

J.J.P. to W.P.

1934

# CANADIAN PACIFIC TELEGRAPHS

T.D. 1



## DIRECT COMMUNICATION WITH

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM - IMPERIAL AND INTERNATIONAL  
POSTAL TELEGRAPH - MACKAY RADIO COMMUNICATIONS LIMITED -  
COMMERCIAL CABLES - ALL AMERICA CABLES IMPERIAL CABLES - BRITISH PACIFIC CABLE  
MONEY TRANSFERRED BY TELEGRAPH HALIFAX AND BERMUDA CABLE CO.

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

DL	DAY LETTER
NL	NIGHT LETTER
NM	NIGHT TELEGRAM
LCO	DEFERRED
NLT	CABLE LETTER
WLT	WEEK END LETTER

W. D. NEIL, GENERAL MANAGER OF COMMUNICATIONS, MONTREAL.

### STANDARD TIME

49 paid NL 4 ex. 830AM 8th.

Beverly Hill Calif via Montreal January 7, 1934.

Dr. Wilder Penfield,  
Greenpoint farm RR 2.  
Mansonville, Que.

Steady my boy brouse the word in exodus three nineteen A have helped me lately  
I send them to you they were spoken to one whose life seems symbolic of your own. Love  
to dear Helen I know things are going well with you. Am writing.

Mother.

*(Phone)*



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W. D. NEIL, GENERAL MANAGER OF COMMUNICATIONS, MONTREAL.

STANDARD TIME

10 paid 830AM 8th.

Upland California, January 7, 1934.

Dr. W. G. Penfield,  
Mansonville, Que.

Wires received have sent three air mail letters writing tonight.

T. Kermott.

*Phoned*



January 6 1934

Oh my dear children!

My arms are around you, my love is with you, and I am so sure that all is going well with you. My telegram may have puzzled you, I will explain. You know how deadly was my fear of having my teeth out. Mr. Ayling has been at work for me. A week ago yesterday I was conscious that all fear was gone, and arrangements were made for the work to be done. Yesterday four were pulled. Next Thursday the dentist comes again. No fear--no trouble.

But the Bible text that was persistent in my mind---much to my surprise was Ex. 33:19-- "I will make all my goodness pass before thee." I began to read the surrounding of that verse-- I began to think about Moses--who is called the "meekest man" in history---not "meek" as we understand the word today---but "teachable"---I began to think of how wonderfully teachable he was---perhaps you will understand about that as you study him with the thought of how very like his life was to yours. Not in detail--of course, but as a symbol. Think of all that has come into your life, unexpected things that have influenced you powerfully. I do not know how the analysis of his life will come to you---but when your letter came today, I knew why my mind had been called to Moses' problem--to Moses' character-- He was forced out of each environment without any planning of his own--he was led from one problem to another. He was as desirous of doing the thing God asked of him, as you have been. Your life is still full of your questioning---but is there any thing for you to do but to thoroughly understand the goodness of God whose will you want to do? You know if God is infinite goodness, to one who reflects him, is conscious of following



and trusting Him there can come no evil.

I am wanting so much to finish the story of Abraham the father of the Hebrew people so that I can take up the story of Moses, the one who was used to make of that people a nation. So any thoughts that may come to you, even if only in the form of questioning, will be of valuable help to me.

God be with you and Helen and the dear family --  
Mother.

Mrs  
Mills sends love and sympathy.

*And I know all is well with you and*

*dear Helen.*

*ew*

Los Angeles January 8 1934

Dear Helen and Wilder:

I phoned to Mrs.K, as soon as I had read your letter that came Saturday. And today I have written to ask her to send me a card as soon, and whenever she heard from you. I am thinking of you every minute. Herbert and Mary were over last evening. Mary brought me her own lovely set of coffee pot, sugar and creamer and cup and saucer for my tray, and they were decorated with pink flowers to match the tray cloth and napkins you sent me, Helen. They are the most aristocratic looking set and make the tray beautiful. You see what your Christmas to me has done? I told you Mrs. Mills said I must always dress as your jacket made me look--Now, in a month or



or two you may begin to think of me as-----  
well, the dentist solemnly promises that the  
new teeth will make me beautiful! You might  
as well think of me in that way--until you  
see me again.

Dear Children, I love you

Mother

1132 La Pere Drive  
Saturday---But no, it is Friday--Jan.12

Dear Wilder and Helen:

Such rejoicing this morning when the note came from Sister K. that Helen was better---I phoned Herbert right away, for I knew he would be anxious too. Of course we were all sure that she would be better, but it was mighty good to hear from you, the assurance. How kind every one has been to you, and how thankful you are that you could do everything that was humanly possible to make things easier for her. Oh how glad we are, dear Wilder that your great anxiety is relieved. Now it will be easier to be patient while waiting for health to come back to her, won't it? These days have brought back to me the helpless days of your babyhood when mother's arms were a haven of comfort, and how I have longed to be able to comfort you again. God bless you both.

Yesterday I had some more teeth out--eight have been taken out, six and a half remain for next Thursday. The reaction was harder this time--My nerves had stood about all they thought was desirable, I guess. They were mostly roots that were taken out yesterday--so I think the worst, is over, probably.

"South ---on account of the cold winters--sounds rather restful to you, I am thinking, right now. I wonder, if that should come to be the next problem--where it might lead you? South? West?--but you are so tied up where you are--but how little one can know of the forces that are moving to change the currents of our little lives.



I am not writing much <sup>of</sup> a letter this afternoon--and I am hoping that Ruth Mary is feeling just all right and getting some enjoyment in life, even though it is cold winter. All kinds of love for the dear children and you and Helen--and I am glad Fraulein Bergman, who so loves your children is with them and caring for them.

"The everlasting arms of Love are all about you dears.

Mother.

Los Angeles January 21 1934

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Sister K. sent me the letter that Wilder wrote telling ~~me~~ or Helen's being out of danger--It was so dear of her to send it. I am so thankful for you and for us. It has been a terrible experience, I know. How kind every one is when trouble comes into the hearts of friends--or, perhaps, only acquaintances. It helps us to bear things when we realize how tender towards us other hearts are. Nothing really ~~xxxxxx~~ <sup>xxxxxx</sup> as unlove does. I have not written as often as I would have liked--but I have been having a little experience of my own that seemed to keep me somewhat occupied.

I have not a tooth--nor a part of a tooth left in my head now. I am glad it is over--for just the time spent with Dr. Falsenthal was not all there was to it, you know---for there are always nerves to be reckoned with, you know. Three afternoons did the job. Four--and then four--and then seven. He did not intend to make it in three occasions---but I begged him to finish it up. I could not bear to think of another week--I think he would not have consented if he had not trusted Mr. Ayling to bring me through all right. Mr. Ayling was here with me all three days, and Dr. F. thought the healing was going on quite remarkably.

I am getting along all right now, although nerves did make ~~xxxx~~ things pretty desperate at times. It was better to take them all out, I realized that as things went on. I am thankful that they are gone--and I hope the new ones will <sup>be</sup> very ornamental--for, at present I do not particularly in the ornamental class. I have not seen any one of the family since Thursday.

I suppose that Margaret and Willis have moved into their new



home

and I hope to hear all about it soon.

As soon as you get to feeling rested and have the time, I shall hope to hear about each and every one of you. It is coming spring and the weather will soon be getting more livable? Or do you have horrid March winds and and thawing and freezing as Wisconsin has?

With all my love---

Mother

Los Angeles January 25 1934

Oh Wilder dear, your birthday will not bring you the greetings from your mother on time---It is not because I have forgotten, dear, but I have had a rather sizzaling week. Last Thursday the dentist-extractor finished up his work--and I suppose I have been paying for it, in a way. But if you only knew how thankful I am that it was finished up and that I do not have to finish it today!

Dr. Feltenthal was very nice indeed, and I am sure that he knew his business. He has a mother, too, whom he thinks is the most wonderful mother in the world, and he often said, "that is what my mother says!" And so, knowing that I had a boy who was a "mother-boy" I think he liked me well. When he came to go away--he had been troubled about taking out seven teeth--or, perhaps because he had had to inject the novacaine in two separate areas, at any rate, he had been rather tender towards me--- he put his hand on my arm and said--"God be with you," and he meant it, too. Yes, I like him and shall write him a note this afternoon telling him so. *~ I hope ~*

I have not seen one of the family this week. Armor brot Addie and John over for a few minutes one afternoon, and that is all.

And, as I have had no letters, I do not know what you are doing--if you have taken Helen home with you, or not, especially, and if she is getting well fast, and how the rest of you are--- and I have no news about any one else. So what am I to write about? I am sleepy and a bit stupid---only just a little bit you know. I am in despair about my story--cannot seem to line up my thoughts at all. Shall I ever get it written? I wonder!

Lovingly, Mother

*I love thank you for your love*



Los Angeles,

Wednesday--Feb. 21 1934

Dear Helen and Wilder;

This letter is for both of you, although I shall probably direct much of it to Wilder--to ask and answer some delayed questions.

Did you receive my night letter, Wilder, while Helen was so ill? Either you did not receive it, or you misunderstood it for you have never mentioned it. My heart was so full of the desire to give you some comfort during that dreadful time--and I could not get away from the thought of Moses when he was so full of anxiety, and the need of help---- He wanted to see God's face--his presence--to be assured of God's willingness and power to help him through his time of bewilderment-----And God said that He would cause his goodness to pass before him----I have not the Bible near at hand to quote it correctly--but I know the sense of it. So--the thought of all the goodness that God had shown him and the people for whom he was giving his life, came before him as pictures---and he was encouraged, able to go on, knowing that God's goodness would continue to be with him. I said that Moses's history was something as yours had been. That may have puzzled you---I did not know what mood you would be in--just saying that I loved you and was praying for you would not help very much--the very fact of my wife would tell you that--but it was possible that you might be glad to have your mind centered in some one point in God's word, and that He could give you comfort where I could not--and if you did not desire that--it would have done no harm, and you might want to make use of that little bit of God's way with man--even at some later date. But I was certain that you would be sure that I was not sending something



that seemed to me to carry comfort, and that for that reason you would try to find what that comfort was. So--I am a bit bewildered that you have never even said you had received it.

Wilder dear--for some months the feeling has been growing on me that I want to live close beside either you or Herbert not with you as you will understand--that would not be wise for either me or your family--but beside you. Perhaps, if there should ever come something out of the estate--I could have a home adjoining Herbert on some lot of his--and it would be his and yours when I was through, and the rent that I am helping to pay now would be paid to you two instead of to strangers. I am not trying to make it harder for you, but a little easier. I do so want to lessen expenses. I am not trying to get you to feeling that I merely want a change either. But I am wanting to talk with ~~✓~~ Herbert a bit, and perfectly willing to keep still if he says my thought is no good. I do not know why I spoke of it, excepting that I had it on my mind, and began a sentence that had to be finished.

Now a bit on teeth. There may have been a necessity of having all the teeth out on account of poison---we have seen no sign of any change in conditions, since they came out. I am glad that they are out--for they were not much good for eating tools, and looked horrid.

I have not had an easy time with my feet since you were here. I have not said much about them because I do not like to talk of them. I am playing the pipe organ religiously night and day. The pain has been quite intense most of the time--the floods have not ceased. The moisture comes in great drops of amber---not yellow, amber, like drops of



drive any of them insane, do you? You know it is said that when one allows ~~their~~ his mind to dwell too long on one subject, that is what happens to him! Of course, I really suppose that subject does not occupy the minds of any of my family to that extent--it is probably only when they think of me that it comes to their mind. Jack had a new friend with him at a dance the other night--and this was the verdict as given by Armour--"O we like her so much, she hates Christian Science as much as we ~~and~~ do."---- Well there--it is all out--and while it may make things a little more luminous to if I should ever happen to spill over again-- it will not worry you nor cause you to be annoyed with any of the foolish family who cannot see that grandmother has a right to her own religion without consulting any one of them.

Dear Mrs K. wrote me again, saying that she had received a letter from Helen herself-- and the letter came from you saying that she was beginning to move around her room a bit-- I am so thankful.

If this is a sample of the best I can do in the writing of letters I think I will stop and finish on another day-- Possibly I should have stopped before I began. I love each and every one of you--and here is a toast to good health to all of you and to me.

Mother.



of clear honey----sticky? rather, gluey-- that makes ~~the~~ clothes or toilet paper stiff, when dry. I have to change the coverings several times during the twenty-four hours, and it is very unpleasant as to odor. Sometimes like wet feathers--when you put the chicken into hot water--- sometimes like urine when the dipses have been hung before a hot fire---sometimes just "rotten."

All that is very interesting?----- It has made me very ~~new~~ nervous, which, in turn, intensifies the pain. Now you know conditions---and again I shall try to forget it all and not think of it as true.

My dear Mr. Ayling is not taking care of me at present. We agreed that it would be better for each of us to have a little vacation from each other. I have a woman now--and a very lovely, understanding, woman. I felt terribly lonely without Mr. Ayling at first, but I am sure that it was right to make the change. I am more and more confident that the healing is just ahead of me. Mr. Ayling is a fine practitioner, and he did some fine work for me---but, possibly he had given all that he could give me just now--and Mrs. Schwartzel is giving it to me in a little different way, that does not lessen the truth as Mr. Ayling gave it to me but puts it in a different angle. I am full of hope. I have not told any one about the change excepting to Addie--and she was here so often, and was, herself, going to Mr. Ayling so that it was impossible not to tell her. I shall tell Herbert when he comes again. I did not want the family to know--- well, it seems sometimes as if I would like to get out from under some of the family criticism. The bitterness weighs on me. You do not suppose that my religion will



Los Angeles---March 14 1934

Dear Helen and Wilder:

So long a time since my wonderful birthday of last Friday! I suppose I was more excited than I knew--at any rate there has been nothing left to keep going on and so--no letters have been written.

But this morning I am standing on top of a high rock, looking off over the hard, narrow, rugged path I have been travelling over for some time, and singing --silently, if not audibly, psalms of rejoicing--for why? I am going along a path that leads to a much desired goal, and as I look back, I am rejoicing over the very certain fact that I shall not have to travel this way again. Something has been accomplished at least. As I look forward the way is hidden from me--I do not know how rugged the going may be, I know nothing of what is to come, but I am certain of one thing, every step I take, easy or hard, brings me that much nearer to the desired goal. And I am certain, too, that it will not all be hard even though the climbing may be pretty steep, for always there will be so much of love---as there always has been--to help me over the worst places. So I am full of confidence and joy while I rest a bit before going on.

My dear boys who are giving me their love and care--so much of love-----And always, when I say "my boys" it includes their wives, my two dear daughters--in thought it is always, Mary and Herbert-Helen and Wilder--and how could it be otherwise--for they never fail in giving me love. I am so blessed in my daughters. Then there is another one of my boys--Jack, the anchorless one. The one Ruth loved so dearly--the one who



loving sympathy and care--for whom I should love to do something were it possible. Jack, who has always loved me, and I think still needs me; the one who has been so deeply hurt that he has not yet found himself, and knows not where to look for the understanding that he so longs to find--

That is enough to show you that life is still worth the living.

I am combining your two letters for two reasons--one is that it saves me writing two--the other is that I fear if I should write to Atlantic City that Helen would be gone. Now for the thank yous--Helen dear your lovely letter came Friday morning while I was at breakfast--right on the dot--and such a joy to receive. I am so glad that you had the two good friends to be with you. I suppose May Myers came the second week? She would be lively and good company, and probably better for the second week, for I know how Alice Lewis always fits in with your moods, and being so weak that first bit of time in the hotel, she would be invaluable--and somehow, I do not think she needed any sympathy for being there--even though not quite yourself, I am certain you gave to her just what she has always loved in you--just yourself.

Wilder's letter came Thursday afternoon. The contents both spiritual and material were gratefully received and stored away in my memory box. Of course, the words can be referred to often, and the material? In other ways will be remembered. Mr. Ayling gave me a little bottle of perfume made by a chemist in Los Angeles who keeps him well supplied because of his healing work for him--That bottle was about empty, I use it every day on the tips of my fingers--after dressing my legs--



as the unpleasant odor seems to cling to them, otherwise. So my first thought was--Oh I will get some really good perfume, for I am spoiled for anything cheaper. Then the next thought was Now I can get that Bible! "That" Bible" being a new translation of the New Testament by Torrey. Torrey is professor of Semitic languages in Yale. His special being the Aramaic. He used to write for the S.S. Times when I was using that paper for S.S. work, and his translations were always so good. I believe this is the first translation directly from the Aramaic which was the common language of the people and the language Jesus used. I have been very anxious to possess it ever since I knew it was ready to be had. But I am not buying books; so feared I should have to depend on the Library--which would be quite unsatisfactory as I should to read it all at once.

Mrs. Mills went to the phone the first thing Monday morning to ask about the book--Fowler Bros. said "yes, we got in fifteen copies Saturday; there are two left, do you want one of them?" I have the book and it is just as I thought it would be, very conversational in tone--seemingly very little changed from the King James edition, but when you are through reading, you seem to have understood a little better just what Jesus said. Neither the book nor the perfume was expensive as I had feared so now I have enough left for a white nightdress to wear under my jackets--and as another one went to pieces last week--I need it badly. Thank you very much Wilder dear.

Mrs. Merrill sent her usual beautiful roses. I was so surprised to get them this time. She has been in Washington with Mr. Merrill, and Thursday I received a beautiful card from her mailed in Washington--Friday morning came the flowers.

Mary made me a most delicious birthday cake which I had the pleasure of sharing with several others as it was a large cake Mrs. Mills gave me a good atomizer for the "Gerald" I had just bought as a "makeup" for my hair, as soon as it should be shampooed. It is shampooed now, and the Gerald brings out the high lights just as a little powder does for the complexion. Armor gave me a magnificent lot of spring flowers. You know that he has finally given up the thought of medicine and he and his father have gone into business together? It was a beautiful day---"Condemned to good weather?, yes, I guess we are Wilder dear. And such weather! I wish that we could share it with you. No---I have lost no blizzards, dear-- I am content.

Loving you, very dearly,

Mother.

Oh I almost forgot to tell Jeff how very much I enjoyed his little German letter--I think that was a wonderful thing for him to do. Be sure that he understands I glad I was to have it



March 31--Los Angeles

Dear Wilder, Helen and all four children: It is almost funny, and so, falls short of being maddening, when I think of the many separate things that have happened this morning to make it seem impossible to write this letter--it is nearly lunch time now--but I shall write all that I can of the things that are pressing me because I want to spill them out to you.

I think when I come to write my story--shall I ever do it? I shall give it the title of "Tales of a Grandmother," But this letter may be called "Meditations of a Grandmother"--a very different thing from Tales.

Ever since the night when I knew that dear daughter Helen was so ill, and that my baby boy--who is anything but a baby to ~~every~~ to others--only to his mother--was in such dire mental distress, "I will cause my goodness to pass before thee" has been in my consciousness whenever I think of any of you. "The goodness of God--looking for the goodness of God, in everything connected with you is not such a bad thought. I suppose "The Lord is in ~~in~~ in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him. means the same thing--paraphrased thus-The Lord is in His holy temple, the consciousness of His children, -my consciousness- let all the earth, all that is unlike Him, keep silence before Him.

The letter came telling of the wonderful motto you have found for the entrance into the Institute--just the thought you wanted to express--"The goodness of God" "made in the ~~image~~ image and likeness of God" you must necessarily reflect Mind--- You must not think that it is the human mind that gives you these thoughts--The human mind only reflects the message from the One Mind. The inspiration comes from the Father--and the son works it out to meet human needs.



Aunt Addie has had to leave Elizabeth to make room for Faith and Gene to come in share expenses--Gene has no work,Armor hopes to find something for him to do---This week is vacation in the schools so it was best in every way that the move be made immediately. We thought we had your room at the Olds,Wilder for Aunt Addie for a week--but Dr.Olds is not so well and so is coming back home,and the room was needed. Gene brought Aunt Addie here and was to come back and take her around to find another room---we have not heard yet as to why he could not come--The temptation was strong to feel a bit peeved--but here is how it turned out. Several minor incidents took Aunt Addie to the store on an errand for Mrs.Mills--there she heard of one of their customers who had room to rent--a beautiful room--in a lovely home with a private entrance into a lovelier garden. If Gene had come for her she would not have found that place--but if she had found it,the owner of the home would not have rented it to a stranger for a week--but Mrs.Mills explained who Addie was,and the circumstances,and because she was a neighbor--the place is something less than two blocks from here--she had the room,for 3.50 for the week. She hopes to be able to take it for longer than the week. She needs a good rest before going out To stay with George and Ann. So,when I read of Wilder Jr.'s accident that might prevent him vacation work at the garage--I thought of looking out for the "goodness of God " in this accident--perhaps if you watch out you will be able to see how even this painful disappointment was for good. Some several years ago some one wrote a book, a very delightful novel called "Somehow Good" Showing that good could come out of even what seemed to be very unfortunate.



the careful, watchful, personal help given to making the most of ~~the~~ the little savings entrusted to the banks care, and I was glad that Amos Jefferson had a grandson who bore his name. "Trust-worthy"--that must be your slogan, I think. And now for a special story for dear Priscilla--about another little girl who is somewhat younger than Priscilla is now. To understand it look back at the hymn I quoted earlier in this letter----the one beginning--"Shepherd." Her mother was away from home, and she wanted a dress for her dolly-- When her mother came home she was amazed to see how well the little girl had done all alone by herself.. "Why I wanna how could you do so well?" "Shepherd showed me how." "What do you mean, child?" "Whon't you know?"--"Shepherd show me how to ~~see~~ gather how to sew?"

The picture book is for the mother of you--- I have tried so often to describe the wonderful showing of the spring wild flowers, thrown on the desert hills by the Master Landscape Artist--but have failed--this gived the best idea that I have seen. Each color group blends into the next color just as the colors in a beautiful Persian rug is blended--there are no crude.rough joinings--there are, perhaps a mass of white here, or light pink there, or perhaps blue shading down into the darker blues etc. It is hard to believe they could 2just happen it is much easier to believe that a Master Mind directs the combination of such a wonderful showing of beauty. I want to send a love-greeting to Fraulein Bergman--although I have no special story for her. I want to thank her again for all the wonderful care she has given, right out of her big heart of love, to all of you. Love knows His own, and she will be greatly blessed. Loving you--Mother



(3)

I am enclosing a clipping from the morning Times, that seems to fit in with the meditations of the morning, showing that if we expect to be conscious of the "goodness of God" we have our part to do to make it possible for Him to send that goodness to us. If those boys had not learned their Scout lessons well, they would not have known what to do---and if God had not sent strength into the muscles of the older boy could he have carried his brother so far over the mountain? If our hearts had been full of resentment over a fancied neglect on Gene's part-- would Aunt Addie have found her lovely room?

Because I think Ruth Mary has a rather keen sense of humor I am sending this story to her especially. Early yesterday morning I was having a little tussle with some pain that had been tormenting me--I wished I could think of just the right hymn to sing to make me forget it--"How firm a foundation ye saits of the Lord, Is laid for you Faith in His excellent word?" No, that would not do---"Shepherd show me how to go O'er the hill-side steep; How to gather, how to sow, How to feed thy sheep?--No, that did not fill the need---Finally after many attempts a tune came to my mind, and I was satisfied--I could not recall the words that went with that tune, at first--but ~~when~~ when I did get them what do you suppose they were? I laughed so hard that Mrs Mills heard me and came to see what was the matter-- but my sides were aching, and I was breathless and could not answer immediately--here are the words--

When good king Arthur Ruled this land,  
He was a goodly king, He stole three pecks of barley meal  
To make a bagpudding.;

A bag pudding the Queen did make, And stuffed it well with plums  
And in it put great lumps of fat as big as my two thumbs.  
The king and Queen did eat thereof, And noblemen beside,



And what they could not eat that night, The Queen next morning fried."

Oh yes, the pain was forgotten, and it came to me after a while while that the hymn I was wanting was-"He leadeth me"

Here is something just for the father of you youngsters--your mother will understand--but you will not--yet.  
Lately, especially during wakeful nights, I sometimes find myself singing the old lull a by tune. "By low baby, by low-baby .By low my babies, by low by. Go to sleep dears, dears-go to sleep dears--Go to sleep my babies three. Here's manly little Herbert, and sweet sister Ruth and Baby Wilder, bless you all ,my own;- By low baby----and so on ad infinitum--- No--I am not foolish just hungry for my babies, I guess.  
Then here is something just for Jeff--because of his name--Some one will need to explain it to you dear, for the meaning is rather beyond your few years.  
When the President ordered all banks closed--of course all banks in St Croix Co--were closed.  
The first national bank--years ago--west of Chicagowas started Mr. Comstock and your great-grandfather as prime movers and largest stockholders, and called The First National Bank of Hudson Wisconsin----At the time of the closing of the banks there were two other banks in Hudson, a national bank and a private bank--when the President's order came for all solvent banks to open--The First National's doors were opened--the other two are still closed. A great wave of gratitude came over me last evening when Herbert told me that--gratitude that the conservative spirit of the founders of the bank still held good. I thought of all the widows and orphans who had been helped by that bank, by ~~their~~

through



Los Angeles, Friday, April 27 1934

My very dear Wilder:

I, too, have been remiss in writing, for two or more weeks--Let me tell you about it.

Your letter of April 8 began with--"What a nice long gossip letter." Then the puzzled question--"What is the "Meditations of a Grandmother" you are considering now?" You must not get too philosophical in it. -hat is a sign of old age. When a scientific man writes a book on religion or philosophy, we know he is through."----- Heavens you did not think I was sending you a sample of a new book I had in mind? I recognized the mood that I was in--and dubbed my sentimental homesickness of a weary old mother "Meditations of a grandmother--A very different thing from "Tales of a Grandmother""

Events proved that when I wrote you that letter I was just entering a dark cloud that lasted for several days, until I struck bottom on Sunday night April 15--thinking that I was really passing on to the next stage of the great adventure of living. The only thing that troubled me in the thought was that I had not proved Christian Science healing so that my dear family would recognize its power and efficiency. And I wanted to stay a little longer on that account.

Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Swartzel realized my nearness to the great change--and did some valiant work. At first, when I told Herbert of the experience, he was inclined to resent the fact that no one had let him know about it. But he is the most reasonable daring --and when I showed him the reason he seemed to dimly understand. It would have done no good--would have ~~stirred~~ stirred them up so that all their thought of me would have been depressing and harmful to me. Poor Mrs. Mills did not know what to do--she knew how necessary it was to keep thought clear about me--and yet, she knew how the family would blame her if I did not rally. It made so much easier for them to do do their best work for me without any confused thought from the outside to meet. I came through all right--but not until after a personal question of my own was met and made clear to me. If you will bear with me, I will try and make it clear to you by simply telling you of some other happenings and calling attention to the power of thought from another source. Some weeks ago a letter from Winifred to Adams told of John's growing weakness, and that they were having a Christian Science nurse with him. I wanted so much to do something that might be of help, and so began copying a lecture that they probably had not seen, by a lecturer who is very dearly loved by all Christian Scientists. It was a lecture that she had written, but never delivered because she passed on before the time came for her to give it. I was fortunate in having obtained a copy, and knew, if they had not been equally fortunate, they would love to read it. The copying went very slowly--I was not feeling as peppy as I am sometimes. So that my thought had been, for some time, with John and the family--- On Tuesday--the 17th. when Winifred's letter came to me telling me of John's struggle being over, and that he had gone from them on Friday--the funeral service being on that Sunday, the day she was writing me, and how much she had been thinking of me--the thought waves were shown plainly to have been opened between us. It was that night that I entered the valley--- If you think back to Galahad you will understand my very tender feeling towards John, and that anything that would affect them would of necessity come very close to me.



So, Monday and Tuesday, I still being a bit dim as to clearness of thought--threshed out the question of whether God knew better than I just when it was best for me to go on--and recognizing the greatness of Christian Science--God's latest explanation of Himself to the world--and the exceeding smallness of my own particular problem corner--I found myself, Tuesday night, calling for John to wait for me. He was so young, his vision was so clear, I wanted to feel his young strength near me to guide me through the valley.

But Wednesday morning everything was clear again--and is clear--altho. I have not been very active in doing things like writing letters.

In her letter to Adams, Winifred had said that every pain and difficulty had been met for John in Christian Science--it was just a growing sense of weakness that remained with him.

Now that you may ask yourself the question--Did Christian Science fail him,? I would like to tell you about his going.

That Friday morning, he seemed stronger, and Winifred had some errands to be done down town. She left the house with Will, but a feeling grew on her that she would rather go home, she did not feel equal to the errands--So Will took her to the trolley--and she came on home. Jon greeted her, but in a few moments said, "Mother, I cannot see," the nurse recognized a change coming, and went to the telephone to tell the practitioner they needed help. Winifred lifted John's shoulder, up off the pillow--and said it would always be a beautiful memory, he looked so peaceful and loving--then he said--"Why I cannot hear--" and then it was jst like a clock a clock running down. Peacefully he breathed, and Will came home just as the last flutterings were perceptible. No pain no confusion---

A few days before he had told his mother that, probably, if the claim of tuberculosis had not had to be met he would never have known Christian Science as he did, and he could not tell how grateful he was that he had learned to know it. It was a beautiful close to a beautiful life. I was anxious to know how it affected Will, for he has never taken up the study of Christian Science for himself.

Mrs. Rose Ross came down from there one day this week and came to see me and tell me more particulars.

At the Mortuary, there were many friends from the college, from San Francisco and elsewhere--many who were not Scientists, and probably asking themselves some such questions. And at a time like that ~~many~~ friends do not quite know what they should do--should they go and speak to the mourning friends or what should they do? Will solved that problem in this way. Just before the service began, he stepped forward, and said something like this--We want to thank every one of you who have shown your love and ~~sympathy~~ sympathy by coming here this afternoon/ The services will be very short, very simple and are in the charge of our friend Mr. Mitchell. (Mr. Mitchell was the practitioner from Los Gatos) And a few more words of appreciation for the presence of their friends---Then when the services were over every one knew nothing more was expected of them--the hall was cleared quickly, and everyone's questions were answered as to Will's acceptance of things as they were. He was bound up in John, for John was always so dependable and understanding.

I know you will want to write them, and am glad that you can write, perhaps, more understandingly, for my telling you this. I want to write you more--for your last two letters have not been fully answered, but I think I will wait until another day when the spirit shall move me. With a heart full of love for all of you dear ones--

Mother.



Wednesday morning  
May 16 1934

I have letters from Wilder, son, Helen, Ruth Mary and from the youngest of the family--dear little Jeff. And was not his letter wonderfully dear and sweet? I thought I should, at least, answer that one immediately---but I have seemed to want to avoid all effort, especially mental effort, for some little time. I shall soon recover from that state of mind, however---and shall then write to each one of you--in the meantime--here is love for you all.

I am glad that Mrs. Mills wrote you just how things were--you will understand better than I could make you understand, especially as I had hardly understood, myself, just what had happened--outside of the nightmare of effort of which I alone seemed to be conscious. But that is all past now--and when I get some more energy to use I shall try and make you twice glad with my letter writing--first because I am writing, and second because I have somethings I want to say and shall be able to say them in a sane manner.

However I must speak of Mother's Day--When Mrs. Mills gave me the Rex Begonia and the pink Gloxinia, and I saw the card--I said--"hy how did they know what I wanted?--Her explanation was clear--and I thank you most heartily. My little garden in the corner between the two windows--north and east--gives me great joy. The great fern that Joe (gaedener Joe) gave at Christmas---a low-growing Rex---were the stand bys. (Mary gave me the Rex some months ago.) And now the taller Rex from you, A Rex whose leaves are partly hidden by some of the long fern fronds, and so filling in and rounding out the display---and the bright lovely Gloxinias so full of big buds that give promise of many days of beauty.

Herbert, Mary, and Wilder William came over in the evening. It was good to see Wilder again. He is looking so well, and more sure of himself than I have seen him for many years. He is feeling well, and doing well.

Mary brought me one of her most delicious cakes---Did you know that she has an electric mixer--so that the cake that needs mixing for a full half hour gets it, and yields a most excellent texture.

Herbert brought me a large bouquet from his new garden. The great crinkled Petunias that I love so much. So beautiful--so fragrant--so lasting. They replaced the Nasturtiums they had brought a few days before and the big bunch of pink Sweet peas that Margaret and Bob ~~XXX~~ had brought nearly a week ago from their garden. Mrs. Olds had given me a bunch of yellow Day Lillies--that have now nearly finished with their wealth of buds---and the smaller bouquet of carnations that she usually keeps on my little radio table. I have spoken especially of these flowers in answer to Jeff's question if there were lots of flowers out here. Mrs Swartzel does not have many roses in her little garden, but she usually brings me one or two fragrant ones when she comes to see me--so I expect some fresh ones tomorrow morning. Yes, we have lots of lovely flowers, Jeff, and my friends are kind to me. The Maple Tree has been lovely this Spring. I still regret that I did not let Joe cut the top back when the tree was planted, because the greatest glory of the flowers is at the top of the tree, a little too high for my vision from the bed.

Oh Helen how I wish we could talk and plan gardens together! I sent you the spring number of Better Homes and Gardens--Hartley takes it--



and I thought you might get the feeling of my being with you and interested--as you read it.

Wilder, the Dinner Speech was fine --- How I wanted to talk with you about it--and how delightful if we could work out the story of Abrahama together---you doing the writing--for I know it would be wonderfully well done. Of course, I still think I know more about the story than you do. But I am afraid that s the only way it would ever be written. Well--I expect to spend a summer with you at Green Point Farm--and during your vacation--who knows?

Ruth Mary--I still like the printing better than the writing--it is more distinctive. Am I ever going to have a piece of your modeling, dear? I have been looking forward to it.

Oh I love you all very dearly--and glad to hear good things about you all. So thankful that Wilder's ankle is well again.

Greetings to Fraulein Bergman--

Mother and grandmother.

Did I tell you that George and Ann are looking daily for the coming of the stork?



Los Angeles

May 29 1934

Dear Helen---with lots of love and thought for Wilder and the children, This letter will be almost entirely for you, dear, because I want to talk gardens---but it will be easier to send clippings rather than do so much of the explaining, myself.

Of course, much that I get for my garden book comes from the florists here and would not do you so much good--But every Tuesday the Monitor has a page on building and gardening and their contributors are of the cold countries--and are of authority in the East. I read them and think of you and your gardens and copy many things that I want to keep, and mean to send more on to you, as I am better able to classify and choose. I wish I were able to classify for you--but what comes to you will be much of a patchwork--if it should happen that any of the clippings are of real worth to you as to planning and giving an idea of something you want to work out--I shall be mighty glad. If there occurs to you any idea that you would like to have me look out for so that it would help you to develop a plan of your own, it would be lovely to have you tell me so.---In other words--garden clubs are growing very popular--lets you and I have one.

The one I was particularly anxious to get over to you this week, is the one on painting pictures with your Garden. I could just see you and Wilder out in the boat looking at the property from the Lake--with pencil and paper to make notes for future reference---And then again looking out for the beautiful views from the property itself to be seen from windows--or porches--or where a seat should be constructed to make the view a part of the joy you will be having at the farm this summer.

I never shall forget the keen pleasure I felt at Galahad one day, soon after the hot water plant building had been built on the remains of an old building. Old cement, bricks etc. had been uncovered and space and air had thereby come to some old buried Tiger lily bulbs. We were out in the boat and suddenly appeared to us a blaze of color that seemed like a miracle to us, the bank leading down from the building was aglow and such a beautiful picture from the lake, greeted us.

I cannot tell you how much joy I am getting from my little window display in my room. The big fern, two gloxinias, two rex and another begonia. Lots of green, brilliant color from leaves and stems and flowers from the begonias.---And I can see--somewhere--sometime-- a room opening onto an enclosed porch with screened windows a bit of the roof with glass windows that will open easily for sun and air when needed---some beautiful growing things--ferns, begonia, fuchsias, oxalis, gloxinias, etc.

Before that can come--I must walk--and must have an income from the estate that will at least enable me to put the glass in the roof and buy a few plants-----and that is what you need in your city home ! Think what fun it would be--and how it would furnish the rooms looking out on such a "planztorium-- And the canary would be there--and your sewing and reading would be there, and you would get every bit of sun that Montreal would give you, tempered by the roof curtains that both you, the bird, and the plants would need to make you comfy. No, it would not cost much---but be sure and have it large enough. And there could be a lovely little fountain that would add to the music and beauty.

I think the "squills" spoken of would be listed as "Blue Scilla" in the bulb catalogs. Mrs. Bell--Hudson--had an immense bed of them--the color was perfectly wonderful, and I have been patiently waiting until the



time should come when I could have a bed of them--although I do not know if they would grow so well in California.

I expect you know all about raising Sweet Peas--but I am enclosing it--as well as the garden of Salads--for perhaps you had not thought so much of having a garden for Jeff and Priscilla to care for at the farm.

I never read a description of steps--pools---paths--seats--in the garden that I do not think of the "Rules for the day" that used to be hung on the porch for the visiting boys and Wilder to ponder and work out. They could make such charming, useful things at the farm. And I noted the other day, in some paper or magazine, that one who did modeling could do so many things to beautify the garden, the porches, the windows etc.etc. So Ruth Mary could leave a work of art at the farm every summer---or in the city home and garden.

I do not think so much of the pictures Mr. Hans has about his article--but they prove suggestive.

Probably these clippings are enough for the first visit? Then I may hear from you to know what you are doing and planning----if you have had the time to think of much besides the plans for the day that is here, or at best, the day that will come tomorrow.

Ray's letters are moans over the lack of rain. The letter that came yesterday said it had been 50 days since a drop of rain had fallen! That is terrible for that country.

Oh my dear I hope you will have a most delightful summer. By the way--it is too late for this summer, but I heard once of woman who went to the country every summer and so missed many of the summer annuals--so she planted sweet peas in and some other things in eggshells and carried all sprouted ready for the garden. They are playing the "Chocolate soldier on the radio--it keeps my fingers flying faster than they are accustomed to move.

Loving you all----Mother



Los Angeles, California

June 5, 1934

Dear Wilder and Helen and the family:

I wish the Middle West could have had the same beautiful rain we have been having. What is nature trying to do to us? Trying to knock the Administration and telling Roosevelt not to interfere with crops" o ver which he has no leginate control?"

On your way to the near West, you asked if it would be a pleasant surpris to me--or words to that effect--should you keep right on the train to the far west--- I don't know if I answered that -but the thrill it gave me has not entirely ceased thrilling---for "I'm a wearying for you." Oh, if East and West were not so far away from each other---and now, Ruth Mary needing a warmer climate--is planning to go south to school, with two perfectly good grandmothers in the west living in the best climate in the world, both wanting her, and with several good schools to offer!!! Well, I call that almost as hard luck as Depression--Strikes the killing of live-stock because of no rain!., *in the Middle West.*

I have been wanting to write dear little Jeff, but have not yet risen to the place where I could seem to get the right kind of a letter written. And then, yesterday, I wondered of I could, in a series of letters, possibly write the story of Moses to Jeff and Priscilla, making letters that they would look forward to receiving, and perhaps, pleasantly remember their Naneean for always---and it would explain to the rest of you why I have so often referred to watching out for "the goodness of God," no matter what happened. References that possibly have <sup>some</sup> strange and unpleasing to you older ones. And yet, to me, you and Helen and the family are associated in my mind with that passage from the Bible-"I will make my goodness to pass before thee."

I am almost afraid to start anything that will take continued effort and close thinking, I am so unsure of myself at present--although I am conscious more and more often, of the feeling of certainty of soon "renewing my youth," and able to do things.

In the meantime, Jeff may be wondering why I have not kept my word and written to him! I like to keep faith with a child.

When it comes to writing, I have not much of news to write--not even family news. Herbert and Mary are faithful--I count on seeing them once a week, sometimes it goes over to two weeks--but not often.

I think I can say that their four boys are making good in their several places. As good as could possibly be expected under the circumstances. The two girls go on <sup>w</sup> their rather monotonousss lives faithfully and efficiently. Ann's baby is expected any day. Elizabeth runs in for a few moments about once a week-- she does not have much time, and seems quite tired--looking forward to the close of school.

Faith comes very seldom, she would like to come oftener, but she has the house to keep at Elizabeth's, and her baby and John to care for while Elizabeth is in school---and John is certainly one hard proposition to care for--not very well trained, because of circumstances, and very active and very individual and insistent on his own boisterous way. A darling child, but a little difficult --and through no fault of his own.. Nor the fault of any of those who have had the partial care of him. He has not had the advantage of ene person's attention and responsibility.

*Gene* has a job of driving another bread wagon, and He and Faith will be



moving again "as soon as he makes enough to pay his rent." Faith is so dear and sweet and anxious to please, but not forceful enough to meet such a combination as seems to have her bound. Armour dislikes her, and cannot bear to touch her baby--he cannot tell why--and has always thought he was a great lover of children. That feeling on his part is enough to make Faith ill---I shall be glad when the separation comes, for her sake. They--Armor, at least, would like to have Aunt Addie back again--but I do not believe that will come to pass.

Word has come from proceedings in Spokane--and they want to settle it by giving Aunt Addie \$16 a month---That might do if she had a home and board with some one of the family. They are all fond of Aunt Addie--I mean the girls are--but when you marry you ~~have~~ change more than your name--you change your nationality and often your character, as it were. Your husband may like your family all right but some way there are always so many complications that come up, so many questions. I should rather see Aunt Addie with George and Ann if they lived in town where Addie could get to church and see her friends oftener. But even that would not be the right thing.

By their action Jamie and Florence--(and their two lawyers--Alec Winston (a crooked lawyer if there ever was one--and Lawrence Hamblen--whom I do not quite understand--}) have acknowledged that Aunt Addie's claim is just and that they committed a states' prison offence if one wanted to push it. But there is no thought, evidently, of any remuneration for what she has not received from the joint property these past years. Jamie sees things through Florence's eyes--Florence has not understood, and is blinded by her own thoughts on the question, which includes a great dislike of Aunt Addie which was, probably fomented in the beginning by our dear cousin Grace who would make trouble among the angels of heaven, should she ever be admitted into their company. It is not a nice mess--no family quarrels are--- I am very thankful that we are all away from it. I am sending you all love--

Mother.



Los Angeles, California

July 2 1934

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Before I begin talking nonsense, as I feel in my bones I shall do, I want to tell you, Wilder boy, that no one but you and your mother can know what your letter, written from Princeton, meant to me. I lived those years all over again, remembering all the things you spoke of and many others, for we truly were great companions all through those years, and I knew just what you were feeling when you left your friends for a while and by yourself, reviewed your Princeton life, the years following, and the present situation in Montreal. That was a great thing to do, my son. I felt so happy that you were great enough to do it. That kind of an experience means growth. You are better fitted to carry on now. And I am looking for you to come through your perplexities with flying colors. Whatever may be the outcome of all of the problems that may be waiting a solution you are better prepared to solve them for the vision you had at this reunion in Princeton. five

That "callow youth" of twenty~~xxx~~ years ago would have been overcome could he have looked ahead through the years to the receiving the class loving-cup! I am so proud of you, dear. You are still flying the colors you took with you when you went to Princeton, and I thank God for that. Some nice things have happened to me the past two weeks. Will and Winifred spent a few hours with me--such dear children, they are. I showed Will your letter knowing that he would thoroughly appreciate it. He remembers those years of your struggles, too, and is very much interested in your present struggles.

As you know, Jack has been to see me for months-- and he came this last week, bringing the little

boy



and seeming so much like the old loving Jack. Then, the last time Armour was here he left in a fit of anger because I had to reprove him for something he said, and he came to see me, and was as sweet and lovable as he well knows how to be. Elizabeth and John are visiting in Portland Oregon for a few weeks, and Armour is lonesome without them. Saturday he asked Aunt Addie if she would not come and stay with him until his family should return, so I suppose she is there now. She spent yesterday with me. Hartley went over after her and took her to church with him, and then she came home with him for dinner.--Mrs. Mills plan, of course. The nonsense that I thought I was going to write you has oozed out of my mind, Mrs Mills has come home and it is bedtime. Hartley and Dorothy have each been in to make me a little visit, and I must say goodnight---I hope to write again very soon.

With love for you all,

Mother



Los Angeles, August 12 1934.

Dear Wilder and Helen:

I feel as if I wanted to talk, and talk a good deal to you, this beautiful Sunday morning. Mrs. Wills has gone to church, Mr. Mills is looking after me. Hartley went after Adams and took her to church with them, and she will come home with them for dinner and the afternoon. I shall have only this quiet time to say some of the things that are in my heart to say.

A new, and helpful friend, came to see me yesterday. She was deeply impressed as every one seems to be to see how well I am looking, in spite of sleepless nights and much pain and "nervousness".

She picked up my hand and said--"Oh I love your hands--" and as I looked at them to see what she meant I realized that they were not the hands of a 76 years old sick woman. They show health. My eyes and whole face show life, health, and that is what every one recognizes in my looks--what Mr. Bell meant when he said, "Why she is going to get well." What every one means when they tell me I "look lovely." They do not see the wrinkles, the naked gums, they see and feel health in me. That to answer your question of how I am feeling. I cannot seem to fool people, I seem helpless, but they know I am well. When am I going to demonstrate that fact? Very soon, I do believe.

I am very glad that my letter "written in an attempt to cheer me up because of opposition here in Montreal" arrived at the very time when real opposition had developed into the first block and the first failure on my part to put through what was necessary for proper development of the Institute."

I am glad, if its coming at that time really helped you in any way to meet the issue. But I have made several attempts ever since the terrible time when Helen's life hung in the balance, to help you meet the hard knocks, and not once have you hinted in any way that I have been able to help you. Indeed, this is the first time since you received my wire asking you to study Moses and his problems that you have ever referred to anything I have tried to send on to you, and I have had the fear that I had failed to meet your need of Mother's comfort, and that you would rather I did not make the effort. It would be a great comfort to me if you could honestly say--"You have helped me," and it would be a help to me to know what to do in the future.

You are on my mind so constantly, I sympathize with you so deeply, and I seem to know how you are really suffering, and I have always been able, in the past, to be of some service to you--and always through God's word.

And today, a message has come to me for you, and again I must try and send it on to you. Will you give heed to these references in the Bible? I prayed for you all the way through them. Hev. 25:38. I am the Lord your God which brought you forth out of the land of Egypt, to give you the land of Canaan, and to be your God. Read it this way--I am the Lord your God who brought you out of the land of small towns where there was not much opportunity for you, to give you the land of where men were thinking and doing, where you could become one of the world's thinkers, and to be your God.

Then you might follow it with the reverent reading of Psalms 34:1, 2, 22 and Psalm 42:5-8, and Psalm 40: verse 13 and the first half of verse 14. Then you might follow with Hebrews 10, 38, 39. Think all of that over--- Then read 1 Sam. 3:1-10---- and search your heart to know if you are willing to listen to God's voice, willing to still farther follow His leading, as you have done in the past.

And now it is almost eight o'clock in the evening---can I pick up the broken threads of my thought? Addie came--we had dinner together and we talked and talked. They took her home before supper this time, for all of the drivers of cars would be otherwise engaged for the eve-



Addie had been gone but a few minutes when Jean came with a bit of news for me. She and Frederick Hammel were married last January. She announced it to her father and mother last Wednesday, and the young couple moved into a furnished apartment in Hollywood yesterday. He was with her today, of course and I saw him for the first time although I had heard much about him. The only objection that Herbert and Mary have to him, I guess, is that he is too young, out of high school for two years, only, I believe. He has not proved himself as yet. He is a nice-looking young man, quite tall and with good manners.

Her engagement ring is most interesting. His great grandfather was a Dutch Lord, and for a hobby took up the goldsmith trade, and made an engagement ring for his bride. The ring has come down to Frederick who is an only child. The setting is beautifully engraved--the stone, a square cut topaz or amethyst, I do not know which. Her wedding ring a plain platinum band. They both seem very happy and very sure that their wedded life will be the happiest ever.

Naturally, it has been a busy day for your mother and I feel all sort of worn out. I want a talk with Herbert so badly, but Fred must have the car tonight so they will not be here until some time later in the week.

Will you please tell me what bee is buzzing<sup>w</sup> the heads of the university, or hospital governors there in Montreal? Why did they allow the bridge to be built? and still more, what is the great objection to the door into the hospital corridor being opened? It looks like active jealousy or some other personal animosity? Others have been similarly treated by them, did you mean? Naturally you want to get away from Montreal as soon as possible. As soon as it is known that you are footloose, you will have other offers, and something will come much more to your liking, I am sure.

Do I not want new teeth? why of course I want them/ I am not beautiful without them, you know. But I have been so in hope that I would not have to call on you to pay for them, but I do not seem to know of any other way than to say, thank you dear, I will get them as soon as my legs flow less freely.

If I only had a small house of my own so that I could bring my expenses down. First to get able to walk and wait on myself, of course. I was lying awake all of one of these nights, and had some rather serious thoughts to think out. I have not been able to think of myself as separated from Mrs. Mills, who has done everything for me for so long a time. But Mrs. Mills has her family to think of--she must not feel that I am like the old man of the sea---It is quite possible that we should be separated, and that when I insist on being with her I may be holding both of us back from a blessing that may be waiting for each of us separately. So, I have been freeing myself from the feeling that I cannot leave her and leaving the whole question to God without any hampering limitations on my part.

I cannot seem to be able to go<sup>w</sup> with my thought that I was struggling with--so will say good night until I write again.

With all love-- Mother,

Tuesday Afternoon:

All this time I have not been satisfied to post this letter until I could, in some measure free myself of the thought of Sunday.

I gave you the thought in the first ten verses of the third chapter of Sam<sup>k</sup> 1. The message that came to Samuel was not for him but for the good Priest Eli. Eli was a good man, but as priest he failed because he had not trained his sons in the law of God. He was too indulgent as a father, just as was David. Well--suppose that you should, in a way, substitute Mc-Gill for Eli----think ~~xx~~ the whole story in the light of that substitution. Had you ever thought much about the meaning of "angel"--what they were and what their office?



Would it clarify things in your mind to think of them as "thoughts passing from God to man"? And that the thoughts that come to you after sincere prayer were "God's thoughts" passing from Him to you because you were listening for His answer? So it is that God talks with us. He is Spirit, and while we are mortal and cannot understand the language of Spirit, while we cannot, with our finite eyes, our limited vision, see Him, yet He does communicate with us ~~thru~~ His angels--His thoughts come to us sometimes as dreams, sometimes by the lips of some human messenger, sometimes--and oftenest ~~thru~~ through our own listening to Him. You thought McGill called you, did you not----You have given years to the service of McGill, and McGill--through its promise-breaking Governors has brought dishonor on themselves. Samuel was the last of Israel's governors, and the only one of them whose word was obeyed by both Israel and Judah. All of the others were men who were patriots in their own community, only. But Samuel was God's man, and he was given the highest honor that the divided kingdom could give. Eli lost his place because he had failed in doing his duty, failed most lamentably. Samuel became God's mouthpiece for all the people and were honored by them, because they recognized that God was with him.

Now, Wilder dear--Study carefully these references, and apply the lesson they teach---study them as though they bore a message to you directly from God. Just so sure as God is sure, as God's promises are sure and true--this trouble will not cause loss to you. You are needed in your chosen line of work, and your efforts in the past are not proved futile. You are God's man, He can and will use you --if you will allow Him to do so. You have honourably won a place for yourself in the world--and just wait, with that certainly, until God.Himself, will show you what He has in store for you. Do not be impatient in your waiting. Just pray for more love and more faith.

With a heart full of love for you all--

Mother.



Los Angeles, July 23 1934

Dear Wilder:

Since your last letter my heart has been going out to you almost constantly. How I wish I could say something that would comfort, strengthen and encourage you. Not ~~that~~ that you made a plea for comfort, but I know how hard things must be for you now, and after all you are still my baby boy.

Realizing that there is nothing I can say in the way of comfort except to tell you what you already know, that I am loving you and bearing you on my heart, I send you this tonic hoping that it may strengthen you; please take it every waking hour; "All things work together for good" under one condition, that you love God. I know that you have fulfilled the condition, therefore I know the tonic will give you strength to meet anything that may come to you. And for encouragement? Sing this old hymn every time you feel the approach of the black devils---I have sung it hundreds of times these last two years.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,

Is laid for your faith in His excellent word.

What more can He say, than to you He hath said,

To you who to God for your refuge have fled:

Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,  
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand;

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply:  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

God has sustained you through many hard times, He is still the same God of love and of power as He has always been. "What is there too hard for God to do?"

It is barely possible that your work in Montreal is finished; if so, you will recognize it and be ready for something still better to come to you. At present you do not see how you can leave there as things are now, and you probably will not be called upon to do that. It will be unfolded to you, gradually, and if that is the step you should take, you will find that the way is made plain, although it may be only one step at a time.

I know how it seems to you, there are such deep roots taken in Montreal--There is a family of children to educate--and two of them are right now at the critical age, needing so much--there is pride, past effort to pull at you--O my dear, I have gone over and over it with you!

But God may have a great change preparing for you, and if so, you may be very certain that it "will work together for good" and prove to be the greatest blessing that has ever come to you all.

Do you recall what you said to me about my having to leave Spokane? It seemed to me then that it was the greatest evil that could come to me as wife and mother--but what has been the result?

So, dear, do not worry, just play the game of being alert for every good thing that will be coming to you, refusing to acknowledge that there



can be anything of evil. Again I refer you to Moses--when he had to leave Egypt, leave his adopted mother's home, leave every worldly bit of ease, comfort, friendships, ambitions, and flee for his life not knowing where he should find refuge--I expect things looked pretty black to him. But he had to go into training, a long training, for becoming the saviour of his people. It could not have been done in Egypt. If I had not been obliged to leave Spokane, you would never have had the opportunities you have had, would never have accomplished all that has been given you to accomplish---These years have not been lost years even if your whole life should seem to be threatened with disaster. Hold fast, and be the same loyal, earnest Christian man that you have always proved yourself to be. And God will bless you, and Helen and the children will be proud of you, and you will do great things.

And now I want to tell you something about Adams; The lawyer Armour insisted on her getting to try and get a living out of Spokane---- (As you know the Penfield home was hers and Jamies) She has had no rent, no anything since she left there. I have written of all that before and results so far is all that is necessary to speak of now. They tried to have her accept \$16. a month, but it has been raised to \$23. now. Nothing said about past failures on their part to give her anything. Of course that is better than \$16. She has about 10 dollars every three months from her mine which is beginning to pay dividends again after years of nothing. That gives her a trifle more than \$26. She is trying to do some work, as she can get it. A bit of sewing brings in 25¢ an hour sometimes. The care of an old lady who is losing her mind--I say care--she cannot be left alone a minute, and when her daughter is obliged to leave her Adams stays with her for 10¢ an hour. She has to be entertained, meals prepared for her, and watched. No hard disagreeable work. But sometimes Adams can add \$3. a week more or less to her fund. Winifred sent her 5 dollars last week, and little dribbles come in here and there. Not so very much for rent, food, clothes and carfare. But she is much happier and it is much easier than being in some one's else home, and feeling she must work for her board, sick or not sick.

Then for myself--not much change that others can see. Pain, sleeplessness and a great sense of nervousness, with constant running from the legs, and yet I know I am getting better. How do I know? I cannot tell you, but I am, and shall prove it some of these days.

Just as soon as I am able to be moved into the wheel chair, we are thinking of moving into Mrs. Matlocks house. I think I have told you something about that and the reasons why--but I will not try to do so tonight, for it is bedtime, or time to begin preparing for bed. With so much of love for dear Helen and you and the four dear grandchildren.

Your Mother--

Ann has a ten pound boy. Both doing well.

*I have not spoken of the farm  
but not because I was not  
interested - I will come that far  
soon*



Los Angeles,

July 31 1933

Dear Children:

I am writing this to both of you although I want to answer Wilder's two letters and send some more slips to Helen, and one is in Montreal and the other is at the Farm! I am afraid I am not showing very good judgement. I am sitting on a pillow, and I verily believe that a feather is sticking into me, although I cannot find it. And why the pillow? Did you ever try to spend twenty-four hours a day for five days on a borrowed-from-the-store-felt-mattrass-we-have -no-otherkind? If you ever have done it, I know you will never do it again. And yet, there seemed nothing else to do.

For some long time the buttons with which the Simmons firm tied the mattrass that belongs to the bed, have been making themselves very prominent and very painful. I am heavy, and most mattrasses object to twenty-four hour service---- I thought the springs in the mattrass might have given out in some places for it was hard to keep out of the holes, or depression that were getting too numerous for me and I could not find any more fresh spots to depress--so the firm sent a man up to take the mattrass down to be fixed up, as would prove to be necessary. We had no mattrass here to take its place and of course Simmons did not have---I did not know much about felt mattrasses---so I was induced to say I would consent to using the only thing they had----and I did not what else to do but consent, and supposed a night or at most, two--would be all that was necessary to use it. That was last Wednesday, and my body is as tender as a boil?



well, not quite that, but the circumstances warrant a little exaggeration, surely.

Your first night out on your trip, Wilder, I could understand, perfectly---a regular Jefferson trick that. Not able to ~~six~~ sleep, and every worry that has been on your mind and heart taking the opportunity to punish you good and hard, because "their time was short. After you had some rest, plenty of fresh air, new people, new surroundings and a most glorious sport---I suppose, after reading your second letter and comparing what you wrote with my memories of William Black's descriptions of salmon fishing in Scotland, it must be a most exciting affair to get a good fighter on your line--and land him. I wished you were here to read Black with me--but you were not here, my books are not here, etc. etc. So--I re-read your letter.

Your conclusions about how life had cheated your father, so well fitted for success, one would think, were very correct and, some way, I have not been able to get "Lot, the failure," out of my mind, since then. If Abraham had not made the mistake of taking the bit between his teeth and going off to Egypt, as he did---would he have been able to keep Lot? Probably not, for, surely, every man has to stand on his own two feet---no one can make or break a free soul, if that soul has built up the proper protection for himself.

I suppose the most sure way to make a failure of one's life is to depend on others to help us out instead of knowing we have to win or lose our own fights. And, my son, you have had much help during your life but you used every opportunity that was offered you to make the most of your life---and, if you keep that up, and keep your ideals high, you will



finish life as a winner. With love, unselfish love, for others--with a vision broad and high and kept clearly before one, nothing on earth can keep a man from winning out. For God is omnipotent--God is Love, God is Mind--- If you love, as He loves, Mind gives you the ideas--the things you need to fight with, and the courage and strength to use them. You, a child of God, inheriting from Him your ~~ideas~~ mind, and your desires, or, as we say, your ideals, and looking to Him for guidance--can anything stop you? You know what our great Master said--"If you keep my commandments, you may ask what you will and it shall be done unto you." And what are those commandments? Love for God and man--obedience.

I will just slip a few thoughts in here for Helen, with a heart of love for you both, and say, God bless you,

Mother.

I think it was high time for you to have a vacation.



Los Angeles August 26 1934

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Such wealth as the postman brought to me yesterday---a letter from each of you. I was hungry for them, and they digested well.

For fear I shall forget, when I once begin writing, I would better give the request that comes to you from Stuart. He is "collectin"g ! (How we all went through that stage and how very important it seemed to us) postage stamps and milk bottle caps! Imagine---but I do not know as it is any ~~w~~e worse than many other things the young people of the world have collected. It used to be buttons-- the prettier the better, but any old button went, provided it was the only one of its kind in one's collection. The one that was very popular at one time was asking that the young man should have his initials engraved on a silver coin and give to you--Your father asked for, and received, the coin of honor--a fifty cent piece for the center of the necklace--a quarter was to be strung on each side of the center one, followed by the proper number of ten cent pieces. Well, I collected the three principle ones easily enough, but when it came to asking men for whom I cared nothing to give me and engraved ten cent piece I quailed---and never finished my necklace.

Elizabeth came over this morning for a few moments bringing John and Stuart. David and Stuart have been with her for the past week while Jack was in the mountains with a troupe of boys. She had taken David over to stay a few days with Faith until Jack should return, and stopped here with Stuart to see me. Mr. Mills saw the stamp that was on your letter, Helen, from Frontenac, and expressed a desire to have it--but that was before Stuart was here. If you have one on a letter written to some one else while you were away, would you send it to Stuart--if it is not claimed by some one else? Or any other stamps that are different. As to the milk bottle caps, his eyes glistened over the thought that it might be possible to have some from Canada. Competition is keen, I imagine.

I shall take advantage of your gift of new teeth for my funny looking mouth, and thank you very much. I hope it will not cause you and Helen to give up something you want very much--Oh I did hope to pay for them myself.

You are so dear to me, and I am sure that in some way it will come back to you in great blessing.

I was intensely interested in the "musical bird bath." Something different and personal is so lovely to have. But I was puzzled for a minute over the word "symbols" and then I said, Oh Wilder, Wilder, will you never learn how to spell the simple words? The brass cymbals are spelled with an **X C**, my dear boy, and with an **A** instead of an **O**--

Helen dear--the clipping was missing. I was sorry--I had about made up my mind to ask you to send some newspaper clippings from the Montreal papers that might tell something about the hospital mixup. Elizabeth says she has a clipping from the little magazine called The News--if I had not seen it she would try and bring it over to me tomorrow. I did not even know there was such a magazine. She forgot to bring it today. Amor went hunting today so he will probably sleep tomorrow morning and she can use the car and come over with it.

I am sending some Monitor garden clippings. I know that English gardens must interest you even more than they do me. I do not know as the varieties of these flowers that do well in England would grow well in Montreal or in California, but some varieties of the flowers mentioned will, and we can find out from our florists or growers. That is the reason I send clippings from the Monitor instead of from Los Angeles writers. They are mostly from the



colder climates. At present I am very much interested in "Shade Gardens" or lath houses. If you should be at all interested I will send more about them. Also, I have been quite interested in gardens that attract the birds I have copied down some good suggestions that I will send on ~~xxx~~ to you from time to time if you would care for them

I began this on the 26th. and here it is the 29th!---and Elizabeth has not brought that News magazine clipping yet!.

I can not give a really good excuse for not finishing this letter sooner. I have been trlaxing a little from the nervous tension--result, sleeping better, and also showing great distaste to doing anything that would call for concentrated thinking--and one has to do some thinking or, at least, arranging of ideas, in order to write a letter.

And so, you have now "suggeeded in shrugging my shoulders, and we will now settle down to do a bit of regular work with no thought of ever changing." And what follows shows mw that you have decided not to retaliate, but forget it and become a Canadian citizen. Certainly if you are to remain in Canada, you should become a citizen, although it does give you, as well as me, something of a twinge to renounce citizenship in the United States. As to your attitude towards the "~~power~~ powers" that rule the hospital----I have been studying the Lord's prayer a little this week--and have been greatly struck by the way Matthew gives that petition of forgiveness. I had never noticed it before. No, it was not in Matthew, it was in Luke 11. "And forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us." That sounds a bit different--we can pray that prayer when we know that we have forgiven other, as we would want God to forgive us. Now certainly you have things to forgive--the shrugging of your shoulders will mean something more to you than indifference or contempt of, the words and acts of those who have sinned against you. Then you will have taken a great step forward in character building, instead of having been hindered.

The trip to Quebec and the stay at Chateau Frontenac set me to dreaming. Has it changed much since it was rebuilt?

Too bad that your visit with the Chesters was so hampered by outside conditions, but it was good to see them, I know.

You will have to stop calling Green Point the Farm now, I suppose. What a beautiful summer home you can make of the shore property! I must send clippings on on the planting of flowers that will, in a measure, take care of themselves. What shall you go in for especially, roses? hollyhocks? honeysuckle vines? I have a clipping on "An unsightly embankment--you have none that are unsightly, but we could change the title and use the suggestions for a more beautiful embankment. And the gate? send me a picture of it when finished.

The barn dance caused me to think back over early Spokane days when your father built a big red barn, on Riverside--and we gave the first German--or Cotillon that was ever given in Spokane--In our case the roof had not been shingled, and between the beams the moon and the stars shone in on us--it was about the fourth of July and everywhere the patriotic colors were in evidence. "More power to you" and my hopes for a glorious evening.

And Helen's hard work hurrying to get Ruth Mary ready for school brought other memories of my mother working so hard and breathlessly getting me ready to go away to school. Oh how sweet the very early morning air was when I reached Milwaukee before any one but the house maid was up to receive me! Such fun, that first breakfast! but that was after the first timid entrance time that first September day--I was only thirteen, and had never

been away from home before--Ruth Mary has much more of "the know" than I had then. If I can compass it, would she like me to make her a "granny blanket?" I would like to make her something--and I cannot do very much, you know.

See my little stamp book this time. It has done it well.



Los Angeles ----July 8 1934

Dear children:

Herbert and Mary have just left after a quite short visit. It is just past six o'clock and they must be at Willow Lake, about ten miles from North Hollywood by six-thirty to get Fred for some engagement. He has been at work there for the past ten days filling in for some one who is on vacation--and making \$20. for the ten days' work. They brought two glorious blooms of yellow dahlias to show me a sample of what is coming on, and a wonderful bouquet of the big frilled ~~Stuhia~~ Stuhia. The room is full of fragrance.

Herbert worked in the office until four, and then went home for dinner, so you see their visit had to be short.

George and Ann were here on the Fourth, bringing me one of the two last boxes of Youngberries--delicious berries--the other one of the two boxes going to Aunt Addie.

I was so glad of the copies of your speech--did I write you about it in my last letter? yes, I am sure that I did. It was in that letter that I promised some nonsense? but the mood has past, and I do not recall what the subject was on which I expected to talk a little nonsense---Perhaps it was on eating! For I distinctly recall that I wanted to ask if you ever eat a soft cheese, just right for spreading on bread for sandwiches, called the Blue Moon? It is made in Wisconsin--so, of course about the best cheese that can be made anywhere, and this brand is the best of the best. If you cannot get it in Montreal, try it when you step over into the States again.

My diet has changed a good deal since losing all of my teeth, of course--for breakfast I cannot have crisp toast and bacon--and I am not drinking coffee now--the tray looks so bleak and cold with a glass of ~~xx~~ cold water to take the place of the coffee, but it is all right, for I am still having our wonderful melons, and two little pats of pork sausage, a hard boiled egg, and a bread and butter sandwich, cut into four small sandwichs so that it looks more dainty, and looks as if I have more than one sandwich.

I am becoming quite an epicure on the subject of soups, too. I have never been so wildly enthusiastic about soups as some people are--but I am a slave to them now---and I know my soups, too. Heinz for cream soups, and Hormel for vegetable soups. They are the best ever-- and then come the sandwiches---Blue Moon cheese--Underwood's prepared ham--soft cooked meats chopped and "relished". For dinner I have vegetables---Something else that I have never cared much for---but such vegetables, and so many of them.

Well--there is some nonsense, surely.

And you have asked how I am---I know that I am getting better, but the pain is pretty severe sometimes. It comes in a flash and lasts sometimes for a long time, sometimes for a less time, and goes suddenly. My hands cramp quite a bit, and so do my knees, at times. And the water! oh the amount of water! soaking everything--making lots of work. The heels, arches and toes--are my most painful parts of my anatomy, however. You would never believe the amount of liquid I drink during the twenty-four hours--easily two quarts. Lemonade, principally, but some water, and a good deal of hot tea--my kind of tea--you know, hoy water flavored slightly with tea. Now than--can you make any thing out of the nonsense?

Thank Miss Lewis for her continued interest--Remember me gratefully to all who remember me there in Montreal. Love my dear Canadian grandchildren for me, and you two kiss each other for your far-a-way mother.

Always thinking of you----



It is time for my usual Sunday night supper of corn-meal mush.



Los Angeles  
August 20 1934

My dear Children:

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Mills came in to say that I had company, and was I ready to receive them. I said "I surely am, for if they have come to see me I know they are good company. Thinking it might be Herbert and Mary, my thoughts were with the Penfields. So when the couple appeared in the doorway, and came in so smilingly, my first thought was of Jean and her new husband--the lady was much the same type of Jean, but the man--not at all like Frederick. They came up to me so cordially, and I greeted them with some warmth, but suddenly realized that I knew them not at all, but probably should know them, they seemed so glad to see me---then the man's voice said, "You don't know us at all, Mrs. Penfield, but I am Dr. Bumpus bringing you a greeting from your son, Dr. Penfield, and this is my wife. It was not at all necessary to change the warmth of my greeting and I could see--in my mind's eye--that my whole manner was exactly as yours would have been, Wilder, just as I have seen you greeting some one whom you had not exactly placed, or were meeting for the first time, and wanting to show real pleasure in the meeting. I seemed out of myself and in you. The meeting was just right, I am sure and we had a good visit. However, I was a bit puzzled. I could not think of Dr. Sprong's name for the moment, but knew it was not Bumpus--and the name Bumpus seemed not to click in my mind--- So I said, "Why are there two of you? you are not the one I have been expecting to see, are you from Los Angeles? No, we are from Santa Monica. I have become affiliated with a doctor there who has been practicing in Santa Monica for some time." ---Well we got it all straightened out after a



and while doing so, I think we were pleased with each other.

They did not know about Dr. Sprong's ill health and neither did they know about your troubles with the Institute and the hospital. So there was considerable explaining and piecing together.

My, but I am glad my name is not Bumpus, is it not a horrid name? But they are so nice. And I heard about the operation you performed on Dr. B's brain, and how much they loved you both, and how could there be real trouble between you and the hospital authorities for every one in and about the hospital loved Dr. Penfield---but I said, that evidently the hospital governors did not love you very much--and then there was a mutter of "politi After leaving here they were going to see Helen's mother. Mrs. Bumpus said, " I am coming to see you again very soon, and shall bring my little five years old girl to see you "Will you like that?" And indeed I shall like that.

Now do tell me--why do the hospital governors fight the entrance to the hospital corridor from the bridge? And why are they so late in making th fuss, for Dr B. said there was an entrance to the bridge in May for he went through it.

Oh there is so much I want to know about your problems and how they seem to you and if you are formulating any plans for the future.

I am sending a garden page to you, Helen-- although I should not be surprised if all thought of garden work had been driven out of your mind by present events.

With much of love---

Mother



Los Angeles, August 31

Oh dear Wilder, I am so sorry and so mortified that I should have talked so much and so unreservedly to Dr. Bumpus. It was a dreadful thing to do-- and it will be long before you will feel that you can trust my discretion and so write freely to me of what is in your heart.

Oh I do hope that what I said will not embarrass you, or make it harder than it need be with the governors of the hospital.

All I know about Dr. Bumpus' address is what it is Santa Monica--associated with some Dr. there, whose name I do not know. Mrs. Mills means to try and find out by phone some clue to his address. I am hoping that he has more discretion than has your mother and so may not write anything to his friends that would be used to make trouble or hard feeling anywhere.

I will do all I can, as soon as I can, to make this right, but there is not much that I can do more than to say I so very, very sorry.

I suppose you have seen the article in the News Week? It is a wonderful tribute to you, my dear.

With all love--Mother.



1132 La Pere Drive  
Los Angeles California  
September 27 1834

My dear Children, Helem and Wilder:

To say just why I have been so long since writing you would be difficult to explain--It just seems hard to get at anything out of the ordinary run of the day. There is no sense in that I know, but it seems to be the truth. Please forgive me. There may be one other somewhat hidden reason, I suppose---I have got to ask for a little more money, and that on top of the teeth, which I am afraid are going to be expensive, is hard to do. Jack, I hope, will come forward with regular monthly payments from now on, but that "now" cannot begin before the middle of October when his first school check will come in. He has been so drained during the long vacation, it is possible that he will not feel that he can pay anything before November's check. I do not know.

I am back on promised payments to Miss Young, because suppyls for my legs that are running a stream all of the time, has drained me of every cent over and above Mrs. Mill's and the pratitioners' checks. And I have got to have some new jackets to wear. The blouses I got a year ago last spring are not so much worn out as outgrown.

My bust measures several inches more than ever before in my life, owing to the flesh on shoulder and arms. The materials and making will come to about twelve dollars, possibly a little more for what I need right away.

I cannot borrow from Mrs. Mills this month as I have done in the past, when things went soaring---(the supplies average about twenty dollars a month)

I am feeling some better, and am sleeping better

*Mrs. Mills takes a whole vacation. The middle of October and so much money that she can get hold of - so cannot lend it.*



*to know*  
what they are now. I will try and write a more newsy, worth  
while letter soon. God bless you all--every one of you.

Mother

the past week. But the running from the legs does not let up and it keeps us pretty busy trying to keep decently dry, and that is rather necessary as, otherwise, my heels and ankles become very painful. Yes, I have tried keeping my legs up on the bed, and thought I had found help, for being on my back proved so very restful that I took long naps while in that position. But turning day into night as regards sleeping did not seem to be wise---and the night proved my waterloo. Just plain going to pieces as regards nerves. To have the light where I could not reach it, not able to see the clock, not able to move, not able to read, type, just keep still--the house quiet, no one to call to my assistance---Oh yes, I reached the bell all right, and finally called Mrs. Mills-but I had waited until I was Witch nervoys if you know what I mean---and it took me some days to get back to normal---I have not tried it since.

I know it was foolish, and I am ashamed of it, but it was what happened.

Dr. Payette came out last week to take the impress'bnas measurements etc. Yesterday he came with the wax forms, and spent more time--next week he will come again--and so on, until the plate and teeth are assembled, and fitted. By the way, his two little girls are collecting stamps, too, so after you send Stuart's you may be willing to send him some Montreal stamps for them. Used stamps--of course. I will cut off the ones I have, of course. I feel like a leech--"give, give, give."

I have some cuttings from the Monitor garden men for Helen, but have done enough for today--do not feel like assembling them. It is all right--I am just plumb lazy. Not too lazy to love you all. There were somethings in your letters that I wanted to answer--but do not seem



Los Angeles  
1132 La Pere Drive  
October 1 1934

Dear, dear Wilder and Helen:

Thank you so much for the letter telling about your full week during the opening of the Institute! I shall not be able to tell you all of the thought and emotions that filled me as I tried to visualize everything.

A wonderful experience--a wonderful sense of accomplishment, and gratitude, must have filled your heart, Wilder---and how proud Helen was! Were Ruth Mary and Wilder Jr. there, or had Ruth Mary gone to her school, and did you think it not wise for Wilder to come home for it?

I hope you are still at the farm--- no, I mean Green Point. Just what are you going to name your place now that the farm is closed? What caretaker will be left in charge of things there?

I hope that you will be able to give up all organization work now, although you have proved yourself to be a very efficient organizer, still your heart is in the work of the Institute itself, and you will be happier when you devote yourself to clinics, teaching and research. I hope you are getting a real rest mentally and physically, and go back to the city as fit as a king. And I hope that Helen did not overdue--for I can imagine she had her heart, and hands, and head, pretty full.

How did Holmes come to be over from London? Did he come on purpose? And was Cushing much pleased with the result of your work?

Herbert and Mary were here last evening. Mary is not very well, says it is nothing but too much work to do now that Jean has a home of her own to look after. She has quite a family--three boys, her husband and a working daughter.

I urged him to go after Jack hammer and tongs to make him realize the necessity of paying interest on his debt to the estate. He said Mary was keeping at him day by day, too. He has written Jack but gets no answer----- I am afraid Herbert is too easy, perhaps. But---the family life, parents and children seems very delightful.

This is a short letter, but I believe I shall have to let it go like this--

I love you, and am so proud of you, Wilder dear

Your Mother.



ANNIE E. MILLS  
1132 LA PEER DRIVE  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Oct. 16-1934

Dear Dr. Penfield:

I thought you would like to know what we - the practitioner and I - think of your mother's condition. Also it <sup>is</sup> right for you to know how the money is spent.

The two legs have discharged the water at a great rate for months and months. If you remember they had just started when you were here a year ago. I hadn't any idea then what was ahead of us as I expected the condition to be met very soon. Considering all, the legs have kept in comparatively



good condition. In some places where  
rawness appeared we used vaseline  
plentifully - else where the stearate of  
zinc was applied.

Lady Jean's health in every other  
way has been splendid - on the whole.  
~~From~~ <sup>From</sup> an viewpoint she has made great  
progress mentally and spiritually  
and is now manifesting those quali-  
ties of thought that should lead up  
to a perfect healing. We are looking  
for it - and she is expecting it. The  
legs are improving. The sores  
cover less surface and tho it is  
hard to see that the water has  
slackened it must be nevertheless  
as we are not using quite so much  
collar.



The only use the cotton for pads under  
the feet to absorb the water as it runs  
off the legs. These pads are covered  
with toilet tissue. We have been  
getting the ordinary absorbent cotton  
23 cts. a roll (lb.) and until very  
recently we used a roll a day.  
Now we use five rolls (perhaps a little  
more) per week. After the legs are  
well bathed and powdered they are  
wrapped around with Scott's tissue  
and then a cloth is pinned around  
just under the knee and left to hang  
loosely so the legs are not unneces-  
sarily heated. The wrappings and  
pads are changed very often as  
you may imagine. I might say  
it has been almost a continuous

ANNIE E. MILLS  
1132 LA PEER DRIVE  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



performance. If you know of a better paper than Scott's tissue I assure you we will be glad to get it. The Scott's tissue costs 15 ct. <sup>per</sup> roll - a thousand sheets to a roll. We use nearly a roll a day. We are open for any suggestion you may offer.

For a week or more we tried putting the feet up - as high as the lady could stand it. She enjoyed lying on her back but the after effects were very painful. When she would sit up again the rush of water to the legs was and the pressure in finding out let was most distressing. And also the pressure about the heart was quite alarming. We felt that we



had considerable to undo - Now she <sup>3</sup>  
is well on her way to recovery again -  
has much less pain, has very good  
nights and is <sup>most</sup> very hopeful.

ANNIE E. MILLS  
1132 LA PEER DRIVE  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

I am sending you a list of the  
articles used for Lady Jean also  
other items of expenditure. The  
amount we & put-down is only  
an approximate estimate - as I don't  
have time to keep tab on the exact  
amount <sup>of each article</sup> throughout the month. I jot  
down money spent each time of  
purchasing and at the end of two  
weeks or so add it up and enter it  
into the "big book".

If you desire any further information  
I shall supply it to the best of my  
ability. --- My best regards to you  
and your family. Sincerely Annie Mills



Colgate (until very recently) 130 rolls @ 23 cts \$ 6.90  
" sterilized (for bathing purposes) 2 rolls @ 75 " 1.50

Stearate of zinc (about 2 cans per week) @ 20 cts 1.80  
ANNIE E. MILLS, 9000 S. PULVER  
1322 LA PIER DRIVE  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Scotts tissue 20 rolls. (at least) @ 7 1/2 1.50

Ponds vanishing cream (rubbed under the knees) 1.80

Vaseline 20 bottles @ 10 cts 1.00

Plus state sales tax on all 14.50

Other items

Deodorants

Mouth wash

Dusting powder

Face cream

Stamps

Stationery

Letter leaf folders

" " fillers

Magazines

Type writer ribbons

" " repairs

Radio tubes & repairs

etc

etc

etc.



Los Angeles California,  
October 21 1934

Dear Wilder and Helen:

You will, naturally wonder why I have not written sooner, but things have been in a turmoil here, and while I had nothing to do with the turmoil, and my room seemed ~~existenough~~ quiet enough, it does not take much to upset me these days.

Yet I was vitally mixed up in that turmoil, too. Mrs. Mills is off for her vacation and Mrs. Atkinson is here--came Thursday. Mrs. Mills wanted her here a few days to be sure she should understand everything as I was used to having it. Of course she has been here several times before, but Mrs. Mills does not like leaving anything to chance. She is to go a week, but is paying Mrs. Atkinson for ten days.

She and Hartley left in his big Studebaker for Zion and Bright Angel canyon in the National Park. Snow? undoubtedly--but that will be a new experience for her. She has never been out of California excepting her trip to Manilla some years ago. She looked like a young girl when she left this morning, her eyes were so bright and her lips so smiling.

Mr. Mills and Dorothy left yesterday afternoon for Riverside where they will visit the elder Mills family until Monday evening. So, Mrs. Atkinson and I are quite all alone.

The more I have another nurse, no matter how good they are, the more I appreciate what I have been having in Mrs. Mills. She seems to see everything from the patient's viewpoint, and is always about one jump ahead often knowing what the patient wants before she has really discovered for herself. She is gentle, deft, quick. She is certainly a number one nurse ---and friend.

A long excuse for not writing sooner--is it not? Oh Wilder dear, how good you are to your mother! In speaking of it to Mrs.



Swartzel and her reply was something like this. (I just turned on the radio--and was greeted with-"Do you need money? "No, I have a son-") And while Lucrezia Bori is singing--and the room is well lighted, and a good supper is warming up my tummy, I turn to the typewriter again to tell you--amongst other things-- what Mrs. Swartzel said--Do not worry about being a burden on your son, he wants you to have all that you need, he does not want you to feel unhappy about having to be dependent on him--and remember this, any man who shows out the unselfish love that he has always shown, according to your account of him, will not suffer--he will be ~~recompensed~~ recompensed for all that he does so gladly, it will all come back to him with interest. His work will prosper, and he will have plenty of all that he needs. That was the gist of it--and she so positively said--"Now that is true." I just knew that it was true, too. And then your letter said that private practice was increasing--and I believed, and only thank you more than ever, and love you? well I couldn't love you more than I do, I'm thinking.

I am so sorry to hear about the trouble with that wretched knee. But dear, you have been having a very hard year, with much of worry connected with it--do you not know how our mind affects our body? Do you not believe that trusting ~~and~~ God "keeping" your powder dry" or trusting God and knowing that no harm can come to you because of your knowing and trusting Him. A dictionary meaning of "faith" is "conviction of the truth of anything." For a little spiritual exercise--Read Romans 5:1-5 something like this-- (taken from translations of Weymouth, Goodspeed and Moffatt--translations that are quoted by minister in all pulpits) Trouble produces endurance, and endurance character, and character hope; a hope which never disappoints us; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the



Holy Ghost which is given unto us."

You have the right to take that to your self, you know. And if you do, and rest on the God-given thoughts that come to you as you study those words, holding fast to them I believe that knee will soon be well.

I was interrupted and the thought I was trying to bring out got sort of switched. I wanted to say ~~xxxxxxx~~ read the two first verses of the chapter with the words "conviction of the truth-- Therefore being justified by our conviction of the truth, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ:

By whom also we have access by ~~xxxxx~~ our conviction of the truth into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

And not only so, but we glory in troubles also: knowing that trouble worketh patience

And patience, character; and character, hope:

A hope which never disappoints us; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.

I have repeated some but wanted to copy these few verses, because it does me good-- and it may do you good.

I was glad to get the papers with their account of the opening of the institute and the views of the building.

Tell Jeff I am just as pleased as I can be until I see him in his new suit, then I shall be still more pleased that he has come into masculine clothes.

I am making a terrible struggle of learning how to talk and eat with my new teeth. Dr Payette wanted me to make a good trial of them before he came out to see me again. He is to come Wednesday.

Do you think this illustrated song funny? I enjoyed it, and wanted to share it with you I am thinking of you and Helen as being at



for another one of your delightful reunions.  
It is wonderful that you four can keep  
your friendship green and growing in that way.

Of course Ruth Mary is homesick in spite  
of all the delights of school--but it will  
all work together beautifully for her, I  
know. Helen will have a divided heart if she  
goes to be with Ruth Mary at Christmas for  
there will be so much to draw her--or keep  
her at home, at that time of year, and Wilder  
coming home, too.

With all my love for all of you,  
Mother.



Los Angeles--November 12 1934

Oh my dear boy I hate to think of you in the hospital! So you think you are not earning what the German government paid for your being blown skyward, the shock and the pain, from which you have never recovered? You are certainly more generous to them than you are to your own dear self. War? Is it not a devilish thing? Dr. Murray Butler said, yesterday, over the radio, That just as soon as the people would rise and positively refuse to sanction war, refuse to fight for the government which had ordered war---there would be no more war. I suppose if the people were united they could do just that thing. But---will people ever unite on anything? Yes, Sinclair promised every one work and even one over fifty years of age something like \$50, or \$60 a month, and it is certain that promises come easily before election. The things he said in his own book when quoted in the papers undid him. Now that he has been so badly defeated he says he will write another book and show how by fraud and lies he was defeated-----if he does, I imagine we shall hear no more of the socialist-democrat Upton Sinclair. But he is still idealized by a great number of foolish people, including Armor and Elizabeth.

However there is another plan before the country, called the Townsend Plan for old-age pensions, that seemed rather Utopian at first, but it grows on one and is steadily growing in popularity---again scorned by people like Armor and Elizabeth.

Not \$60, but \$200 a month for all, men and women 60 years old and over. Here are some of the good points--In order to receive this pension, one must be an American citizen with a blameless past; and every cent of that money must be spent, and spent in the United States--or the monthly payments of the pension will automatically stop.

Herbert's reaction to it is this--If a billio



extra dollars are spent here every year business will be so good that no one will have cause to worry.

My reaction is on the side of the old people and of the young people who will be relieved of their support just at the time when they can less easily spare the money--when their own families of young people are growing up and need schooling and starting into new business for themselves. It is not an easy life for young parents to have living with them those of an older generation. It complicates living tremendously--and these parents are already having their heads and hearts full trying to understand the younger generation. Then, too, the older ones have lived a hard and useful life bringing up their children, and if they have done well the state should be glad to honor them and see to it that their last days are full of honor and happiness. They should be independent and in a position to command the respect and love of children, grandchildren, and friends and have to feel that no one wants them.

I have a case in point now-- She has never learned how to live happily. she lives in the past and worries over every trifling ailment--and talks about it--She is not pleasant to live with, but she is absolutely dependent on her children, They love her, they want to give her all she needs, but no one wants to live with her for the sake of the family. If she had a \$200. a month, she would not be a burden, and she help here and there and be happy.

Well--to back to earth-- Wilder dear, we are expecting Jack to begin paying the current interest at least--on what he owes me. I had hoped that it might be a little more so past interest might be taken care of by a little each month. It seemed as though it might be \$75. at least. He gets a salary of \$400 a month I hoped Herbert would ask for \$100. for each month for ten months of the year. \$100 off each pay check. His daughters are married, Bob is paying his own expenses, and is being charged with every cent his father pays out



They needed the stove---she did not need the money(? $\Phi$ ) just then, for she was living with them (and working hard for them at the same time.) Oh yes I believe most heartily in the Townsend plan of old age pensions. I am waiting to get Herbert's report to see if the stove has been paid for in her account.

Had she been consulted about "loaning" them the money, the result would have been the same, for she could never refuse Herbert and George anything they wanted. But having had no account rendered, we do not know if the "loan" has been paid. "Very annoying" to put it mildly. Perhaps you would better burn this up.

As to what I want for Christmas? I ought to say "my teeth are my Christmas" from you and Helen---but I am not. You saw how badly worn my "Science and Health" is--and I want a Bible to match the textbook in size. I have a case that Mr. Mills made to hold the two books, but I have never been able to use it because I have been unable to get the Bible to match in size. Now I would like the Bible for Christmas--And ~~the~~ Science and Health--perhaps next March when my birthday comes around. The latest edition called "The Progress Edition" because edited in the Century of Progress, not because of any change in the text, is a beautiful edition--especially the woodbrown or autumn brown colored leather cover. I think it costs the same as the older edition. Go to a Christian Science Reading room to get it.----that is if you want to get me that. You reserved the right to pay no attention to my suggestions, I remember--and that will be all right.

But my dinner tray will soon be here  
I love you and Helen and your children--

Very hastily, now at the end

Your Mother

And do let me know as soon as possible the result of your operation.



for him, to be paid for when he gets a position. There are many men who can pay a housekeeper and take care of himself and two little boys. If he does nothing to reduce past interest how is he ever going to reduce the principle? I cannot say much, ore to Herbert--but perhapd you can.

Now, if he does pay \$650. a year Next month your check to me should be reduced. My suggestion is that your December and, perhaps January checks be \$150. That will give me the power to finish up my debt to Miss Young and pay for the moving--if it should so come about that it seems best to move. And get something ahead for the summer-- And beginning with February you should not pay more than \$125 a month, until something else happens.

Jean Penfield Hammel expects her baby about the 16th of December. They must move from their pretty apartment on account of the advent of the baby.

Your namesake--Wilder Penfield the second is to be married on the 12th of December. He and Audrey have been sweethearts for several years. Wilder has been planning to bring her over to see me, but they both had dreadful colds this past week.

Richard Crooks is singing over the radio close to my ear--but I do want to tell you how very much comfort we are getting with the "Cellu cotton," before I listen to him. It is better in every way than the toilet paper and cotton footpads. Less work, too.

I have not yet had a statement from Herbert as to how much I Addie on that \$400. she loaned me for the car. I don't know how much Jack paid her. This time I ask that he pay me the money and I will pay her. It nearly drives me wild not to know how I stand with her. Every one seems to think they can keep her waiting their convenience, although they know how little she has. She was informed in a most informal manner that she owned the ~~stove~~ stove that had just been bought for George's



Nov. 22, 1934.

Dear Dr. Penfield: Your mother has intended day after day to write to you but the days go by without having mustered the required effort to carry the desire. I was away on a vacation from Oct. 21-28, and while away Lady Jean took a severe cold from the effects of which she doesn't seem to have fully recovered. She doesn't show the fighting spirit that she has had before. Some days she



feels fine and I think she is back to normal but she doesn't hold the position just seems to be weary. The legs are doing fine - still draining but the tops of both legs have healed beautifully the drainage being confined to the backs of the legs. The heels have given considerable trouble - that is they have been quite painful. Outside of them there seems to be no bodily suffering other than tiredness - weariness.

We were happy to hear that you would be free from any future trouble from your knee.  
Love from Lady Jean and best regards from us  
Sincerely Annie Mills



Nov. 26, 1934

Dear Dr. Penfield; I rejoice to tell you that Lady Jean has climbed up considerably during the last few days. You will be getting a letter from her very soon I am sure. She promised me to-day to try to get into her chair by Christmas - any way. If we can



-get her out of that room it would  
give her something else to think  
about - and I am sure she is looking  
forward to it now. She has been  
enjoying your wife's letters im-  
mensely. We are glad to know  
you are coming along fine  
and hope you will soon be  
in your feet again. Our best  
regards to you and Mrs. Centfield  
Amie Mills