is as planned, or if I must begin to take it up with the publishers.

Last night came an earthquake. Mrs. Mills and I were awake. First there was a sound like the whizzzzzz-of a giant firecracker and then a bang. And that was all. I have not seen the paper to know if any account was taken of it.

I have been greatly interested in watching events on the water these beautiful sunny mornings. I can see the end of the Pier Ave. Pier very distinctly from my West window. The surf has been wonderful. There has been much wind at night, and in the morning "ever little wave has had its nightcap, whitecap, on, yet the water did not look particularly rough until some motor boat would come in and try to get in its slip under the pier. Then the waves would take the boat and the front part would go down under water, the the back part, then it would seem as if the whole boat was covered with water, and after a long time of struggle the boat might get in or the freight, express, what-not would have to go away until the sea was quieter.

It seemed as though I had a long story to write about the water and other things, but my mind has gone to sleep, and perhaps I need to follow suit, although my nap time is not until one or two o'clock and it is but eleven now.

With love for each and every one of you--goodbye for the present.
Mother.

Tuesday morning.

Mother

Dear Helen and Wilder the package came last evening--and how lovely the gown is; Oh please hope, Wilder dear, that I shall have much need of it for it will be my very dress-up negligee. Did you make it Helen dear? I am so delighted with it and can scarcely wait until the family come down to admire it. And the book? Will it be the new book that Wilder has worked so hard on? You are beating me all around. I thought I should, at least have one or two chapters of my story ready to send you long before now, but it is still only seething in my thought, not a line on paper yet. I am sending each of my four grandchildren in Montreal an Easter greeting. It is no fun having to depend on other's selection, but I think Mrs. Mills did well, for she only had the shops in Hermosa to select from. Helen dear, I am so sorry to hear of the Lumbago--please keep me informed as to how you are getting control of it. Oh with so much of love for you all,

1132 Peaca Drive
Los Angeles - California

June 1. 1932

Sony Day
Thank for the
Love from

Mother

Dear Children:

Just another note - to tell you
I love you all and am getting along
slowly, but - surely - and tell you of
Herbert's trouble in getting the money ²⁵
and the added expense of the night
nurse - \$4. a night - but the months

I pay her \$4. a night - but the months
total is more than enough to swamp us
and yet - Mrs Mills cannot - do it
all - and I cannot - seem to pay
less than \$4. and here the help
needed - I have waked up four or
five times a night - I cannot do
it alone. Mrs Mills would be
wishing to be called when needed
if she could go right to sleep again -
But getting me up and down again can
not be done in a ~~minute~~ - minute - My boy
is full of fire, the itching almost
unbearable, I cannot sleep well &
she does not like to go to sleep &

leave me awake. she fears I will
scratch and open up another fount
to the insupportable supply of water
and she has much to do for me
during the day besides her house
work (she must have her nights sleep)
cleaning my legs twice a day with new
bandaging lathes between 3 + 4 hours
of time out of each day - she is doing
her best - and I would rather have
her do things for me than any
other person we have had, but I
don't want to kill her so no
one else can be called for by her.
and so - I do not know what she
to do for the present - Hoping, and
believing, that it will not be for
long. If it were not for my two boys
what should I do? - The charity board of
some hospital, I suppose, but I have
my two boys - and hoping I may make life
a little easier for them before very

1132 La Per Drive
Los Angeles
Dear Mother

I have not been in letter writing
the more here, but I have visited with you every day.
I am beginning to fight ^{with} your writing picture. You
look so patronizingly self-satisfied when I am in
such pain and want to be comforted. But the picture
makes a good one for the news papers. The "stem" one
as you call it, is much more understandingly sympathetic
with me. I am so proud of you and of what you
have accomplished, but I cannot seem to be able to
express my feelings in any very satisfactory manner.
And all of your goodness to your Mother!
Shall I be glad to see you if you can come out here?

I am singing to myself so much of the
time - "Milder is coming, Milder is
coming" - and Helen will be with you
too, and how good it will be! -
What should I do without - this Chair
I have used up three or four times
each night, and now I can do all
necessary things without taking a step
on my poor feet. Quite a bit of ceremony in
conviction, but that - is all right -
I have a corner room looking out on a
beautiful garden - Lawns, Trees, Trees,
Lilies, Carnations etc - I am looking
forward with me when I can wheel
out in it.

I have no glimpse of surf or sea
but I do not miss it as much as I think
I should. There are no rough, unkind
places in sight. This suburb is beautiful
I want to tell you about Elizabeth
and Margaret + the rest of the family,
but I have written long enough.
I still need a nurse, and have a good

April 13 1932
866 Hermosa Beach, California.

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Another little set-back has kept me from writing. I wish that I had some one to write for me, sometimes, for it leaves you a bit anxious wondering what can be the matter. I have not ~~written~~ written you since you told me, in answer to several questions, that the waters would keep on flooding until such time as the circulation became able to take care of the excess. I am always developing something new--and this time it is something more than just annoying. Both heels are giving me much pain, especially the left one. It is as though there were a boil that screams with pain whenever I rest my foot, with pressure, on the floor. Not that that is the only time it hurts--but the rest of the time it grunts and groans and keeps me awake at night with the close companionship of the drawing pains in the cocoons on my right leg. I say cocoons because the Blisters? on my leg, at first, so closely resembled a great mass of naked, slimy cocoons crowded close together.

"naked" bec use of the absence of hairy fur that cocoons so often have, and ~~fast~~ ^{soft} ~~fast~~ instead of an armor of hard surface. ^a

Exuding quarts of water and an orange colored fluid that is quite offensive in odor. The right leg is very active and very painful the left one gives its attention almost wholly to the heel which shows nothing on the outside but a ^{red} ~~rd~~ very tender-looking skin. Then my knees ^{have} ~~haze~~ to attract some attention, of course, so they have taken to being very stiff making it almost impossible to move them, especially in the morning. It would seem as if it would rest me much if I could stretch out in bed, at night---but the legs and heels are so particular as to their seeming comfort that I cannot do it. I tried taking a nap ^{on the bed} in the middle of the day, for a week or two, but had to give it up, it made me so nervous I could not bear it. So ever since last September I have sat in

a chair the twenty-four hours through. But I have not the feeling of being encased in a wooden jacket, for which I am thankful.

I am going down into the patio every morning now, and spending much of the day there, in order to sun my legs. I sit with my right foot resting on cotton in a tin pan, and keep it open to the sun as

much as possible. The patio is an enclosed room with a skylight. All windows on the east side, and French doors opening into the kitchen and the dining room on the North, French doors opening into the hall and living room on the South West, and into the library on the South. Fortunately all windowed doors have long shades. The legs are washed night and morning, for which I am always glad although it is far from being a painless operation. It feels cleaner,

My hands still draw around into queer shapes, especially in the morning. Mrs. Mills does not make any pretence at being a nurse, but she is gentle, intelligent, sympathetic and tireless. She never is impatient no matter how many times I call her for help at night.

I still have a good appetite. And I think I have told you about all there is to tell, if not, I can still answer questions.

Willis wired you about the coming of Ruth Penfield Merrill, on the 29th. Every one is so happy over it. I shall be glad when it is possible for me to see Margaret and her baby.

Elizabeth is not teaching now, and I know she is wanting her Nanee to be with her-----but I cannot go yet. Amor has found no job of any kind, and is getting rather uneasy. Elizabeth says it is beginning to look like no job, no eat.

She has backache a great deal, otherwise seems very well, and very happy, although a wail came from her this morning, the lovely puppy died this week, and both she and Amor cried a bit, I guess.

Yes, I know. And now the house seems more lonesome than ever, with no one for her to talk with. It is a little hard on me, too, because when Ruth needed me I used to try and meet her need as much as possible, and when one of her girls feels the need of me----- There are many other things I wanted to write about, but this is a long letter and I have only time now to speak of what the mail brought to me today. The book is lovely, and I am looking forward to much enjoyment in reading it. Thank you dear children, you are doing so much for me all of the time, and you do such thoughtful things.

I, at last, heard from the House Beautiful, and so suppose that you are receiving the magazine? If you already have it, or if you would rather have some other magazine have them transfer it to me and we will arrange for something else.

I love you all dearly, and, Wilder, I am mighty homesick for you and Helen, dear.

Your Mother.

No one in the family is more thoughtful to me than is Elizabeth. She kindly I liked the Old Mount brand of Spinach, & fearing I might not be getting it now, but in the end of it - the other day - and she often brings down my special fruit cakes from L. Q. -
but again - Good night - love me -

June 21 1932

Dear Helen and Wilder:

It has been a long time since I wrote, I know--but please for give me.

One thing that has annoyed me is that I have not written an answer to the advice coming from Wilder so long ago. To keep my feet up and not use so much salt.

I could not manage about my feet very well until I got the wheeled chair, but now that is taken care of. Are the legs better? I cannot say much for them in praise. The swelling, at one time went down considerably, but for weeks now they are back to the former ridiculous size, above the knee, and they run water continually. My heels do not pain me any more, but I do not try to walk, nor can I move the chair about the room now. For fear of going off my balance my feet are out straight, the foot extension resting on a stool and the back wheels being blocked. I do not mean that I cannot still raise and lower the feet, for we make the stool adjustable. But being so blocked hampers my movements about the room for the present.

The salt? Have you forgotten my experience with salt? My taste for different things has changed so quickly and mysteriously that it has been quite a game to know what is liked and what is disagreeable. The salt met its Waterloo one day when I could not eat the rice because it was so salty, although no one else in the family could taste too much of it. I had quite a time with that taste of salt for some days, then I began to be normal again. But I never use salt on my toast or bread, and never salt any food that has been salted in the kitchen. The only time the salt cellar is on my tray is when there may be boiled eggs that has not been salted, or cucumbers or things like that. I like fried mush and like to eat it with salt, but Mrs. Mills will say, "it is fried in butter," and I find that I do not need the salt, but eat it "as is."

The liking for coffee has come back, and I have it once a day--for the meal that seems to be lacking in variety--and then is when I have a "cow- White cow butter store fried cake to eat with it.

I still think breakfast the best meal of the day, and always the same. Orange juice---an apple to be eaten with the bacon and toast, a cookie and plenty of cambric tea flavored with the tea leaves. I have my own electric toaster and Mrs. Mills cuts the bread just as I like it.

I usually have my dinner, meat and vegetables, at noon. At night, eggs and toast, or cooked oatmeal, or waffles, or something else equally good and light.

My greatest trouble? probably the itching all over my body, I often feel like one great mass of fire, and am quite sure that it is much like the old orthodox idea of hell. However that will pass, too.

I have often been troubled with the feeling that all of my internal organs are resting on the top of my ribs. They, the ribs, get mighty tired of it and begin to ache furiously. Yesterday morning it came on again, and I suddenly thought, "why not call Mr. Ayling? I had Mrs. Mills at the phone right soon, and it was not five minutes before all of the pain was gone. But you have had enough--Of course I get pretty nervous over it all, sometimes, and for some time I wept if any one spoke to me---and expected an answer, but that is all gone excepting when I get tired.

Are you sure letters have not miscarried?

To have you say that you did not know about our moving, surprised me much. It was done rather hurriedly, it is true, but I know I wrote you for I remember very distinctly about telling you how I feared I should miss the sea, and that I found that my room looked out over a wonderful garden, ~~an~~ a garden with hedges of green, with trees, that made one feel they were quite in a real woods, and a glorious coming into bloom of beautiful roses, and other flowers. I seemed to almost forget the sea. The reasons why? Things developed in the Mills family so that it seemed best to move to Los Angeles. I was willing to go for it would be nearer the family and some of them complained quite bitterly about how hard to was to come to Hermosa. Well-- I am nearer, but I do not see that it makes much difference in the feeling of the bitter ones. Please do not think I am finding fault. They are all so busy with their own work. Elizabeth has been my right hand and has come so often. Now I have forbidden her coming. She may go to the hospital almost any time, now. It hurts her to ride in the Ford, and she ~~has~~ began coming on the streetcars. It was not right for her to be on the cars for that long trip, alone. Armor has a job now. Not what he would like, but he is making some money, and is happier. It is at one of the studios, relieving the hero from the monotony of having the camera trained on him to get just the right angle, etc. etc. Not permanent, but he has had it for some two or three weeks. "A job" is something to be handled very sacredly, these days when so many can get no foothold for themselves.

Bob has graduated from high school and Jean from College. Bob, for the present, is taking the place of the owner of a filling station while he takes a vacation. Then what? who knows. Jean will need a good long rest. she is physically worn out. She must find something to do to earn some money, but teaching is out of the question at present. No places--retrenchment along all lines.

You have your vacation in August-----Please talk to me about coming out here. I am so anxious about it, dear. Oh I want to see you! But I must not talk about that-----I am getting tired, and tears are not far distant.

The last letter I wrote was trying to exonerate myself from having a night nurse. I had to have---but she has been gone for ten days or more, now. I am sleeping so very much better--night and day my feet had to have a change of position, because of the pain in the heels--Mrs. Mills is getting along pretty well now that she can get more sleep. Herbert did get panicky, dear boy. He feels so helpless, but I am sure that moeny will be coming in very soon, now, and that you shall be relieved, too.

Miss Young came out to see me. The great burden of her talk with me was that I must get well--

In gratitude to your son, Wilder, you owe it to him to get well as soon as possible, and you know that much of the getting well lies in your hands. In other words she made me understand that I must stop being lazy and depending so much of on others. I will say that I myself must do in a "work, wait and pray" manner to be

decently grateful to you, if for no other reason - she's got tired and had to leave the
with the military. I do love you and Helen, dearly and will try and show my gratitude in a
practical manner. your mother &

1132 La Pere Drive
June 28 1932

Dear Children:

I want to tell you about "La Peer"---that is what is on all the sign posts along the Drive----but when you took the decision to write it as it should be written, it looked so good to me that from now on I forget La Peer--and write it La Pere.

I still continue to know a little improvement each day. The bleeding at the nose is entirely stopped, and there is never any color shown on my handkerchief. There is still a sense of great soreness underneath my skin, but the internal organs do not ride on ~~myxx~~ the top of my ribs as they once seemed to do.

The odor is still with me but one does not wonder when she sees the amount of yellow ~~fo~~ to be seen on discarded bandages. The odor is not quite so rank and not noticeable through the house, and very seldom in my room.

I sleep so very much better, only waking once in one--two--or even three hours, on rare occasions, to call Mrs. Mills to help me get up. And that getting up is quite a process, quite different from a simple getting up, and back again. At one time, you know, I talked and cried out all night long so that Mrs. Mills could not be sure if I were calling her, but a bell helped to remedy that. She hears the faintest touch of that bell, and besides I do not ~~nightmare~~ now.

Every one who comes to see me exclaims over how well I am looking. I have a good appetite, bowels and kidneys are, seemingly doing even more than their proper work, I have a good color and am still interested in people and things about me.

And that reminds me to tell you how good every one is to me. Greetings, messages, bouquets, even a sweet potatoe putting out its roots and leaves on the vines that will soon cover the potato and the glass container full of water in which the potato rests and gathers nourishment.

Mrs. Mills is still the same dear, sweet, alert, smiling, friend and nurse as she has always been. Mr Ayling, speaking of her the other day, said, "She is a wonderful woman, I can see. She seems to fairly radiate love."

"My lines have been cast in pleasant places," surely. Mr. Ayling is taking up the matter of supply for me and I am expecting relief for you there. Three more days of June, then comes July and the next month is August!!!--and I hope you and Helen. "As soon as you are better you must come to see us"--you say. That would be so good, but it seems very far away when I think of all the "reasons why not" that surround that thought.

I shall be so thankful when Elizabeth is through with her trial. I cannot help but think of her much of the time. She seems pretty well. Pretty heavy, "much water there", says the Dr. who has put her date as July 19.

I wanted to write about Jack's new venture, summer school at Santa Monica--he and George Clakk, step-son of Louise Clark, and Jack's assistant principal--but I must stop until next time.

Loving you a 11- you all--Mother.

And my hands do not look as horribly old. They are falling out & have a healthier color.

The next day.

There seem to be so many questions I want to ask--

Tell me about "Currie" and his desire to oust you and Dean Martin from the authority that so obviously belongs to you.

Talk to me more about your coming out here this summer.

I know that the drawing of plans must add a great deal to your many duties of writing and speaking and clinicing. Your thought is pretty clear as to what you want and how you want it?

I could just feel in myself the joy it was to you to take in that sun under your skin. Is it not a great satisfaction to have been able to help Chorobski in the way that you did, and now to send him home fitted to do his work, in so far as any one could help to fit him? I rejoice with you.

What is Dr. Evans doing? He was another man in whom you felt was real worth. I liked them both so much I do not want to lose touch with them entirely.

Wilder, why does not Peter Bent Brigham see that you are just the man who should take Cushing's place now that he has retired? Would you not like to live in Boston? How I should love to live in one of those hotels overlooking Copley Plaza. That is a picture that has lived with me since the evening we went to the Library, and had fried oysters for dinner, and watched the people afterwards, and over all the joy of being with you with nothing else to disturb your mind but making a beautiful thing for mother to remember. Helen would have added to the picture.

Herbert and Mary came out for a little visit last evening. He says he is pretty busy, is in the office during the day and spends the night painting a little house that he owns in North Hollywood.

The four children and Fraulein Bergman are enjoying the farm as much as ever? The Jacksons are still doing good work?--Perhaps I should say "Mr." Jackson however. I take it that the farm does pay for itself, in various ways if not financially? I would hate to have you get rid of it.

Helen have you had good help in town this year? And where do they go now that you are at the farm? I am so glad about the Whitaker being with you again.

A couple like that is what I shall be looking for when I build me another house so that I may have a garden. You may smile if you want to do so, it will not hurt my feelings. In the July House Beautiful---no, it was not, it was a description of a house in the foothills some where in Canada, that came in the L.A. Times, I fear, that filled me full of desire today, but Mrs. Mills is lying down while I finish this letter, and I cannot verify my statement.

Once more I say goodbye to you until I write again,

Mother.

1132 La Peer Drive,
Los Angeles.
July 15 1932
Dear Childres:

You may spell the name of this street in any way you choose, but you must write Los Angeles, and put in the "La" and the Drive, or it may be held up or lost entirely. It is "La Peer Market"--the sign posts read "La Peer", but the maps give it as La Pere.

It is two weeks tomorrow night since I had my latest chill. I did not lose consciousness, neither did I seem to suffer as much from weakness of the thinking and remembering parts of my brain. It was a sort of upsetting of the stomach this time, and I was sick, and the general weakness was increased, perhaps. Mr. Mills rendered "First aid" all one night, with his wife.

And that is the reason that I have not written before. But your own letters have been fewer? I know that you are just as busy as can be, but I miss the letters.

Margaret and Willis had a wonderful trip to Santa Barbara, celebrating the great event of June 21 1931. Took the baby and went with Mr. and Mrs. Merrill and Ruth Merrill--(aunt to little Ruth Penfield Merrill) in the big Merrill car. Gone from Friday until Tuesday. Had a cottage with four bedrooms on the grounds of Santa Barbara's show hotel--The Samarakand (?) and having all meals at the hotel. Ruth Penfield behaved perfectly. She is a lovely baby, even though she does look more like Willis than like Margaret.

Elizabeth expects to go to the hospital---same one and same Dr. that Margaret enjoyed-----any day. The Dr. puts the date as the 19th. She is feeling very well indeed and as happy as a lark. Armor finished his work at the studio and the next morning at 7.30 he was called by the Lyons Van and Storage Co. to come back to his old job (of last summer). They have not actually said that it was a permanent but they ordered a uniform for him. Of course it is not what he would choose, but mighty well pleased to have it. They are adding bit by bit to their home comforts, or necessities watching sales of all kinds. And auctions---- when storage bills become over-due for a certain length of time they are sold off at auction. I think they paid something like \$10. for the big refrigerator, that is as good as new---but not an iceless-- One night Armor brought home some nice looking curtains for the windows. ~~Washed them~~ washed them and ironed them himself and hung them up for her. Last week he brought home a very nice washing-machine and a baby buggy. He is fine at repairing and painting. Then some one--I did not get it over the phone--gave them a very pretty blue rug that goes beautifully in the "baby's" room. They have painted an old dresser and armless rocking chair for that room, Mrs Goettin and her daughters gave them a lovely new bassinet, and Elizabeth says they are all ready now--except for the baby. And how happy they are in doing these things.

They have a chicken house and yard, with some dozen hens, and some pigeons. They have planted flowers and a few shrubs, and some climbing roses, besides many improvements in the house from a hard wood floor up. No, Armor is far from being lazy. And he is very thoughtful and dear to Elizabeth.

Jack and his three helpers opened the Summer school in Santa Monica, I have n t heard much about it, but there were no t enough pupils for the four of them, so Jack and George Clark withdrew and left it in the hands of the history and Manual Training teachers. What he will find to do I can not guess, but it will be something even sh ould it be noting more inviting than working on the roads. The boy is so in debt, and it is not growing less, while money earned is on the down grade. I could worry a lot about him, but I have talked with Mr Ayling about him and he will work for him through me. He could not interfere with Jack's thought without Jack asked him to do so, of course-- but he may work for him as my problem. Perhaps you do not see the difference? I will try and explain it to you when I see you if you want me to do so.

Mrs. Mills is as lovely as ever--and you do not know at all how she looks, do you? She's short, square built, not fat, but plump--fair hair, cut short and waved, blue eyes and the most radiant, cheery smile you ever saw on anyone. She bubbles over with good cheer. Mr. Mills is short and stocky with very little hair on the top of his head, smiling, joking, getting all out of life that is possible, and so kind to me.

Just a year since Ruth left us for a happier home, and we miss her so very much. It seems as if my duty lay with her family, but as long as I am held here a prisoner I am very sure that my duty at present lies in preparation, and that when my tools for work are ready to use I shall be able to handle them. I am working with that belief in mind.

Write me, both of you, when you can, and telb me all about yourselves and the dear family.

Loving you all so much, and with September continually in my mind, Your mother.

1132 La Pere Drive
Los Angeles California

Dear Children:

I do not know if anyone has sent you word about the coming of Elizabeth's Baby----John Gerald Goettin, as I suppose his name to be. Friday, July 15. Willis and Margaret were supposed to go to the hospital yesterday and stop here on their way home to tell me all about it, but they did not come and I have not heard from them. All that I know is from phone messages from the deliriously happy young father. You see it is always Elizabeth who remembers how "anxious Nanean will be to hear.

She did not have a very long time of suffering, and she and the eight-pound, fifteen ounce boy are doing well. I have not heard from Armor today, probably shall not until evening.

I do not know when I have been so grateful over anything as over this birth. I could not keep from thinking of her all of the time and it seemed as if it were Ruth who were in trouble and I could not get to her. I was in hopes that he might come on the fourteenth, the date of Ruth's new birth on another plane of consciousness. Jack, bless his heart, was with her every moment of the time.

Herbert and Mary were here for a few minutes last evening. Mary had talked with Faith and gave me some of the latest news in the Inglis family. "Just so that you may know why they do not come to see you."

Jack has a wonderful vegetable garden this summer, but there is no money coming in. The garden can give them much but it cannot get all of the necessities in life, so Jack is going all around Los Angeles trying to sell something from door to door. He will not tell them what he is trying to sell and will not until after he has made a sale. Bob is in the Platt Music company trying to get in a few dollars but he has made no sales as yet.

Faith, added to her work in the house and for the family, is building up a class in Harmony in connection with Mrs. Baker who has a good sized class in Biano, at her home in North Hollywood. "And she is getting a class, too." But that is not enough she is going from house to house in Van Nuys trying to sell "The Van Nuys News."

I think I told you that Jack had to get rid of his big car and they all use The Austin for whatever they may need in that line. The two little boys are doing good work with their piano work, and I hope they may be helping Dad in the garden work. They are down to bed-rock, but I cannot help but feel that "Somehow Good" may be the result. And I cannot help any of them except by loving them a little more.

Herbert discovered, the other day, that Fred weighs, stripped, three pounds more than Herbert does in all of his clothes. Deacon's broken arm is about mended, and he, himself, is doing something in the way of growing as he is quite noticeably taller than his mother.

George and Ann are both working at steady jobs and living in the dream of having a small chicken farm in the not too distant future. Wilder is holding on to the very poorly paid but still steady job that has been his for some months. They are gaining very high respect for any job that is regular.

I feel, with that family, that there is a growing sense of pulling together. The two girls are both looking about for something that will pay the expenses of the summer. Both are through school now, and Jean is growing rested and stronger, but more slowly than they would like to see her.

For myself, I am getting slowly, too. I am trying not to fret about things, and to say--"Not my will, but Thine" ----
But it would be fine if I could help instead of being an added burden during these queer times. But I can still make plans for the future, for us all---and plans are interesting in the very fact that they are such pliable things--so easily changed to some other plan.

I have enjoyed my little one-sided chat with you, and now I will lean back in my chair and rest a bit before trying to write to Elizabeth a short note--and do some other things that are waiting for my attention.

Loving you all very dearly,
Mother

1132 La Pere Drive
Los Angeles, California
August 2 1932
Dear Helen and Wilder:

Yesterday I felt very rich when the postman brought me a letter from each of you, and I thought that, today, I should surely write each one of you a return letter ---but "today" is very rapidly growing towards five o'clock in the afternoon, and I have just asked for the typewriter. As today has gone so do the most of my days go, and to give you today's program might show you how all of my days go, and why I do not find it easy to write letters.

The day began a little later, a quarter past seven, instead of a quarter to seven. I had not slept very well during the night.

Then came the washing and brushing etc. that would get me ready for breakfast---and breakfast itself.

Two hours is none to short a time to give to that, and the clock has struck nine before I am ready for the special cleaning up and rebandaging of my leg. The left one does not give much trouble but the right one is still running both water and odor. Another two hours are gone, and by the time I am back in my chair I am restless, and tired, and quite possibly we have to fight a little to keep the big chill away. The chill has not come from getting cold on the outside but from the inside of me. More often than not we are able to stop its coming, of course. I am then due for a long nap, but do not always get my just dues because of restlessness, and one thing or another.

Of course there are constant interruptions when I need to get up for the "Po", and that takes time. It is a very rare thing when I am able to get at my daily lesson that I try to get in early in the morning, *before afternoon*.

After my nap, it is time for lunch, which is my dinner so as to have a lighter meal at night when I do not care for anything heavy, or hearty.

The afternoons are hurried, short affairs. I am supposed to have my supper before the rest of the family have their dinner, in order to give Mrs. Mills a chance to serve them. Everything of an extra nature, writing, reading, etc. comes in some time between my nap and supper. We do the most of my reading and studying when Mrs. Mills is making bandages, or dressing my leg, when I read aloud.

You said, Wilder, that we could talk over

To the whole program not to breakfast alone

everything, by letter, excepting theories of
Christian Science. I turned to my hymn book and
sang to myself, "Theories which thousands cherish,
Pass like clouds that sweep the
sky;

Creeds and dogmas all may perish;
Truth Herself can never die.

"Thrones may totter, empires crumble,
All their glories cease to be;
While She, Christlike, crowns the humble,
And from bondage sets them free."

Truth is what we are both seeking. So long as I
know that you are still earnestly seeking that
Truth which the Bible says has been in the world
ever since the world began, why should I try to
influence you to my way of thinking? God will
see that you find the Way laid out for you to
find.

It is quite possible that you are precluded
against the name of Christian Science, and are
letting that influence you away from fairness.
You have always loved justice, are you just, now?
In your study you have followed every little
clew that might throw light on your problem.
In the search for Truth, are you willing to see
things as they may really be?

This is not a new religion, my dear, it is the same
religion that Jesus came to teach. The Christian?
world calling themselves by His name, have picked
and chosen the ideas from His teaching that fitted
in with their desires--and cast aside the very
life-blood of His teaching--Love for God and man.

In all of the sermons I have ever heard from
the pulpit I have never heard it definitely
stated that God is Love, not a person, but the
principle of Love, as ma two and two make four is
a principle of mathematics, and that if one does
not live by, use, that rule he is not a Christian.

Friday, the Fifth---

From the way I made mistakes it was evident-
ly time for me to stop writing, but I did not
mean that it should be so long before I finished
this letter.

To the above I merely want to add that the world
and all things in it look differently to the
onlooker according to the color of the glasses he
wears. If you wear a blue, or gray, or even a
clear glass, ~~it looks~~ as one would call it, it is
different from the rose-colored glasses that I
may be wearing, and who can say that the rose-

glasses are not the natural, God-given color for His children to wear in this queer, unhappy, sick world?

So, when I talk the rose-colored way it is because I see it that way, and am not trying to influence you or criticize your way of seeing things. I wish I could make you understand my point of view. Some day we shall all know Truth either here or hereafter. The world needs just such men as you are and it is quite possible that God is using you right where you are and doing the work you are doing, to help the world up to the next step wher it can go on.

John the Baptist had a great work to do and he did it heartily as to God, but he never understood, on this plane of thinking, the message that Jesus came to bring. "Are you the Christ, or look we for another? Jesus' reply was not an explanation of his work, but "Go and tell John the things you have seen and heard. "By their fruits ye shall know them" Do not be afraid to investigate, to be ready to follow Truth wherever she may lead you, and go on and do the work that God has given you to do. Wait for Him to lead you, know that when, if ever in this present world, He is ready for you to take another step you will recognize His leading and will follow.

I was so glad to have you write that you had sent Bob Hackett home, cured. You have sent him along the way of health where he can become a success. Had you not been in the place where you are, doing the kind of work that you are doing you could have been of no help to him, for he would not have understood you and would not have gone to you for help.

I am very anxious that you should do good work along your own line, knowing, absolutely, that when that work is done and God shall call you to another line of work that you will be ready to follow His directing. But neither one of us would try to force Him to lead you into unknown paths before you were ready to go.

Be as big as you always have been. Be fair, be just, be loving and true, do the work that seems to be your special work at this time. Jesus did not ask John to change his way of doing, his message was "Prepare ye the way of the Lord--" Although Jesus Himself had come and was showing the people a different way than was taught by the Rabbis, a different way from John's teaching, John's

message was from God, it overlapped Jesus' work but was not yet finished. "Are you the Christ, or look we for another?" "Go and show John" Know the work that is being done--but no hint that he should give up his own work yet. You took up the study of medicine, and again the work of surgery, after much prayer and with the sincere desire to be able to do your best work for God in helping His sick children--God accepted your services, has led you through many experiences. He will still lead you if you listen for His voice, as you have always done, not questioning others who are not being led along your line of thinking, and ready at any moment to trust Him fully with the ruling of your life.

Mrs Mills thinks I have written long enough, and I guess I have for my hands are cold and clammy and trembly. But I have not written the letter I wanted to write, at all.

Elizabeth is at home, but I have not seen her or the baby as yet, of course. She telephones me every day, bless her sweet thoughtfulness. Did I tell you that it was Armor's suggestion that the baby, named John for both grandfathers, should be called Jack? It thrilled Elizabeth, and made her very happy. Armor still hopes that the way may open for him to go on with the study of medicine, but how it can be done is hidden from his sight. Elizabeth seems to have taken Ruth's place in my life. I think I shall have to come to Montreal to live, build a house for them and me near you--Armor could study with you and take care of your furnace etc. in part payment. Perhaps Elizabeth could get some tutoring to do, and Adams and I could take care of little Jack.

The dreams of a greatmother! How foolish they are, sometimes. What could I build with? The same dreams, probably--or do you think the bank would refuse me credit? Oh I love you all--and how I am looking forward to next month

Your Mother.

Study John the Baptist -

1132 La Peer Drive
Los Angeles, California

August - 26 1932

Dear Children, and their children

Some one, Mrs Mills declares it - was Jack, and I declare that it - was Herbert, took my typewriter to have it repaired, some ten days ago and has not returned it yet; so, in desperation I have borrowed a pen from Mrs Mills and am trying a long hand letter - knowing that it will be a short one. I am rather bewildered too, for I have so many things I want to say that I do not know what to say. But the great thing, the thing uppermost in mind is, August is almost gone and September will soon be here! - Soon after the 14th I'll be said - Oh I have time to get wholly well before then! - The ink seems to be on the going out point, and she has

gone to lie down!! I'll shake it a
bit

There is not much need to tell about
myself, so I will gossip a bit, after
saying how delighted I am over Wilder
Jo's ~~big~~ summer. And how I wish I could
see those two big children of yours who have
so outgrown my thought of them -
but I should find that Priscilla and
Jeff had changed almost as much I
suppose.

Peg & Willie have gone to Santa Barbara
for a two ^{weeks} months vacation as guests of
Father and Mother Merrill. A bungalow
attached to one of the big hotels and all
meals taken at the hotel. Peg does not
seem to gain strength as fast as they
think she ought. She sleeps a great deal and
has not much energy - She never had
more as much endurance as the others in
the family. Ruth Penfield is a beautiful
baby, just as different from her cousin
John Gerold, as she can be - And he is
equally attractive, so big and fair - so

husky, so bright and active. Aruor
is a Marvel, there is absolutely nothing
he cannot, or will not do for Elizabeth
and the boy. Elizabeth is very thin, full
of anxiety to do things but with some
back ache and weakness to be accounted
with. - Here is the difference in the history
of the birth of the babies - Pig had nothing to
worry about, was in the hospital five weeks
everything going as smooth as silk. Home,
with a trained nurse and everything as
smooth as silk - a trip of a week to Santa
Barbara with many to wait on her, and
another one now, with no money, financed
or otherwise. Sweet and happy and so
very pretty.

Elizabeth was to have the same Dr. he was
taken sick, and a stranger attended her -
several stitches had to be taken, she left
the hospital in three weeks - at home a
woman would do the work and look after
Elizabeth and baby - but she went away
two weeks ago. Elizabeth is happy &
still pretty, of course, but she does not look

as equal to the mutability of life's
demands as Pig does.

I think that, for the present, Amos has
given up all thought of medicine.
Things have opened up for him financially, he
thinks - You know he was with the Lyons
Tan & Storage Co. last summer. The Vice President
of the company was his special "boss" - and a
very good friend, somewhat - encouraged with
one of Amos's sisters. He has started in
for himself now and has taken Amos with
him - same business - Amos is to do
the soliciting, and Ruth Elizabeth phoned
today that yesterday he got four
groovings and two storage promises -
His salary will not be as much as it
has been ~~would~~ until the business grows,
but he is second in command and that
helps, somewhat - He was able to meet all
bills for the coming of the baby, and they
are working together beautifully - The
baby looks like him but its eyes are growing
darker all of the time and perhaps he will
have Elizabeth's eyes - You are to have the

use of their Ford while you are here,
 and Armo will use two sisters' Ford.

I am thinking about when we are to
 stow you away when you want to sleep
 and it would really help a bit if I
 knew if Helen is coming too - I think
 it would be dreadful if she did
 not - but it was pleasant that was not
 Helen dear - We have had no hot-weather
 at all here, until two days of last week -
 since then the middle of the day has been
 somewhat warm, for those in the sun
 or the kitchen. I have a fire in my room
 every morning. Mean but five miles from
 the sea I believe.

I want to tell you about the rest of the
 family, and other things - but my hand
 is objecting to the weight of the pen. And
 I am going to indulge it, and give it
 a good rubbing, and take a bit of a
 nap - perhaps.

With all love for all of you and please
 is it not possible for Helen to come?

Your Mother

1132 La Pere Drive
Los Angeles
California
September 12 1932

Dear Children:

I am almost beginning to count the hours, but not knowing just when you are expecting to arrive on the twenty-fourth, only twelve days away now, I shall have to stick to counting the days, instead, Wilder dear. I told Herbert, last evening, that I knew the reason that Helen could not come with you was because you could not afford it, and if you were not doing so much for Mother that would relieve the situation so that she could come--His reply was, "well, do not worry, it is nothing for which you are to blame." "No, I suppose not, but humble apologies go out to dear daughter Helen.

I have not written for several reasons, the principle one being a return of the old neuritis of 1908 in my arm, or arms. It is getting better, but it makes me feel sort of weak all over and very disinclined to any effort. I am getting better in many ways, and we will have a real rejoicing on the twenty-fourth.

I wrote you about Jack's promotion, school begins today, and he has been, and will continue to be a very busy man. He will not take any of his Van Nuys teachers with him, as he was requested to keep all that he could in the new school to which he goes. It is the second largest in Los A. and a new school, so he will have the joy of building it up. Over 3,000 pupils and 137 teachers to become acquainted with, and the adjustment will take him out of any old rut that may be left after the change in home etc. He cannot move the family, of course, until after arrangements have been made either to sell, trade or rent the old place in Van Nuys, but will it not be wonderful for him to cut loose from all that has bound him in the past? He is not

planning to be married right away, if ever.

There are some very good, seeminly, eating places right near here, and Armor is on the look-out for a good room for you, and a garage, so that you will be as independent as any tramp for the week of your being here. A week---oh how fast those hours will fly.

Herbert's birthday is on the 28th. So you will be here to help us wish him all kinds of happiness for the coming year. Every one of the family is eagerly looking forward to seeing you, and I expect Adams will be back by that time, too. But I have written long enough for the present, I just wanted to let you know how eagerly I am looking for you and how I mean to visit and visit and visit---~~for that~~ for all of the time that short week will give me. And I wanted to tell Helen something of how I felt about the way I was treating her. God bless her.

My heart is full and running over with love for each and all of you.

Mother.

Los Angeles, California
October 7 1932

Dear Helen and Wilder:

I think Helen will understand when I complain of the emptiness of everything that has seemed to surround me ever since Wednesday noon. Strength seemed to flow from Wilder to me, I leaned on him and now I seem~~ed~~ to have lost a needed support. Yesterday afternoon ^{Wilder}Armor and Elizabeth came over, with John Gerold, for fear that I ~~have~~ be feeling a little depressed, and last evening ~~Her~~ Herbert and Mary came to see me with the same thought in mind. It was very dear of them all. But I am not depressed, I miss you, but I am so thankful that you could give me those few days. I am sorry I could not have seen more of Jeff, but it was better for to stay in one place, and, possibly, it was better for me. I am glad that Sister K. could have had him. How much I have to remember of your visit, Wilder. I have been on the bed this morning, it is now near noon and soon I shall be wheeled out to the living-room to hear Hoover speak over the radio, and have dutifully had my feet raised---The commode is the most comfortable piece of furniture and we are trying our best to make plenty of room for friends to sit around and visit, in spite of beds, tables, and wheeled chair. The florist brought me the most beautiful bouquet, bearing your love, that I have had yet. The glads show wonderfully amongst the tiny asters

that so beautifully take the place of the Baby's Breath. I never saw the combination before. They are exactly like the blue asters that grow wild in the woods in Wisconsin, excepting that they are pure white. They fill the low shelf in the dresser. Then Miss Johnson sent over a half dozen of her carnations that match the glads in color. I feast my eyes and thank the thoughtful giver.

Mrs Mills wants me to tell you that she forgot to give you a message from Dorothy who telephoned a goodbye to you.

I think I will write no more today, will finish in another letter, soon.

God bless you all, dear children.

Mother.

1132 La Brea Drive
Los Angeles, California

October 14 1932

Dear Helen and Willden:

Questions first-- Are you "going round in circles" because
of having so much to do? Or are you too sensible with-
organised dear children-- making every move count? --
On what ^{boat} do you sail? On the 20th? Please send me your
itinerary so that I may keep some kind of tab on you. Don't
forget my commission in Spain-- a trusted silver ring for
the "Kastrow" costing not more than two bits. Give effort to
be home again December 16th. I judge your two votes for
Hoover and I shall not be able to vote either! I am still
so awfully feeling perfectly comfortable about-- me. I am still
progressing. I am in the living room now waiting for Mrs. Mills and
the typewriter is far away.
Has Jeff recovered from his trip? He knows his Grandmother K. all

right now - And sometimes I hope his Grandmother, Jan may be
just as much of a personage to him.

Give a greeting to Miss Lewis for me I am glad she will be with
the children they will enjoy her, and I know she will be
happy with them. She and Franklin Bergman will be a ~~team~~
team that will make the children happy while you are
away - The trip will be worth everything beyond Nelson, for
surely all the anxious, tired thoughts will be shaken out
of your system and you and Helen will both come home
rested and ready for the next set of home and institution
work - beginning, for you, with Christmas. I have not seen
much of the family since you left - Wilder, but - it is good to
know they are within call - God bless each one of you six
dear ones.

Mother

Los Angeles, California

October 24 1932

Dear Helen and Wilder:

And are ye on a jolly honeymoon together? And are ye havin a restful trip? And did ye think your mother away out here had forgotten ye? Niver a bit of it---but I have been in a sort a hectic fever this past week, myself. Mrs. Mills was away from Friday until Sunday--Her sister came to care for me, I know her, like her, and she is a fine nurse of many years experience, but it was all different, and it does not take much to upset me. I do not mean that it affected my health in any way, except as to nervousness and an indisposition to do anything that took thought on my part. So I let the days go by without getting a letter to you. Could not send to the boat because I did not know until today when your card came from New York bearing the picture of the boat, just what boat you had decided to sail on. Then I expected to have a letter in London to greet you there----but you will land tomorrow and here is the letter, not written yet. I should have had Elizabeth write you but Armor has been ill with double Pneumonia. Out of danger now but still in bed.

We certainly did have a wonderful visit, Wilder dear. Just think how hard it would have ^{been} to have ^{you} go across the water, still farther away from home and Mother, and I not to have seen you before your leaving!

I am becoming very much attached to my bed --for my morning naps. I have not yet managed an all night sleep in bed, but soon will do so, I know. However, I am not as "itchy", nor as nervous, and have had two splendid nights when I had four straight hours of dreamless, restful sleep.

Thank you, so very much for having written those letters for me, Wilder boy. The flowering Maple lost all of its old leaves, but all along each twig and branch new leaves are showing signs of revival. So me of the flower buds kept their places and it will soon be a beauty

The glads are faded and gone, but a bouquet of chrysanthemums---from three different people, including the Jap gardener, is on the dresser and three plants of the beautiful coleus (We used to call them foliage plants) and two bright leaved begonias are on a seat in front of the window where they can get the morning sun. They make that corner of the room so lovely that it is a constant joy to me.

Now that the roses are almost gone, my French neighbor of the garden has added a new hibiscus tree. There are four great big blossoms on it and buds waiting to bloom--so there is another lovely picture to make me happy.

I hope you are both resting in your new environment and that the trip will be full of joy every moment of the way. You left everything regarding the Institute in good shape? Mr. Murdoch's daughter came through all right? Was Jeff willing to have his Daddy go off on a trip without taking him, or was he glad to be home and in familiar surroundings? You will not have time to tell me much about the children now, new scenes, old familiar scenes, new friends and old friends will fill your mind for the present. Hoping that you will meet with success in your real errand over there, and that Hortega, or a better man will come back with you---

Always loving you,

Mother.

1132 La Pere Drive
Los Angeles, California

Dear Children:

How I wish I could get my mind down to real letter writing, so many things that might be interesting to you I do not seem to be willing to tackle

What time we have to think, now, after disposing of the political question, is filled with thoughts of Christmas, the pressing birthday questions having been very nearly disposed of until after the first of the new year--Margaret's today and Mary's tomorrow. Mrs Mills is warning me, all of the time, not to think too much of the material Christmas but make it more of a spiritual Christmas---I know she is right, but what would that mean to these dear grand-children of mine? And when the bank roll is so very small to go all around, it needs a heap of thinking to make things come out even, I will leave that to any adult to say if I am right or wrong.

The giving of gifts is so delightful when one can give them, but I suppose it shows a more Christ-like spirit to be satisfied with sending lots of love to each one and feel happy in that you have given them the best that can be given, even though they may not recognize the value of your gift to them.

Armor is better and back at work in the ~~movies~~ movies, working long hours each day. His other venture did not prove to be all that he thought it would, and to make any showing financially he was obliged to take what was offered to him. It is good hard work that he has to do with no light of expected stardom to shine upon him.

Did I write you about the night school classes Herbert's children are doing? Jean studying shorthand, George and Ann studying English--and something else that has escaped my memory just now--, Wilder studying salesmanship with the hope of making good as an insurance man. Pat is not going to school but is acting as treasurer, or something, for a Woman's Club, Mary hoping that the way may open for her to take some real place in the Woman's club.

You knew that the trade for the Van Nuys property did not go through? The mortgage on the place matures in the spring, and neither the applicant for the place nor Jack can meet it on such short notice, and there is fear that the mortgage cannot be renewed. If I could handle it---but what is the use? I do care for Van Nuys as a place of residence, and never did. But I hate to have it go back to the mortgage men.

I seem to be worrying, as usual, over the little things of life instead of calmly, quietly waiting until the right shall bring things to pass. These words from our Bible, "Wait patiently on God and He will bring it to pass," are words that I say over and over, and how much happier my whole family would be if I could really live the thought instead of stopping with the words!--To say nothing of myself. You need not think of me as being "an old dog", but just the same I am proving each day that it is hard to teach old dogs new tricks or, in the case of human beings, new thoughts that make for character. I do not think that paragraph needs to be noticed by you except as you may pray that Truth may soon destroy all of these foolish, untrue thoughts that help to keep me from calm, deep, trustful thoughts.

Oh I love you both. May you be having a restful trip and finding what you are seeking.

Your Mother---

Mrs. Mills sends greetings. Thank you for writing Ray, Miss Pratt and Clara Lenroot. I have not heard from any one of them, as yet. I shall be looking forward with much interest to the coming of the pictures.

Los Angeles, California
1132 La Pere Drive

November 27 1932

Dear Helen and Wilder:

I thought you were to gone such a long time, and here it is almost December and I am worrying for fear I shall not get this greeting to you before your boat sails for home.

Your letters have been so enjoyable and I believe that you have been having a wonderful time together and seeing the places that you used to love.

I cannot help being a little envious when I read about the places I saw with you that wonderful year.

I had such a dear letter from Ruth Mary, and so heard of her missing appendix before I heard from you. She said she was having such a wonderful time, having all the attention shown her as if she were really sick. Everything she says sounds so bright and cheery, as if there might be a chuckle all ready to come.

I had a wonderful Thanksgiving day. I found that it would be a great disappointment to the family here if I were not ~~that~~ at the dinner table with them, so I consented to be moved. Mrs Mills and Mrs Atkinson made me ready and then they liften me off the bed and into an arm chair. Then Mr. Mills and Hartley carried me, in the chair out to the diningroom and placed me at the head of the table. The turkey was done to a turn, and everything was just right.

While at dinner I had a telephone message from Margaret. She was in bed with the 'flu, but wanted to send me her love. Later in the day a message came from Armo that Elizabeth was in bed with the "flu. It seems to be quite prevalent. But neither one of the girls was very ill.

John Gerold has two teeth! And everyone is happy to know that Margaret expect

the stork again the first of May.

This morning when I wakened the sun was shining gloriously and I thought what a wonderful thing it is to waken each morning to the knowledge that I am a little better than the morning before! For that is the way that it is-- either I have slept a little more quietly, or I do not itch all over my body as much as I did, or I am stronger in my knees and legs, or the pain is less-- and I am full of gratityde all day. I do feel very tired and very nervous much of the time but that is getting better, and I can sit up in bed to rest myself.

I still have Mrs Atkinson for it takes two to move me from bed to commode and back again. The back rest is in constant use, as when I sit up I want to put my feet out of bed. The urinal--which call the cashew nut because of its shape is my best fröend. So you have blessings showered on you every day and nz night, Wilder dear.

God bless you both, and it will seem good to know that you are home again.

Your Mother.

8:30 p. m.

P. S. Margaut and Hillis just left. Margaut and Hillis all right again but Elizabeth's pup has not returned thus far. Hillis said not to worry about the pictures-- just so they are here for Christmas.

More love

Mother

per A. E. M.

MISS EMILY H. PRATT
101 WEST JOHNSON STREET
GERMANTOWN
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

October 20th.

Dear Walter:

I thank you so very much for writing to me about your dear mother. I both Clara Seemoot and I have so longed to hear from her. We did not know Ruth had died but feared it and were not surprised that your mother had no heart to write. and now she may soon follow!! I am so glad for her sake and yours too that you could have even

MISS EMILY H. PRATT
101 WEST JOHNSON STREET
GERMANTOWN
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

the few days together - and
I know the parting was
hard for both of you.

I shall write her at once,
I'm so glad she is beside the
sea, it means so much
to her, and glad most of her
dear ones are near enough
to see her frequently.

Again thanking you for
writing. I am - with all
the best wishes in the world
for you and your family,
most sincerely yours -
Emily H. Pratt

(S)

17th October, 1932

Miss Emily Pratt,
101 West Johnson Street,
Germantown, Pennsylvania.

Dear Miss Pratt,
I had a busy visit with her and managed to get a bed
that she could lie on. We had splendid talks
occasionally in a wheel-chair and I actually look her to a moving
to walk. She has

I have just been out on a flying trip to see Mother in
Los Angeles and know you would like to get word of her. She is
now living at "1132-La Pere Drive" with Mrs. Mills. The Mills
family do everything for Mother and nurse her. She is really very
happy there. Mrs. Mills is an unusually suitable woman, always
willing to do anything at any time and she does things, on the
whole, quite well.

Mother is better than she was a year ago, although she
has sat in a chair for the past twelve months. She gets out of
breath and uncomfortable when she lies down. She is quite clear

17th October, 1932

(2)

mentally, although she gets a little confused at times. She spoke to me of you several times.

I had a bully visit with her and managed to get a bed that she could lie on. We had splendid talks. She gets out occasionally in a wheel-chair and I actually took her to a moving picture in the wheel-chair. She is quite unable to walk. She has heart trouble, I presume. Nevertheless she is the same old Mother all the time.

I hope you have been well and happy. As ever, yours,

Mother is better than she was a year ago, although she has set in a chair for the past twelve months. She gets out of breath and uncomfortable when she lies down. She is quite clear

1132 La Peer Ave.
Los Angeles, California
December 20 1932

Dear Children, one and all:

I am watching the mail very closely these days hoping to hear from the returned travelers.

For my Christmas letter, which may prove to be a shorter one than usual, I am sending a bit of fact and something to laugh at, taken from our local paper. I hope you do not object to my clippings?

What do you think of ungrateful France? But perhaps I should not say that, for France, as a people, has not spoken as yet. At any rate England stands ace high here with the public. I am glad for that.

For Christmas day our program is about as follows. Mrs Mills will go to church, and have dinner for one o'clock. The family will come in as it seems convenient to them, about four and go home for their own Christmas supper. I shall not try to serve anything for refreshments here unless I should find what I could have a basket of tangerines to serve.

Willis was planning to ~~xxxxx~~ show the moving pictures, but Paul will use the machine on that day and Willis will show them here some day during the week. It will not tire me as much, was his kindly thought.

Hartley has taken the tree in charge. Last year we had two trees but this year we combine on one. He has brought home about the prettiest little tree I ever saw, and will take charge of its trimming.

The gifts? well they are almost too small to be called Christmas gifts. What there are I may have wrapped and marked and left in my room until they leave for home and then distribute them.

The tree will be in the living room and I shall not attempt to go in until about four o'clock.

It will be seven weeks Saturday night since I have been in my wheeled chair, so it will seem quite an adventure to me. The bed and I are becoming pretty well acquainted, and I shall want to come back to it at bedtime.

Herbert still has pain in his arms and cannot get on a coat without help, but he is looking much better, and seems to be gaining in flesh.

George is to move into his own home about the tenth of January and is very happy over it. Two acres and a partner! Ann's brother-in-law goes in with him. There are two houses on the place, a new one and the old one. They are to make some arrangement that will be fair and so each can have his own home. The down payment is not much and the monthly payments can be handled. George will put in more than the other, by some arrangement, and will own something more of the property and equipment. They will specialize in capons. Quick returns and only as much capital as they can manage. They are very happy about it all.

You will have a very happy Christmas, I know, and my thoughts will be with you all. I wanted to send Christmas cards to several of the good friends in your vicinity, but I could not manage it. Will you please give my greetings to all who would care for them? Mrs. Lyman and Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Russell, Miss Lewis, Oh I cannot write all of their names, The Cones, The Evans, some Riverdale friends--you will know them.

I love you all with all of the heart of me.

Mother.

1132 La Peer Drive
Los Angeles, California
December 12 1932

Dear Children:

Merry Christmas--oh no, I mean "Welcome home." but welcome home is a most joyous event in my heart, I do not like to think of you so far away as across the big water.

The very first news I want to tell you is that I am so very much better that I let the extra nurse go last night and the relief of knowing that five ~~xxx~~ dollars a day was saved made me have the best night I have had for five weeks and I am full of courage, if not of strength, this morning.

A friend of Mrs. Mills, who is quite badly up against it financially, is coming this afternoon at two, to stay until six to help her with the housework so that Mrs. Mills can give her time to me, and will do so until I can take care of myself a little better. Bearing my weight on my knees is a problem and a rather painful problem each time I make the attempt. "In quietness and confidence is your strength," is the text that helped me back to the bed from the commode this morning. Some of those old Bible texts are wonderful staffs to lean on in trouble.

We are having our first rain of the season, and the past week has been like an Eastern Winter--so cold and dreary. The rain comes gently and continuously and the snow has covered the mountains. A screen actress left Hollywood in great haste a few days ago. She had nothing against Hollywood nor the people there, but she could not stand "that darned sunshine any longer." Most of us who live here glory in it.

I am so glad that you two have had this wonderful trip together, but know how glad you are to get back home and get your arms around those four children. Give them a hug and kiss for me, too. Tell them, if you can, why they are not getting any Christmas gift from their Naneean. I can say truthfully, with the father who was spanking his boy, "It hurts me more than it does you."

The morning papers are bringing in reports of snow coming down in record breaking quantities all over the northern part of the state and even down here in the South we are having a surprising amount of snow. Then with the reports of such cold weather in the East, the knowledge of what it will mean in suffering to so many thousands of our people makes one feel that Christmas gifts are a very small matter after all. But no amount of lack can keep us from loving and being loved, and that is the main thing, especially when there is good health to make one glad.

I cannot give you much news of the family. You know of Margaret's hope for the first of May, Armor and Elizabeth are giving a cold shoulder to the wolf that hangs around their door, because of work in the movies that brings in enough each month to keep them going. Armor's mother is not very well. John Gerold is as fine as ever. I have not seen his two new teeth but it is reported that they are as fine as two teeth can be. Elizabeth has had a fairly hard time in recovering from the 'flu. All of the Inglis family have had it, Aunt Addie being struck the hardest---just does not get to feeling strong again. Deacon was quite ill with it the last I heard, about a week ago, the rest of the family have been down with it, but soon up again. But the rains and the snow will bring health to us all.

I love you dearly and am so glad that you are so near the shores of home.

Mother

Dear Dr. Penfield: We are anxious for you to have good news
as soon as you reach home. As your mother has written you
she has given up the extra nurse. For some time now she has
been lying flat on her back and enjoying it. We put a little
soft pillow under each knee - that is all she needs. All signs
of dropsy have disappeared. We haven't touched the three rolls
of cotton you bought us. The leg healed up beautifully and
as Lady Jean says she is real sylph like. We still have
the two-hair performances - and she sits up - a good
deal - during the night. Last night she was up only
twice and had only one sitting up period - that was
for about 2½ hours. She sits on the edge of the bed with
her feet on a box - well padded. How we have appreciated
the bed and commode! We manage to use the commode
once a day - in fact have done so ever since the second or
third day following the mishap. -- I presume you are glad
to be home again after your lucky trip abroad. Sincerely
Annie & Mills.