

JJP to WP.

1933

January 7 1933  
1132 La Pere Drive  
Los Angeles, California

Dear Wilder and Helen:

I am late in writing, but this is the first time I have written the new year date--1933. Perhaps the excitement of Christmas tired me more than I realized and that gave entrance to one of these flu colds that has gripped almost everyone this winter. At any rate it has seemed more of an exertion to think of writing than it should, and I yielded to the temptation of being lazy trusting that my dear ones would forgive me, as they always do.

I am sitting on the edge of my bed with the lovely portable radio that came to me on Christmas, giving a delightful concert. Just now the orchestra is playing "Mighty like a Rose." The radio was a joint present from Jack and his family, Armor and Elizabeth, Willis and Margaret, and dear Mrs Merrill who begged to be allowed to join them in the gift. I am enjoying it as they would have me do could they but know how much that is.

While my ears are busy with music I use my eyes just as industriously in gazing on the beautiful ring from Spain. In a letter that came from you a couple of days ago were you trying to make me understand that you bought that ring at the rastrow? I am glad that you found the rastrow so interesting this trip, but I rather raise my eyebrows when I try to picture this ring as having come from there--I believe my commission was a twisted silver ring not to cost more than ~~twenty~~ twenty-five cents! It is very beautiful dear children, and I love it. To tell the truth I have been a bit lonely without any rings.

Hartley and Dorothy gave me a magazine rack such as I have been wanting for long, Mrs. Mill Peritz' Old Testament history, a book used in

*John  
Mc*

I am not--I have too much to make me happy and grateful  
but I wish I could help where it seems that it is my  
right to help. I want to say oodles more, but I am trembling

so gladly

colleges as a textbook, and recommended by Mr Ayling. I wanted it very much, and was delighted with it. Herbert and Mary gave me a lovely begonia plant, that makes me happy--and how many flowers and plants I received, my room was a bower, and still is lovely. Jean made me plate of fudge, Pat gave me a cactus plant. George and Ann their photograph. Willis and Margaret a beautiful big photograph of little Ruth Penfield. A five pound box of chocolates from the Saw Jose Macs. A beautiful kitted jacket made in Austria, from Earnest and Mary. Just as fast as I can, I shall write to each of the dear grandchildren in Montreal about their lovely gifts.

In answer to the card I sent to Mrs. Platt and Eloise Benedict, came a letter from Eloise, telling of the passing of her mother last May. She wrote about it to Helen, she said, but had heard nothing from her--and no wonder, she sent the letter to 200 Cote--- In answer to a card sent Will Hall and his wife, in Milwaukee, I had a letter from her telling of the passing on of Will last February. I have moved about so much that the cards I sent were more like announcements of my address. The letter from Will's wife saddened me because she seems so hopelessly lonely--nothing to comfort her and a dwelling on his months of suffering filling her thoughts.

A letter from Helen Sanford telling of Irving Clague's trouble (Florence Clague's son, in Chicago. He has been out of work, Photography for nearly two years. They have a charming little baby girl, two or three years old-- Louise, his wife, is most energetic and capable, but she has just come out of the County Hospital where she went for the removal of a tumor. And that made me sadder than anything else, for I am helpless to help them. Father would want so much to do something, and Florence would do everything possible to help one of my children!

That all sounds as if I were unhappy--no I

Monday, Jan. 09

There were so many things I did not say yesterday that I held the letter open until today. If I could only get up and get rested--- I ache all over, and am so tired.! Now that is a nice, horrid way to begin a letter.

Did you receive my letter telling you about my mishap with the ~~ch~~ chair? You have not referred to it so I thought I would ask. I am glad that you did not get anything to worry you, from me.

I wanted to tell you what Mrs. Ross said about Jeff. She was here last week. Said she was sorry not to have seen Wilder when he was here, "But I saw Jeff." Mrs. K. had told Jeff that Mrs. Ross was coming and that she knew both his father and mother, that he could ~~wx~~ sit on the porch and watch for her to come, that she drove a blue car. So he was sitting there when Mrs. Ross came. He looked up at her with his most winning smile and said "I am Jeff." Of course ~~t~~ that won her heart wholly and completely. Jeff was not shy with her at all. --He was in his own setting, don't you see? He was at home and she the stranger. While here with so many new faces, and out of his own environment, the poor little fellow was lost. Mrs. Ross said further that he was charming, his manners at the table were perfect and when Mrs. K. asked him if he would not better come and have his nap, he assented willingly and happily. Although he did not go to sleep for a long time he laid there quietly without a word, as they discovered when Mrs. K. Opened the bedroom door. She was most enthusiastic about him in every way and so proud that she

knew him.

This is Tuesday and my letter not finished. Callers came in and then I was too tired to write any more.

Your second letter about Spain, the one about Granada, came yesterday and soon after reading that, and while my mind was full of what you had written, I read this article about Toledo. I enjoyed it so much that I thought you might enjoy it, too.

It is rather amusing, but now I do not sit in my chair, at all the bed is so much more comfortable. I have been known, several times, to lie quietly asleep for three hours, maybe a little more. That is not the usual thing, as yet. I call Mrs. Mills for attention about every two hours, and rotate sitting up with the back rest, so that my feet may hang over the side of the bed, resting on a box pillow-covered, and I well-covered so as to keep warm, with the ~~ix~~ lying down.

This has been a very cold winter. And yet, there are places n near here where there is not so much cold. Santa Ana, in Orange county, is one of them-----but too far away from my lovely family.

This letter will be mailed this afternoon, I hope. Oh I love you all so much--Write me about the history of the ring, and of the little Spanish shawl, and tell me about your Christmas, and above all how things are working out as to the Institute, your reactions after having time to think it all over, digest your impressions and the re-actions of the Montreal powers.

With love to all of you and assuring the children that I shall write them all just as soon as I can,

Your Mother.

I meant to say I rotated & belium sitting up & lying down

Los Angeles

Monday, January 27 1933

Oh My Wilder!

I am so thankful that you have found that it is ~~posss~~ possible for you to come and see me on your way home from The Sound. I have not dared to express any great desire to see you for fear that you would come at a great sacrifice of time and money, but the dollar went down so that it ~~u~~ would lessen your expense, and you did make the plan to come without any pressure from me. I have been in a state of tears and smiles since the coming of your letter this morning. We can get the same room that you had last year, will that be all right? and I think that Mrs. Mills will be able to serve you almost all your meals, if not all of them. That will save some time for visiting that would, otherwise, be lost.

You have seen Mother K. so recently that I shall not feel ~~t~~o very selfish to keep you all to myself. I shall tell the family that if they want to see you that they must come here to do so--for you will have no time to go to them and that you are neither entertaining nor being entertained by any one--so they can just keep their hands off this time, I am planning very deliberately to be as selfish about you as it is possible to be. I quite feel that it is right.

As to the doctors in Spokane before 1883, I can recall none (but that is nothing, for there are so many things that I do not recall. Herbert brought me the book brought out by the Spokane Board of Trade, in August 1889, on the eve of the great fire when every business block in Spokane, with the exception of the Spokesman-Review building went up in flames. In there I find no mention of any early doctors--only r.

Pittman

the pioneer dentist. There is a photograph of our old home on the hill, and of Uncle Tom's home, with a bit about both of them.

I am so glad that what I sent you was of some use to you. If there were any other Drs. they could not have been very prominent in their work.

In 1879 Spokane was a little hamlet of 100 people; in 1881 it ~~boasted 200~~ was a village of 500 persons. In 1883--when we went there it had grown to 1,000. The railroad shops and hospital were---somewhere else, I do not recall where--- In 1887--there were 7,000 inhabitants-- in 1888 14,000-- In 1889--25,000.

No, I think your father was, probably, the first accredited physician--others came in very soon. Dr. Essig, Dr. Lockhart--others whose names I do not recall--Dr. Olmstead--another homeopath---

You recall there were two ladies in Dr. Olds' house where you had a room last year? Two sisters, Mrs. Myers, a widow, and Miss Johnson, a maiden lady--the one who has been so wonderful to me in giving me flowers and other attentions. She has recently married the Dr. So she is Mrs. Olds now. Of course, you understand that it is only a kindness to us, and now to you, that they rent the room. + am so glad, so glad.

Your Mother.

LI32 La Pere Drive, Los Angeles, California

February 20, 1933

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Mrs. Mills has gone into town for a while and I am trying to do a little writing. I have already nearly come a cropper by putting in the paper this way and finding I cannot move the stop so as to let it go full length. I do not seem to have very much strength in my fingers. I hope it will not bother you to find where I go next.

I have been looking over some of the letters of the past six weeks. Not very many of them, for you have not had much time to write, but about as many as I have sent you to answer, probably. I have the time, but seem peculiarly lazy when it comes to really doing anything.

You wrote January 15 that Ruth Mary was still in bed with a mild rhumatic fever, then, in a later letter you speak of her having arthritis---I happen to know that there is absolutely nothing "mild" about arthritis, and it did startle me to hear that she had been suffering in that way. What a dear, brave girl she has been!. I am very much interested in her modeling. Please tell me more about that. Is she back in school now? But she cannot be in this cold weather! You speak of how interested Priscilla was in getting her letter from me--did the other three receive their letters and were they interested? Do they care at all for the clippings I have sent?

You speak of my servant the bed and my rebellious servant the chair. I am not comfortable in the chair now and seldom get into it, especially as it takes two people to help me into and out of it. I am

Y talking of trying to get a mattress cushion for the chair, one that will hold its place when I try to slide into it. But I am buying no unnecessary things at present. Did you know that "my" bank at Hermosa closed its doors before I had finished the paying of the extra nurse etc? I am getting along all right although some people have to wait their turn when it comes to paying the bills that I am contracting each month. "It never rains, but it pours is a most true proverb, is that not so? But to go back to the bed. I do not use the handy handle at the foot and more, for my heavy body was making its imprint on mattress and springs--for I cannot move about as I should, and I like better to put my feet down, off the bed, when I sit up. So I use the back-rest and anchor it against the heavy

3 book-table and sit with my feet on a pillow and blanket covered box. Then with a table at my left within reach of my hand I have the radio and the many things that I need to use. It makes the Frenchman's garden at my back and I cannot watch the little boy at play, nor some other things I like to see, but I can get a little view of the garden in the mirror opposite me. By this arrangement, too, the platform that holds the commode is covered by the bed which can easily be moved off when the platform is needed, and means time and labor saved. ~~when x x x x x x x x~~

The tree is holding its own. Mrs Goettin came over with Armor and Elizabeth some time ago and she told me that it was all right and not to expect any growth until warm weather should come.

Yes, this is a beautiful climate--~~but~~ (Is there not almost always a but?) I really think I should have been fully as comfortable this winter in a cold climate. Gas stoves are an abomination--California houses are not built for cold weather and the cold winds have been pretty constant. I cannot get out into the sun and so miss in large part all the glories that those who can move about can get. But I love it, just the same, of course.

I am sorry that Ruth Mary must go away to school, she is young yet. But--it can be done. I went away when I was thirteen, and one can be very happy in a school away from home, and parents can, and do, endure the separation. All the family here said "Oh I wish she could come to me." (Even aunt Addie)---To each one I have said, "You could not do it, you have not the room". And more than that you would not want her to come out here. But oh, if I could only have her. We have good schools here, you know---but I cannot look after myself, even.

The photographs you sent? I just know that I wrote you how much comfort and pleasure they brought to us all. The pictures of Herbert are better than others but he is a bad subject I think, and I am rather particular,--I am not quite satisfied, yet. yes, you sent the negatives, thank you, over and over.

Oh, I hope you have been able to help Mrs. Piper.. I I have often wondered about the one who went back to Montreal with you from here. Was her operation a success?

In view of the disastrous exchange, why would it not be better for you to bank all of the money you receive from the States in a bank in the states? So

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that you could use U.S. checks for U.S. bills? That would be cheaper and easier for you.

I am so sorry about the shortage of money to meet the requirements--but feel that you are right--No one wants a coat that is made to fit the cloth rather than the needs. Better to have no coat.

Now this brings me to the letter that came from you yesterday. "From bed to bed."

I am thankful for the visit that you had with Francis Hall. You are resolved to slow down and hope that Helen will---My dear, if you will show an inclination to follow Dr. Hall's advice she will do the same-- if for no other reason than to set you an example in how it can be done. And oh dear children do conserve your strength. I know how Helen lives your life with you, and your overworking and overworrying, reflects itself on her. Here is my prayer for you both--that you may think joyous optimistic thoughts and enjoy the gladness of each day, forgetting the things that may seem worrisome. Remember that God is good and sends good to His children.

Chatham Hall, Virginia--how wonderfully aristocratic and exclusive that sounds! I rather glory in the sound of it. Do your banking in both countries, and then there will be no exchange, and neither country will be cheated out of a penny from your action.

David is getting up nicely from the scarlet fever, but even he cannot run or play strenuous games for many months. Poor Stuart not so good. He has been seriously ill but the Dr. hopes that he is on the road to recovery. He is still in bed, not allowed to step foot to floor. He sent me word that he would have to learn to walk all over again, too. He thinks, if I am not using my chair, that it might be nice for him to use if I should be willing. He is very patient, cries very softly to himself very often but tries to make no extra trouble. I really do not want to stop writing, but I guess a nap will be in order before supper time. So much love and sympathy goes out to each and every one of you. Remember me with love to Fraulein Bergman. Mrs. Mills sends love--her best love, she said. With all my heart with you---

Mother.

Los Angeles, California  
March 4 1933

Dear Helen:

The fourth of March is well on its way, and the eighth will soon be here. I spent the whole morning listening in to the inauguration program, so I helped to get our latest president started on his way. In a way it was a rather exciting morning to a "shut-in." When one thinks of all that Hoover has been through, one cannot but wonder how Roosevelt will manage the many hard questions that are waiting for him to decide. He has this advantage, however, Hoover has done everything to make the way smooth for him that any Christian gentleman can do. He has urged the Senate and the House and all Republicans to stand by him, and as the democrats, probably will do the same thing, --for there are not so many "progressives", or traitors, in their party-- the new president will have more help than has been given to Hoover. And we are all hoping that he may have a level head and a free hand.

That lovely photograph came yesterday, and gave me so much happiness. It is wonderful to look in the faces of your whole family. And is Wilder proud? Well, pride and happiness just oozes out of him! and why not? He has a wife and children who would make any man proud.

The next date that claims my thought is the eighth--next Wednesday. Oh may the coming year bring you health and happiness, dear daughter. There are lines--no, not lines in your pictured face, but a look in the eyes that betoken pain endured--and it makes my heart ache, oh Helen dear, grow well and strong very soon.

I have spent much time in studying all the faces in that picture. Ruth Mary has changed the most. How I do want to see her and know her! But is there one there whom I do not

long to see? Well, of course, I do not really long for the dog, although he comes in for his proper share of admiration. I do thank you and Wilder, so much, for the pleasure and pride that this photograph has brought to me.

I wish I could send you a bit of brightness on your birthday that would please you as much. But I can only send love, and more love.

Today is a real summer day that can be felt in the house, and feels good. Of course those who can be outdoors have had the summer feeling very often in spite of the cold winds.

Elizabeth is teaching, but not enjoying the work very much for the children are not only foreigners but are sub-normal as to intellect. Here is her reaction to it--  
"Well, I shall learn something there. I look at those children and I realize that there are some of them who never hear a pleasant word at home. I mean to show them love and kindness so that they may learn to know what that atmosphere is, anyway." Armor goes to classes three or four days in the week. Margaret keeps well by taking good care of herself. Five or six weeks and she will have a---boy, I hope.

Jack's school is now the largest one in L.A. It keeps him pretty busy, but he loves the ~~work~~ the work. Counting teachers and pupils, he has 4,000 to look after.

To each and every one of you I send love, and an especial amount to you, dear.

Mother.

Stuart is able to be up a part of the day and can take a few steps.

I heard of a little girl, seven years old, who was asked what was the difference between pride and vanity. After a moment's thought said "Pride is "Well I don't think much of you," "Vanity is what do you think of me." can you give a better definition?

Los Angeles California

March 13 1933

Dear Children:

Today I want to write a long letter on so many different subjects--My birthday, the Bank situation and the earthquake! Herbert sent you a telegram so that, no matter what your papers might say, you would know that we were all right. It was a pretty serious affair in Long Beach and Compton, and some other beach cities. But in this neighborhood no windows seem to have been broken, no chimneys fallen.

The first hard shock came when Mrs. Mills was in the kitchen getting my dinner tray ready. Her first thought was to hurry to me for fear I might be frightened. The house was shaking so hard that she no easy time in getting here. She did know, at that time, how battered she was but later found her leg and ankle were quite lame from the battering they had received.

She found me clinging for dear life to the headboard of my bed, but still ready to laugh with her. I was sitting up with my feet over the side of the bed and resting on their box, but it seemed as if I was in danger of being thrown out of the bed.

After that the shocks came very frequently but much lighter. About ten o'clock they came at longer intervals. We did not sleep much, of course. ~~Towards~~ It was after five o'clock before I slept but I did so good a job then that I never knew that a pretty severe shock came about six o'clock until an hour later. Yesterday was a rather hectic day, and Elizabeth and Armor and their wonderful boy were here until late, so I could not write until now.

Jack was called out to do rescuing work early in the evening and worked many hours, I believe, but I did not get any particular. His school was not injured. Many school buildings were injured and they are to

have the Easter vacation this week rather than later, in order to give the structural engineers plenty of time to examine each building.

Some wonderful stories of bravery came over the radio intersersed with calls for help. K.F.O.X one of the Long Beach broadcasting stations, stayed right on the line during the whole night, excepting for a few minutes while the announcer was being hauled out of his booth. It was a small room and the walls were lined with shelves of recording books which began to tumble. Men outside of the booth managed to get the door open and he was pulled out just as an avalanch came down about four feet deep which would have buried him. Then he went to work again while walls of the building were falling all around him.

He had sent out a call for forty ~~nurses~~ doctors and 100 nurses to report immediatly. It was not a half hour after that before our station, K.H.J. was calling K.F.O.X. over and over again, then "if anyone within sound of my voice can reach K.F.O.X please give them this message--Dr. ---- is on the way with the required number of doctors and nurses. K.F.O.X was soon on the air again.

The trouble with the banks? We have never had, in this country the good, safe laws to govern our banks as England has had. It has been possible for a banker to speculate with the depositers money. And in this unsettled state of the world, there have been men who could not withstand temptation. The closing of all of the banks was in the interests of the depositers until such time as the whole situation could be looked into and new laws made. Some of the banks may never open. Those that are known to be strong will, probably, open tomorrow. Others that may be just are strong will have to wait until they are proved to be strong. Investigators are at work, but it takes time. But as each bank opens we will know that bank is all o.k.

After the closing of the Hermosa bank I could not open a new account, as I needed to use every cent I could get hold of. So I turned each check, as it came in, to Mrs. Mills to deposit in her account with the Citizens, here. Then came the closing of the banks, and no money could be drawn, nor deposited, nor cashed, save for small amounts in change. Fortunately, thirty dollars had been paid to Mrs. Mills a day or two before so she has used that as change, and checks given for any large amount, that can be cashed when banks are open again. Every one seems to be taking the inconvenience in a jolly spirit. The banks have let men who have a payroll to meet each month, have enough to give each employee fifteen dollars. Some firms have made arrangements with some cafe to give them tickets to be given to their employees calling for a fifty cent meal whenever they want it. People seem to be trying to help all others out. Rich and poor are economizing which acts back on the merchants, so that men who have credit are urged to spend freely.

I had a wonderful birthday. Every one was so kind to me. Mrs. Mills had an extra good dinner for me, and Adams came in the morning and stayed all day. Mrs. Merrill remembered that it was my birthday and phoned Margaret not to forget it. Mrs. M. sent me the most beautiful basket of spring flowers--Roses, Iris, ~~anemones~~ anemones and their first cousin Ranunculus, sweet pease, tulips, freesias, and filled in with maidenhair ferns. Oh the fragrance and the beauty of color! Willis and Margaret sent a beautiful bunch of Talisman roses, and when Jack came after Adams in the eve. he brought another big bunch of the spring flowers. Herbert and Mary came, she with a big birthday cake and he, with a bunch of narcissus, from their own garden. Your letter, Wilder, came the morning of Thursday, full of loving messages. The Photograph came on Tuesday, as I wrote dear

After the closing of the Harmon bank  
Helen. I am so proud of it, it is so good  
of every one of you.  
Mrs. Armor and Elizabeth could not get over on  
Thursday, but the telephone carried messages  
from them.

I have a lot more I would like to talk  
about but a nap will be better, I'm thinking  
We are still having stray shocks, but not  
long ones. It does not make one feel very  
good, light in the head, and a horrid feeling  
in the stomach. And no one can tell when  
they will come nor when they are through  
with their trembling.

Love for each one of you, including, of  
course, Fraulein Bergman.

Your Mother.

Mrs. Mills told me to tell you that she  
was proud of me during the earthquake. I  
told her that it was not necessary to tell  
you that you would know that I would not  
be frightened. ---So I pretty nearly did  
forget to tell you.

Los Angeles, March 28 1933

Dear Helen and Wilder:

This letter will be full of two surprising changes. We are all a bit breathless, I think, although the changes are in the Van Nuys home, the rest of us being still in our usual places.

A week ago Sunday, Faith and Jean suddenly decided to be married just a week from that day, March the 26th. His father had opened a shoe store, in Van Nuys, perhaps a year ago. Jean was to be his partner, and spend his time in the store. No salary until the store should warrant it. A few days ago Mr. Imbach decided that the store did warrant a small salary---hence the wedding.

If Faith was to leave home Jack must find a housekeeper, and Addie must find another home. He went to Herbert and Herbert and Mary got busy. There was no one in the whole family who could take her. Elizabeth wanted to do so, but Jack would not hear to that, and Armor had his reasons against it. The baby was too heavy for Aunt Addie to lift--and she certainly would try to do so. She is so unsteady on her feet---etc. Jack's reasons were good ones, so were Armor's. Good and right. Of course, I am out of the running entirely. Addie had felt that she should not be at Jack's any longer, and had, it seems, induced some of her friends to take her to the county poor farm to see about her getting in there. I did not know of that. When Pat heard it she lost all control over herself--"I am not earning

much money," she cried, "but I'll be darned if Aunt Addie goes to the poor house." All of the grandchildren are very fond of Addie, and always have been.

Then George stepped to the front. "If I can finish off that extra bedroom, and had some furniture, I would be glad to have Aunt Addie with us."

On the place that George and Ann's brother-in-law have bought, were two houses. One a fairly good and roomy house, the other not much more than a shack. Ann's sister has two children, and some furniture, and the brother will be at work on the place all of the time. So they took the house and George and Ann the shack.

George works nights at the Firestone shops and Ann works day time at her designing of dresses. George comes home in the early morning and Ann has breakfast ready for him. Then she takes the car and goes into town to her work--George sleeps. Then she comes home in time for dinner and they have dinner with the other family. That family is augmented by the brother's mother--and they have not always been happy in the arrangement. The mother has made some trouble. But if they were able to fix up the house--they would not be able to furnish it, and Ann does not have much time for housekeeping.

Herbert and Mary came over the other evening and explained things to me. Herbert had written to Arthur Smith and to Jamie Penfield. Telling them that they must, somehow, between them all send \$15. a month to pay George for Addie's board. Of course, Arthur is 81 years old, not able to do much work. Jamie has married a wife who hates Addie, and who wants all that Jamie can make above expenses for her married daughter.

They can neither one of them do much, but Horace and Roy may be able to help out a little----yet I am not very hopeful. I think I wrote you about the fall Addie had a short time ago? Fell over the hose which had been left on the walk. Fell on her back, the Dr. who was called immediately by one of the neighbors who saw her lying there---no one was at home but little Stuart, who was still in bed. The Dr. thought the hip had been fractured, but when an X-Ray was taken they found ligaments torn and no break or fracture. She is getting about now with the help of a cane. Addie is 78 years old, and it is high time that she should stop trying to do heavy work.

When Mary had finished telling me about their plan for Addie to be with George and Ann--Mary said, "Now here is where you come in, Mother. Where Aunt Addie goes your furniture does, doesn't it. Well, of course, I have not much furniture, but it is all that Jack has in his house, gave a few diningroom chairs, a bed and dresser--things that belonged to his father, and a willow davenport that he bought some years ago.

He wants to leave Van Nuys and get nearer his school--and if he can rent a furnished house, for himself, the two little boys and a housekeeper, he can get along.

Perhaps, if I could walk, I could find a house-keeper nurse, and everything could be left in VanNuys as it is, Addie and the furniture mean, and I could keep house there, again. I do not suppose it would cost any more than the present arrangement---but I cannot get on my feet at all, as yet.

The arrangement with George would be fine, if there was some one to do

*Adeline*

the cooking and cleaning. Or somehow less work and more play for her. George lives in some out-of-the-way place--For company she would be dependent on the brother and sister. She will miss the little boys, there will be none of her own there.

On the other hand, she can go in town with Ann in the morning and come out at night--she will have plenty of chickens to talk to-- she can have any amount of flowers, etc. to take care of---If George has time to dig the beds for her, and she can buy the seeds and plants. The radio and piano will be missed, too.

I would like it if she could have one of these Philco Juniors, such as I have. Those little radios are not expensive and are much company when one is alone.

Of course, what I said about going back to Van Nuys is foolish. I was simply talking---I could not have Mrs. Mills, and no one else that has been here seems to know how to handle me as she does. If I could walk---that would be different. After all, she has a husband and must take care of him.

And to whine about things before I am hurt, or any of the family are hurt, is mighty silly. Some where, somehow, there is the proper place for us all. Only as I said, we--especially I--are--am--breathless yet.

Margaret expects to go to the hospital any hour. The Dr. would not consent to her going to Faith's wedding. No one, but the very immediate family on both sides, not even the Penfield, were at the wedding. If she had invited the Penfield there would have been several of Jean's family equally near who must be invited. I was sorry.

With all love, Mother.

100' Mother  
you have done. Oh I love you, you blessed children, and your children  
Los Angeles, make such costumes for them. I recall others that  
March 30 1933 Certainly they have a wonderfully capable mother to  
Some day may I see what the children are doing.

Dear Wilder and Helen:

I sent off the other letter before I was through with all I had to say, because I was too tired to think any more, so I send the post-script today.

You asked me, Wilder, how much money I had in the bank when it closed. \$95.94. I have heard nothing more from them.

I had a few words more to say about Faith's wedding. There had been no music prepared and it came over her suddenly that she could not be married without music. And she decided that she must supply her own music. She would do her own singing. Miriam, her Pomona roommate and accompanist all through Pomona singing, and often since then, had come down to the wedding from her home in Ventura. The two girls stepped behind the big screen that was covered with beautiful flowers and greens, and which hid the piano, and Faith sang two lovely songs. Then Miriam played the wedding march and Faith came out to join Elizabeth, her father and Jean, and the ceremony took place while Miriam continued playing.

They went down to Balboa where Jack and Ruth had often gone with the family for over Sunday. They had dinner at a restaurant, but took an apartment and had breakfast by themselves. All most informal, and happy. Her dress was a simple little red silk that she did not have to change before going to Balboa.

thing like that. On poor Ruth Mary may Virginia  
climate be kinder to her than Montreal! I was  
immensely interested in the party that welcomed  
Jean had only one day's vacation from the store. When on their way <sup>home</sup>  
Monday afternoon, they stopped here to see me. She is the happiest  
looking girl you about ever saw.

Jack wanted them to take the Van Nuys house to live in, but  
Faith felt she could not do that. They are looking for an unfurn-  
ishouse in Van Nuys, and Mr. Imbach will furnish it for them. It  
will, probably be very simply furnished, but it will be all their <sup>very</sup>  
own, and we know what that means.

They will go to the Imbach's until the house is found and  
furnished. Faith said, "I used to think that when a couple were <sup>was</sup>  
married that it would be a horrid stupid thing to stay with the  
in-laws, but now I am perfectly delighted. Why Nanean I shall not  
have to plan a single meal!" Of course she thinks it would be fun,  
after she begins to feel rested, to plan for her and Jean--"But that  
will be so different."

Just when George will have his house ready and Addie will  
leave Van Nuys, I do not know. <sup>Elizabeth & Mills</sup> One of her friends in Van Nuys gave  
her a lingerie shower, and, the fifteenth, I think, Elizabeth will give  
her a linen shower here, on Mrs. Mills' invitation, so I will be a bit  
in it" after all. Mrs. Mills went down to Hermosa on Sunday to buy  
of Mr. Caton a large copper bowl, for Faith from me, and she bought the  
ladle that will go with it. Next month I hope to be able to buy the  
tray that goes with it. But I shall have to hold back on the linen  
shower, I fear. But that is all right, perhaps I can have the tray by  
then. ----- Helen's letter came, and now I am wondering how <sup>nice</sup> &  
they got in, and how Jeff could get freckles this time of year, and if  
their fund of tiredness may be depleted by now. Not a cross-word  
puzzle for me, nor even a jig-saw puzzle. I am much too lazy for any

you home. You are a dabster at drawing. I <sup>could</sup> visualize Wilder's tricky costume

turned loose a parcel of ants I had caught. I found that the ants paid no attention whatsoever to my churches. This was Experiment No. 1. Experiment No. 2 consisted in placing some honey in the Episcopal church and ringing the bell. Before its notes had ceased, every last one of the ants had entered the Episcopal church! Experiment No. 3 was to transfer the honey to the Methodist church and ring for service. The former devout Episcopalians now went over in a body to the Methodist church. In short, in whatever church I placed the honey, there I would find the ants before I had finished ringing the bell. From these experiments there could be but one conclusion: namely, that ants have intelligence.'

The second excerpt which Mr. Clemens gave me described an even more delicate experiment. 'Catching a whole family of ants and establishing them in a smart little cottage on the bank of a thread of running water, spanned by a straw for bridge, I painted the back of the eldest son a bright blue for purposes of identification, and, after making him drunk, turned him loose. As he was staggering home over the bridge, he was met by the old folks and put to bed. Again the experiment was repeated, with like results. But the third time the prodigal was caught on the bridge, zigzagging homewards, his old dad, losing all patience, took him by the scruff of the neck and the slack of his pants and threw him into the water — which went to show that ants have not only intelligence but also darned good judgment.'

J. R. CLEMENS

*Webster Groves, Missouri*

# ur Arches

is shifted from one  
re than 2000 times  
a time your foot hits  
round hits back.  
ightly.

160  
lbs.



Examine your shoes to make certain that the sole, under the ball of your foot, does not round down in the center or bend up at the sides. If it does, every step you take tends to flatten the short arch across the ball of the foot. Then the needless pain.

## Mark Twain and the ants.

"Being last summer in Germany, in the company of a crowd of German research scholars I was fired by their example to do a little research myself. The piece of work I attempted was to answer the question as to whether or no ants had intelligence. To this end I first made about a dozen tiny toy churches and labeled them Presbyterian, Catholic, Methodist, and so on. Then I rang a bell of one of my churches and-----

March---No,it is April 4.1933

Los Angeles,California

Dear Children:

Events have been moving fast in the family history the past few days. Sunday George and Ann brought Aunt Addie out to see me. Addie seems to be quite interested in the new home idea,and I was certainly glad to sense that. George and Ann are delighted with the plan. George said"Aunt Addie thinks we are doing so much for her; she does not seem to understand that it is we who are getting the break."

The Firestone Company had all of their machinery twisted and destroyed by the earthquake,so George has had no work and has put in all of his time on getting the shack into livable shape,and Aunt Addie's room ready for her. They moved everything yesterday,I suppose. I have not heard how things went,as yet. Jack was very anxious that everything that belonged to me should be taken away,so that he would know just where he stood,and not have to worry over anything except his own/ I appreciate his feelings. For the first time in his life he is really standing on his feet and can begin taking stock. There are just himself and the two little boys and the housekeeper to plan for now. With the smaller family he can more easily find a furnished house near the school. I think he will begin to feel quite free when he is settled and away from the memories of Van Nuys.

As for myself,to lie here on this bed and know that once again all my treasured things are being moved without my

I love you each and all. So very much.  
Mother.

being there to separate them. Not knowing if some of Jack's things may not be taken--not remembering some things that I may have actually given to Ruth and should not be moved from his house-----Well I can only keep my mind steadily on the certainty that everything will be done rightly and smoothly.

George and Ann have a radio but it needs fixing. To get new tubes will not be as expensive as a new radio. Until they get settled George will be home and will save Addie all of the steps possible. George has plenty of faults, but being lazy or dilatory as regards work is not one of them. Herbert has divided his beautiful dahlias with them, and George is so pleased about that.

One of the great reasons why I wanted a radio for Addie was so that she could get the church services at home. Ann said "What do you mean about your not going to church? I have just been waiting for someone who would go with me, and last week I made it a point to find out just where the Christian Science <sup>was.</sup> I was so surprised that I could not take it in until after they had left. Can you imagine how wonderful that seemed to Addie and me? For she was just as surprised as I was, and could only say, "How lovely that will be, Ann dear."

But oh, the joke on Jack! Addie said "Jack, I am sorry to have to tell something that I am afraid may annoy you, but your new housekeeper is a Christian Scientist." He said, "What?" and then he went off into a gale of laughter. Addie said that she had never heard him laugh so hard and so long. Every time he looked at Addie he would begin again.

1  
Glad they were best love to the four dear children  
I am so glad about the pulling in - prairie - dear - Aunt  
I'll give about the last letter I missed etc. your letter

last  
met

Los Angeles, April 17 1933

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Such a wonderful bouquet of red Hadley roses were brought to me just after breakfast this morning! The letter from Montreal was received <sup>by the flower</sup> in the morning mail, and they rushed them right up to me. They are beautiful, and more than that they are as fragrant as the Hadley always is.

Mrs. Merrill gave me a beautiful Easter lily with four blossom and five buds, that had filled the room with fragrance, but when the roses came I fairly reveled in the combined fragrance. I love you so much for your dear thought of me.

Your short note had just been read and loved, Wilder, then the roses from you both! Oh surely I should be happy with all the dear thought that comes to me from you all.

Now shall I tell you of the family news? No births, no weddings, no engagements announced -- but interesting after all.

Elizabeth gave her linen shower for Faith here at Mrs. Mills' on Saturday. I was lifted into the wheel chair by Mr. Mills and Mrs. Brown, by their locking hands under my knees and around my back. Then I was wheeled into the living-room where all of the girls were assembled. They were old Pomona college friends of Faith's, I knew some of them and enjoyed seeing them again.

Everything that Faith received was very lovely . Towels, card-table cloths and napkins, so many of them and all so different. One box contained two sheets and a pair of pillowcases. The only ones she had, but she explained that that was all right, for some mornings she would get up early and wash and iron them before they were needed. One of the Pomona girls wants to give her a shower soon, and proposed kitchen utensils. Which went home to Faith's heart. And another request was that she come to Claremont to another shower given by the girls of Taylor House where Faith lived her last year there. They call it a silver shower, which sounded rather rich for these times, but I think it meant that Taylor house wants to unite on some flat silver.

I do not know much about the wedding gifts, except that the men's chorus which she leads at night school, gave her a beautiful waffle -- what should I say? iron? but it is not iron. Faith makes as fine waffles as her father, so it will come in very handy.

Jean and Pat were here for the shower, and as I had not seen them for some time, they looked especially good to me. Gene has been given a place in a shoe store at the coast town of Bellflower, about nine miles north of Long Beach. There was enough for him to do in his father's Van Nuys shoe store, but he and his father agreed that it would be better for him to go with some one else for a while. So, not knowing how long they might stay in Bellflower they rented a little four room furnished house which is not very well furnished as to table and kitchen ware -- hence the delight at a kitchen utensil shower. She said to me, "You know, Nanean, I have never slept with any one, and I can not get used to, every time Gene turns over,

2  
his taking all the bedclothes with him!" But I suppose she will soon learn to grab them first. Oh I wish Jean and Pat Penfield might find the right man and announce the fact to us!

Deak is very important these days, and his mother is rather tearful. When your letter came, Mary said something like this, "Oh that will be wonderful, (sniff) for you, dear, (sniff). Oh certainly, (sniff) you must go, (sniff)--And as the tears rolled down her cheeks Herbert said, "That's all right, Honey, just have a good cry, of course he must go." The girls were almost tearful when they spoke, Saturday, of his going away. He is such an affectionate, interesting little chap, and the baby of their family. Of course George is delighted with the idea--so are they all, really, and so are the rest of us--especially Jack. Jack and the two little? hardly that, younger boys came out to see me Saturday morning. It had been so long since I had seen them. Faith had invited them to her house to spend Easter, and David quickly answered, "Oh no, Faith, Daddy is going to take us to see Nanean, tomorrow, and it has been so long since we have seen her, I think we will go there." But Jack made it up to them by taking them to the Beach Sunday.

The night of the earthquake Jack was called out to go down to Long Beach to help them. He was up all night. One of his teachers lives there and he wanted to look he up that night, but was too busy. The next morning about eight o'clock, he called her. He said he could tell by her voice that she was delighted to hear his voice. Later he went to see her. She said, in greeting, "Your voice was the first sound that I

had heard that made me realize that there really was, somewhere, an ordered world. She calls him Michael now. You know, the Angel of the Lord who carries messages from heaven, and is always busy in times of war or stress? She lived with her father and mother in a small frame house, on a brick foundation. The house was moved some three or four inches off the foundation and the bricks went down. Seemingly no mortar to bind them together. Jack says that the buildings made of brick, that went to pieces more often than not had no sign of any mortar ever having been on them. His School is a brick building with no fancy, heavy ornamentation. Many people think it a very homely building, but he has always liked its plainness, and it seems more beautiful now, than before.

George and Anne came in with Aunt Addie, Sunday evening. They seem to be very interested in everything about their new home. George said--"Now here is the kitchen, and in this corner .with a window on each side, we have our dining table. With those windows open, the breeze blowing in, and the mountains so close to us----I love it." And do you love it too, Anne?" Oh yes, I have always dreamed of having a home in the country near a city--and now, when I get into the car to start for home in the country, I am perfectly happy. I never really expected to have it this way." And Aunt Addie? Oh George has screened in the big beautiful porch--and we have the cutest little puppy you ever saw. And we have your long box that has a cover on it, on the porch, and George sleeps on it, and all of my nice dishes will be packed in it. Things we shall not use every day but handy to get at when we want to use them." Some of my things

The cover means that it is covered with cloth.

I have not found, yet--but we are still unpacking and repacking. It seems that the mice were in almost every thing that were in Willis' cellar. It has not been so easy to unpack and repack.

Sturart said to Faith--"Oh Faith I do miss you se." But Mrs. ~~Siss~~ <sup>Sturart</sup> does everything for you all right?" "Oh yes but the other night I had such a pain in my neck." "Why didn't you tell Mrs. Cole?" Oh it was not as bad as that, I just wanted you." Of course that pain was in his throat not his neck. And he wanted his own sister. They will be homesick many times, I expect. They miss Ruth very much, even when Aunt Addie and Faith were there.

No, of course, Aunt Addie could not go to you. This will prove to be a very good arrangement, I think.

But I did not tell you of another visit I had on Sunday. Billy (Blanche's son) had come down from the ranch where he lives with Sade, or Eleanor as she is called now, and came in the car. So Blanche said, here is my chance to see Mother Jean. So she and Billy and Jane, and a young girl, "A friend of Billy's, were here for some little time. I have not seen the children since they were little, little children--and they are quite, quite grown up now. Jane is not quite as pretty as she used to be, I think--not as pretty as Blanche, but she is good enough looking, and Billy is a fine looking boy. Blanche is just as proud of them as we all are of our children. The visit made me very happy.

As for myself? Well, if it is not one thing it is another. Week before last two teeth broke off at the gum line. For some weeks I have been losing bits of teeth from under the

the gold bridge, the bridge holds on, the edge of the gold catching in my cheek, and roughing my tongue. As I have not many teeth, I am a little bit crippled when it comes to chewing my food. I cannot go to a dentist and so I must find out if I can get a good one to come to the house. As there are so many roots to be dug out before I could have a new set, I am not happy over the matter. If I have the services of a good dentist, it will cost so much that it frightens me, and I do not long for a cheap man. You do not think it would be unsafe to take gas, on account of the old insistance--from every one but you, bless your heart---that my heart was not quite right. The injecting of novacaine is no good, I have tried it several times, each dentist being very certain that he could do it all right, but there never has been any result except to make my gums so sore that I was a long time getting over it. It relieves no pain. I am not looking very hard for any more pain--Indeed I am quite frightened when I think of the work that must be done.

So that is that--I know I am a coward, and I know some other reasons why I do not look forward to what evidently lies before me, for my mouth is not my best feature at present. Of course, I know that Mr. Ayling will feel that I can rise to the occasion and have them out without taking anything, but I do not seem to be able to rise to the occasion in getting well as he thinks I should. I must be very stubborn, although I do not want to be. Oh what a baby!

I thank you so very much for the flowers dear children.

Always your loving Mother.

April 28 1933

Dear Helen and Wilder:

I was so glad to get your letter this morning, Wilder dear. Before answering anything that came in another letter I will take up the thoughts of the morning's letter.

Ruth Mary, bless her heart, wrote me that you and Helen, Wilder and she were waiting for the train to take you to New York, and she knew that you would all have a good time. That is all that I knew about the trip, but this later letter of yours says that Ruth Mary and her mother had not returned yet and you did not know just when they were coming. So I infer that you and Wilder returned alone and that Helen and Ruth Mary stayed to look up schools. They have been to Washington and Chatham, and probably to Baltimore on the lookout for exactly the right school and one that will allow her to come home for the Christmas holidays! Helen will make a thorough survey of schools and all the many questions you are asking yourselves and friends. It is quite a question, is it not?

What a tiring trip Robert Hackett must have had! I do hope that all things look satisfactory to you as regards his present state of health, and while on the subject of health I will answer your questions as to my seeming condition.

I have had no drainage from the legs since some time before Christmas. The swelling has gone down and the legs look fairly normal with the exception of the remarkable coloring of the right leg that looks as if stained with indelible colors of red, cerise, muddy yellow and orange etc.

To get back to bed, as I cannot bear any weight on knees or ankles, she puts her hands under my buttocks, I helping as much as possible with one hand on the table and the other on the bed,

from nearly to the knee down to the ankle and over onto the foot. A beautiful effect, might remind one of a sunset were the colors alive and shining, but they are muddy and ugly, not like anything God ever made.

The outside of the legs have no particular feeling, but inside, the bones of me, ache and ache and ache. My joints are so stiff, even my fingers do not want to move much of the time, not swollen, you know--just achy, stiff.

To get out of bed and on the commode, Mrs. Mills takes hold of me, one of my arms around her waist and the other hand on the table, and up and on I go by main force, applied by her. Getting into the chair is another proposition on account of the arms. I described that process to you in a former letter. I cannot always get Mr. Mills and Mrs. Brown at the same time, when I might be persuaded to try the chair, and I do not enjoy being moved like that, so it is only on very extra occasions, like Christmas and a shower for Faith, that I get up my courage to try it.

Yet I am feeling pretty well, and every one says I look fine---Mrs. Mills helps that along by putting a coating of "health," as she calls it, on my face each day. Yes, I feel pretty well, if I do not try to do anything at all. Otherwise I am pretty apt to have a good case of "nerves" when I often have Mrs. Mills call Mr. Ayling. It will not be long, then, until I can relax and go to sleep. But he is too busy a man to be called unless it seems very necessary. The other day he was called 69 times between eight one morning and eight to next morning. And each call meant personal work for the one needing help. But, of course, that was an unusual day. He is working hard to show me

*She lifts me up*

2

how <sup>to</sup> obtain the consciousness of health in my own mind---  
But it is like the tense nerves, I cannot seem to "Let go  
and let God." I seem to be insisting that I must do ~~something~~  
something. The latest thing that he is trying for me, is a\*  
marble in a glass of water. The water representing Divine ~~XX~~  
Love all about me. The marble representing me. "In Him I live  
and move and have my being." I can do nothing of myself, but  
must learn to have the Mind of Christ Jesus, who so often  
assured his disciples and others that of himself he could  
do nothing, that it was the Father who worked thru him.  
You know your Bible well enough to get the thought I am  
trying to get into my consciousness. Mrs. Hills says I  
would not get so nervous if I would not try to carry all of  
the troubles of all the family on my shoulders instead of  
knowing that God will do it, if I give Him the privilege.

How I wish I could have seen--yes, heard the noise of,  
Priscilla and Jeff as they danced to the music of the  
phonograph. And the picture of Priscilla in church with  
you !

I appreciate the work you are putting on the Department  
budget. A budget is a dreadful thing to work out--for  
governments as well as individuals. I hope it works out all  
right and that you are able to get in the man back from  
China." Appointments at the office during August? They  
would all need to be placed on one day of the week?  
Yes, I think Deak will expect to leave as soon as school is  
out. I think the idea of calling him Herbert will appeal to  
him and I fully appreciate your pleasure in having another  
Wilder and Herbert together.

illumination  
vision of God

Will you advise the budget?

What did I think of Shaw? He is the biggest joke extant. whenever I hear his name, my lips tremble with mirth. Poor man, is he happy? Not a bit of it. But I love MacDonald. He gave two speeches over the radio. They were classics. Herriot is having his day, now. The only thing that I have noted in his words are "Your President is a very charming gentleman." I believe that Roosevelt is in the right place at this period of the world's history. He is evidently, a very charming gentleman, and a seemingly wise gentleman. He has surrounded himself with a very capable, although mostly unknown, Cabinet, I should judge. Congress, however, is evidently getting tired of being led or driven, the Honeymoon is over, as the cartoonists put it. You mean, by saying that "Depression is hitting us here now with a curious sort of suspended attitude" that no one dares to spend money? The feeling of fear that made men hoard instead of spending or banking, has been one of Roosevelt's fights. I think he has been rather successful in causing a slowly changing thought among the people, and things seem to be moving a little more freely. Oh if my income from the estate might only move up in line!

I had many other things I wanted to talk about but I shall have to leave them until next time.

With all my love for all of you,

Mother.

3  
Jack is very busy, very happy in his new school, it is the largest High school in Los Angeles.

Margaret's baby girl was born last Friday, March 31. Her name is Margaret Grace, Mother Merrill's name. She is just one year and two days younger than Ruth Penfiled. Margaret feels so very well. Better than she has for months. Jack could not get to the hospital on time--had some school meeting, so Elizabeth was with Margaret even going into the labor room with her. A man was standing around in the corridor near the nursery, finally Elizabeth spoke to him, he seemed so distressed and helpless--"I want to see my baby, and no one pays any attention to me." Armor said, "What is your baby, a boy or girl?" He shouted back, do they ever deliver anything but girls in this damn place? If it was a boy I should know what to do with him, but a girl, I don't know what to do with her." The poor, distraught, man. He had about reached the limit of his endurance. For myself, I wish the baby had been called Grace Margaret, so that she would be called by her grandmother's name--but they did not consult me.

Yes, there is one more thing that I want to tell you about the family before I begin to talk of Deacon and his happiness.

I think I told you how Bobs liked his work in the undertaking establishment? He is crazy over the work, and has done some embalming all by himself. A few days ago he was working over a man who had died from brain tumor. It suddenly came to him what it was that he wanted to do. He wants to be a Dr. and a brain surgeon specialist. When

She is still being kept in bed and very quiet.  
Barbara Jean came home with them to Herbert and  
Mary. She is such a sweet little girl!

reminded that his high school work would not give him credits for college and that is what he must have, without hesitation he said, "I know, but I am young I can go back to high school if necessary and get those credits I missed. I can do it and I will do it." Aunt Addie said, "Well Bob promise me that you will write to Uncke Wilder about it before you make any plans, and see what he says about it." He agreed to do that. It is the first time that Bobs has ever thought he knew what he wanted to do, and he is not apt to be so determined over anything. Perhaps he has wakened up. But, oh dear, I wish it were not medicine. Again, he has not consulted me, however, and I am certain that it is quite none of my business. I am grateful that he is awake.

George says that Deak is the happiest boy on earth at the prospect of going to Montreal. Oh that was a wonderful thing for you to do, dear children. It will mean so much to him. And he is a dear boy, so reasonable, so affectionate. I do not believe that you will ever regret doing this thing for them. I believe that he and Wilder will fit in together wonderfully. They are so totally different--They will each gain so much from the other.

It will add to dear Helen's care in many ways, but I hope he will be able to repay somewhat in love and helpfulness.

The night of the earthquake George and Ann were in Compton to see Dean and Dorothy (George's divorced wife.)

The quake was frightful there. Dean seemed not to have been at home. They were on the second story, and things were going to pieces, They took Barbara out into the street, and George <sup>George and Ann</sup> went back for Dorothy, who was completely overcome. Her heart went to pieces. She went to San Diego to her mother,

1132 La Pere Drive  
Los Angeles, California:

My dear, dear Wilder,

Your letter came and brought with it a certain feeling of relief that the mesmerism of that \$200 a month had, to a certain extent been broken. It has distressed me more than I can tell you, for I knew it could not help <sup>but</sup> proving a burden to you during these hard times, especially. There has been a step made, the next step will be easier, and before we know it that whole financial ~~burden~~ burden of sending money out here will be dropped. It always seems to work that way--when a wrong thing, a hard thing, begins to move it moves faster and faster.

I do not know what is to happen, but something beautiful will happen, and that right soon. Herbert will think I am "dippy" to talk that way--but you will not think so, because you have always understood your mother pretty well, haven't you dear? No wrong thing can last long when one's heart is full of loving obedience. The Bible is so full of promises of relief for any one bearing burdens, that one dares not pass them over with indifference or unbelief. If God's promises are not kept to those who love, understand and follow Him--the whole structure of our knowledge of His love and power would fall to the ground. If you, like the Missourians, say "you will have to show me," I will answer as my little son used to answer me all through one difficult summer, when he was not quite happy--"Well, give me time can't you?"  
I love the little card you sent me--Think of what it means--

Happy wishes, best love and sweetest memories.

Flowers are beautiful, a wire is exciting, but this little card is enshrined deep in my heart.

I am hoping that Herbert and Mary will be here some time today, as I feel the need of his presence. He brought me Mother's Day flowers last Sunday, roses from his own yard. they were very beautiful almost the whole week. I have roses and nasturtiums in my room now. I look out at the maple tree that has several beautiful flowers hanging from its branches and there is your loving thought for me, to enjoy.

I am sorry for Deak but that may right itself, who knows. I am more sorry for you and Helen. You are planning to give <sup>me</sup> so many things that mean so much to your family--- But school does not begin for some months, who knows what may happen during those months.

I hope the sick patient whom you could not leave to attend the medical meeting is out of danger, and that many others will notify you that they are on the waiting list for your attention.

God bless all six of you, and may I soon be able to "Show you" that all things are well and right.

Mother.

Saturday---Some things not spoken of, and some corrections to be made, needs another sheet.

Of course the calls that came to Mr. Ayling that day you understood were phone calls?

The Maple tree is covered with buds, and one came into full bloom today. It looks strong and able to bear the buds, but I am anxiously waiting for more leaves to grow on it.

Are we using those boards? I do not know what we would do without them. They have been placed together so as to make a platform, and being on the side of the bed that is away from the door, they are used whenever Mrs. Mills needs to use them to wait on me. It makes her tall enough to do things that she could not do, otherwise. Then the bed can be pushed up over the platform and nearer the table so as to support the back-rest that is also invaluable to me. When "I go to bed" at night, I lie down like a christian, but I cannot stay there for very long without the jim-jams. So, two hours later when the "Cashew nut" is called into requisition, Mrs. Mills helps me to sit up and tucks me up good and warm against the back-rest. Then I sing hymns, or read a bit, until I am composed enough to have another nap. The next time I call her I try lying down again. So, we put in the night. As I cannot turn in bed, cannot lie in any position save on my back, it rests me. But everything we do has been made possible by your loving thought.

Samuel Penfield was a farmer in Ohio. His sons were Ephraim--your grandfather--William and Charles. Charles died soon after being married--no children. Your father was named for him and his grandfather. William was a farmer, too.

living in Norwalk in Ohio

He had quite a family, who were all "Very bright." I do not know that they did anything very particular.

There--I have spent a long time going through a big box of letters etc. and was rewarded by what I was after--which I enclose. Father Penfield's sister Francis married a man by the name of Kellogg. Some of their children live here in Pasadena--"Very bright" but aside from being newspaper people and teachers, I do not know in what their "brightness" consists.

I will look back over your letter to see what other questions you asked--but have promised Mrs. Mills to forget it for the rest of the afternoon.

If you really want to find out about the family of the past, I should be glad to be of help. But what is the use? You are pretty busy being an ancestor to be proud of, your own dear self. The Penfields were good farmers, good citizens, and the most of them, at least were good Christian men. The Jeffersons were farmers, too. They may have boasted of a greater brain power, by and large, but the most of them were a bit restless, never accomplishing what was in their vision--possibly because they knew but little of the Christian God, and thought that they, alone, were responsible for their success.

With so very much of love for you all, dear children--

Mother.

Los Angeles, May 22 1933

Dear Helen and Wilder:

I was so glad to have those clippings, Helen dear, and when I read the tribute paid to you, Wilder dear, "Dr. Penfield is recognized as one of the very foremost brain surgeons in the world," I sort of choked up---that was my baby boy, my own little boy who was being called "one of the foremost surgeons of the world" and I wished, so much, that his father might know of that. Then I hoped that his grandfather might be knowing it too---how glad and proud he would have been! A well-earned tribute, my dear boy. Then that little wail of Helen's when she said, "I am planning the garden for the farm, I wish I had help from some one who really knows!"---Well, my dear girl--you need help from one who really knows. How is it possible for an amateur to plan so large a proposition? It is such a beautiful point and there is so much there to make a really show place <sup>of</sup> and not have <sup>it</sup> so terribly expensive, either. Just the proper using of material already on the ground, but only a professional, "one who knows" can plan it for you. You would put in so much time, money and labor just feeling your way along. At Galahad, I insisted on a landscape gardener making a blue print of what should <sup>be</sup> go in and where it should go in, so that we might put things <sup>as</sup> we could and know that we were working towards a beautiful picture for "some-time." It was a real <sup>mental</sup> relief; that it was not carried out was not the fault of the plan.

Of course, I have been thinking of the joy that would come to you to see the working out of a landscape plan, and I @o

hope and pray that you can have some one make you a real  
*Das*-not entirely his thought, but his thought in conjunction  
with your desires. *And suggestions*

Since being here in bed, I have watched for any good ideas  
that might be given in the papers and magazines that come to  
me, for, as long as I am here in this world I shall be hoping  
and expecting to have a wonderful garden somewhere. *Some time-*

The ruins of the burned barn is such a wonderful place to  
plan one of the gardens, with seats to make it comfortable  
and inviting, but it needs to be well planned.

Just now I am intrigued with a description of a Hollyhock  
lane that would lead some where. I suppose every lane or  
path should lead up to something beautiful as a beautiful  
surprise at the end. A lane, as I take it, would mean where  
autos would run. And lilacs---such a beautiful lane in  
another place. Trees? you must have so many of them----  
apple trees in full bloom along a hedge or lane would be some  
thing to invite your friends to see.

Of course, my thought has been directed more to things that  
would grow in California---but there are some things that  
one loves that do better on your farm than out here. Oh  
plant big things---<sup>yes</sup> but just little pretty things to grow as  
specimen plants---but in quantities. Long hedges--like a  
fence covered with those beautiful single roses that bloom  
in the spring--I cannot think of the name now--- After their  
bloom is gone they make a beautiful background for other,  
later flowers. The Breeding heart in a proper setting  
are so lovely--borders of peonies--oh I should want a lot  
of them. Lilacs---could any place in a cold country be  
perfect without a lot of them? And ~~XXXXXX~~ grads! and

*Shenckee  
moo-*

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a lot of Dahlias! And roses? climbing roses, ever-blooming roses--Such a lot of them, all you can afford to buy of them. Then the shrubs, Mock Orange, that grows so high and spreading that can lighten up almost any corner-- Forsythia that is such a beautiful bright yellow in the spring--Oh quantities of beauties that I do not have in my mind just this minute. Borders and borders of bulbous plants--Borders of the annuals that one could not afford to miss--petunias, drummond phlox, more petunias--I wonder if you will recall the borders of those two that lined the red brick walk leading over to Sarras? Zinnias to brighten things towards fall. Terraces of grapes, berries, or other fruits going down to the lake--with stepping stones--or steps to walk up. The old cement floors of the barn would be usable in many ways.

In front of each summer tent there would be a beautiful vista of that glorious lake, trees or flowering shrubs or plants. The summer tents would be like a white avenue through a green setting, looking up from the lake. Green Point Farm would be a feature in Montreal advertising. Over some of the walks there would be supports for many kinds of vines.

Winter beauties? Think of the many evergreens that could be planted in strategic places so that in the snow they would satisfy the eye, even as the flowers in summer.

I have not mentioned half of the lovely things to do in and for that garden--but it must be worked up to a plan. A plan drawn up by "some one who knows." Such restful fun lies before you. Much can be transplanted from the farm itself and placed in the proper surroundings to bring out their full beauties. Other cottages will be built in time,

to provide room for tenants for the summer. But no cottage you would build will have half the charm of the old farmhouse.

You have asked if I would like to come to Canada to live. Now let me try to tell you my thoughts on that. On Mother's day, Wilder, you said that if I were nearer, you would pack up and dash off to visit with me. Did I not long to have that come true? You tell me many interesting things about the children--Do I not want them to know and love me, as I want to know and love them? I am not content to lose all of their youth--and I want to leave a memory with them when the time comes for me to go on to another environment and consciousness.

I do not <sup>yearn</sup> the winter, houses are more warmly built in the cold countries than they are here. I should not consent to go and be in the house with you and Helen and the children. It would not be right for you or for me.

I can only make suggestions of what would be best if I should go to you, because I do not know all of the conditions that would surround such suggestions.

If I should go, Mrs. Mills would be glad to go with me ~~as~~ in whatever capacity ~~xxxxxx~~ she would be needed. "Companion" we will say. I could not go until I am able to step up on the steps of train or auto. even though I should need the wheel~~ed~~ chair for walking. My arms are weak from the lame-ness ~~caused~~ by--what? I said neuritis--and you questioned it so I do not name it now. But I cannot dress myself or comb my hair. Mrs. Mills knows how to do all things for me. Well there are many reasons why it would seem imperative to have her with me. She has never lived any where but in California

and is quite curious about the Eastern world. Leading up to what? Would you be willing that we come and live in the farmhouse? I warrant you it is a well-built house. Others have lived in it winters, why not we? Air-tight wood stoves, as well as coal stoves keep a house very warm, night and day, if so desired. It would be fun to try that life. I might not be able to master those stairs for a while, but I would not have to, for Mrs. Mills and I could have single beds in the living room down stairs, the dining room could also be living room. We would probably eat in the kitchen when we were alone. That would leave the upstairs for you when you all came out for skiing.

Another reason for my going to Montreal would be that it would be quite a bit cheaper for you while I am not able to get anything from the estate. There would be no rent to pay for the farmhouse, and there would be no exchange on checks.

Mrs. Mills and I could look after the garden in the spring, Jackson would look after wood, milk, eggs etc. for us. We should not be lonely for we always have much to do with reading etc. And then we should see you, ~~zlxzxzxzxzxzxzxzx~~ the whole family of you, every few weeks. Of course I should hope to have a small radio.-----and, perhaps a few house plants and--well perhaps a bird and a dog. And---- I did not intend telling you, but Sarai, the wife of Abram is beginning to stir my heart to telling her story to you, to all my family--but you two will keep that as a secret until I really do something with it. It has always been that as soon as I would want to get to work, it must needs be laid aside because of some other need. I thought I should never

undertake it again---but it won't leave me alone. At the farm with books and typewriter I should be able to concentrate my mind on it. So--I want to try it again. Mrs. Mills and Miss Young are very anxious that I should try again, and when Mrs. Mills told Mr. Ayling of it he said "That is, perhaps, the very thing that she needs."

It would be a pull to leave the family here, but just the same I should like to go to you for a year or two, if it should seem best for us both.

I presume one thing that would have to be done would be to get plenty of water for the place--but what garden is not made more beautiful and distinctive when a windmill is installed--a wind mill to pump the water could serve many purposes, I imagine.

With all love,  
Mother.

Los Angeles,  
May 29 1933

Dear Wilder:

A little five year old girl in the neighborhood called out to Mr. Mills, "Are you doing the washing?" "Yes I always wash on Tuesday." "Where is your wife?" "Oh she is in the house." "Well---- I guess wives get that way sometimes." Georgia May is very fond of Mrs Mills, and felt an excuse was needed. In thinking of the last letter I wrote you I can say "Well I guess even mothers, after lying in bed for a long time "Get that way sometimes." They get to dreaming and say what comes into the dream, not what is their real thought, perhaps.

You are at perfect liberty to laugh at the dream of last week. In thinking of seeing you and yours again, my reason became smothered in a dream that would be very foolish to try and make come true. The thought of saving rent money and exchange, got quite tangled up. I only hope that you did not take it seriously.

I am still entangled with the dream of gardens, and I know Helen is still planning, too. Many of the things I am thinking of are of gardens in a colder climate than we have here. I wonder if Helen would care to have me send her some of the things that have interested me. I will send a sample here and if she cares for more, please tell me.

I am also enclosing a Macy refund that has just been found amongst some letters etc. As it was issued to me

while I was with you in 1930 I do not know if anything can be done about it, but I will endorse it and it may be given to the grandchild that needs it the most. mind

But there is a point that is permanent in my ~~mind~~, and is not dreaming---how can I make your burden lighter--How can I do with less money? Or, needing so much how can I make it cost you less?

Jack was to pay \$25 to me and the same amount to Addie-- He has kept it up pretty well except during the summer. I may get \$25. from him for June, but not for July, August, and probably September. The failure of the bank (which shows no signs of life, as yet) coupled with the necessity of a nurse during my five weeks of helplessness ~~and~~ together with the trying to pay up the debts incurred while Ruth and I were both in need of help in Hermosa, seems to keep me pretty close as to spending power. The failure of the estate money has been pretty bad just at this time, and the clling on you----Oh dear me, you know how I feel, what is the use of reviewing it?

I am getting better, it seems as if each day I can feel a difference. I cannot get on my feet as yet, but I am doing some exercising to the radio music each morning and it seems to be limbering me up a bit as to the rest of my body. I begin to feel more life everywhere. I am very anxious to get control of my body so that I shall not be such a burden to myself and you.

To go back to that silly dream--As soon as I can get on my feet there can be some other arrangements made, surely, so that my expenses shall not be so much. I shall be ready and willing to do anything and everything that you and Herbert decide will be best for me to do, for we shall all be shown the right way.

With all love for you all, Mother.

1132 La Pere Drive  
Los Angeles, California.  
Dear Wilder and Helen

This morning I heard from the receiver of the Hermosa Bank. I have the promise now, of their beginning to pay dividends--sometime. Soon, I hope. Of course that will give me no money, but will---when paid-- go far towards paying some rather annoying debts.

My teeth are in pretty bad shape, and must be looked after. I have enough to warrant me in looking up a dentist who will come and look my mouth over, and give me some idea of how it will cost me to be clean---meaning that I am conscious of pus in some of the teeth--- and of how much it will cost to have a brand new set. My mouth neither looks well nor feels well, at present. I have no hope of saving any of them. Nuff sed.

Later---Armour has just been here--came in for a little ~~call~~ call on his way home from examinations---Aunt Addie is with them this week and--Armour says--she is going to stay there that she shall not go back to the Penfields, that she is not happy there, that she does so much work that she looked like a ghost when she came to them, and looks so much better and happier already. Well George does not like Armour---Armour does not like George. There are no conveniences out on George's little farm, and there is any amount of work to be done, and where there is work to be

done

I do not think, for a moment that Aunt Addie has not been happy with George and Ann.

in the range of Addie's eyes and hands--I should like to see any one keep her from doing it. She is not able to do it and she uses but little judgement in the doing of it, so she over-does and is sick in bed. Another thing, we do not all wear the same kind of glasses, and if one does not like any one all sorts of colored are worn that do not carry truth to the one wearing them. George and Ann mean to do the right thing, but neither one of them has come in contact with people who insist on doing more than their share of the carrying of burdens--etc, etc.

On the other hand, it is lovely that Aunt Addie will be with Armour and Elizabeth for a while. She will be happy and so will they. But I hope that I may get on my feet before long---then what? Oh I do not know, but Addie should be with me, I imagine.

The French neighbors have gone away and their house has gone back to the one who holds the mortgage. A family has moved whether they have bought or are renting, I do not know. It looks as if they were Jews, a mother and two sons, past twenty one, at least. A big dog who shows himself to be quite the gentleman, and a tiny cat. But here is the point--immediately they began dressing the garden, adopting all of beauty that was always there, and adding plants. The great improvement is that they are making a wonderful sitting-room outside under the big fig-tree. Using the posts of the swing for vines, and hanging baskets on the arms of the swing in which are plants that droop down to add to the beauty. A friend was with "her"--- do not know her name, as yet, yesterday afternoon, they were sitting under the trees, making such a pretty picture, and "she" went into the house

soon appearing with two trays with tea, and things. Are you glad for me to be near that kind of a neighbor? The garden has always been a joy to me, but it is lovelier than ever now.

And the paper says that another heat wave is with you! I never saw a Californian who complained much of the winter cold of the east---but complained much of the heat. Oh I am glad that I am not east of the rockies this year. Is it cooler at the Lake--at the farm? but, of course it must be. And I hope, Wilder, that you will be able to spend more than just a day or two there. Today seems warm--outside. But in the house it never gets too warm--or did not, last summer.

I was glad to hear of the Cones--oh I hope they will not grow too far apart--but what is there to hold them together? indeed, it has always seemed as though they never were so very congenial--- I know that you found Wilder Jr. good company on your trip to Plattsburg, he is a darling boy and one to be proud of, I don't care if his school ~~marks~~ marks do not make you proud. And Ruth Mary's soap figures?--- Could you set that broken neck so that it will heal? To lose 20 lbs. before she can ride the pony? Imagine!

Last Sunday was the first time I have listened in to Seth Parker, somehow something always happens to prevent my hearing him. He seemed a little overcome by "father's day---I will hear him again. So many good programs come over the radio!

Hartley has been home all the week, suffering from poison ivy--or perhaps poison oak. I never knew that so

much of trouble could come from that. Mrs. Mills has been pretty busy, for although he is about the house and can wait on himself, to a certain extent, his arms need dressing, and like all mother-boys he does need some of her time.

With all of love for you  
and all the members of your family, a big slice of it  
for Mother K.

Mother.

Los Angeles,  
June 13 1933  
Dear Wilder:

Some way I want to have a real personal visit with you, this morning. That does not mean that I want to shut Helen out, I expect that she will read all that I say, but I want to direct my conversation directly to you. Fifty-five years ago today fairly large picnic party left Oberlin for a day in the country and beside the Lake. It must have been Lake Erie, must it not? I knew some of the boys but not one of the girls, and they showed, very clearly that they were willing that I should not know them any better for the day which we were to spend together. I was not left alone, the boys were all of them good to me, and I had a good time in spite of the rather annoying feeling that I was not entirely wanted by the girls. If your father sensed the almost unkindness of the girls, he said nothing, but saw to it that I was not left alone by myself. He had given me a fine bow with the proper number of arrows, and when the crowd shot at targets, I did not have to depend, altogether, on his finding the arrows and fitting them to the bow for me. I had a good time--perhaps some of the boys felt that I might be somewhat isolated by the attitude of the girls, and so made things, perhaps, worse by being extra kind to me. When we went on the lake, the others went in a big sail-boat, I went with your father in a row-boat. When we had lunch, I was not given the opportunity to help set the table and prepare the meal, and I did not know how to force myself in, so I handed over my basket to the busy ones, and your father and some of the boys and

I had fun by ourselves, when everything was ready your father and I had our lunch a bit apart from the rest, the boys linked us to the crowd by waiting on me and calling out to me, evidently helping your father take care of the girl for whom he was responsible and join us up to the crowd, but the girls still held aloof. I have been thinking over that day, and wondering if girls are as "catty" (with apologies to all nice cats) as they used to be. What was the trouble? I suppose that it had some connection with the fact that your father and his chum, Wilder Metcalf, were acknowledged to be the greatest "catches" in college. Principally because they had not been particularly gallant to other girls. Wilder Metcalf was engaged to a girl who did not go to Oberlin, and he did not care for other girls, and your father was there for study and knew he could not afford to mix with girls then. I had a chum, too, who was engaged to be married to some one not in Oberlin. So, we captured the two whom others had not been able to interest, and that lovely June day when the other boys, some of whom I had met, were kind to me, the stranger, ~~xxx~~ their partners resented it and a vicious circle was made the more the boys were kind the more the girls were unkind. That night, on the drive home your father asked me to marry him when should be through medical college and had made a place for himself three years, at least from then. We always, in our earlier married life celebrated the 13th. of June really more than the 23rd. of December, our wedding day. So, this ~~day~~ anniversary day always obtrudes itself in my memories.

I was so thankful to get your letter of the 4th. and to

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receive the one written the 6th, two days later. I think it was two weeks that you missed writing instead of one and I was troubled. But these two letters were just what I wanted, dear.

My special conversation is over now, and I am writing to you and Helen. I am so glad that you care for the clippings on gardening, Helen dear, for it is so much fun to talk to you on the subject in which we are both interested, by bringing in some little authority.

"Gardening is mostly dreaming" says Wilder. Why need it be only dreaming? Why should not we plant the seed, watch it grow and come to fruition? Why should not "grand" gardens be built---a little at a time, and so extend the first joy of dreaming. We want a dream garden, of course, that is what a real garden becomes, a place in which to dream. It does not need to be expensive and it does not need to be all done in a single year. There are many good things in your Canadian woods that will enrich your garden and at the same time prove to keep the children interested in growing things that will be a real education for them. Helen always has to think a good bit each summer to keep the children and their friends who spend weeks with you interested and busy. Building walks take time but Wilder Jr. and his friends can do much if a little direction is given them. The great thing to remember, I suppose, in the building of walks is that every walk must end in something delightful. A seat where one can rest and enjoy a new picture of real beauty. You have such a wonderful background for so much of beauty in that lake, so many paths must lead up from it

and down to it. Different paths leading up from the wharf that will be such a joy for a visitor in approaching the house, and the next thing I send will be an article on borders for paths. This article is on annuals for borders, but there are so many of perennials that will be coming on for other borders.

Many years ago I read a delightful by Celia Thaxton telling of her island summer home, on the Atlantic coast. She had to depend almost entirely on annuals. Many of them she planted in egg-shells and carried to the island home when the weather was warm enough to plant them. The little plants were all ready to put in the beds, eggshells and all. by gently breaking the shell about as they were ready for their permanent home freed the little roots but did not disturb them so that they never knew they were moved and kept right on growing. But you will have enough people on the farm to care for your beds through the winter, or when you are not there, and you have some soil, which garden did not have except as it was carted, or boated in.

If you are only able to make one or two borders each summer, begin and the first thing you know you will have a glorious garden with a bordered path to each tent, so that one may recognize his summer sleeping place by the flowers that line the path. And the path may be planned and the plants put in even before the path is made permanent. Old bricks, old pieces of cement, new boulders and smaller stones that will be found along the lake will be brought in gradually to make those paths permanent without costing a cent. Pick up every old brick from the ruins around the lake to use, for, to my notion there is nothing so beautiful for paths.

I am so interested in Wilder's trying to find the one musical instrument that will appeal to him. A banjo, a guitar or something that you can learn easily and take about with you to amuse others is a great asset in a boy's fun later on. The piano will give him real musical education that will help in the use of the smaller instruments. Of course, the violin is a beautiful instrument, but it is a life work, like the piano.

I am glad too, that Ruth May is doing well in her piano work, and I am particularly interested in her bits of sculpture. I hope she will do real work with that. How I wish I could see some of her work.

Dear Priscilla, she is not satisfied when she looks in the mirror? Tell her to watch for the expressions she sees there. To see the beauty that comes in a happy, jolly expression and how ugly even the very prettiest face becomes when ugly thoughts have hold of one. A pretty face is an asset, of course, but how horridly tiresome ~~xxxx~~ it becomes when that is the only beauty that the face can show. It is right that she should want to be attractive to every one, but sometimes even the very plainest face (and she has not that) will become so interesting and lovely when happiness and love shines forth. She she can see something beautiful when she looks in the mirror if she has the reflection of a lovely thought looking back at her.

So Jeff is teaching Priscilla something about the art of using one of Nature's weapons--the fists! Perhaps, then, Priscilla will not need to look in the mirror to see what an ugly ~~XXXXX~~ look comes to the face when one is angry. --- And perhaps she will want to help Jeff not to have that

look, if she can possibly help it. Well---children in even the best families quarrel sometimes!

I wish Ray had dated that letter you found in the Dickens volume. It must have been some years ago. It was nice to read it again.

I am very certain that "Mother K." is enjoying herself. Please give her my love, and when she comes home she will, perhaps come and tell me all about her visit?

I cannot visualize the farm as well as I wish I could, it gets all mixed up with the Murray cottage. I would like to send a warm greeting to Mrs. Murray, too. And tell me about Bob.

I do not know how Herbert's business is coming on, he does not seem as happy over it as I wish he were. He means to sell their home as soon as possible, and "rent one that will not take so much to keep up." I do not know how near through Jack is with the payments to Addie, but he cannot pay anything during the summer, of course. He has nothing ahead. His home is for sale or trade. He must get nearer the school. He sees so little of the boys, and they need some one to look after them, so very much. Jack does the best he knows how, and he will train them for good living here, but the niceties of life do not seem so important to him, and they do need a mother's care so very much.

I am so glad that there is a place for the Macy re-fund. I wish I had another one for Ruth Mary's birthday. Give them all a good hug from me, won't you, please.

Loving you with all of me,

Mother.

July 3, 1933

My Wilder and Helen:

It has been two full weeks since I wrote you, I fear, and I do not seem to have an adequate excuse to offer--neither illness, nor business nor company. Nothing but extreme laziness. I am going to make an attempt at an excuse, however---take it for what it is worth. For a long time I have been too nervous to sleep at night very well, but lately I have been sleeping better, with the result that I am sleepy and inactive almost all day. That is beginning to make me feel that things are crowding up on me. So many things are lying around waiting for me to do them. Letters, principally--but that shows me that I have not quite lost the saving grace of a conscience, so that I am hoping to spur my ambition enough so I shall be forced to wake up. The pillows behind my back on the very comfortable back-rest are pulling me mightily right this minute. Mrs. Mills threatened me, as she left the room a while ago--"If you don't write that letter, I shall be back again"--- I do not know what she means to do to me if I do not keep on writing, but she tried to look very threatening.

*rest*

I had just finished writing that and had yielded to the call of the pillows, almost asleep again, when Mr. Mills suddenly appeared at the door, I asked him if Mrs. Mills had sent him with a big stick---he was so surprised at my question that he had nothing to say--he left the room after asking me if I had some paste or mucilage--and I was so surprised at his question, that I did not seem to make myself

very intelligible, and he left puzzled to report--what? -I do not know but Mrs. Mills came in and asked me what was the matter? She went to my drawer and pulled out some mucilage and triumphantly showed me---as if I know what is in those drawers!---I have not seen the inside of them -for years. Now I will give some items of news that may seem more sensible to you---- item 1---The Flowering maple is looking fine. The yellowed leaves are dropping off, the green leaves are growing and shining like satin in the sun, and the flower bells hang down big and beautiful. It is beginning to show from the street and Mrs. Mills has been asked about it. item 2 (Oh I want to lie back on the pillows) --School is over for Armor and Elizabeth--and they are just back from a week' trip to Lake Tahoe--I have not seen them, Elizabeth phoned Saturday that they had a wonderful time and they both felt like fighting cocks and ready for another year of work.

John Gerold spent the week with Auntie Faith. I hear that Faith had a wonderful week with him--I have not seen K her since I received the news--relayed by Armor--that she has started on the long, joyful nine months journey, and is as happy as Faith would be over the thought of the journey's end. Faith and <sup>Jane</sup> Jean have no car, so I can only see her when someone goes for her and brings her here.

item 3-- Herbert and Mary were here last evening, and told me that George had found a job for Wilder at the Firestone Tire Co. and they were happy. The Kiwanians had a convention in Los A. last week and Jean had had a most wonderful week. The intelligence bureau of the convention had given her a place to work at the Biltmore, where they held their convention, and she had the opportunity of meeting many of the old

friends of Herbert's and Mary's made when Herbert was ~~Governor~~ Governor of the Kiwanians. Every one was so good to her, entertained her and visited with her etc. She had a chance to introduce many of them to Pat--who was one of the younger hostesses--and have the experience of, after the introduction and the proper greetings, having them turn back to her as being the real person in whom they were interested. However, some of them told her that Pat was the prettiest girl on the dance floor--and she glowed over that. Besides all of the excitement and joy, she made \$35.

item 4. George has been doing so much extra work for Firestone--Wilder says that they tell him, in the shop, that George is the best tire maker of them all---that he made 102 dollars the past two weeks.---but he has been having so little coming in for so long that it left his pocket almost before he sensed that it was there. item 5. Ann has gone back to work, too.

The next cannot be called an item, for it is too hazy in my mind. Armor brought Aunt Addie in here to spend the day with me week before last. He said that she was going to stay with them, that George was not the one to take care of her---When questioned, Aunt Addie said no, she had not left ~~George's~~ George's, that she was going back again. And when Armor and Elizabeth went for their vacation she did not <sup>20</sup>back--it was necessary, for she could not have taken care of that dear heavy baby, she is too wobbly on her feet, and there was so much assurance in Armor's voice that she "should not go back to the Penfield's", that I did not dare question Mary and Herbert last night, for fear I might start something.

I have not seen nor heard from, or of, Jack. I am waiting, with what patience I possess, to see Elizabeth and get the news, the real news, of all the family. I have heard that Armor has a "job"--- to take effect immediately--but I don't know, yet.

I cut out this piece of soap sculpture picture to send to Ruth Mary to ask if that was considered beautiful from her standard. The work may be well done, but why such a queer subject? I am asking for information.

I hope that you are getting some rest at the Lake--- I hope that Helen is feeling very much better, I am sure that she is having a wonderful visit with her mother. Tell me all that you have time for about the children, Helen and yourself. I promise to keep awake while reading the letter, no matter how long it may be.

I felt so sorry to hear that poor Beth Hibben had lost both father and mother and that her little boy is so afflicted. If Doctors can do nothing, would it not be possible to try what God could do? Oh have I said too much? It is only that I am so sorry for her, dear.

I love you all, very dearly,

Your Mother.

*Give my special love to Mother K.*

Los Angeles

July 9 1933

Dear Wilder and Helen:

I had just written "Los Angeles" when Willis and Margaret and the two babies came and so I did not go on--now it is almost supper time, I have had a little rest in between and feel refreshed.

I am glad that the heat has broken in the east, and do hope that the rest of the summer will be ideal weather for you all.

I am so glad to hear that dear little Jeff is well again and hope that every one of you are feeling quite all right.

I did not know that Dr. and Ned had been on a Wisconsin farm--goodness but they are exclusive! Oh well, they have their very good reasons, I expect.

How long will Helen and the children be at the farm? You will surely take some real time off for your summer trip there? I expect that all of a sudden, some day, your plans for next will become as clear as print and you will wonder how in the world you could have had so much trouble in finding the the clue---perhaps your very next letter will tell me about it.

Yes, the American dollar is falling, and prices are going up so very fast. We shall have to have some more laws made to govern prices or we shall all be swamped. Wilder had a good time, I am sure--and I hope he will be glad to be home again.

No war! The gold <sup>belc</sup> nations are scared to death of England

and America, and have been trying to throttle them by debt settlements etc. before the money standard has been settled. Each nation thinking of their own interests rather than world interests. They have thought that way for so long it is hard to break old fears and have faith in the honor ~~of~~ of the other fellow. Each nation thinks "We are honest" but we must watch the other fellow--he certainly has some trick up his sleeve." Uncle Sam has always been such a gullible fool that now he has entered world politics and shows some ability to look out for himself, France, at least, feels defrauded. I believe England and the U.S. understand each other better, and in time they, the two greatest really civilized nations will be able to straighten things out. Russia and Germany are not really civilized as yet. Some one over the radio this morning said something like this--One thing we can say for Hitler he is the greatest news-maker in the world. You think he has been set back and quieted, and all of a sudden he breaks out of the blue like a flash of lightning with another radical move, and we have to go to work again to settle him." Russia is a barbarian, Germany is killing herself. Too bad--- France, to my way of thinking has no honor to lose and no one loves or trusts her. She would stick a knife into the heart of any one to further her own interest. At the same time, God governs the world and the right will have the power when things settle down. Every nation and every individual needs to watch his step to be sure that he has chosen the right. What a terrible housecleaning has been going on in this poor old, bewildered world---but I if any nation wants to fight. Fear has blinded our eyes.

doubt

Gradually things will settle, some leader whom all of the nations can trust will come and show us that there is nothing to fear---and we shall then begin to really live as we have never lived before.

In reality there is more of good than bad in all of us and we shall find that out---even France will lose her insane fear. Life would begin to be worth living then. And this is no pipe-dream.

Do you know, I cannot visualize Green Point at all well. I find that my mind sees the Murray place, and I say--"No that is not right"--and then I am so confused and disgusted. But I did not live at Green Point--I only went there "by the day" as it were.

This attempt at writing a letter has been many times interrupted, and I do not know now--Monday afternoon \$: 15 just what I was thinking and writing about.

Little "Margie" is growing beautiful--such a soft, pink and white, jolly, little darling. Willis and Margaret had planned on having a beautiful vacation but the baby is nursing and doing so well that they cannot feel it right to disturb her in any way until she is ready to be weaned.

of  
The Goldmark Band ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> New York is on the radio now--Do you listen in to it? Fine music. I must listen. Oh Wilder how I wish I could have a little talk with you all alone by ourselves, I seem to feel the human need of you and your

and your understanding love. I shall get hold of myself soon, however, and everything will get into running order with me, as it will with the world and you and your problems. No, it is nothing that you can do at this distance. It is just the reassurance that will come when I can see things a little more clearly than I am seeing them now. Nothing to worry about--such feelings come to us all at times, and it is usually found that each one is able, with God's help, to work it out quite all right. That was a cowardly cry to you, my dear boy--a weakness of which I am ashamed. God does not help us, exactly, it is more that God gives us wisdom and in that way shows us the way out--For I suppose there is always a right way out--and to show us how to find that way is far better than lifting us over and out. Night warh?

And now, supper is over, the lights are on, it will not be long before Mrs. Mills comes in for our evening together, perhaps a story, perhaps some political article, perhaps something else of interest, then something to go to bed on--something to think about during the sometimes-very-long night.

Good night to you, dear children.

Mother

Los Angeles  
July 16 1933  
My Dears:

I suppose a person writes a better letter when he is telling a story in which he has been greatly interested---- I would copy the whole of this little story, but it seems a little too long, so I finish it by cutting out from the page of the Atlantic.-----I was curious to know how it would strike Ruth Mary and Wilder Jr. If it interested them, and what each one got out of it-----

I am delighted that I was able to send Helen something that gave her a usable idea for her farm garden.

Is the Dr. Keppel who wrote "President Lowell and His ~~INFLUENCE~~ Influence" your friend in Riverdale? I think he must be-- Frederick P. Kepple--"Through two decades he was at Columbia University," for eight years Dean of the College----- I did not finish about him until after I had asked you that unnecessary question--for, farther on it says, "Since 1923 he has been President of the Carnegie Corporation." That answers my question in the affirmative.

July 19--

I was interrupted by a visit from Addie, and have not seemed to be able to get things together to finish the letter until this afternoon. Let me see, what have I learned of news the past few days-- I am devoid of any ideas that seem to be best to pass on-- in other, and plainer words, I cannot shake off a feeling of absolute "dumbness." Yet, I want to write, I want to get

in touch with you, it would do me good, and there is no other way except by writing.

Armor thinks it may work out that he can go east for medical education in the fall. Minneapolis, I suppose--I did not get this directly from either Armor nor Elizabeth--- Then, if Elizabeth can get a school she and the baby will be with Jack for the school year--that will give her the opportunity of looking after the little boys a bit and a place to leave the baby and divide up expenses with her father. Perhaps that will work all right--but I do wonder a little bit.

It seems as if the world goes on at a swift pace, so many changes come to the family and I cannot keep up with them. I get somewhat bewildered when I attempt to do so---and yet, the family does not seem to think things move very fast---

To them, too, it seems as though I was not getting along very fast because I cannot walk yet.--that is because they are moving so fast, I suppose. To me, knowing as I do how far down I was, it seems as if the changes that are taking place in me are moving, perhaps not at a rapid rate, but in a very progressive, sure pace. I am improving--and some day I shall walk and do the things I ought to do. Some day I shall be able to wait on myself--and some day, something will be coming in from the estate, and some day I shall write you that I shall need no more money from my darling Montreal children, and then, some day I shall begin sending checks back to you. All of that needs to come slowly, for if it all came at as fast a pace as the rest of the family are moving, the excitement and happiness would be more than

I could bear--and it might be more than you could bear--it would be such a surprise to have some one sending things like checks, to you, rather than holding out their hands waiting for checks from you. However I should not hesitate in taking the risk, if I should have the sudden opportunity of sending a check to you.

Every bit of news that comes from you to me is still mulled over and over and is of great interest. Keep on sending news of all of you.

Mrs. Mills has been trying to get in a message to you to be sent "the next time you write." Here it is--She wants you to know how very grateful she is to you for all the things you did, and left for the comfort of this room, the patient and the nurse. The bed, the commode, the "cashew nut" urinal, etc. etc. The tray that you gave me in Hermosa, has been such a comfort, and Mr. Mills has made another one for her, perhaps a trifle larger, so that when Addie or Elizabeth is here, she can serve a lunch for them at the same time that I am eating. He painted it in greens to match the room. It is a great success. The Flowering Maple is more lovely than ever--it is just one mass of buds. There never seem to be any dead or dying flowers on it, for as the flowers fade they shrivel up and look like more buds, and then drop off.

With all love to you all,

Mother and grandmother.

I meant to say that Clara did not see Herbert  
and was very much disappointed--- You will  
write them?

Los Angeles  
September 27 1933  
Dear Children:

Mrs.Mills has been taking a ten day vacation from her constant attendance on me---a rest she needed very much. She had Mrs.Atkinson,a nurse I had had when I needed extra nursing,come and stay with me. Mrs.Atkinson is very good, I like her,but oh I am so glad to have Mrs.Mills back with me again. She could not afford to go away from home,so was in the house here---but down town--dining out with friends--playing bridge--going to entertainments--etc. Getting more sleep and having time to herself for extra studying.

I was so interested in the story of the moving picture, written,directed,acted and camera shot,by the children and their two friends. How I should have liked to have seen it! What a beautiful memory of the summer has been stored away in their memories of this summer!

You knew that Dorothy Lenroot Bramberg was living in Los Angeles and died last week of a very rare disease---when the white blood corpuscles changed color--- Judge Lenroot,his wife and daughter Katherine came out by train and plane--but did not see her before she passed on. They took her back to Superior to be laid away,Mr.B.going back with them for the funeral. Herbert represented me by going to see them. Mrs Lenroot was out doing some necessary shopping,with her sister who came up from San Diego as soon as she heard of Dorothy's illness,and was with her at the last.Clara and Bert

tha spent an hour or two with me--I had a moment with Katherine, too, but did not see Irvine.

Here was the gist of the visit---I showed them that etching of the wind over the trees on the prairie--the one you are have. Mary had brought it here to hang on my wall---Clara could see how it would remind me of a certain summer in our two lives---and said, "There never was any one who knew just what that sweet summer meant to us---and no one living now who knows anything about it. That is a memory that is ours only. Such tender memories are left with us, all of the hard things that came afterwards forgotten leaving only a marvelous memory. As I look at that picture and remember, I can not help but wonder that it should happen that you who are seventy-five years old, and I, who am seventy-seven years old should have been allowed to have this visit and have the joy of renewing the happiness of that sacred memory.----- Perhaps, when that picture hangs on your wall, the knowledge of what memories surround it for us two old friends, will make it seem very valuable to you.

Mary brought over another one of my etchings for my wall. A more valuable etching but not so rich in associations. ~~ix~~ They make my room look more nearly right.

Let me know if any one cared for the story of the tuna fishing.

Dorothy Mills has been having a lovely vacation--She and a girl friend took the car and went up to Arrowhead Springs in a rented cabin, for a week--and came home down through Imperia Valleystopping at Indio and Brawley, and on to Palm Springs for a day and night. It was Palm Springs that made me think of the Garden of Eden when, after the yielding to the tempta-

tion of the serpent, Adam and Eve hid away from God as He walked in the garden in the cool of the evening and called "Adam where art thou?"---I hear, too, Jean what are the thoughts dwelling in your consciousness?-----When I was there, I looked down on that grove of tall palm trees from above, and my thoughts were solemn ones.

Tomorrow is Herbert's birthday. Mary attended a Dahlia show in town the other day and bought a lovely Rex begonia for me putting with a card with these words on it. "This is to celebrate Sept. 28 many years ago when you had a lovely baby and kept him so dear and good to share with me." I do not remember any birthdays, of course, and this card brought a wonderful glow of love into my heart. This month is rich in birthdays here.

I have looked out of the window at the Maple tree--it is beginning to lose its leaves for the winter now--but new buds of flowers are still coming--- and I have thought with you how wonderful it would be if you could hop in and have a good visit with me---darting back to your work when the telephone should call you. I am glad of the news of the growing Institute---Oh how busy, with so many things, you are! You may be very weary at times, still you are happy in the busy life because it does fill almost your whole day.

I had such a sweet letter from Faith--so happy--so longing for her mother--so depending on Margaret who seems more than ever like Ruth. Her time is drawing near... "Oácar" she calls him for who I am making the little blanket--- I forgot to

m on that word --I meant to say for whom I am making the blanket--and I have no pencil handy to make the correction--and I know I shall seal this letter before I get one. I love you all,dearly and dearly. I do not seem to accomplish very much as the days go by--yet I seem to be always a bit busy. Some times I feel a little stale here in bed--and that would show that I was not quite busy enough-perhaps. Just now I am stopping writing because I feel overcome with the desire to sleep.

Your Mother.

I have just this moment heard--Aunt Addie telephoning to Mrs.Mills that I have another great granddaughter--Faith went to the hospital at three o'clock this morning--Elizabeth and Margaret are going over this evening--so I shall hear more particulars, later.

Mother

Friday evening August 25 1933

Dear Wilder:

Your letter of the 20th. came today and, as usual, was read-- and several times re-read. Your descriptions are so clear and beautiful--I could see the beautiful, quiet lake, the sunny meadow with its many shades of green, the sound of the sheep, and the far-distant shouts of the baseball (?) was in progress--and it was restful.

Helen had written about the boathouse and your getting breakfast over the campfire etc. But I did not get the full understanding until your letter came to piece out what I had not quite understood. Thank you both for your telling me that bit of the home farm life. You are at work with the coming lecture and your preparations for the coming year--and Helen and you leaving the family for a good part of the twenty-four hours will, I know do you both good. I do not quite know about "Elizabeth Jenks"--I seem to forget so many things that I should know--perhaps I would better say--thoughts have to make a rut in my mind lately before they leave an impression.

I think one of the best things you have said to me, lately, was in this letter--"I seem to drop care easily and completely" I am relieved. I think your fishing trip was a life saver for you. And what you said about the preparations for the laying of the Institute's corner stone made me stop and think, too.-- "A monastery" where you who know what that building really means can, you hope, disappear from public attention? But a monastery--does not often give a man

peace, does it?--but I know what you mean--a place where you can withdraw from the foolish talk of those who do not know, and quietly work for the relief of humanity-----  
A place where you can withdraw and listen for the still small voice to guide you in your unselfish work-----

Much to our surprise Will and Winifred came to see me one evening this week. They went to the Hollywood Bowl for a concert--and much to the surprise of Jack and themselves found Jack in charge of the ticket takers-----Jack came out here with them. Amongst other questions, Will asked if you had brought back with you that piece of sculpture you were wanting for the Institute---and I could not tell him.

I wish Dr. Sherrington might come over for the laying of the corner stone---it would seem to be a sort of proper inspiration for you. Rest you and enthuse you in the right way. I want to write more--but it is getting near bedtime, I will try and write Helen tomorrow and tell her about what Aunt Addie is planning for herself.

With all love for all of you~~x~~ my dear, dear boy--

Mother

Los Angeles--September 12 1933

Dear Helen and Wilder:

I suppose you are all at home now, and the children in school, and everything settled down for another year's whi#1-- And may it be the happiest of all of your Montreal years!

I am delighted to know that the farm cost you, this year, only \$135. You could not find a cheaper and more comfortable place for your summer camp? And next year it will pay all of your expenses, and the next year it will pay something over and let you put more into it, perhaps.

I wish one of you, if you ever find the time, would draw a plan of the whole property from road to lake so that I can see it.

I have hard time to visualize you at Green Point.

You said that Wilder was to enter public school this year? Won't that upset things for him a little? But you have looked it all over from every standpoint, as you two always do, and are pretty sure that it is the best thing all things considered, I know.

Elizabeth is back in her old school in Berverly Hills--"At home" as she and they, at the school seem to feel. She majored in History, for teaching, but has been teaching English all of the time. Now she is in the history department; glad, in a way, but having to block out a new path for herself. She came in to see me yesterday, has found a house within a few blocks of me, here, that she likes very much but does not know how it will look to Armor. On account of lack of funds the L.A. Schools have not known what they could do this year---The repairing of several schools on account of the earthquake of last year, having put a kink into some moneys, etc. So Elizabeth did not get her contract until Saturday---None of the teachers did until some

July

Time

during last week--She could not move until she knew if she were to get a school and where, she could not get some necessary shopping done until she knew if she were to teach, On account of strikes in the film industry which, if settled a certain way would affect Armor's work put him where he did not know what was to happen--so they have had a pretty long time to live in suspense. Yesterday she was obliged to do some shopping, and stumbled on this house on the way. But she has been too busy to let me know how things are coming. This change will probably send Aunt Addie back to George's. Each move on any one's part affects so many people. The whole Inglis Family had dinner at Jack's new home on Sunday. His new house (rented) has a large diningroom and two living rooms and high ceilings--so there was plenty of room. Each of them furnished part of the dinner making it a real indoor picnic. They had three cakes so each of the birthday guests, Willis, Bob and Aunt Addie (8th, 9th, and 10th, 10th) could have a cake with the proper candles. They had a most glorious time. You recall Jack's cousin Myrta Herbert? You know she teaches Art in one of the high schools of A. A. and lives withing a few blocks of Jack, now. That will be nice for both of them as they are very fond of each other. Willis and Margaret are building a new home at San Marino, within two miles of Jack's home, so there will be quite a colony of them there, especially as there is some hope that Faith, too, may be some where within hailing distance.

What course is Wilder looking towards? Is he doing anything with his drawing? And what is Ruth Mary doing with the "sculpting?" I wish I could see something of her work--- Tell me about Fraulein Bergman. Does she keep well and happy? How is Miss Lewis? And "Bill" and "Avis"? and "Ariel"?

I do not know if Herbert has written you about Jack? Things financially have come to quite a crisis, and it has taken quick action to head off some of his debtors from going to the school board with complaints. An action that would spell ruin for him. He has started on a healthy line of trying to right things and if he holds to it he will begin to see light ahead. He has a list of all that he owes that he keeps in his pocket--He has budgeted it so that each one is to have a certain amount paid to him on each pay day that comes to Jack. He thinks by the end of 1934 he will be able to clear off all of the debts---excepting the estate. When the present menace is met, then he will devote all of his energies to making payments on that debt. So it will be impossible for him to pay me anything before the year 34-35. The bank has paid a dividend of \$14.70--but when another dividend comes in I do not know. I am hoping that Herbert will be able to get something in from the estate, perhaps he will find a way.

I must tell you what happened to Wilder Bill the other day. You know that he has work with the Firestone Co. in San Francisco--His teeth had not been extracted, although X-rays had been taken and very little hope of saving any of them had been given him. The Drs. thought his rheumatism came from the teeth--- Well, it seemed best to come down from S.F. to have the dentist here take care of them. While here, he was on the streetcar and sat down in the end seat that faced the single seat against the car partition. In that seat was a young woman who seemed to have trouble in keeping awake--and her balance. Suddenly she lost it--the balance--and Wilder's quick action was all that saved her from a nasty blow on her face against the floor.

The conductor came to his assistance, and between them they got her back on the seat--by rubbing, and shaking, etc. They brought her to the statement of where she was going etc. She was a nurse, a call had come for her, she must be at the hospital at five o'clock sharp, to get the place--she had been out of work for some time, and must have the work for she was out of money. She had been out to a party the night before--- she must be at the hospital at five o'clock. And then came time for her to leave the car and catch another one that would pass the hospital. The conductor was fearful about letting her go alone--she might be arrested, etc. So Wilder--"Gee, what could I do but say that I would take her to her car and see that she was headed for the hospital?" The fresh air revived her somewhat so that he was able to keep her on her feet. He came to the car--and then--"Gee what could I do, who knew what would happen to her--I had to get on the car with her. I told the conductor that she was someone I had picked up and where she was going. He helped me get her in the car. The seats were those that ran lengthwise. We sat down and she began leaning up against me. Then she went to sleep again." Her head was on his shoulder, but kept slipping forward, so that he had to put his hand against her face to keep it up. Every one was looking at him. Then it came time to get her awake to get off the car. All sorts of advice was being given him. ---Wilder is rather shy of the spotlight---- But at last she began to waken--she looked around and rather truculantly wanted to know why all those people were looking at her. Then she began to shout for "Audray"--- But off the car at last--almost carrying her up to the back door of the hospital--and as they entered the door, the clock struck five!

The Maple tree has grown, and the top of it is just covered with beautiful big buds. One of the great pleasures about that tree is to watch the humming birds who drink and drink of its nectar.

A description of the Tuna fishing whose boats go out from San Pedro and San Diego was in the Sunday Times. It was as interesting as the old stories of the Whalers of years ago-- I mean to cut it out and send to Wilder, I think he would enjoy it. And recalling "Mobie" that Helen and I read together, I think you two would enjoy it, too. Even dear little Jeff would enjoy hearing about it.

Wilder, you will be coming to the West very soon now--but I suppose the South-West will still be too far away? Of course, I know you cannot come down here, and I shall not be unhappy about it. What cannot be, must be accepted without fuss. Priscilla and Jeff both begin school this year? Oh dear, how they grow up!

Your Mother has come home Helen? I hope I may see her soon. And your father and Ned? I hope they all had a glorious time this summer, and are glad to be home again.

Herbert is better of his neuritis. He is looking much better than a year ago. But Mary is not so very well. I think the worry of the past few years is telling on her just now when she needs the most strength. But she is a great comfort to me.

Since Bobs left the undertakers he has not found any work. It did not use to worry him so very much, but it does now. He has changed so much in looks--expression and manner. He has gained in force. Perhaps that expresses it as well as anything

I could say. He is just as dear as ever, and very thoughtful.

Every one was willing that Aunt Addie should think of the County Farm, and should go and see it--but when she kept on planning for it she found a stone wall and the family lined up against it. Jamie has found that he can send her five dollars a month, and the family in general will make up enough so that she can pay some little board wherever she may be staying, and have, at least, enough in her purse to pay carfare when she wants to go somewhere, and buy her toothpaste. Possibly a pair of shoes if she feels she really must have them.

I am sending you all love and more love--

Mother

Will Ruth Mary care for these pieces of Canadian money? They may buy some cones for her, possibly---- Mary gave them to me some time ago. I intended sending them to her to let her know that I remembered her birthday--but some way, I could not find them at the proper time.

Mrs Mills reminds me that I want to tell you  
Wilder that every time we have a Holiday she  
wishes we think of you

Los Angeles  
October 13, 1933

Dear Children:

I am not writing many letters, neither am I receiving many letters these days. Every one is busy in Montreal---And every one is busy here, so visitors are not as numerous, nor as frequent as they have been sometimes. ----But love does not fail, and that is the one great thing to rejoice in and be grateful for.

I am not quite ready for the coming of winter, and I find that you people who have suffered so much with the heat, this summer are feeling much the same way. We have had so little warm weather that I feel that we really must be coming into Spring rather than into winter.

I keep on thinking about and planning for a wonderful garden some of these days--and yet--? However the great thing that lies before me now, is to get rid of all of my "things." They have been packed and re-packed so often it has been a real trial to all of my family--and now the silver fish moths have appeared among the linens--wool moths in other things--silver appears, as well as dishes, supposedly well packed away, here there and elsewhere--every body worried, and no satisfaction any where.

Why? No, no one is especially to blame. Everything has been moved so many times, so many people have tried to do the best they knew how, they have gotten in each others way, perhaps, and each one having a plan has been upset by others who have different plans---etc. Perhaps one of the great troubles has been that there are so many who have not the proper sense of values-- Another has been

that there probably has been a sneaking feeling in the minds of many that I would never be able to use the things again and they might as well be distributed where they would do the most good right now--and that a cut glass tumbler is just as good to use on a crowded breakfast table as a cheaper one----and a lunch cloth for every day use is just as good and effective if taken from a set of large dinner napkins--as a single piece and so on.

Well, without a doubt, one should not set their hearts on temporary material things--too much---- and without a doubt I have set my heart on old things and valuable things, more than I should---- so--- I shall try and get all of my linens here-- Mrs. Mills has an empty trunk in the garage-- she will help me to go through with everything, sort them out, and give them away. I would like, far better, to give my things away as gifts of love than to have them handed out by some one else--Here, you might as well have this---don't you know. And probably I shall never have a home again. And what if I shouldn't? A room---I hope it may be a large one--in a home with Mrs. Mills to care for me--with a few of my dearest possessions about me--should be enough for one who has really had enough of the work of keeping a house, to last even a century of living.

After the linens---the dishes? the books? the knick-nacks--etc. But every one is tired of carting my things about from pillar to post--and I do not blame one of them---but shall I succeed in looking over and sorting things as I would like? I do not want to be more a nuisance than is necessary----altho I cannot help the feeling that some of the packing and unpacking has been, possibly foolishly done. Perhaps not, though.

There are some things, like long dining cloths,

are not needed nor wanted now-a-days.

I do not mean to say that there is any one who does not care for some things, but one may be very sensitive to the value of a towel, and feel that an old walnut slipper box--so handy beside the bed--- is only worthy of the bonfire because the cross-stitch top is worn out.

Another, may not ~~able~~ be able to comprehend that a hand-painted plate is not necessary in order to give the dog a good meal--- or that a navajo rug is liable to wear out if the heels of restless, men, boys and little children have too free play on it---or that solid silver is really more ~~valuable~~ valuable than kitchen ware. ---But, again, the most choice of those enjoyable things is not worth getting too annoyed over their being put to common uses.

You may ask if every one is like that? Oh, no-- but if you do not know the difference between point lace and cotton lace, you are liable to be careful of the wrong piece, you see.

And in my giving away these poor "household gods" of mine--may have the wisdom to distribute them where they will be the most prized-----and--not be tempted over-much to give too many of them into the hands of the few!

Quite a "tempest in a teapot," is it not?

In the meantime, I am sending you Will Rogers on the great World's series of football in the U.S. and a description of our summer, followed by a few--very few--hot days in October--hoping you may get a laugh out of them, if you cannot get one from the letter--and neither one of them are too valuable to destroy by fire.

Ray sends me his weekly letter as usual--whether I write or not. Is he not steadfast? I keep promising myself that I will write him oftener--

but I do not keep to my promise--bless him.  
Writing seems to be hard--or perhaps it is the  
necessary thinking that seems to be hard to do--

At any rate, I love you all--

Mother

Los Angeles  
October 16 1933

Dear Wilder:

Let me get the protest off my mind first--I did not say much the time before when you said something about my not missing your letters---but yesterday's letter brought another such remark---now don't do that again, my son you know perfectly well that nothing any one could say to you would make you think, for an instant, that your letters to me were not watched for, and longed for, and loved and read and reread---- You know what they have always meant to me, and you know that nothing could ever make them mean less now that I am growing older, a prisoner in one room, chained to a bed night and day-----no need to go in to that any more---You know and you know when a week goes by without my letter--I know it I also know that you will write me when you can and that your days are very full and it is sometimes quite impossible to get in the Mother-letter.

I want to thank you especially for this week's letter. It was most interesting and well-written I could almost feel that I, too, had been to the corner-stone exercises. And the note as to how well Helen looked in her new brown coat and hat pleased me that you should tell me of it. I wish I could see her in it.

I think I can fully understand just how it all affected you and I am not surprised, you being you, that tears were near, and that you wanted to run away. God bless you dear--- There has been much of work, anxiety, annoyances to meet--and now that it is so nearly completed, and appreciated there must

have been many different emotions struggling for expression in your consciousness. I am glad that so many wanted to say "Well done" to you--I am glad that so many had some conception of what you had accomplished. They won't know it all but it is good that they have a glimpse of what you have done and want to tell you so. Helen and I understand how proud each of us are over your work, and general attitude.

I am so glad that it is so nearly finished so that you can go on and prove its usefulness to the many who will come to Montreal to the new Institute to be relieved of pain. May you feel that you are working with God in the handling of each case that comes to you. My dear, dear boy.

You gave a vivid description of the beauty of the woods--- I read it to Mrs. Mills--she became very enthusiastic----she has never seen the sight of the autumn woods---the sight of the glistening winter woods--the soft greens of the early ~~spring~~ spring woods---- she has never been east of California, and how she longs to see those beauties! And then we talked of when I could walk again--of how we would have the money to go to Montreal---and Boston. We would ask you to find us a tiny apartment----a bedroom, a living room and kitchenette would do--you know, if one room was large enough to give me a chance to do some studying, and, perhaps, some writing.

Oh well, who knows what may happen?

In the meantime--know that I love you all---  
Mother.

Los Angeles, November 7 1933

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Your description of the blizzard was very realistic (Do you know that I can't spell that word? Mrs Mills is not in the room and I cannot reach the dictionary----) The beauty--the cold that gets into your vitals--the bitterness of broken trees that take so long to come into their lovely growth---my memory is still active---and I send my sympathy on to you all. The story of the run-away was short but alive, your being up every hour to look for him, the shame that he was able to express when he came home, ----and how happy he was to be forgiven! Dogs are so human, he thinks he will not run away again--but we know that he will, when the temptation comes!

But I was grieved to know of Helen's arthritis----and the pains in your back! Rhumatism that may, eventually, force you farther South? I wonder! Montreal winters have not treated your family very well, have they? And yet you seem to love the fight with the elements, the winter sports, --the joy of living is very keen with you during the winter months.

Ray writes about the wonder of the autumn foliage, the joy of winter--in spite of the anguish of having summer go.

I think the coloring of autumn must have been wonderful this year as I read the descriptions that have come from Montreal, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Washington----I can visualize the wonder. And I think--given a broad view of the glorious Pacific a lovely all-year garden of flowers--what more of beauty could one desire? I am thankful for my contracted view of a garden--the beautiful bouquets that are brought in to me, and the flood of sunshine that strikes my bed for an hour or more in the mornings--when there is no fog! After the fog is gone, the

sun has left my window.

Mrs. Kermott surprised me the other day by coming in to see me. I was so glad to see her again and get some first-hand views of you. She brought me a beautiful bunch of yellow chrysanthemums. She told me how happy Mary was in her work, and that Nancy was coming to them. She seemed to dread it on account of Dr's nervousness, but perhaps Nancy's coming will prove to be only a blessing. She and Dr. need young life, and while one so often dreads change, after the plunge has been made, great joy comes--I hope it may prove so in this case. I thought she was looking pretty well, and she certainly did enjoy her summer.

I am so glad that Dr. Evans is to be with you in a really helpful position. Please give greetings to them from me. Also to your English secretary--I cannot recall her name, this moment--she was very nice to me when I was left in her care. And the new man--how do you pronounce his name? --ay he prove to be a real help to you. You seem to be building up a pretty strong group of good men about you.

Is not that Carpenter lecture the one you are to give here in Vancouver? When? I have been watching the letters to see when that Western date was to be--for I thought it was to come in October.

I want to know how school away from home seems to Wilder. I do hope he has found just the environment that will develop him in an all-around way. He is so clever, but, perhaps there were some corners that needed to be rounded off and brought more into prominence in order to make an all-around educated man. I hope he finds just the right friends, that he will be happy and that you and Helen will be perfectly satisfied in the arrangement.

The seeming impossible had been accomplished. His mother wanted to know if she was a pretty girl-- He looked rather blank--"Gee,I don't know."  
As he left the girl she said--"Gosh,but you are a peach of a Honey."

Mary is in despair,a real tragedy has happened to her--she has lost her little diamond engagement ring!

Mrs Merrill invited all of the Inglis family including David and Stuart, to her home on Halloween for dinner--a surprise party for Margaret whose birthday it was. It was a complete surprise--a marvellous dinner,and everything so smoothly done for the happiness of them all. Jack s three sons-in-laww are very different,aren't they? Willis--Armour--~~Gene~~.His three daughters are wonderful--his four grandchildren are lovely--- I have not seen Faith's little daughter yet.

Gene finally found work driving a delivery car for the Perfection Bread Co. And a few days later Bobs went to work for them,soliciting. Faith's hope is that they three may live together. Gene and Bobs are friends--and she would like to make a home for Bob who seems so cast adrift from the others. He has been living at Jack's,but their hours have been so different that it sometimes has ~~has~~ been days together that their only communication has been by notes left on the dining room table.

Willis and Margaret hope to be in their lovely new home by the first of the year,if not by Christmas,as they had expected.

It is hard not to worry about Elizabeth and her life. She is not feeling very well, and the burden that she has elected

to carry in helping Armour through medical school seems so killing to her and so unnecessary. But I cannot say anything. Whatever I should say would be misjudged, and disagreeable to them.

Here comes Mrs Mills to get me ready for bed.  
God bless you all-- Your loving Mother

Dear Children:

I had hoped, and expected, to have ready to send to you the opening chapter of my long-delayed story, just as a greeting to each one of you hoping to discover from one and all if I WERE striking the right note. Even little Jeff could tell if he understood and liked or story or not.

Right in the midst of everything even the type writer is bothering me.

This is just wishing you the best of all things at this time. In my room I shall a lovely tiny

on the stand top of the chefonette--out of the way of John's busy hands. There too will be placed the gifts from Nanean--quite elaborate--maybe an old towel, or doyley, or a letter--a 15¢ toy for each of the children, and some shaving cream for the 2 "unattached" young men including Fred and Deacon-- each package beautifully done up--to be given to each one as he or she comes to see me.

Such an incentive to write---is it not? But until you hear from me again--

Mother

Addie's package came the money - thank you.

Monday afternoon

Dear Helen and Wilder: Yes, a wonderful visit! --I am so filled with gratitude for that same visit, that the new lesson for this week seems just planned for me--as the ringing note through the lesson is "Praise ye the Lord" and "there is nothing too hard for thee."

Oh Helen--you know how it was--his whole thought was how to make things more comfortable for me--and he certainly succeeded--in the end. Of course, he will remember how it was a bit harder after trying to get my feet up--and that disturbance did last all Saturday night and much of Sunday--but my feet are on the pedals now, and I have had hours that were not filled with pain, hours of comparative comfort, hours that will become quite the order of life, I am quite sure. God bless you.

I fully intended writing you, Helen, before Wilder should get here, so that it would reach you while he was still away from you---but like the most of the things I plan to do---I didn't.

Your letter came this morning, Wilder dear, also one from Virginia. It is very evident that your visit to her made her very happy. I shall write her very soon, I hope.

Last night the blur lifted somewhat, and I can tell you all about when I went to the dentist last. Two years ago last August when I went up to San Jose I had them as thoroughly overhauled as the dentist would consent to doing. The part plate that I had been wearing was made useless by the breaking off of its anchor. He made another and made it so that it could be added to by another dentist when the new anchor was useless--He knew I should need to have some teeth pulled, but he would not pull them---because I was so short of breath he dared not. So I really have not been as careless

20 as I seemed to have been. I came home from San Jose and went  
pieces very soon after. Indeed, I was in pretty bad shape the  
day we left San Jose, but no one knew it---It was then that I &  
lost my opal ring. It was but a short time after that Addie  
and I went to Hermosa--I wanted to be near Miss Young--and I  
have not been myself since. Ruth left us in July. I was under  
the care of a nurse for a little time after--and as I grew  
stronger, we all thought that the visit in San Jose would be  
good for me. Jack drove me up there and Will brought me back.  
As soon as I get straightened around a bit, and feel that I can  
I will get in touch with the dentists.

Wilder--you knew you would get a rise from me? I do not want  
to disappoint you---"Keep your feet up, reduce your appetite--  
"and fear God." How would it do if I say --Certainly dear--  
if you will let me change the order of thought and put "Trust  
God" first? Yes, my thought is--Trust God and my two boys---  
Thank God, and my two boys. Loving you all so very much--  
Mother.

Mrs Mills wants me to tell you that she has already found a  
great amount of comfort in her new slippers. She had not  
quite grasped the thought that they would keep her feet com-  
fortable in the evening when the breezes began to blow about  
her ankles after she should put on pajamas and take care of  
my feet before going to bed.--She discovered th t they were  
invaluable last evening--and thanks you with all her heart,

Los Angeles, California--November 18 1933 *Re Charles Penfield*

Wilder dear:

I was surprised when you asked questions about Spokane-- then I was troubled because I could not answer some of the questions---then I telephoned to Herbert for him to bring over to me a book of pictures and history of early Spokane-- hoping it might refresh my memory--I fear he cannot find it-- Then while thinking about the subject of the paper you were to write,I thought of Ian McLaren's story of Dr. McClure--The old country doctor "of the Old School",and wished you might re-read that to get the atmosphere that you were seeking--- and gradually some thoughts came to me that may answer some of your questions indirectly,if not just as you hoped to have me answer them. I cannot wait longer for Herbert to let me hear from him,or this letter will be too late in reaching you.

"Traditions of Medicine"---The reason why so many worthwhile men take up the study of medicine is,today, as it has been ever since medicine as a profession came to be---so that desire is surely one of the oldest traditions----the desire to be of service to the world,to make one's life so full of needed service so that the world will be happier and better, easier to live in,than when one came into it.

Times have changed--but not the willingness to sacrifice for others. Today,you doctors are trying to find cures for the disease,so that disease may be eradicated. Yesterday,doctors were trying to relieve suffering,only.

Today,doctors lay the foundation of their preparation for work in long years of study--then enter the field of practice---- and keep on studying and experimenting.

Yesterday,young doctors felt that their preparation was finish

*Prepping Book for future 500 mi to Spokane.*

ed when they received their diplomas and after that practice,  
experience. Study was past--or left to a very few who kept  
on in the schools. They read their medical journals--merely  
to keep abreast of the newer thought, but often, with no idea  
that their methods could be improved upon. For instance-----  
and you may laugh at this-----Your grandfather had a large  
practice, a country doctor, and was especially successful in  
bringing the new babies into the world and preserving the ~~maxi~~  
health of both mother and child. Many people would <sup>have</sup> did not  
come to him for treatment in other cases, wanted him for child-  
birth. I am sure that I am telling the exact truth in saying  
that he never read a journal with the hope of finding better  
methods--He knew from experience the best way to proceed. I  
dubbt if he ever attended a conference of any society or  
group of doctors, in order to learn from the experience of  
others. He would not touch a knife--he was a bit awkward  
with his hands in work of that sort--but his bedside manner  
was perfect--his hands were not awkward when it came to sooth-  
ing pain--and he could talk with his heavenly Father as if  
he knew him intimately, and when a patient seemed nearing the  
other shore, he spent much time on his knees (and I mean  
"knees" literally) to be guided in his treatment for him--and  
if the patient died--he was right there beside the bed going  
with him as far as he was able, and afterwards he took time  
to help, with words of real comfort, the ones who were left to  
mourn.

Your father began his work with the same high ideals that  
were his father's. Times had changed somewhat--He wanted  
a city practice so that he could have the advantage of meeting  
with other men--he wanted most earnestly, to take up surgery

2 He wanted to have the advantage of clinics.----He also wanted to be married. After graduating from the medical school he was to serve an apprenticeship--if I may call it that--with Dr. ~~Hawkes of Chicago~~ Hawkes of Chicago, and to be married the following June. But that summer he was very ill. Some two years before this he had had a similar attack when his life was given up. As he grew better this time both families felt that the engagement which had, already lasted two years and a half, should be ended in a wedding.

Dr. Hawkes was very sympathetic, and we were married and went to live with Dr. and Mrs. Hawkes, so that your father might be on call day or night with the minimum of effort.

His trouble, as you know, was thought to be "inflammation of the bowels---appendicitis had never been heard of then.

We stayed there until, knowing that we were to have an increase in our little family, and an opening coming in Kansas City, --- Dr. Jenny giving up general practice for the Eye and Ear specialty, and ~~many~~ several of his patients having known your father during his internship with Dr. Hawkes, and expressing a desire for him to take Dr. Jenny's practice--we went to Kansas City. It was a wonderful opening, he had a growing practice from the very first--but, the appendix being still on the job, and the drinking water in K.C. being most upsetting, another severe attack of his old trouble came.--The Drs. hurried him out of K.C. this time we went to Bucyrus to Father Penfield. You were born there. Your Father went back to K.C. a consultation of the Drs. agreed that he could not live there. and before you were six months old we were back in Chicago to try and make a go of a practice there. The Drs. who knew your father in College and with Dr. Hawkes were most kind in

to him, <sup>sent him all of</sup> the practice that they could. Without doubt he could have worked up a living practice in the not so far distant future. But again--the appendix. Another consultation of the Dr. friends---He must go west live in a tent for a year to build up his general health hoping by that means to get rid of that strange trouble.

You were a year old--He went to Montana in camp with two other young men, and I went home with my baby. (Now what a queer thing that is---I have said "you" every time--meaning, of course, Herbert.-----)

Another summer seemed to show perfect health--He felt so strong--so ready to find a place where he could work up a real practice and have his family with him. Letters <sup>past</sup> back and forth--Some Dr. in Chicoo, one of the same group of old friends, advised him to go to Walla Walla--a Dr. there was looking for a young Dr. to help him in his large practice. On Indian ponies--one to ride, one to carry his roll of bedding and other necessities, a tent and his faithful dog--he started from "Little Porcupine" all alone, through the Indian country--to the far West.---I should have spoken of his constant companion, at that time, of his rifle--~~I think~~

On the way to Walla Walla he stopped off in Spokane. Some time on his way there he ~~sto~~ sold his ponies etc. Then went to get a shave and haircut, and put on the store ~~clothes~~ clothes in which he left Chicago. When he came to the man who had bought his plunder he did not know him, and refused to pay him---it was the dog <sup>man</sup> that vouched for him, and, if he would throw in the dog the man kept <sup>to</sup> his bargain.

Spokane was in the throes of a boom--- The Northern Pacific R.R. was to be finished that year, and many who were anxious to get into the rich lands of the North West were

(3)

waiting for that to happen. We were married Dec. 1880--Herbert was born September 1881--Your father went to Spokane in the spring of 1883. I was to wait until the railroad was finished before joining him. That happened in September of that year--and I took the first train after the official trip over the road, of the "Villard party"---That was just a week before Herbert's second birthday--about the 20th. of September 1883. I am quite sure that I am right about the dates? His birthday is on the 28th.

Spokane had a population of about 1,000----every train brought dozens of people in to seek homes in or around Spokane. The consequence was that I had been there but three weeks when I had quite a list of new people to call on. and in three months I was a pioneer.

The three real, well known, pioneers were Mr. Cannon, J. J. Browne, (both bankers,) and Mr. Havermale---just pioneer capitalist I

imagine--- I do not recall the names of other Dr.s that were there at that time--I think they must have come in later. And this incident of how he came to stay in Spokane may bear me out in that thought. When he struck town he met Mr. Cannon, I do not know how---Mr. Cannon was in trouble--he had, that day received word that the grave of his step-son, a young man by the name of Clark, had been disturbed--suspicion was that the body had been removed ---When he heard that your father was a Dr. he opened his heart to him---without hesitation your father said he would go out to the cemetery with him and they would open the grave--and the coffin--and find out. Mr. Cannon had been very much excited, grieved, and helpless. They went out

None  
left now

and found that the grave had been disturbed but the coffin had not been opened.----Mr.Cannon and all of his family gave their hearts to the new Dr. and I think they all truly loved him, as long as the family were there. There were no houses to be had--Mr.Cannon urged your father to stay there, Spokane needed a Dr.He would rent him two rooms, an office and a <sup>two</sup> living rooms for his family to live in--and the only hotel in the place was but two or three blocks away--we could board there In this building of Mr.Cannon's was the only public hall in town and was already being used by the Presbyterian Church for their services. Under the circumstances it seemed like a wonderful opening--but he had set his mind on Walla Walla and felt in duty bound to go down there and see how things were. He went down, but he had been delayed in coming, the Dr. there had an opportunity to get another man, and that very day, a few hours before your father came into his office he had signed an agreement with this other young man. Spokane was a beautiful place--all sorts of opportunities---on the main line of the only overland route between there and Chicago. Wonderful climate---Oh it was a gorgeous place to live in during those early days when we were all so young and sure of ourselves. We stayed in the Cannon block until the Presbyterian minister, (or his wife, for she had the money) offered to build us a little house alongside and in the same yard with them. And again, we met people who were like real home folks to us. Mrs. Watson had a son, "~~XXXXXXXXXX~~", Walker Bean, who was looking for a place to open up a large grocery store--- Mr.Watson had a young lady daughter, Fannie Watson who was a dear young sister to me. Mrs.Watson was wonderful--in many ways. It was then that I learned that pine was red, like cedar when

cedar

cedar when

It was green. It was impossible to get seasoned lumber, and the house shrunk in every direction. The kitchen floor developed cracks so that it was impossible to keep anything on the cellar shelves that was not closely covered from the falling dirt. It was pretty cold that winter, and still colder the next winter, and often my feet were so cold I would bundle up the baby and put him in his box fastened on top a sled and go down to the Cannons for the day. They would ask Dr. to come for dinner, and we would come home in the evening--ready to make preparations for bed where we knew it would be warm.

The first winter, when we had rooms in the Cannon Block, I had a sad time trying to keep a fire going at all. Dr. would build a good fire in the morning--and before I could get the beds made and the room in order it would be black instead of red. Pine wood was all we had to use--could not afford coal--and the very softest of all soft woods, a flash in the pan--and gone, it seemed to me. And the worst thing about it was that I was the worst fire builder in the world, in spite of paper and pine. But I could not keep on calling Dr. from across the hall to leave his office and rebuild the fire--neither he nor my own pride could bear that for long---so I soon became proficient in building--but never very successful in keeping a fire. After a while we could get pine chunks that, in the proper stove, would keep alive for a fairly decent time---but the kitchen stove!

Shall I ever forget my first attempt at a dinner! <sup>on the first winter</sup> The markets were not very good---as to variety-- I was not a good judge of meats---and was a circumscribed cook. I wanted to have Mr. and Mrs Cannon and Mr and Mrs Bennett (Mrs. Cannon's married daughter and her husband) I thought I would make it a supper---and the meat dish would be scalloped oysters--I knew I could do that---

Dr. misunderstood---he was a rather absent-minded man, and was more apt to be late if I needed him on time, than to be ahead of time--he had it in mind that I was to have oyster stew--and there would be plenty of time to bring them when he came to dinner----I was getting pretty nervous, other things had gone somewhat wrong--and the guests were there when Dr. happily and very unhurridly came in with the oysters and greeted the guests as if he had all the time in the world. It takes some time to get oysters ready for the oven--and the rest of my meal would not combine with a stew. I finally got hold of the oysters--- and flew to preparing them--but when they were ready for the oven--the oven was stone cold-- I had reached my limit--and sat down and began to cry. But that was as good as a ~~city~~ to Dr. he always seemed to know--even with the door shut--when I had reached that stage of my existence. Out he came full of anxiety to know what was the matter--I pointed to the stove--he knew. The fire was ablaze in a minute--but it takes some time for a scallop to bake--the guests were waiting. Dr. was a good host, I do not think they minded so very much even if they were about starved. But that was not the worst, either, for in my excitement I put in too much coffee and it was strong--whew I can almost taste it now----and Mr Cannon took it so weak it was hot water flavored with coffee. That would seem to be a simple thing to remedy----but there was no hot water--and the fire was out! Mr. Bennett saved the day, for me, the coffee was just right for him--he loved it that strength, and blessedly drank so much of it that it gave out--and the fire was out, too. But I did not care by then--for the oysters were good, and we could wait for more coffee.

We stayed in that house until Ruth was born and we needed

I powerfully want to see you---but am trying not to think of that. Mother

more room. We had the opportunity of buying a house in the next lot that had been built by a carpenter for his own use and before seasoned lumber was out of the market--it was well built and we were very happy there. This was down on Riverside which was the principle business street of Spokane for many years.

My brother Tom had married and brought his bride to Spokane. He became interested in the mines and saw great wealth just ahead of him---the only trouble was that it always stayed just ahead of him, although it took him many years to realize that he had not grasped it----but he was not alone in that idea, the majority of Spokane people indulged in the same dream--We thot things would never change for us. We did not know there was such a word as "depression."

Tom built a pretty home on the hill. My father came out and did not like the difference in our homes. So he built me a house---also on the hill, but our lots were lower than Tom's although only separated by seventh street, and father kept warning me that my house must built high enough so as not to look smaller than Tom's--or words to that effect--The architect and I were willing to build high, and I had three floors to care for instead of two---and prices for every thing we bought in some miraculous way multiplied enormously--it made living a bit harder---"Who was afraid of the big bad wolf"--money was plenty--we all flew high. That house was typical of what every one was doing, living fast and high so that neither nor Tom nor to any one else should get ahead of us.

When the year came that the banks all failed--so did all the "first" families of Spokane, and the second "first" families gradually took our places. If one went to an entertainment

I wish I could give you more medical facts, but, perhaps, for an after dinner speech, you may be able to get something out of this. I love you.

it was lonesome--all of the old friends were gone, all new, strange faces----and the majority never "came back." The old "pioneers" are as unknown to Spokane people today as Spokane people are unknown to me. And yet I lived there for fifteen years, and had many very dear friends there.

We flew high as long as we could fly--and then we disappeared. The Dr. I remember best is, or was, Dr. Essig, although he came a little later than we did.

There was no hospital there, no medical meetings of any kind. I do not recall that any Drs. ever went East to attend clinics, or lectures, or meetings. If they did they made no noise about it. Of course several Drs. came in later---but even then, I think they immediately began depending on their "Experience." The trouble was, as always, experience is so slow in coming---and unless there is an incentive to know a little more, as well as build a little higher, than the rest--ambition slowly straves to death. Your father fought against it, I am sure, but he was frustrated in many ways---ill-health took him out of his natural environment into an environment of which he knew nothing and he was swept off his feet as many others ~~were~~ were into too deep water. The traditions were good for a ~~xxx~~ certain environment--perhaps, but "Time marches on" and new conceptions of medicine as well as of business and everything else comes into being, and the most of the old Traditions fall to the ground.---And a thought there is to be gained by reading the great Egyptologist's, Ebers, story of the study of the circulation of the blood. It cost men their lives to get a human heart to study, in those days.

I still believe that your father was a good Dr. Might have been a great Dr. had circumstances been different, or had he been a little older and better able to judge more clearly----

December 18 1933

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Just before leaning back to take a little nap, I am stopping to write you a few words, for I may not stop again until I get some other things off my mind. One would not think that the rush of Christmas would permeate this quiet room and infect one who can not get into the swim of gift-giving, and yet, I find there is quite a feeling of hurry and anxiety taking hold of me.

Elizabeth and Armor moved Saturday, I do not know their address and am feeling as though I were way off from them. It may be several days before they will be settled enough to come and bring Aunt Addie with them to report. Mrs. Mills has invited Aunt Addie to come and eat dinner with me on Christmas day. The Mills family are going out for dinner but she will prepare our dinner before she goes.

I am not going to try to get in the chair and go to the living room this year. I have made no plans about the family's coming to see me---they are so separated, their families are so large and all have separate plans, I just told them that I should be very glad to see them whenever they were able to come and give me Christmas greeting--were it Christmas day or Christmas eve. or the day after Christmas.

Hartley is to get and trim a little tree for me, green and silver as I love them--and I shall have a small package ready for each of them as they come---for you in Montreal--it will only be a letter. But a letter of such proportions that I wonder if air mail will be able to get it there on time, for I may be a little late---hence this little stop right now.

I am still living on the visit we had--- I am trying to

keep my feet up in the approved manner--and keep my appetite down on the Carbo-hydrates---and trusting God with all my soul to bring me into health,mentally,morally,and spiritually.

I have followed your advice as to the Paisley shawl, and it makes the whole room look more furnished and rich. It brings out the colors of the silk panel above the bed, most beautifully.

Everything is moving on as usual,every one is just as kind and loving to me as possible---and life is very beautiful

God bless you every one. I shall be so glad to hear of the Fizzywig Ball--and other matters.

I love you dearly,and thank you for the loveliest Christmas present any mother could have received. I cannot put it on the tree---but there will be no other gifts there either; but the whole room is full of your gift to me.

Lovingly,

Mother.

Dec 27-1933  
Mrs Mills wants you to know that she appreciates  
the card you sent her.

A heart full of love and thanks to each and every one of you, Wilder, Helen, Wilder Jr. Ruth Mary, Priscilla, Jeff and Fraulein Bergman, for the loving thoughts and gifts sent out here to make my Christmas so beautiful for me.

Helen, the pink jacket is so pretty. Do you recall that last year the Earnest MacQuarries sent me a crocheted bed jacket that came from Austria? I have never been able to wear it because it did not show off over the things I had. It was a sister of the one you sent me in daintiness and general tone of color, so, on Christmas day I put them both on--discarding my shoulder shawls. Neither one took, in importance from the other--seemed to have been designed to go together, setting each other off---- and every one exclaimed--"How lovely you look!" Mrs Mills insisting that I should always dress to look like that----- So--you have set an example for me to imitate from now on. The tray cloth and one of the napkins graced my dinner tray-- and made everything taste so good---at least the tray dinner was most delicious--and my eyes were satisfied with the color combination.

Priscilla's and Jeff's work was admired and loved--The ~~wash~~ washcloth will bring thoughts of Christmas into my heart whenever I shall use it during the coming year---The glace fruit, that I like so much, will be kept for a while until some of the more perishable sweeties are out of the way, when I shall enjoy it more than just now. The new shawl I christened--and admired Oh it was a beautiful Christmas box. Of course, the great gift of Wilder's visit filled me with joy, and the many things that he left to make my life brighter and easier--from a pipe organ down through soap and tissue handkerchiefs.

Jack and the Inglis grandchildren gave me a book I very much

*a Philadelphia Embroidery Co.*

*Wanted*

A book on Revelations. The Penfields gave me a plaster ~~plaque~~ plaque (upon my word--is that spelled right?) Ann Hathaway's house--and Fred had colored it, doing really very beautiful work. Fred gave me his photograph--a fine looking boy. The two girls gave me a poinsettia plant. They were all here, including George and Ann, excepting Wilder. He had an opportunity to caddy for one of his old patrons, and as there was \$2.50 in it, besides the fun of it, I could not blame him.

Mrs. Mills gave me a pretty ~~muslin~~ nightgown, Mr. Mills a card and a sheer handkerchief, Dorothy and Hartly, a book that I was glad to have.

David has bronchitis--quite ill--so Jack and the two little boys did not come--but all of the rest of the family were here, and I did appreciate it. Addie had dinner with me. The rest of the Ingli had breakfast and an early dinner with Jack and the boys. George and Ann had dinner with Herbert and Mary.

My room was most colorful and pretty. A tiny tree trimmed with green and silver on top of the Chiffonnette--and flowers and plants on the chest of drawers under the window. Winifred sent me a big fruit cake of her own making. Every one was lovely to me, as usual. Addie gave me a box of delicious home made caddy, and another box was given me of Chocolate creams Faith gave me a half dozen glasses of jam--so good--that she had made.

I have been very nervous and full of pain in my feet since Christmas--but that will only be temporary, I am sure. Teeth come next, I understand-----

With all love for each of you--  
Mother

*Endings to all of those who  
remember me in Montreal + the outside.*