

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

Monday Morning

My Dears:

I am only taking this little note paper this morning, for I must not sit here at the typewriter long.

Elizabeth came back last evening, Jack bringing her. Tomorrow she will take Aunt Addie and me in to see Faith graduate tomorrow evening. Jean has said "Please"--and I do want to see her graduate, too-- and so I am to take my typewriter in and work in the annex room for the rest of the week, going with the Penfields to Hollywood High on Thursday.

Then the last of the week Elizabeth can come in after me--- Queer, to speak so casual of a hundred mile trip, isn't it? Perhaps it does seem so to you younger people.

Did I tell you that Aunt Addie was planning another venture into the world of making a living?-- I somehow do not think it will work out, but possibly.

I am putting in as much as I can of myself into my writing in the mornings, but there are many interruptions. Mrs Rose Ross spent Friday with us. Oh but she is lonely--How she does wish she had some one who cared where she went and when she came back. How thankful I am for love.

For all of you--love and kisses--
Mother

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For all of you - love and kisses --
Mother

unlike each other, almost, as they are unlike Jean. It will be a lot of fun to have the four girls here together, if it can be done. Jean is not as pretty as her cousins, but she is a good dresser, and carries herself like a queen.

And now---probably you have heard me refer to a dream I had many years ago in Spokane? But, as it seems as if I might make you understand my attitude today if I should tell it again perhaps you will pardon the repetition? It was so vivid a dream it meant so much to me at the time, and has not, even now, lost its meaning. I will make it as short as possible.

I had been reading with a group of ladies something along the line of Christian Theosophy. It was at the time when I had been, religiously, somewhat upset and did not know where I was heading. I was not satisfied with what the church had to offer--It seemed to me that there was but little life there that was true--was vital. There was so much surface--too little life. Mrs Taylor and Mrs Miller were greatly impressed with the things we were reading. It all seemed very beautiful to me---but when we read The Mind of the Master by Ian Maclaren--I sensed that in these other books there was something of truth but more of froth. There was much of argument among us----and then came my dream. A rugged gorge--up on the very peak, Mrs Miller, and Mrs Taylor in white robes, with lifted eyes and glorified faces. They were beautiful---they were at peace--they saw nothing of what I saw below them. Way down, down in the gorge, a black slimy pit. Human beings were struggling in that pit, and men were lying on the rocks reaching down to them and trying to lift them out of the mire. As they were lifted out, they rested--some rolled back into the slime, some crawled up a little higher on the rocks, where other men and women were waiting to help them up another round. All along the rocks on both sides were men and women lifting--pulling--pushing those who were trying to go higher. I wondered how these men who were reaching down could keep their balance--and as I looked, I saw a dim line like a wire, reaching from each worker up, up, to a light that shone like a star-----When that line was severed--the worker fell back----- I woke up crying, and saying, "Oh, I want to help." And the great thought that stayed with me was that Dr. could not follow me up on the heights--and I chose to stay with him and help him up.

Now-----whether I chose the right thing or not, makes no difference now. I did not help Dr, but, it may be, that I had a work to do that I could not have done on the heights. I do not know. If this little part of life that we are living on this earth plane were all that there is to life, things would seem different, but "eternal life is to know God," Jesus said--and it takes eternity to know Him. This life is a very small part of eternity. There are people all along the way up--needing the help of men and women who are seeking truth and loving humanity----- I know so little, I can not judge for any one

But, three years ago this month, God called me, very definitely, to a new way of thinking. I had no husband to hold me back--- my children were deciding things for themselves---my daughter was being held back from this new truth because she thought I would not understand. I did not know that---but I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision" and I had promised to go any way that God would show me to be the right way---and when I told Ruth---and found that she wanted to go that way too---I was fully convinced that the call was a real one. It was a hard way for me to follow. It was ^anew tongue I had to learn---I had so much of old prejudice to overcome--- It was a tearful way--- I have been at work for three years, and am just beginning to learn how to understand that new tongue. To think spiritually instead of materially.-----I must not speak of all of that it is only to show you that my sympathies are with you, my dear boy. Just so long as you are seeking truth, no matter where it may lead you, I have no worry for you. The years of this life are but short moments in eternal life--- I do not know by what path God will lead you---and when I say "God" I do not mean the superhuman that most people think of God as being---I think of Him---as divine Principle---divine Life, Truth, Love, Mind--- the great I AM, who made all things, and made man in His image, His likeness. I do not know where Love is leading you---I do not know when and how Love, Truth, Life, Intelligence, will call you to a greater knowledge of Him. I do know that we all have to learn our A.B.C.s somehow, somewhere--- and that every experience we have helps or hinders us. But always, if we are seeking Truth---no matter how round-about a way we may seem to be taking it is bound to lead us where God wants us to be.

That you are on one rock, helping up humanity to a higher step, does not mean that you are wrong because I am on another rock helping other men up. Some day, we will know God. That is what we are living for. Because one is washing dishes, and one is serving tables, and one is greeting guests, does not mean that one service is more honorable than another. It does not mean that one is less a true student because he is just entering grammar school, and before him lies high school, college, P.G. work, research work----The question is how much each one is in earnest in his own work.

Oh I do not know if I can make you understand my thought--- I find that few Christian Scientists with whom I have talked can understand---I find that Mrs. Eddy understood, however--- Her attitude towards all, ministers, doctors, any one, who is doing earnestly and truly the work that seems to him to be God's work, is honorable and to be admired. Just say to yourself--- I do not understand mother's new way of following God---but I know she has found the truth that helps her---and I know she loves and trusts and sympathizes with me just as much as she ever did. I know she wants to know all that I am thinking and doing. And I will leave it there, just holding my own mind free of all prejudice. Just following Truth wherever I ~~can~~ find that it leads me. And God bless my darling boy and his darling wife. Mother

RIVERDALE - ON - HUDSON
NEW YORK CITY

Dear Wides,

As nearly as I can figure out from the shipping news, tomorrow is the last day I can write you, and to make sure I want to get this note off today.

A note from Greenfield came which I will forward to London. I hope you get in touch with them early.

How wonderful that you are on your way home. To be able to say that

you will be home two
weeks from next Saturday
seems too good to be
true.

It looks as though we
shall still be alone for
a few days after that.
For the children still stay
on. A letter from Mrs.

Stephens today told of all
the preparations for
Ruth Marie's birthday.

The heat is pretty
bad and I haven't
accomplished much, I'm
sorry to say. Each day
the weather man promises

relief and each day seems worse than the last.

I hope you will do nothing but eat and sleep and sit in the sun on the way home and perhaps finish the "Giants." Also you will have time to think everything over with the best perspective in the world. I can't wait to talk things over, especially since Mother Jean's letter came. I think it was hardly fair of you to tell her first that we are surely moving!

This heat must stop and
then I'll endeavor to
accomplish something before
you return. Priscilla has
not been out - of - doors
for a week!

With my love and
oh, it will be so nice to
see you. I'll be there to
meet you by hook or crook
Very soon -
Helen.

Monday July 18.

Claremont--California
May 31 1927

Dear Children:

First came the dress that I am going to enjoy so very much, my dear. (Adams will try it on me and finish it up---- as soon as we get the time. She came home Sunday, and until the children go she will be too busy making hats etc. to do anything for me.) Then came the Music book--Thank you very much I am sending you four dollars--Please pay the expense of the book and then put three bright silver dollars at Wilder's bill plate on the sixth of June-----with my love.

Then came the picture-----and what am I to say about that? You cannot know what a beautiful thing that is to me. But it finishes up the homesickness that began to come at the sight of Wilder Dr.'s photograph. I am so hungry to see you all. So glad to see little Priscilla---so wishful for the other two-- and Helen, that is the best picture I have ever seen of you, I believe. You are all so dear.

Elizabeth is here trying to get her program for next year into shape. So hard to do, because of its being so hard to get second semester work that she missed into first semester work. She will probably have to drop back into the class that Margaret is in and be a junior again--- But, even so, it will be hard to straighten it all out right. She cannot leave here until tomorrow morning on the 6.30---and then she has a dinner to get for fourteen people tomorrow night.

Jack has to go on a diet--Dr. told Ruth that if he was not very careful he would have diabetes--so she and Elizabeth are struggling with menus. "No starch, no sugar" the Dr. says--Elizabeth wails--"Just as simple as that, to his notion, but oh not so simple to my notion." If you have any suggestions as to menus, be liberal with them. I believe that Dr. Canby did not tell Jack of the real danger, as he sees it.

The whole MacQuarrie family brought Adams back Sunday and were here for dinner. I had a stuffed leg of lamb---Tried to make it without much idea of how to go about it, and it was so very good I believe I will pass it on. I opened it up--after the butcher man had tied it all up--washed it--spread French mustard over it--Put a few pieces of left over celery, a half an onion--some sprigs of mint and some dry breadcrumbs through the food chopper, mixed it with the soaked bread and seasoned highly--Put it in the meat and sliced two oranges on top. And when it was roasted the stuffing had so incorporated into the meat that no one knew there was any stuffing---but the flavor was all there--and I shall not be afraid to do it again, now. For dessert--I bought two ~~xxxx~~ Boston Cream pies---or Washington pies from the bakery-- I crushed and sweetened the strawberries--put them on the cake and covered with whipped cream. It was good, too.

But I must not write more now--I am expecting Elizabeth back any moment to take me out to do some marleting.
With all love for all of you--

Mother.

Claremont
June 12 1927

Dear Children:

Well, Adams and I are alone--We took David and his belongings and Margaret's dunnage to Van Nuys on Wednesday. Leaving David, Elizabeth came home with us, and Friday morning th two girls went home on the trolley.

Friday evening Miss Ross and I went to the opera--Pied Piper of Hamelin--composed by Pomona's organ professor, Mr. Clokey. It was given in the open air theatre, and was most beautifully given. The lighting and scenic effects were fine, the acting and costumes were all one could ask and the music was bright and beautiful. It rained, a little, three diff rent times, but no one seemed to mind, and certainly we kept pretty dry. The people up in our neighborhood thought it "poured"--perhaps it did up here.

Today Adams and I went to church on the trolley, which is all right when it is as cool as it was today, but I am not hanker-ing for the twelve block walk home from the station, for it is decidedly uphill, and when the sun is hot, and at noon---well, usually I prefer to ride. Today it was fine.

Tuesday morning Adams goes into Los Angeles to help Winifred make a kimona for Faith's graduation present. She said she would be home on Wednesday. I laughed, she wondered why, I

I explained---Going in town to meet Winifred at Bullock's to buy the goods at one o'clock. Afternoon in the stores--dinner and talk etc. Hardly get it planned and cut out that evening. Wednesday, meals to get, talk, make the garment, have John take them to Van Nuys to deliver to Faith, visit with the Ingli, and out to Claremont all in one day?---Hardly. If she gets home by Friday she will do fairly well. She wants me to go in with her--- I looked at her with as pathetic an expression as I could muster-- "Adams, when do you think I am going to do any writing? Don't you know that three days last week I was kept from it?" She kissed me, "I know it, Jean, and when I come back this time you shall not do anything in the kitchen in the morning"-----etc. But I will do the best I can with my work while I am alone this week, and I think my vision is clearing somewhat on the proper treatment of the story and its characters. I am slow in working, however.

One week from today Elizabeth comes back for summer school work. She will take Play production and Dramatics, I believe. She began, last Thursday, to take lessons, once a week, from a very successful teacher in dramatics in Hollywood. No, she is not planning to become an actress. She is planning to teach as soon as she leaves college but while majoring in history, this work of producing appeals to her, and she has shown quite a good deal of actual ability. She says "You know almost every one likes to act, but very few like to do the dirty work that I like to do." She likes to be the main spring that makes the puppets move.

Margaret, too, has her program all planned now. She feared she could not major in music as she wanted to do, for she has had so little of applied music. She cannot sing, and she has had very few piano lessons. And only a few on the cornet---Yet she loves the music, and wants to fit herself for orchestral teaching in the high school. Miss Wernland, the music director in Van Nuys, is most successful in her line, and insists that Margaret can and should do that. And her plans are made, and she is most happy over it. Faith, of course, is intending to develop her voice. She hopes to be able to do some accompanying here in the college in order to pay for her lessons. The music department here is very fine. They do most excellent work, and there are some unusual voices, it seems to me.

Jean has accepted the idea of going to the Branch in L.A. and is just as earnest in her idea of fitting herself for a short story writer. While Patricia, who has always said that she was going to take Domestic Science, has made up her mind to take designing from a very fine artist and follow up with applied dressmaking. So she will have her profession? shall I call it--- She certainly does make herself some dainty, sweet gowns. Faith, too, takes to sewing--has made all of her commencement clothes--even to a spring coat.

Is it not most interesting? Do you suppose I shall be here for the younger lot of grandchildren? Faith is having all kinds of thrills--The graduating gifts are coming in and certainly

she is being well fitted out with pretty things. So far---A lovely string of small pearls from Cousin Florence--she sent Jean a white leather purse--- an old bracelet--~~xxxx~~fa narrow one with garnets set all around it that Adams has had fixed up at the jewelers for her--- The diamond ring that I gave Cottie and that Cottie gave back to Faith, Jack and Ruth have had re-set for her. Herbert and Mame gave her a pearl bangle bracelet just like the one they gave to Jean---It looks to me as if there will be nothing left for her college graduation--but she is so happy.

I am sending you a cartoon because it seemed so very good to me, that I wanted Wilder Jr. to see if he did not like it, too. I am on the last lap of Elizabeth's sweater, and shall soon be ready to begin on dear little Ruth Mary's. I am so glad that I have the pictures of all of you.

Mr Rich, the man who owns this house, was here this past week. He was "tickled pink" over the looks of the garden. The growth of the trees, etc. It does look attractive. But I must go and help with the dinner. I got my part started, but I am quite sure it must be time to finish it up--

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

how that would work out often. Dinner at five--in order that certain other things can be done at seven? But ~~if~~ dinner is in the making up to seven, how, or when do the other things get done? The girls are a good deal like that, too--or Margaret and Faith are-- and they need jacking up, that can be done where things are Claremont

June 5 1927
Dear Children: really run more by the clock. So, I guess, things are working out all right--and I shall not have to worry about where the extra closet etc. are

Before I forget it--Helen, did I ask you to send me

the measurements for Ruth Mary's sweater? The sweater I made for Priscilla is made the other way from the majority of them, so I need to have very definite measurements. It is begun at the wrist--so I need know how long the sleeve must be, how long under the arm--how wide across the back. If you could, without too much trouble cut a paper pattern?--but no, surely those measurements should be enough. If I cannot match the color will it make much difference? I could not get the orange at Robinson's and took like this sample-- but if there is any doubt about her liking this as well as the other--the next time I go in town I can go to Bullocks and see if I can get the other instead. Be sure and answer me as soon as convenient.

I am sending you a slip of paper from the Times--you do not know the young man--nor are you interested in his future-- but I am sending it to let you know that Pomona College is not wholly inefficient, nor is it unknown. Please glance at it--and remember, if any one should ask you "Where is Pomona?" It is on the map. Jean has given up all hope of coming this year, and will prepare for work in the U.C.L.A. It is quite confusing having these two universities in Los Angeles with names so similar. Will is connected with the University of Southern

Berkeley's
California. ~~Berkeley~~ Branch University is call University of
California at Los Angeles. I think, if I were choosing, I
should choose the former, because they have fewer limitations.
The Branch is under the jurisdiction of the State U. at Berkeley.
Everything in their policy has to be dictated by the Northern
institution. The University of Southern California has a freer
hand in its policies---and better professors. They are growing
in national repute faster than its sister U. in Los Angeles. One
can easily understand why that might be. However, that will
not affect Jean. I hope she need not stay more than the year
there---for I think she needs a change of that. Pomona is a
smaller, a more intimate college--She has been lost in a big
high school, she needs the personal touch she can get here--so
it would seem to me.

I spent one day in the city this week--I do begrudge any
time taken from my regular work--but one can scarcely help
interruptions, after all. Margaret finishes all of her finals
on Tuesday. Wednesday morning early we go to Van Nuys, leaving
Adams in the city for the day. David will not come back with
us. So we have his packing to do--and if you could see the
numbers of his treasures you would know there were questions
ahead to be settled. The most of them have been taken from the
scrap baskets and picked up on the streets and alleys. If you
could see him playing with a thin board, some tissue paper and
a few spring clothespins, see the many things he can make out
of them^m, watch him as he runs with his air-plane--talking and

singing, imagining a crowd--or but two or three people as his intimates---absolutely unconscious that any neighbors may be enjoying the exhibition--you would know that any thing might prove to be a real treasure to him. Just a big paper bag that his foot will slip into as if it might be a boot--or two of them that can be tied on as chaps---will keep him happy a whole afternoon. But it wont be so in Van Nuys, for while Stuart is a dear playfellow, he does not always understand what is in David's mind, and his desires interfere---and David cannot think for two---his ideas are most important, and it is a tragedy to him if they are interfered with.

I do hope the ~~nausea~~ ^{nausea} is over by now. I wish Christian Science could have a chance at you, Helen dear--for I know it can be controlled. Oh dear--that was always my horror. Funny what silly things we find that seem to help us at that time. Lemon drops---licorice drops--dried beef--maple sugar--think of it. I have not heard about the latest "maid." Is she proving capable? Will you not have to keep two? When I came home last Thursday, I met your father in the station and had a nice visit with him. I am looking forward to Wednesday with Ruth--and hope that I can get in a visit with Herbert and Mary too. It is fine to be so near that I can if necessary, see them, but our visits are rather few and far between and rather desultory.

It is possible that Adams may go to Los Angeles, take a room and do work on re-modeling hats. A Mrs. Tyler--formerly

of Spokane, is in a shop where they specialize in suits--ready-made millinery etc. rather an exclusive shop, and she knows that she could supply her with work. Miss McCracken--our practitioner--has plans for her along that line too--It seems that all that holds her back is the fear that I may need her. All that has held me back from consenting to it has been the fear that she will not have the strength for it. I was rather startled when Miss McCracken said--"Loose her and let her go." And actually, I could see that I was, in my thought, holding her a prisoner to weakness. So, after I came home we had a heart-to-heart talk that we could not have had--without misunderstanding--had not Miss McCracken cleared our thoughts for us. Why I know she would be happier to be independent--who would not be. I know that she knows the business of millinery. I know there is an all-year-round need, out here, for just that kind of work. Tourists so often want a little re-modeling before going home--etc. She could not go in a shop, for she works too slowly now. But she has so longed for a little apartment of her own where she can have her own things, entertain her own friends, plan delightful things all her own, and she has never had it, not once, in all of her life----and here am I, unconsciously holding her back when others are showing her how it can be done! Winifred said to her--"Oh, if Mother Jean does not need you, I can help you out now that we are going away. There are many things here that I shall not take with me--for instance, that bed of Ruth's--" I shall miss her, of course, but I need her room much more than I need her. I can plan next year without trouble, if she is not here. Many things will be easier for me, although the girls will miss her, too. Many things will be done differently--for instance, I shall feel that I can have a woman come in regularly, every week to do some extra things--some things that have dragged, some things that never get done without friction. I have not felt that I should hire that extra help when there have been so many of us here. I naturally plan things to be done at certain times, Adams cannot work that way--I think that Helen will understand

Claremont
June 28 1927

Rather dark here, I thought I was beginning a new page.

Dear Children:

Do you happen to know how long it has been since we have heard from you? When I came home Friday evening and found nothing from either of you I was chilled because I had not found the welcome I had certainly expected--but not frightened, for ill news always travels fast--it is good news that is more apt to keep one waiting. Mrs. K. telephoned me yesterday, said she had not heard from Helen since June 2--I made all excuses that I could--did not tell her how long it had been since I had heard---did not have the date handy, you know---etc. But say, I do think we might have a card, at least, saying that you are all still in the land of the living and love us in the same old ardent way. There are many things that might have kept your mind so busily occupied that you have not realized how long the silence has been. I have done those things myself, and so am quite ready to make excuses without feeling that there is anything very vital that is keeping back the letters. So--"I freely forgive you"----as one wonderful teacher used to say, the only trouble was that her forgiveness was offered me before I really craved to be forgiven, so it angered rather than softened me-----and shall look forward to tomorrow's mail with a certainty that it will bring me a letter. Now let

There is one thing that I just will not consider--the excuse of illness--anything serious happening to Helen, to Wilder, to the children

see---what will it say? Priscilla is teething, our night's rest has been broken-----The maid has gone and we have been too busy to think, much less write----- Wilder Jr. had a birthday party and ate too much cake. Ruth Mary danced about the house until all the boards creaked and then she danced right out of the window and came kerflop into the flower bed so that we have been re-arranging the garden--- We have been having so much company there has been no time to talk with anyone so far away as California----Oh there are lots of excuses--but you will make your own, and I will tell you about the things I do know something about.

Well---I have graduated two more granddaughters. They both looked fine. They were both too excited for words-- but there the likeness between the two ends.

Faith was graduated Tuesday evening. Elizabeth, Adams and I went in that afternoon. I stayed over until Friday, the other two came home that night. I send you a program of Faith's----We were amazed at the way she sang. In the first place, she enjoys singing for people---her dress was very simple--she made it herself, but perfect. It suited her style, girlish simplicity. As she stood there she looked like a happy child glad that she could make you happy too. No self-consciousness, well poised, smiling, lovely. Then she opened her blessed mouth and the brightest, sweetest, most delicate notes came forth. She sang as a bird sings.

The class are such good friends, but some are closer than others, and Faith is adored by her most intimate friends. They gave her a lovely pair of Japanese slippers during the Yum Yum rehearsals-----Her special girl friends, I mean---- and for her birthday which came commencement week they gave her a lovely purse bag. Jack had arranged the sitting so that "Baby"-as the girls often call her---sat in the center of her best friends. She was the happiest little thing.

Of course, it was different at Hollywood---400 graduates there. Jean has many friends, without doubt, but there is no solidarity of friendship. The class is too large to be very personal, Jean lives in Lankershim, and so must be on the edge of things that take place in school. Hollywood is too large for anything but small cliques. It was all so impersonal--but very lovely. When they were seated on the stage there was a perfect garden of girls all in white all carrying a bouquet of pink roses.---That was true in Van Nuys, too--- Then surrounding them were the black lines of the boys. Their orchestra is really very fine. I could not hear the speeches, but I could enjoy the music. Jean had nothing special to do--but her dress, all lacy and fluffy, became her as well as Faith's did her. Herbert had Mame's big river pearl reset for Jean and they gave her ~~xxxxx~~ and Faith, each, a pretty pearl bracelet. She had many pretty things--of course.

Jean has not been at all well since she had the flu. the plan, now, is for her to take P.G. work in the Hollywood High school. Probably, typewriting, short hand--and dramatics. She would then be able to get in one of the school plays, probably, and would have work under Mr. Kachel who is a wonder as a teacher and as a friend.

So they are off----- Patricia has never been more than just a good average in her school work, but this year she has surpassed herself, and likes the feeling so well that she says she thinks she will keep right on making her father and mother proud of her. "I can, and I'll show them that I will." Oh but she is attractive.

Wilder Bill is having a real set-to with life, just at present it is far from being "a flowery bed of ease" for him. I rather think they are taking the right course with him. He needs a power of hammering to make him see that life is not all froth and girls. He is a dear, and he certainly can make people like him.

Elizabeth is having much encouragement. Her dramatics teacher tells her that she has a wonderful voice. It is well placed, and no bad habits to overcome. That means, of

Louise Clark gave the
Diplomas

Hollywood

course, that a lot of the usual drudgery will be eliminated and she will go on very fast. Her work is all interpretive reading---The Taming of the Shrew is the one she is at work on now, with the Hollywood teacher.

Margaret and Faith are both to take piano lessons this summer. Faith hopes to pay for her vocal lessons by accompaniment work. She has applied for a place in the glee club. There is just one vacancy in the first soprano--but I should think it would not be bad for her to have second soprano work at first. Margaret is the housekeeper, and is manfully trying to fill her capable sister's place. She is also practicing every moment she can get. Piano--cornet--piccolo----- She is much in earnest. Say--do you know, those girls are just wonderful--and if you are not proud of them, sometime, it will be because you are not reading my letters carefully--and because they are so many miles away from you that you cannot feel in touch with them.

Do you wish I would write about something else rather than the family out here? But I do want to keep you in sympathy and knowledge of them.

But I will just tell you a bit about Ruth. She is feeling very well. Her face is still twisted---but she is busy with sewing for the girls, looking after the two little boys--with an occasional fling at Bobs who gets everything he thinks he wants out of her. He keeps at it so long that for very weariness, I think, she yields without knowing it. But then, it is usually Jack who settles things. He and Bobs are such good friends. Jack is worn to a frazzle---He has but a week of vacation when his summer school begins. And that vacation will be a very busy one.

The two little boys are having the happiest kind of a time with the swimming pool. It is much more than paying for itself, in their happiness.

Therewith---I am going to stop--Hoping that, whatever is the strain in your own dear household, that you may have the leisure and the desire to read and digest all of the long home things that are herein transcribed----

Mother

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AV. NUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

July 2 1927
Dear Son:

Off again for the trip across the ocean, and with you goes my constant prayer for the best that can come to you. You will have a busy, happy trip I am sure, and the paper will be the best formulated of any you have ever delivered.

I am so intensely interested in the Montreal offer. You will, certainly, let me know how it seems to you and Helen when you have looked the ground over more thoroughly. I doubt if you feel the severe winters any more than the New York winters----judging by all that I have heard, in times past. Also, I believe that you will enjoy the society in Montreal more than you have in New York, in spite of the many old and dear friends that you have there. Also, I believe that you will not have so many problems in regard to the schools for the children. Also there is the connection with McGill University to be considered--No University in the world is better---as I have understood. Also, in Canada, it is more apt to be merit rather than pull that will push you forward. On the other hand, you belong to the U.S. rather than to Canada---but, that is all right. When the Canadians have shown the U.S. what they have missed in letting you go---something else may happen. It would not be the first time than an American has had to go to a foreign country to receive proper recognition. I think I am very much in favor of it--and am rather expecting that it will be settled in that way, when I hear from you again.

Like Mother
K

You will not have time to write Cornelia Penfield Lathrop, again. I will write her and tell her all that I can, and will return her letters to Helen.

We have a dressmaker in the house, and the errand-boy position is mine so that Adams may sew with her--no writing--but a lot of thinking --going on while she is here. Also I want to get a letter of to Ruth and one to Herbert, telling them of the prospects etc. So I shall only send my love to you now--and hope for a letter soon after the eighth.

Your Mother

Claremont
July 3 1927

Helen dear:

Wilder is gone---or will be when you receive this--
and you are feeling as if most of the house and its contents
is feeling the lack of his presence. But you will be so busy,
you will be thinking, planning, doing so much while he is away
that the month will be gone before you really know it.
I wish that I could know all the plans and thoughts that are
seething in your minds. I am intensely interested in the
Montreal proposition. Neither one of you feels satisfied with
making New York your home--neither one of you is satisfied
in living in so large and impersonal surroundings. You would
be much happier to belong ^{to} rather than be of an environment.
I hope that thought I am trying to express, will be fairly
clear in your mind?----- However, what is the best for you all
will surely be found and known.

I am rather interested in hearing what Mary will
say about it--She is, of course, a U.S. citizen, but she has a
mighty feeling of hominess when she thinks of Canada. She and
Herbert are so one in thought that both are not only having
trouble with their teeth--but both are to have some pulled--
and the number is the same--Both are to have four teeth pulled
and both expect to improve in health. Mary has not been at

all well for some time, and the Dr. has decided it must be the teeth. Herbert has worn Ground-gripper shoes for years, but has had much trouble with his feet and has changed the make of shoes---I expect when his teeth are pulled, he will find he can wear his old shoes again?

They expect George home for Sunday--if he can get there. He has recently bought an old car--and sometimes it goes and sometimes it doesn't, so it will depend on the mind of the car as to whether he will be able to make the trip from San Diego. Jean wrote "it must be dreadful to depend on a tempermental car. Of course we all know what temper is, and I rather guess she made no mistake, after all.

The dressmaker fixed the white dress, Adams washed it, and it is lovely---thank you. I also am having a very pretty black Fleurette---sample enclosed--with black georgette deep ruffle in the sleeves and collar--to be worn over a pink slip. I am wearing, every day, the dress you made for me--the wistaria satin slip one--- which I had remodeled the least bit. The silk that the Taylor incorporated made for me is still on deck also re-modeled--so you know how I am looking this summer. But, dear, I have not the measurements for Ruth Mary's sweater--am all ready to begin on it--and her birthday but a few days

away! Sarai has just had a terrible quarrel with Abram, and I am struggling with trying to explain just why she could do no other way, and still be Sarai---This creating characters and making--or allowing--them to do only the things that they just naturally would do, is brain-storming. However, I am enjoying it immensely. Kiss the three dear children for me--and write as often as you can.. Always loving you, Mother

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

July 10 1927

My dear, dear boy:

I am so full of excitement this morning--"So thrilled," as Faith would say, and she would shrug her shoulders up high and put her ^{hands} ~~face~~ on her two cheeks, and grin with delight.

Just so--I am grinning--even though my hands are busy telling you about it. First, came the telegram from you--"Think favorably of Montreal." Good--I am so glad, so very glad, that it seems to you that the turning point has come, that you have served your apprenticeship--that you are now prepared for something of your own, and that the right thing has seemed to be offered to you. Oh I am so glad for you, dear. You and Helen have worked, and waited, and cheerfully taken up all the hard things that have come to you in the long years that are past---and you will work and take just as cheerfully all of the hard things you will meet in the future. But if you know that you have found your right place----it will all be easier.

And now, for the second bit of excitement that is rather personal to me---- The work on the story has been going on slowly, but it has seemed rather progressively, and yesterday, coming to one of the places when nothing seems to come right-----I thought I would stop and read aloud to Adams what I had felt was nearing the right thought. Those pauses come sometimes and it may be a week before I can seem to make any headway--but always I find that it has been because I have been trying to say something that was not

quite true, or not quite na... one characters, or th
the truth should have been presented in some other, bigger,
way. So, I read for something more than two hours before
I came to a place that I saw was not quite ready for smooth
reading, and Wilder, dear, do you know, I was surprised to hear
the words--see how the ideas flowed easily, smoothly, and
capably. It sounded like a well-written, well-conceived,
story. I am so encouraged. But, you can see that it is no
short story--it will reach book limits, I'm thinking, and
there is a heap more work to be done--besides the copying--
before the 31st.

Now for the third thing that has thrilled me this
morning.--- I stopped yesterday because I could not work
out the thing I was trying to say---This morning it has
opened up so clearly, so surely. No wonder I could not say
the right thing as I was conceiving what had happened---
I was altogether wrong---The conception was not big enough--
was not far-reaching enough-- And I wish I could sit right
here at the typewriter and work out this new idea--but I
want to write Helen---I want to go to church---and I guess
I need to mull the thing over in my mind a bit more--anyway.

God bless you dear---Ma all of your efforts during
the coming month point to big things for you, your family
and the world at large.

Your Mother.

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

July 10 1927

Dear Helen:

I have just written a letter to Wilder telling him how glad I am that he is thinking favorably of the Montreal proposition. Glad because a way seems opening out of the problem of "standing in line" in New York. Glad, because he feels that the answer as to where he should go and make a place for himself, is being solved.

You have both been very patient, very cheerful and hopeful during all of the past years when the way has ~~not~~ been rather thorny and the path rather dimly marked out before you. And I am glad that the way is opening up towards the thing for which you have been striving.

You two will understand the Canadians better than many, for you have known the English, and Americans. Canadians have the ideas of both mixed in their growth, and one who does not know both ~~nations~~ mother nations cannot so well understand the Canadian product, it seems to me. I believe that you will like them, you will like some of their conservatism. You will appreciate their ideals. In other words--I do believe that you will feel yourselves much more at home and someway "belonging" in Montreal than you have in New York.

You will be so busy during the coming month. There will be so much that you will hope to accomplish while Wilder is away-- that the time will pass quickly, I am sure. The very thought of a coming move will arrange a plan of things to be done, and what to be done first.

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

For myself, I am racing against time.
Two weeks more for the story that is developing into book length. Two weeks more to finish---and copy--that long desired story. I have waited for the measurements of Ruth Mary's sweater--until it is too late to finish it for her birthday. Perhaps it is just as well. I cannot seem to knit, or do anything else, now, until this story is over.

I am sending a little bit of money for you to give her something. Buy something for her or give her the money, as you please. But, whatever you do, give her a great big hug and tell her that the sweater yarn is here and she shall have the sweater---in time.

Kiss them all for me, and know that I do take time to think of you, often.
Mother.

OUR HOUSE
1521 BARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

For myself, I am trading against time.
Two weeks more for the story that is devel-
oping into book length. Two weeks more to
finish--and copy--that long desired story.
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I am sending a little bit of money for you
to give her something. My something for her
or give her the money as you please. But,
whatever you do, give her a great big hug
and tell her that the sweater yarn is here
and she shall have the sweater--in time.
Write them all for me, and know that I

do take time to think of you, often.
Mother.

WILSON

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

July 17 1927

Wilder dear:

I know your thoughts are with the family today. Your thoughts are busy with the wondering how Rith Mary is enjoying her birthday, and they are thinking and talking about you.

I wonder if you will forgive me for sending another picture of the Bowl? I thought, possibly, you would enjoy picturing yourself there listening to a symphony concert under the leadership of one of the visiting conductors. There are from sixteen to twenty thousand people there every symphony night, besides the thousands who, at home, are listening to the music over the radio. Margaret has been to some of them, and her letters are most enthusiastic. She loves to listen to music and she knows all of the different instruments,

and something about almost every number that is played. She enjoys intellectually, as well as enjoying the harmony.

The Inglis family are to be here for dinner about two o'clock. They had planned a picnic at Brookside, but finally decided to come out here. They did not say a word about whether they would bring the picnic lunch---but I am trusting to luck that they will---and am planning to give them something to eat if they do not.

I am not writing long letters this morning--this is just to give you the feeling that your mother is thinking of you, even if you are so far away from her.

With a heart full of love, dear boy--
Mother.

glad to see them, whatever they do, however.

Elizabeth rather thinks when her summer school closes--in two weeks, that she will not go home.

She thinks she will stay right here. Now--what

I to think? Is it Claremont--Grandmother--or

"Jimmy" that is keeping her here? Of course,

it does not make much difference which is the

motive power in her decision--Claremont-Grand-

mother--and Jimmy will all enjoy her being here.

Of course, it may be that she is tired after the

six grueling weeks of work, and would like the

chance for an idle time of reading. We will let

it go at that. She says that we need a driver

for the car, that we would be stranded without her.

And I guess we would, perhaps--although there are

some other members of the family who might be

persuaded to come if we were all alone.

With love for each and every one of
you, my dears--

Nanean.

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

July 17 1927

Dear Helen--and Ruth Mary:

I have not forgotten the date, Ruth dear-- and am thinking of you this beautiful day and wondering if it is almost too hot in New York to really enjoy your birthday? But you are so happy a little girl that even great heat will not take the curl out of things for you, will it?

I have just finished a note to the other end of the family over in England--and shall write but a note of greeting to you.

The Inglis family--large and small are coming out to Claremont for a picnic dinner. I really do not know if they intend to bring their part of the dinner with them or not--I am thinking that they will, but shall be ready to give ~~the~~ them something to eat, if they do not. I shall be

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

July 24 1927

Hehen dear:

I had no word from you this past week--nor the week before, but I expect you are right busy. I wonder if the heat has wilted you completely-- It has been, and is, pretty hot here this summer, I do not like it--and wish I could stop work and go to the beach---or rather take my work to the beach, but it is impossible--I have a family, and beach cottages are expensive this time of year. I am not even taking time off for more than a hurried trip to the Piggly-Wiggly in Pomona twice a week to buy supplies--- I should do many things and go several places-- but not until after the rush is over.

I wish you had a duplicate of the pool that

Ruth's boys live in almost all day. It is the
best investment they ever made, I do believe.

I am sending you all much love, but not many
words this morning--I do not seem to know many
words that have no connection with Sarah--

Yours in loving stupidity--

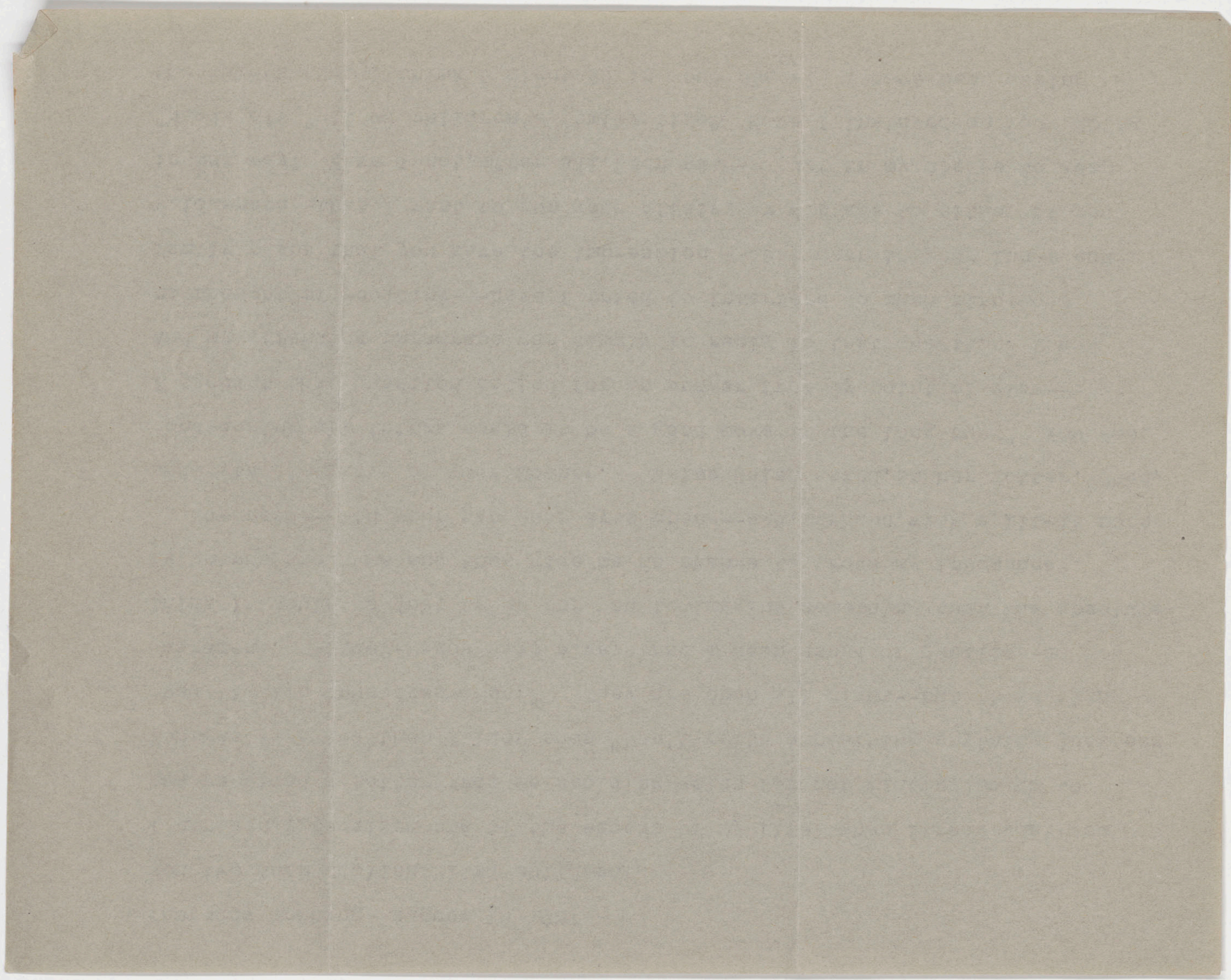
Mother

Thursday Morning--August 18 1927--

You two dear foolish blind children:

I certainly received one of the shocks of my life when I read that you had received a letter from me scolding Helen for not wanting to go to Montreal---- And then Wilder adds "Don't write explaining anything just ~~see~~ read it with your eyes open." They are open all right--but it is with amazement. Wilder---you have always had a keen sense of justice--do you think it would be just to me for you to imagine something that was absolutely untrue about me and then give me no chance to prove my innocence?

Now read--with your own dear eyes open---and, perhaps, with a little more understanding love of your mother. ~~xxxx~~ Helen asked, in her letter, "Then, considering all things, would it be a good move in the long run?" You see, I thought that question called for an answer from my point of view--- And my offending paragraph was simply in reply to that question. I had no thought of scolding---have I tried to interfere so much with your family plans that you have the impression --deep down in your inner consciousness--that I want to run your affairs or dictate to either of you in any way? Have I not, after all, been rather just in my desire to keep "hands off" in my children's family life? Have I insisted on your doing the things that I think I might do in your place? I have been asking



myself that question pretty seriously since receiving that letter--and I find that--search as I will--there is no corner in my consciousness where there is any desire or even a feeling of ability to decide any question for you. I am intensely interested in your plans--I have seen enough of ~~you~~ your family life to know how you both talk over, and look over, and think over, every question that concerns you both--carefully and thoroughly. Why should I think I knew more about what is best for you? I suppose my thought of the move is colored by what you have both said to me many times---that you did not like living in New York. So--I do welcome any suggestion that there is an opportunity for you to make a move. I know that I am terribly anxious that you should come to Los Angeles to live---I do get so terribly homesick to see you---but Montreal is no nearer ~~near~~ Los Angeles than New York, and your going there would bring my hope no nearer fruition. There is not one earthly thing, that I can see, that would make me want to scold either of you for not seeing the question in glowing colors-----No, I simply thought I was answering a question by putting other questions, and I took up the points that would make life almost impossible to me in New York---The rents--the service--the confusion the question of schools----and I had no thought of criticism.

Please give me a fair trial and judge me righteously. And love me just a little bit more so that you can trust my love and fairness to you.

I am late with my letters---- Ruth and Jack came down to Hermosa on Thursday while I was there--and stayed two nights--then they brought me home on Saturday. So I did not get my work finished and off until Tuesday of the next week. They stayed here Saturday night, and then we took Adams and Elizabeth and went to Laguna Sunday--spent the day with Myrta Herbert-- They went home that night. I worked all day Monday--mailed the story on Tuesday--went in town that day--and again on Friday. Cleaning up closets, bookcases etc. in the intervening days. Last Sunday we went in to Van Nuys in the morning and went with the Inglis family to their new beach lot on Silver Strand--fifty miles from Van Nuys--spent the day there, stayed over Sunday night and Monday night with them. Monday we went in to see The Seventh Heaven--and if you have the opportunity of seeing that screen play be sure and do not miss it--Jack brought Ruth and me home on Tuesday and will be back for her this afternoon. I shall go in with them and Elizabeth will bring me home Friday night. She will go back by trolley on Saturday-- Adams is visiting Mrs Burgess in Beverley Hills and I shall, probably, be alone and very busy with some work for--perhaps--until school opens. I have not time for any expatiation on the past two weeks--just give the facts, you see.

Give the children my love and kisses----and for your own dear selves? Put your hands on each other's shoulders, and look at each other until you are ready to say---"Mother loves us both--has always loved us--always will love us--and firmly believes that we are capable of managing our own affairs--but likes to know about them and feel that she is a part of our lives."

Your Mother

August 21 1927

Dear Children:

It is such a wonderful morning here beside my bedroom window. A delicious cool breeze weighted with the odors of orange blossoms and honeysuckle. A dreamy, delightful sense of well-being is the predominant feeling in one's mind. And I just wish we could talk instead of my writing. I have filled the vases with beautiful Zinnias--and have one bunch destined to go out to dinner with me. For I am going over to my neighbor's--Mrs Ross--for dinner. I am all alone in the house, Elizabeth having gone in town yesterday afternoon.

It was good to have Ruth with me for a couple of days. Adams went in town on Tuesday--and Ruth stayed until Thursday when Jack came out after her and I went in with them for over night. Then Elizabeth and I went in town in the morning and I shopped and saw Lon Chaney in The Mockery--and Elizabeth brought me back that evening. She stayed over night and took me to do some errands that I wanted off my mind before I should be left alone and chauffeur-less.

I am glad of the being alone. I seem to need to get myself re-adjusted. The past two weeks I have been back and forth so much that I felt out of gear--would that express it? Well--this is the little quiet time between the different

bits of work. Elizabeth and Margaret will come back with Faith to look after their little sisters during Freshman week that begins September 12th. Freshman week is quite an interesting time, too. Freshmen get started off pretty well. Get their eyes open, and their places found, and friends made, in short order--and their big sisters look after them for the two years that intervene when they shall have a chance to play big sister.

Elizabeth takes her place definitely, now, as a junior--a member of Margaret's class. She has forgotten the real hurt to her pride--and as she has really more friends in the junior class than in the senior--because of her coming in as sophomore when Margaret entered as freshman--I think she will have a better time.

Ruth and I went through the new college building while she was here. It certainly is the last word in beauty and desireableness. They take in the fifty freshmen this year--add another building next year and take in another freshman class--etc. Until they get the full quota of four classes and 200 girls. For Scripps is not co-educational as is Pomona.

I have been planning and buying many of my Christmas ~~gifts~~ gifts. I am, somehow, urged to get that off my hands before fall. I don't know just why the urge--for I am not seeking summer bargains---you know I am not much good at that--but I feel that I must get it done while I have the time.

street has its beginning in Los Angeles. There is some agitation for Van Nuys to drop its name and become North Los Angeles---- but I do not see why it wouldn't be much better to have it as Riverdale has it--- and direct letters to Van Nuys--Los Angeles--California.

The thirty-two symphony concerts at the Bowl are almost ended. The attendance has been phenomenal all through. And twice a week there are radio broadcasts, as well. Jack got a season ticket--and gave it to Margaret who has gone twice a week--taking Faith with her until Faith went to Santa Barbara and since then taking Elizabeth. All three of them have been made very happy.

With a heart full of love for you all---
Mother

I cannot say that I am sure to be busy later on---I wish that I might be sure that writing would occupy my time to the exclusion of other things---but that is in the future--as yet. I cannot expect to hear the decision of the men of the Palmer Institute on my story for another week--at least---probably longer. But I have a lot to do picking up the dropped threads here in the home, and getting ready for the girls in three weeks' time.

Has the hot weather been rather hard on you Helen dear? We have had a much hotter summer here than it was last year. Every time I leave here and go to Hollywood I am more sure that, when my work here is over, I shall want to live in Hollywood. It is so much cooler there.

Did you know that Herbert's and Ruth's addresses are changed? Herbert's address is Security Bank Building North Hollywood.-----There were many good reasons why it seemed quite necessary to change Lankershim to North Hollywood---business of the films--of course. Much of the work of the films was sent out from Lankershim--and the American people would not stand for the name Lankershim which meant nothing to them. Hollywood is the film center---and things had to be sent from Hollywood---that is the principle reason for the change--but not the only one.

Ruth's Address is now the number of the house-- 14233

Valerio Street, Van Nuys. The long number is because the

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

August 28 1927

Dear Children:

I have just washed my hair and while it is drying, I will write a letter to you. I cannot go to church--no chauffeur--and the church building is in Pomona--of course the Pacific Electric goes withing a block of it, but it is twelve blocks to the car here in Claremont---and the walk up the hill in the heat of the day after church, is not alluring. So, I will have my own services all by myself as soon as I finish this letter.

Wilder's letter, begun the 14th. and finished a week later, came yesterday. Oh you poor Helen, to be having such troubles with help! I am so sorry, and I know just how "impotently furious" it makes Wilder feel. He loves you so much and wants to make things easy--but he cannot. Well, it does no good to tell him that even under these trying circumstances, life is a heap easier for you than if he could give you dozens of capable servants and did not care for you as he does now---does it? For the "impotent" fury blinds his eyes and stops his ears to any such obvious remarks. So I just say I am mighty sorry---and am mighty glad that you have a big can of the oil of love on hand to grease the wheels so that they will slip a bit more easily.

While Herbert and Mary were here the other day something was said about my childreny

my children-in-law----and Adams said- "Yes, I think Jean is very happy in her in-laws--" Mary smiled at me as she said--"Well she knows the in-laws love her children."----I wonder if she can realize--yet--she has six chances to realize in the future---just how much happiness that brings to a mother. Each one of you has problems to meet--each one of you is over-burdened in some ways---but each one of you has some one to help bear the burden. How wonderful it is that you have each chosen the mate that just feels your need! I can sympathize with each one of you in the burdens that you are bearing--but I do not need to worry that I cannot help you--for you do not need my help. You are each one sufficient ~~xxxx~~ unto himself--as long as he has his own better -half to stand pat with him.-----and if I can make a success of my writing, then I can throw up my head and say--I have a better-half to walk with, too. No. I really do not expect that you children will really see the laugh in that remark. The laugh that is amusement, but amusement at the truth that lies below the remark.

I am glad that you had so good a visit with the Andersens. What did you mean by saying that Mrs. Andersen looked "just a trifle triumphant"? I would like to see your medallion-

What a glorious day and night you and the children had together, Wilder. What memories those days make for the children to carry into their future lives! Get in as many of them as you can---while you have the opportunity. Jack is storing up just such memories in the heart of Bobs, especially. It has been rather hard work for him, sometimes, to bring his mind into Bob's mind--but Bobs will soon be the age of

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

the boys whom Jack understands the best. And how well he does understand the mind of the high school boy.

Have you received the beautiful photograph of Mary? She had a hesitancy at sending it. I asked her--"Were you able to afford one for Wilder and Helen?" She looked at me and hesitated---"Mother, do you really think they will care for one?" I think I showed my amazement at her question, and Herbert said--"You see, Mary and Helen do not know each other so very well--of course she knows Wilder used to love her a lot---but you must remember that it has been a good many years since your two sons and their wives have known each other." Oh this being separated by the years and the differences in experience----it breaks my heart. So, it seemed, that Mary was waiting to see if I should suggest her sending one of them. She wanted you two to have one, but she felt a little hesitant. They were taken because of George, more than anything else. He is away from home--his mother is to him, the most beautiful, the most wonderful woman in the world---and Herbert wanted him to have a picture of her now, while she is looking so pretty, to carry with him. For, of course, Mary is growing older all of the time. Then they thought it would be well to have one for each of the children--for she might never have another one taken. She has given the other six--one to her mother and Blanche, one to Eleanor (Sade) one to Ruth one to you and one to me--and the other, I think,

to her brother-cousin George Ripley?--no to her aunt Mary Ripley.

Helen dear--would ^{you} mind taking the time, right soon, to measure Ruth Mary for a sweater? from neck to bottom--from under the arm to bottom--and the length of the sleeve--finished. Would it help you any if I should make a sweater scarf and mittens for Wilder for school wear? I could get that in for his Christmas if you cared for it. I am not going to send the John Martin book to them nor to the Penfields out here, this year. I am getting my Christmas thing planned right early---and they are not going to cost much--for my family will be larger this year, and I cannot see the money ahead. I can knit when I am talking or reading or think ng and listening to the radio. So---if ~~the~~ there is anything you would like for the children it would be a wise thing to speak up, for I need to take my time.

What you say about the writing of the book, Wilder dear, sounds very sensible--I suppose the writing will come when you are older and the research has been done. You are growing now--still sowing--not yet ready for the reaping. I hope that you will have good help when the Sherringtons are with you. What brave people you are. It is so ridiculous the way I dread even a little dinner. But I did not use to feel that way. Entertaining used to be such a joy, so I can think back and understand how much it means to you young people.

Do you know I have been gossiping here with you for a long time---My very dearest love to you each and every one of you.

Mother.

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

September 4 1927

Dear Children:

Thursday I had a telephone message from Adams asking me to come in to town the next morning. I did so, she met me at the train, we shopped and after lunch she went one way and I went another. My way was to go to Panages in order to see the picture "Passion" with Emil Jennings and Pola Negri. A German picture of the time of Louis 15th. and Du Barry and the one that made Pola a star. I had never had the opportunity of seeing it before. I went in just as the king died and the revolutionary mob took Pola to the guillotine. I sat through the silly vaudeville and just as they commenced showing the picture again I found it was time for me to meet Adams at the train---I was disgusted. I could have planned my aft rnoon much more attractively.

Monday I had a telegram from Cousin Florence. Charles died Sunday evening and she was about to leave for Rocky River, Ohio from where the funeral would take place ~~at~~ the old Clague farm. Irving would be there, and, I expect, she went back to Chicago with him. I think she would appreciate a letter from you. Direct to 3022 Lake Park Ave. Chicago, in care of Irving Clague. She and Charles have been so close together the past few years, she will miss him terribly. I do not know if the house in St. Petersburg will hold her there until it is sold, or not. It is too hot for her to stay there during the summer, and they were not in their home just now. They were hoping to sell there in order to come to California to live. They did not have quite money enough to do that and went to Florida during the boom and made some money--and was able to trade in their farm property in Rocky River

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

for this house---and sales stopped. They were left with the house which is, perhaps, more salable than the farm, on the whole. St. Petersburg is a good town, I imagine. I am grieved for her, and am hoping she will be able to come out here before so very long.

I am asking many questions about the public school plan for the children, of course. You remember that you were discussing the possibilities of doing that when the new school building was finished, when I was there. Do you mean that you were not satisfied with the work the school did for Wilder last year? Is Wilder in the sixth grade now? And you think that Ruth Mary may make up a grade in the fifth? Or is he in the fifth and you think she will meet him there?

The visit in Colchester must have been

enjoyed by all of you. How much you and Helen think of backgrounds. How much old things seem to mean to you--and yet, you are living in the future a great deal. Do you see the difference that I see? Do you recall the impression that Stanford made on me, so soon after seeing the colleges and breathing the atmosphere of Oxford? So much of beauty and interest in

both places--Oxford for its present beauty
and its past---Stanford with its present
beauty and its glorious youth, joy, progress.
Your associations in New York ~~as~~ much of the
past, too. Is it not so? The achievements of
the fathers and grandfathers-- In the ~~past~~ ^{west}
it is the achievements of the present and the
laying the foundations for the future. Quite a
different atmosphere that we are breathing, is
it not? Naturally it must affect our vision and
understanding of values--do you not think so?
We, each of us, have to stop and get the viewpoint
of the other before we can quite sense the
way each other may look at things? I am simply
questioning and, perhaps, hoping that you will
question with me. I can understand your feeling
of being tired of tent life, and wanting to
be established on a sure foundation---but are
the Ladds, the Lewis's, the Boardmans, etc. etc.
any better for the foundations laid for them by
fathers and grandfathers than are the families
who have come to the West and are laying their
own foundations? Just a question, you see.

to Mrs. Sumner

I hope your chapter of staining--went off
easily this past week and that you are starting
the fall work with a lot of zip. The waiting
for news from Montreal must be tiring---as is
my waiting to hear from the story that means so
much to me. I see that John Erskine is writing
on Adam and Eve with much the same thought of
treatment as I am trying to put over. It may be
that there will be a demand for that kind of a
story. I wish I were as well equipped as John
Erskine.

I am slipping in a letter from Elizabeth
just to give you a bit of the home life.
Winifred was greatly surprised at her ability
as a dinner giver and efficiency in planning

Sunday--September 11 1927

Dear Children:

Now what do you think of this for a surprise mail? What has ~~happ~~ happened to your postman? What kind of a silly performance is this? Why Montrose?--- When you find out, please let ~~me~~ know for I am consumed with curiosity. I am sending you a cutting from the paper telling of the hoax perpetrated by our friend Paul Jordan Smith who has lived here in Claremont for several years. The joke is causing much interest and I thought it might possibly come in handy for you sometime, if you should be entertained

where the new painting school was the subject of conversation.

Well--several things have happened, or are in the course of happening to us here in our little home. Adams has felt that I needed her room now that the three girls were to be with me. Also she has been possessed with the desire to be independent. To earn her own living and to have a little home that she could call her own even though it were but one room. Also she wants to earn a little so that when I am free to leave Claremont she will be able to go with me paying her own way. So--she has rented a room of Miss Spaulding, will advertise for "hats to trim"--and, possibly, some other line----she even talks of buying a hem-stitching machine and doing fine hemstitching--there is quite a bit of money in it for one who does really good work, but the machines cost in the neighborhood of \$200---

I subjects is a question I have not yet answered myself. There are so many writers with so little to say, do I want to join the rank and file? Is it worth while--is the question. With love for you--and hoping Helen will send the answers about Ruth's sweater and the Christmas needs--
But whether I want to write on other subjects is a question I have not yet answered myself. There are so many writers with so little to say, do I want to join the rank and file? Is it worth while--is the question. With love for you--and hoping Helen will send the answers about Ruth's sweater and the Christmas needs--

Muriel and Faith will practice here instead of in the college music rooms. The house will be fairly alive with out Adams and Margaret. But, of course, Adams will have her dinners with us, and will be here every day much of the time. What I shall be doing this year I have not decided as yet. My story came back.

The most of her things have been moved over--and now comes word that Margaret is not coming back to Claremont this year. Ruth and Jack and Margaret came out in the Ford last Monday evening, bringing their supper or the materials for te supper with them. It was a holiday, they had not sent word they were coming, they knew we would be thru with our dinner and feared we might be short on some things and the stores were closed. So they picked up on the way some eggss, butter, rolls and a huge watermelon. When they came, Jack rolled up his sleeves and sending all of us out of the kitchen, except Margaret who knew where things were, prepared our supper--even to the coffee, which I have thought was my especial care whenever it was needed. They had come out for the Dodge. Jack had planned to come out today and bring the heft of the luggage, going back as soon as it was possible, but it would be so much better for the dresses not to be packed tightly, and needed more room they took the Dodge back so as the three girls could ride comfortably and have their dresses laid out on the back seat.

Ruth told me that evening that Margaret had been trying to get something to do so as to earn some money and make it that much easier for her father. Three girls in college at one time is really a great strain on a man with his salary and his habit of spending and his debts. But the reasons the child was giving was that she wanted piano lessons before going on with her harmony. For the teachers and the other pupils talked in the language of the piano while she talked in the language of the orchestra. She had hoped to get a position in a music store in Los Angeles, but the place had been promised to some one else, and nothing else had offered. Yesterday Ruth phoned that she had a place for work and would come up tomorrow with the other girls and get all of her things and go back home.

Elizabeth came up on Friday to bring the heft of the luggage so that Jack would not need to come today, and do some other errands. She had opposed Margaret's dropping out for a year, "But my reasons are purely selfish," she said. Oh there are so many things that, I know, are wringing Margaret's heart today. She loves her work, is interested in her class, etc. etc. But she adores her mother, the feeling that she is to be left alone all year with no one of her daughters with her, I am sure, is at the bottom of her bit of self-sacrifice. Elizabeth did her turn last year, and Margaret feels she should do hers this year----I am sure. But I am waiting for a talk with her. Bless their hearts, they are wonderful girls.

Well, I did not know but that Adams would bring her things back again--but she has decided to carry out her plans. It is well, for the girls will be much more comfortable to have her room as a dressing room and only sleep on the porch which gets rather cold for dressing and undressing in the winter. Then, yesterday, one of Elizabeth's friends asked if she might have her piano here. She is to be in the dormitory this year and cannot have it there. So,

Mr. Ball--the editor--talked with my instructor, Montgomery Griffiths and they insist that I can write.

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

September 18 1927

My Dears:

A beautiful morning. There was an
"All College Dance" last evening--two
girls and ~~four~~ boys came here for a time
afterwards-- The girls stayed all night--
and like other "slumber parties" there was
more giggling and talking etc. than slum-
bering. It was after three before I could
settle down for sleep, the girls evidently
went to slepp the minute their heads were
allowed to touch the pillow--at two o'clock.
Faith has now gone to a "Pajama
breakfast"--Elizabeth will take Adams and me
to church in Pomona, and then come back to
get the lunch packed, will meet us at the
church and we will drive to Laguna Beach.

Elizabeth's "little sister" will go with us-- Faith, too, of course. The other three girls are chattering and getting their breakfast now, and Adams is eating hers. I have been getting things in order for the day, and am only writing a short letter.

Wilder dear, I was so glad to have you tell me about the children. Do tell me all you can about them. I want to know how they are growing, what they are doing. I can only see them as they were two years ago this summer, and I have no place in my mind's eye for dear little Priscilla--I want her, too.

I told you, did I not, that my story of Sarah and Abraham was not accepted? I wrote the editor, in answer to his earnest desire that I try a modern story, and said that I did not know as I wanted to write any other kind of a story, and received a letter from the head of the Consulting Bureau begging me not to be discouraged, and saying kind things of the ability that my instructors were certain that I possessed. Said he sympathized with me in my desire to write bible stories, but the public would not take them unless they were written ~~an~~ by a "master of style, and that only came from long years of practice. I am not discouraged--I can see, more clearly than ever, that the story was not clever enough for the public. It will do, nicely, for any one who will enjoy a visit with old-time friends in order to become better acquainted with them. I will send you a copy of it some day.

The world is beautiful, I am proud and thankful for my children and grandchildren, that should be enough for one woman.

With all my love,

Mother.

he might know if architecture would appeal to him--and then his high school and college course could emphasize the things he would most need for that work. Or it might be engineering that he would want--there is such a field therefor work. I am more and more convinced that parents should help the children to Claremont know their capabilities early in life. That is

September 25 1927 what the kindergarten does for them, and Jack has not realized it. He does not favor kindergarten very much, and David is as artistic

Dear Children: as he can be--and needs all of that developed. God bless you all-----Mother

Oh I am so thankful that Mrs Kermott is going to be

with you during December! I have troubled a good deal about you, and have tried to think that, in some way, I could manage to go and be with the children, at least while Helen was in the hospital. But no way seemed to open and now---- her own mother will be with her and I do not need to trouble about it any more.

But you said nothing in your letter, written the 19th., about having received the package from me with the baby blanket, Wilder. I do hope that came through all right. I sent it the day before I received the undelivered letters, so it should have reached you. I sent that to the Riverdale address, of course.

Wilder, your interest in my story is very soothing to me. I am copying it for Herbert's birthday and making a carbon copy of it to send to Winifred to reach her on her birthday October 5th. Of course, Herbert and Mary will care the least for it, because they have never been particularly interested in my work--and yet, I cannot bear that Herbert should not have it. I mean to work it over a little more and then try

*I shall be so glad when Helen has mine wanted -
are surely full -
Poor girl, her letters are again.*

either David Cook or Revell. They both publish things that Bible students use--and they would be more interested in it than the magazine publishers--perhaps.

I thought I would take the time, after this copying which must be finished by the 28th, and re-write it and then send a copy of the re-written story to you and Ruth for Christmas. Ray, too, is clamoring for a copy. But since getting your letter last evening I have wondered if it would not be better to send the copy I sent to Palmer and ask you to give me your suggestions before I re-wrote it. The only critical person who has read it is Elizabeth. She liked it--and was disappointed that it was not sold. ^{And} But, I notice that while she corrected misplaced letters, etc in the first part of the story, some very glaring mistakes were uncorrected towards the last---showing that she was too much interested in the story to notice the clerical errors.

I am positive, that in spots, the story is good. But there are many spots where it is weak and those weak places must be made stronger before any one could be expected to accept it. It is not a short story--and I should have several months to polish and perfect--and I did not have the time.

I think they misinterpret my feelings
Editors
At present, the editors and I are having a little bit of interesting correspondence over the matter. They--and my instructor--believe that I can write stories. They are a little peeved that I do not take ~~there~~ their say--so for gospel truth and go on and write short, modern stories. But

done and she did not want to burden her father with it. She will be back here in February. With her piano teacher she is taking the first college term in Harmony. (Some busy girl?) In February she will take the second term and then take examinations on the whole year's work. Coming to Summer school next summer she hopes to make up the other work lost this first term. Elizabeth also plans on next summer term in order to finish up the last spring work lost. So, this term Elizabeth is doing her senior fall work--and next spring will be doing junior spring work. In the summer she hopes to finish her ~~junior~~ ^{senior} spring work or do work along P.G lines that with the P.G. fall work of next year will bring her up with her four year's work and the work of the extra year that will entitle her to the teaching certificate for life. You understand that she is fitting herself for History--Public Address--Play production. Margaret is fitting herself for the teaching of music in the schools--orchestral work. She will not need the five years for that. She is digging into Latin--for the fun of it.

Faith is different from the other two. I think every one who tries her out thinks she has a voice. Faith is the happy kind the kind that never worries, the kind that likes everyone and whom every one likes. The kind that people like to take care of. There has never been any question about her teeth being straightened--never any question about her having all the music she needs--I do not mean that she is selfish and grasping--not at all--every one wants to do things for her. The other two have had to fight for things and their parents are so surprised. "Why I did not realize that she felt so strongly about that. Elizabeth and her father adore each other--but they quarrel, and, fairly hate? each other at times. How very different we are."

with the many other demands upon my time I have not made up my mind that I want to do so. Mr. Wilson's last letter was a bit sharp--as though I were somewhat of a prig, and if I could not write stories to uplift humanity--I would not write any at all. "Professional writers try to write what the ~~edit~~ editors want"---I laugh, and am getting ready to answer. No, I am not depressed, nor over-disappointed. I am wondering! I wrote Mr. Wilson, this sharper letter is in answer to that ~~last~~ one, that if I was convinced that I had a spark of the "divine fire" ~~xx~~ nothing would keep me from going on with the work, or, if I had no other demands upon my time, I would, even without that assurance, go on with my work for the fun of it. For two years, at least, I shall be held here. When Margaret and Elizabeth are through college--I think I can help Faith enough so that Jack can put her in the dormitory, and then I could be free.

Yes, Margaret expects to finish in 1929 as planned, and Elizabeth will graduate at the same time. Margaret having done the work of four years and Elizabeth having had the work of five years. Margaret is in the drygoods store, as clerk, in Van Nuys. She is taking piano lessons and is practicing from three to five hours a day. No one sensed how terribly her heart was set on the piano work--and no one realized how sensitive she was that her teeth were too prominent in front. It is a \$400 proposition to have the work

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

October 9 1927

Dear Children:

Just please pardon lapse of memory and the red date above. Today is mother's birthday on this plane--and I remember her especially today. We had a great day yesterday--rather full of annoyances, Elizabeth feels--until she soaks her mind in the fact that Pomona won the game over Cal.Tech--I do not recall the score--but it was a good sized one. We went in town about noon. Adams and I separated in the city--she going one way and I the other. The girls went back to Pasadena to the game. We all met at the Roslyn Hotel for dinner. Then, we went to the Shrine Auditorium for the opera---Aida. There were seven in our party--and we were to meet Jack and Ruth and Edna there. We all did our part---

nobly--but the opera house force failed in theirs. Elizabeth had sent in for seats--in the upper balcony--the cheapest seats, of course. She asked them to telephone if there was any trouble in getting them--giving the ^{telephone} number and asking them to reverse the charges. She did not know what else to do---and she did not ask for any advice. She did not hear--so ^{from them} concluded that everything was all right. The Shrine is a long way from the hotel---she went out for the tickets after the game--the man in charge was out for his dinner, the other clerk there would tell her nothing--she was late for her dinner--we had to rush through and leave without dessert---got out there again, and there had been no tickets reserved. Well, we waited around and watched the more fortunate people come in and admired their clothes and their make-up and picked out this that and the other familiar face that we had seen on the screen---and talked etc.etc.

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

I do not
place in your heart. But you would love
at all. But you would love
included--for no
the best of the
flappers--
Your
Mother

Until The Ingli came. We visited a while in
the auto parking place--and tried to decide that
we all wanted to see some picture. We could
decide on none. Elizabeth was about sick with
a bad cold and disappointment--and weariness.
Finally she turned to me and said--"Naneen is
there any place you want to go more than home?"
I shook my head most vigorously--and the decis-
ion was made without any audible dissenting
voice. And all the way home I was so glad that
we were getting nearer and nearer to bed.

Edna and Louise stayed here all night.
And they are just finishing breakfast now.
The day is beautiful--and some one--I am not
quite sure which one of them, is to take Adams
and me to church in a short time.

I do not know that you need to send back
the copy of "What Might Have Happened." I have
a good enough copy here that will be all right
to work from, if I ever do want to work it over.
But I shall be most anxious to get your criti-
cism and suggestions.

Do you see the Collier? John Erskine has
a story of Adam and Eve running in there. At
least, that is the name of the story--but, as
yet, Eve has not made her appearance. ~~Adams is~~
~~learning from her.~~ Lilith is the
woman, so far, and Adam is learning "about women
from her." Lilith seems to know all that is, so
far, necessary for Adam to know.

Adam is a timid soul---can understand nothing that he does not take time to reason out. Nature seems rather cruel, and most unaccountable to him. He did not like a snake--so killed it--the bull ran after him and would have killed him, and he could not understand why----but Lilith assured him that the bull disliked his looks as much as he disliked the looks of the snake. The dog killed the rabbit and he cannot abide the dog. He thinks one should sleep on the hard rock for the discipline to his character, but does like the soft bed that Lilith has made. She learned to milk the cow and learned what was the matter with the same cow when she stopped giving milk--and was sick "She is sweeled up and is going to die" said Adam--No---there will soon be another life there--said Lilith. Then Adam goes on to use his reason and questions about women and children--and she laughs at him and loves his innocence.

It is most amusing--or interesting--well, it keeps one wondering what in the world the author is going to work out of it. What in the world is his conception of the beginning and end of life--or is he taking other people's queer conceptions and having a little joke about them. I am most anxious to have Eve appear and see what kind of a woman she is. Lilith's philosophy is that what is natural must be right and one must take the thing that pleases and forget, or be tolerant of, all that in nature is not so agreeable. All living creatures desire companionship--and companionship means--sex. Nature, not companionship of the mind--Adam has a faint feeling--growing fainter all of the time that he wants something a little different, but he does not know what. It is interesting.

But I must say goodbye--and get dressed and look after the girls a bit. And they are interesting too. Yes, I think you would fall in love with them all right, but--I rather think you would not

October 4 1927

Dear Wilder and his dear family:

Before I forget it, did you receive the baby blanket that I sent? Oh, I believe I did ask you that before. I am getting a little anxious about it.

I am sending the story as I sent it to the Palmer people--I made several corrections when copying it for Herbert, and I presume there are some changes that I put into the copy I am sending you, but not many. In going over it, as I said, there are many corrections I would make--leaving out somethings, putting in others, and revising many sentences. However---make notes on the back of the pages--or inserted pages, as you choose--as you read. I shall welcome any suggestions from you and Helen.

You will see how rather impossible it would be to put the story into short story form. You see it is as long as five regular length short stories-- It would have to run as a serial--and that would be up to the editor. But--I have just written Mr. Wilson that I would make another trial--as soon as I can clear the decks here, somewhat. I often think of a remark you made to me once--"But, mother, as long as you keep a house, won't you have to do the work that it brings?"

What grades are the children in? Deacon is in third--and Fred in fifth. David was promoted the other day from B.1 to A.1--great rejoicing in his little heart. God bless you all-- Winifred's birthday,--Helen Dean's wedding day--and mother's going away day--comes tomorrow--October fifth. I can see the porch where she lay, so distinct ly. To me it was a wonderfully beautiful "goodby" Mother.

I answered, "I suppose so," and I am still so supposing. And it is quite true that the necessary work that falls to the housekeeper is increased by each and every member of the family. Therefore---there are many interruptions to the work of writing---The hours of each day are pretty well filled at present---but, I shall take some time to myself and be rigid in regard to it--when things are straightened. I do not want to put up fruit--but Adams does--so we spend much time in that way--and other ways--and I am trying to see that those things are a part of the living, and not an added burden. Faith has not learned just what part of the daily routine she can make easier yet-- but she will, etc. etc.

I looked up the word clinician, and I think I quite understand what you are going to do. Will you not find that much less a "bore" than the writing of the papers on theory? And will it not bring you more into touch with people who will advertise you by what you have done for them? Will it not bring in more practice--and will you not gain as much in the medical--or surgical, I should say-- recognition? Oh I do hope you will be able to fill your days with personal interest rather than hard pulling as some of these papers have seemed to be to you. You will still be getting the practice of writing--or expressing yourself in writing, in these other papers?

Last Saturday I had dinner with Herbert's family and later went to the picture show to hear Herbert speak for the Chamber of Commerce between plays. It was the first anniversary of the opening of their very pretty theatre and as the president of the C. of C. was not in town, Herbert as vice president did the honours and did them very well and easily--although he thought he was "fussed." His speech was smoothly composed and smoothly given. I was glad to be there.

Adams and I went in Friday morning--out to Ruth's for dinner and all night. I was in the city all day Saturday--and Herbert took me back to Ruth's that evening. Adams and I went in town to church, and Jack and Ruth met us afterwards and brought us home. This week Saturday we go in town again. Elizabeth and Faith--each with a girl friend, and Adams and I. The girls go to the football game--and afterwards--dinner and we all go to hear Aida--and then home in the "wee sma' hours".

Good luck for the two maids---may they arrive--be efficient--and stay. You think that a good move for Bailey? There is a place for you--maybe right where you are---but I wish it might be out here. There are many things here that would appeal to you. It is rather laughable the way I "wish Wilder could see that, he would enjoy it." But, sometime, perhaps.

Claremont---October 23 1927

Dear Children:

It has been two weeks since I have written--I am sorry--and two very wonderful things have happened during these two weeks--first came a letter from Helen--and yesterday came the comfy shawl for me to wear when I am sitting at the typewriter. Such a beautiful shade of pink, Helen dear, it sends a glow over the whole room. Thank you dear--and I know how many hours of your busy days have been put into that work. How you get so much accomplished in the face of ill-health and poor help--I do not understand.

I saw your father and mother for a few moments yesterday. I have been trying to get over there for a long time, but our faces are always turned in the opposite direction when we start out from the house, and, while the girls are dear in trying to take me wherever and whenever I want to go, still, they are busy girls with work and play.

Jack and the rest of the family were here last Sunday. He has a new car. Turned in his two Fords----now that the girls are away from home he has not so much need for the two--and has bought a Willys-Knight. A beauty of a car. The Dodge is taking a back seat at present. Oh not altogether--you know, for I am quite satisfied with the Dodge----except for some few things. Wilder how is the inside of your car holding up? Do those back windows give you trouble in keeping them from rattling? And is the upholstery

upholstering satisfactory? Mine began to pull out at certain corners before I had it a month--and it is faded and old looking now. Of course, I expect you take better care of yours than The girls do of mine----but still, it does seem as if in those minor ways it has not held up well. The engine, tires, etc. are all right, and we have had no accidents---although, at some time we must have had quite a knock from some one as evidenced on the step.

With two weeks to cover I should have a great deal to say, but other things seem to be pushing me this morning, and I can write but a few words. I wonder if you have had the time to read my long story, and how it strikes you. Herbert wrote--"I have read your story and enjoyed it. It brought many things to mind that I had forgotten. I do not know anything about the saleability of the thing, but I know it is a darn good story and easy reading." As I write that, I wonder if I wrote that before---if so, pardon. I know you hate repetition--so do I, especially what I am the one guilty of it.

We have been having some wretchedly hot weather--better now--and it seemed to wilt humans and plants. The dahlias and Zinnias were hard to keep up to form, and needed a lot of watering and cultivating. I believe that garden work is seeming to me to be more work than it used to be. I quite envy any one who can get a man to do the hard work. But I do like the results as much as ever.

I must dust my room a little and then dress for church. Perhaps the dust and confusion on this table is at the bottom of my feeling too rushed to write a decent letter. The heat and wind from the desert are to be blamed for its condition. No--truly, I would not choose Claremont for a place of residence over Hollywood, were I free to choose.

Kiss the dear children for me--how I do want to see them! and tell each other, you two dear ones, how much I love you.

Mother.

Claremont---November 1 1927

Dear Children:

The Sunday letter has become a Tuesday letter. Saturday, Faith and Adams and I went in town and then out to Van Nuys. Margaret's birthday was on Monday, so we stayed over night and had the birthday cake etc. on Sunday. Elizabeth did not go with us, although she said she had never wanted to go home so much in all her life. But she had so much to do--two speeches to prepare, and she had to get ready for the Debating try-out that comes on this Friday. All of the rest of the girls who are to try out have had some experience--as well as the majority of the boys--but she feels, if she makes the trial, she must not fail because every one expects her to be successful. That morning, too, she had her hair cut again. It was long enough to put up with the switch--but it was such a trial to keep looking right. It took so long to curl it etc. She hated to have it cut in the first place, and she hated still more to have it cut again. She says--"When I think of the kind of a woman I want to be, I can see myself with long hair--~~not~~ not short--but, as long as I am in college I guess I shall have to do the easiest thing." She had it cut before we left the house--and we left her in tears over it. Last evening she was wondering if she had the time for the debating. "I would like to get through this year without anything happening to give me

a handicap, and I am convinced, from past experiences, that if I overload myself I cannot do my best work." It looks to me as if Elizabeth were coming into good sense as she grows older. She stayed here alone and did a lot of work, and when we came home Sunday evening we found a group of five girls sitting around the fireplace with no light but the grate fire--talking very happily together. Talking of the wonderful trip to San Diego on the boat that had been chartered for their pleasure and a trip that Elizabeth had refused to take because of the work--the cost--and the young man who has been pestering her to death. He is bound to make dates with her--she will not go with him because "he looks dissipated." Then when Faith came in she had to sit down with them and tell about the wonderful party she had attended in Van Nuys where two boys had quarreled over her favors. One wanted to cut in more than her escort thought was proper in view of his demands, and so--- "Donald went out and sat in his car and sulked. Oh Helen, don't you think these college years are going to be interesting for me to watch? Elizabeth seemed to feel no jealousy over the good times the others had. And that reminds me--- The class had papers to write on the Moral Problem. She wrote no paper--and told the professor she wrote no paper because she came to the conclusion that there was no such thing as a moral problem. Every person did what he most wanted to do. It simply was a question what he would be the happier in doing. She had another paper to write then--the Professor

while agreeing with her arguments, thought she would have a hard time to prove her contention. That is the kind of work that presses her most of the time---and the other is to beat Wallace Weber "But he is so clever!" Do you recall the Webers in Bayfield whom Ruth and Jack knew so well? This is their son.

The other day Stuart had some new underwear. And the call came to go to the toilet. Ruth unbuttoned him and sent him to the bathroom. Soon a shriek rent the air--"Mother I can't reach the faucet"--Ruth ran in but the water was not running--"You don't have to reach the faucet, it is all right," "No, no, I mean my faucet." He is a darling--but he has the red-head temper all right---and the red-head sweetness when things go as they should.

We have had a most wonderful week of rain and clouds and the snow is on the mountains and the air is chill in consequence.

Sunday, on our way home we stopped at Herbert's. Their house was bright with the most wonderful dahlia blooms. He and Mary work together with them and are certainly most successful and most professional in their care of them. Mary has a new winter coat. She took her fur neck piece and trimmed a ^{new} black cloth coat with it. And she has two ~~xxxx~~ new dresses and needs one more. She is getting ready to make some trips with Herbert who has been elected lieutenant-governor of the Kiwanians. There are 144 Kiwanis clubs in

California and Nevada. It makes too many for the governor of the organization to look after. So The district was divided into 12 divisions and 11 Lieutenant-governors were elected, each to have the charge of 12 clubs. Herbert was one of them.

Elizabeth ~~and Faith~~ invited Wilder and Jean here for the formal party that is to be given on the 11th. of December. It is to be under the charge of the girls. Faith invited an extra freshman to go with Jean. But Wilder cannot come. He is "on his own" and has not learned just how to manage, and he has no clothes to wear. He could rent a "tux" but he needs party shoes-- etc. And a new suit, shoes and other things for before and after the dance. It is the first opportunity he has ever had to attend a college dancing party and it has rather broken his heart that he cannot accept. But Herbert and Mary are trying to keep their word with him---if he left school he would be obliged to take care of himself. He is building up a business--a teacher of Golf--and is doing fairly well, but he cannot do much more than pay his daily expenses at present, for he has expensive tastes to combat. George is of course, taking care of himself---and is planning to do so after he leaves the Marines. They look at Jack in wonder and cannot understand how he is to send three girls through college. For even if the girls have a home with me it is rather expensive, they need many, many things. It is astonishing to those of us who know, how little they spend on clothes and the many accessories that are needed by girls, and still keep happy and contented.

But--another letter about the family. And you may be sure that every word you write about yourselves and your children is appreciated by me, too. I do hope the help question is well settled, and that you and your mother K. will have a happy, comfy visit together. Mary is to have the Christmas dinner this year, but, in some way, I hope to have it next year. God bless you all---Mother.

Claremont--November 6.1927

Dear Children:

Tomorrow is the time set for Mrs.K.to start for New York. And I do not see how I am to get over there to say goodbye to her. I shall have to telephone,instead. Yesterday,the girls went in town. Two Van Nuys boys came out in the morning and after a sketchy sort of lunch here,they took the girls in to Los Angeles to the football game between Pomona and U.C.L.A which means Berkeley at L.A.--or the "Branch."And the paper says--"Bruins upset by 7-7score. Scrappy Claremont Gridders win moral victory. Neither team has been defeated this year. The Bruins have won three and Pomona has won four games. So,while not as good as they hoped for--still it will not diminish the interest in the games to follow. They return this morning in time for dinner which Adams and I will have ready for them. After the game there was to be a dinner in L.A.and a show of some kind,and then to Van Nuys for the night. "

Yesterday I went out into society--the first real "society" since I came to Claremont. I told you of Allan Penfield Nichols,a lawyer in Pomona whom I had met and with whom there has been a laughing claim of relationship. His mother was a Penfield--of Vermont,I believe. He and his wife are delightful,I would quite like to claim relationship with them and with Mrs. Henrietta Nichols,his brother's widow. Well--they are Christian Scientists

live in a garden of beauty--although Mrs.Allan says it is Mrs.Henrietta who ^{her} knows all about the flowers,trees etc. I am hoping to see her home,soon. The house,not far from Mrs.Allan's,where the party was,is set too far back in the garden for me to have much of an idea of it. But Mrs.Allan's was about all I could really take in at one time. I think there were fourteen of us there--all Scientists,and all quite charming. Delightful women and some beautiful gowns. I am sorry to say that Adams was not invited,in some way it was not understood that she was my aunt and living with me,and I made a botch of trying to explain over the phone----and while,at first,I thought--or took for granted--that she was included,it was made clear--after a night's sleep over it and some quiet inquiries here--we came to the conclusion that she was not--and I went over with the Claremont practitioner,whom I was very glad to know better. However,next time she will be included. You can see that I had a good time? Why not----The house was lovely,that big spreading camphor tree out in front would have paid for the trip over there. The view up the hill beyond that looked like a natural forest,would have been soul-satisfying in itself. And the "pretty ladies"--and the conversation--and the food around the table in the dining room--and the flowers I was satisfied eyes,ears,consciousness. I hope to know them all better. I hope they all meant what they said,when they made me feel they liked me. Mrs.Woolfenden and I were the only ones from Claremont who were there.

You may think, from that long exposition on a little tea-party, that I have been hungering and thirsting for satisfying acquaintances---and perhaps you are right in so thinking.

I am glad that you can say that you are "enjoying" the reading of my story--and I believe I would like it if your criticisms could be written on the blank ~~sketchy~~ pages and send the whole thing back to me. I find the sort of ~~sketchy~~ copy I have here is not very satisfactory, for I am having other calls to read the story. Some of the family have not heard it, and I need to make another copy. Before I do that I want your criticism and as I copy I could try and make it better.

I am so delighted to know of your success with the headaches, and that you feel that success is leading to the opening of other ideas. And I have also a desire to know what it was that led you to the thought of the pump-
ing in of the air.

I am glad that Dr. Archibald is at work and has some hope of accomplishing his object of making it possible for you to go to Montreal---for I am still of the opinion that living would be easier for you two outside of New York. Your struggles with the help question must be tiring you both. If you have found a nurse---that helps somewhat, and I hope, from the bottom of my heart, that the cook question will also be settled by now.

Yes--children are a mixed blessing, all right. But because they bring so much of trouble as well as of happiness, they are a greater blessing, on the whole than they would be if they were not so "mixed." The joy I have in my children the joy Ruth and Jack are having in their girls!- Oh well, in pays in the end and it pays all along the line, too. Each one individually becomes a great problem at certain stages along the road--and collectively they are more often a problem. To "slip off to Germany between engagements" from Montreal does not sound so easy with four children--to be sure. But when the time comes to do the slipping--things may be seen as quite easy, after all. Perhaps I shall be ready to go with you and help with the children, or perhaps I shall be better able to stay with the children in Montreal--or bring them out here for the summer and leave you and Helen free--or perhaps--oh well there are many ways of its working out. What has been done, can be done again--in some way. Elizabeth is looking forward to my going to Boston with her while she has another year of study there in that "cultured" city.

You used the word "senesence" in your letter--no wonder I had to go to the dictionary to look it up---You know, in eternity, there is no such thing as growing old. And life goes on and on, even if the incident of living on this plane does come to an end---so, never think of yourself as growing old, for the real man does not grow old. He simply casts off this body as one casts off an old coat. But it is evidently time to stop, and Adams has come for

San Diego California
Sunday - November 13 - 1927.

Children dear —

I came over yesterday to spend a
week with Ruth. It seems queer to use
a pen and I guess I will need
to go more slowly and carefully or
you will be unable to decipher this
letter.

Friday evening Elizabeth and Faith gave
a four-table bridge party in honor of
Peg being able to be with them. All
girls, no boys to "mess up" things, and
quite delightful. Peg was obliged to be in
the store by eight-o'clock and by getting
up at 4.45 - And getting breakfast for the
six of us - A friend of Faith's had come
out on Thursday for the week-end - we
got away to get her to San Diego in time.

There has been so much rain, especially in San Diego, this fall. Today is another rainy day. We need to check this morning and hope to go to a Senior Lecture here this evening as well.

Adams has paid 20 months rent for her room. The first month she did not take in a cent - last month she took in \$5 ²⁵ - but more people are inquiring all of the time. But she is so slow with her work! She thinks the old time ability will come back to her and probably she will do better.

I had another letter from Mrs Lathrop - I will send it to you when I get back to Claremont. She has found out grandfather Pinfild's name is Samuel, and whoever is known of him is much to his credit as a man of ability - independence of thought, progressiveness & providing as well as high moral & religious principle. Adams says - "I guess it must be the Smith strain in Sister's family that spoiled things - still, I guess we are all just responsible for our

After a delightful second breakfast - at the
Lodge - of raffles & coffee - Jack is a laborer at
baking them - He went in town for some
shopping, and back here in time for dinner
at six - Aunt Addie went home with Elizabeth
who had spent hours at the library -

You will be surprised - as I was - to hear
that - George Purfield is married. Heretofore and
many had been afraid that it would happen.
He has been going with the girl for the past
six months and growing deeper and deeper
in love. But while he seems too young - and
is not established in any business - still, it may
turn out just as well as if things were different.
It is hard for the parent who hope so much for
their children - and especially hard for Mary whose
heart is bound up in George. There is no one
in feeling sorry - Marriage seems so casual an
affair now - and so many young people
seem to desire to do it - without fuss or ceremony
and seem quite happy and sufficient - to themselves
afterwards - (see back of 1st page)

individual lives -

His marks from today is Christmas - Think of that! -
Give my love to Mrs K - and hug the children for me -
and know I love you, although I am so far away -

Brother

George & his wife are keeping home in a small bungalow court -
she will go on with her work in the telephone exchange -
Herbert & Mary are in San Diego today to greet the new
daughter-in-law.

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CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

November 29 1927

Dear Children:

The little note, written Thanksgiving day came yesterday. I was very glad to receive it for I had been disappointed not to find your Sunday letter here on my return from our "annual trip." At least we may make it an annual--Jack told the waiter at the Savoy Cafe to expect us again just one year from that day.

To take a bit of you and Helen with me, I pinned on my dress, Thanksgiving day, the little bunch of forget-me-nots that Helen sent me a year ago, and wore them all through the days of the trip. I came home from Van Nuys on the train Wednesday evening. And We were all busy getting ready for the dinner on Thurs-

day, at 12.30. The Ingli--Dr. Kermott and Mr. MacQuarrie were our guests. I had invited Mrs. Rose Ross, but she had a previous engagement--which was just as well for had she come there we would have been thirteen at table, and you know thirteen is harder to plan for than are twelve. We had a delightful time. Dr. was in fine fettle and kept us all entertained. Friday morning at 6.30 we were on the way to the south. The children had gone home Thursday afternoon, stopping at Lankershim to meet the new cousin, Dorothy Penfield. Elizabeth stayed here to work on her debate which comes this week Thursday. She is very anxious in regard to it--she always is whenever she has a big thing before her, and is always quite certain that she will make a failure of it---but she always comes through with flying colors, so we do not worry--but it is just as well that she should do so. Last

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November 19 1927

Dear Children:

The great game is on between Pomona and Occidental--the dearest of enemies, for years--and, of course, Jack and Bob must see it. So we came home this morning--Dinner was ready for us--and your letter was here to greet me. So, knowing it would be harder to ^{write} ~~wriat~~ with a pen, tomorrow--I stole away and opened the typewriter to write a note to you--and two others that must be off today.

How long before Helen expects her little party? How about a cook? How is Sister K? How is everybody in fact? Glory be--would it not be fine to be in Boston? Surely I would like to visit you there again. I think I heard the invitation

breathing through the few words you said about it?

For reasons, I am going back with the family this evening. Although I am giving a thanksgiving party of twelve next Thursday at the early hour of twelve-thirty--I shall not be home until Wednesday evening.

I brought the turkey today--it is in the ice-box and Adams will fix it for the baker's roasting oven. And the other early preparations will be made by the girls. But, of course, after so many years of setting my own tables I do not think any one can do it quite as I can--although the girls think themselves quite fit for the job.

This is merely a note---will write more as soon as I can.

Lovingly,
Mother

Friday eve.

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Dear Helen and Wilder:

I am sending off the Christmas package--if it does not come fairly promptly, let me know. These things are only for the children. I ordered your gift some time ago, but must depend on the publishers to deliver them on time. Books?----yes, more books, and I do hope you will be ^{both} greatly interested in them, even though you may not always agree with the publishers. If anything comes that you do not fully understand--"Do not open until Christmas!"

George's address is, at present, 4174 30th. Street--San Diego. George has not been very strong on girls of late, but his chum, who has an idea that he is quite a lady-killer, was quite infatuated with Dorothy and George thought

Herbert & Mary are quite
pleased with Mrs. Leeper - I
don't not see her

it would be quite a joke on Mac. if he should go in and cut him out. He did it so effectually that he married her. There seem to have been several reasons why they married as they did. Dorothy's mother knew and approved, I guess, at least she made the best of it if she did not approve of their haste. Dorothy's father died two years ago and her mother, Mrs. Leeper, was obliged to go to work at something. She said the only thing she knew how to do better than any one else was to make egg noodles. She went into partnership with a neighbor who was a carpenter. He put up a small factory on her lot, and while she has demonstrated her goods to the trade, he has made the boxes, etc. They are doing well and she hopes to extend her business as it seems safe to do so.

Dorothy, too, went to work. She is only twenty, and the telephone exchange gave her her opportuni

with them---I don't know----They go home for the
two weeks vacation on Friday, and then I shall draw
at least one long breath before Christmas.

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With love for you
every one

December 12 1927

Mother

My Dears:

The mountains, just across the boulevard, seem
very close this morning. Their blanket of snow
extends down, down, almost to their feet---and,
while it is very beautiful it makes one feel
very shivery. Oh no, I like Hollywood or Los
Angeles better than Claremont--we are too close
to that lovely mountain--both in summer and
winter.

I am sending Mrs. Lathrop's letter. I know
that you will want to keep it with the others.

We had a very pleasant, very busy, very con-
fusing, to me, week-end. Jean came out Friday
evening. We took her from the station to Bridges
Hall to hear the Messiah. She had never heard it
before and it seemed quite wonderful---not as much
so as it will the next time she hears it, of course,
but she does not know that.

Saturday morning she went to classes with
Faith. At 11.30 they two came for me and we went
to Pomona for shopping. That evening they were
to attend the Christmas Formal, and they were all
of a twitter and we were very busy in preparations
all the afternoon.

Faith had "engaged" Jimmy Gilbert, who was a
graduate of the Hollywood High last June in the
same class that Jean was in but they did not know
each other, to take Jean to the dance. She had asked
Ed Sutton--a graduate of her own class of last
June, to come out from Van Nuys to go with her--and

they four, with Elizabeth and her young man, with two other couples, were to come here after the dance for a little supper. So there was the table to set and decorate, and little gifts to tie up etc. etc. The table was lovely with red candles, red candies and glistening snow.

Ed. was here for dinner. The girls looked lovely in their pretty dresses. They got to bed at three o'clock--The other two girls staying here over night. Girls were sleeping all over the house when I got up to get the breakfast for them.

Ed. came up in time to take Adams and me to church. He and Faith drove up towards the snow until service was over. He and Eve were here for dinner. And before the dishes were washed Jack and Ruth came in.

About four o'clock Ed went home taking Jean with him. And the Ingli stayed until after six.

Jean has never seemed to be able to make us very many visits. Her interests have been Holly wood-ward--but she "never had so good a time in her life"--and I guess she never did. It was different and I think she was surprised to find her cousins could lead her into joys she had never experienced before. Jean has never been as popular with the boys as Pat is and always will be. But she had a chance to shine and took to it like a duck to water.

I wish you could know Faith--the little rascal, she has a poise in the midst of her jolly enthusiasm about everything that makes Elizabeth look at her in envious admiration.

But I have not time to dwell on the wonders of my grandchildren. This afternoon Elizabeth reads "Ashes of Roses" before the Shakespeare club of Pomona. Tomorrow evening she and Eve debate with U.S.L.A. in Los Angeles. My car is to be the "official car"--taking the two girls--Prof. ~~with them~~ one of the judges. I guess I shall go in

there. After Christmas, while Mrs. Ross is here, I hope Dr. will have dinner with us again. ---With love for you all, and especially for dear Helen--Mother

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She is keeping on with her work, and I suppose will do so until George is making a living.

He has had charge of the canteen at the Marine base, and has been getting \$54. a month. All of their food comes from the canteen now. He has saved a little money since thinking of Dorothy, not much---but enough to say that he has a bank account. They pay \$44. rent for the furnished bungalow, so that he has the satisfaction of feeling that he is paying expenses. He hopes to get his discharge from the Marines this month, and then hopes to come to Los Angeles to live. Two or three men, besides Herbert are looking for a place for him.

The reason they were married so quietly was that Mrs. Leeper said she could not give them a wedding, they could not afford one, and

George would not ask his father to supply the funds---so, boy-like, he just got married and never thought until Mrs. Leeper reproved him, that his father and mother might feel hurt at not having been consulted, or informed of such an important event until after it had taken place.

However it is all over and they feel very pleased about it now. She is about as tall as George is, black eyes and hair. Not a raving beauty, but not bad to look at--and they are very much in love. George is a manly fellow, and we all feel that he will come out all right.

The package will be mailed tomorrow--the same time that the letter is mailed. I hope everything will be all right. Tell sister K. that it is right hard work not to be a little envious of her when I hear of her reading to the children--and how much they adore her. Of course they do--she is a grand type of a grandmother. And I truly am glad for her that she is

talking things out with some one who has thought out things,
and who is interested, helps--even though the view point is
very different. ---Elizabeth is just beginning to feel
that I am interested--and that, although I am the product of
a former generation,

I have
ideas, ever
if they
are only
worthy to
be punch-
ed. And that
gives me
pleasure. It
makes me feel
a part of
things. I have not
really answered
your letter.
Adams received
Helen's letter
directed to
Claremont Ave.
Upland---Helen--
we live in
Claremont--you
know--on Dart-
mouth Ave. love--Mother

Dear Children:

Sunday was a day so different from
other days that no one of our Claremont
family could seem to sense what day it was.
Twelve of us at table--Jack and Ruth, Herbert
and Mary--Ray and Sarah--Wilder William and
Dr.K. and our own four.

It was rather funny when we were
seated to discover that the two crippled ones
were seated side by side. I had placed Sarah
between Dr. and Jack, not knowing that Dr. was
using his left hand only because of some trouble
with the finger of the right hand. Sarah's
broken arm was also her ~~right~~ right arm. Jack's
duty was to cut up the food for Sarah, which he
performed right gallantly. Dr. was the life

of the party as usual. Adams has simply fallen in love with him----perhaps it is as well that sister K. is coming home before long, as Dr. assured us that she was.

My cooks did themselves proud. Adams cooked the chicken, Faith made the potato service a delight--Elizabeth excells in cooking the sugared carrots and making little cheese biscuit. Adams made the vegetable salad--very attractive and tasty, it was. Beets, celery, peppers and onions chopped fine and molded in gelatine-- Elizabeth made the dressing for it--mayonnaise with India Relish. The two girls were responsible for the dessert----chopped raisins, marshmallows and nuts, with a little crushed pineapple that had been left over from a former meal, and whipped cream that was so combined with the rest that it looked dry, and as it was placed before me I thought--"Oh I wonder if I did not order enough cream--

OURHOUSE
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and then I thoight, "Oh I wish they would serve that cake with it"---but when I tasted it I knew there was enough cream, and that the cake would have been a superfluity. Then--in order to allow the girls a chance to clear the table quickly and make use of the dishwasher who had come in for a short time, we had coffee and nuts in the other room. I love the serving of coffee as you do, but this time I wanted the nuts for a special reason--and that seemed a little awkward, but it was not---and they all seemed to like the idea of the cracked nuts with their coffee.

Then, leaving the girls here, we all went with Dr. to see his home and garden and Upland and Ontario. He would not come back with us, but and I was sorry for that, for Faith sang for us, and Elizabeth gave a little play, "Ashes

of Roses" and they all seemed to be pleased and somewhat surprised.

Finals begin tomorrow, and I seem to be almost as much exercised over it all as the girls. Elizabeth has a paper which is taking much thought--"Is there a Rational Basis for Political Control?" Night before last we got

into an argument over it that reminded me somewhat of the arguments you and I used to have sometimes, Wilder. And I said to myself--what you used to say--"Do not worry, it is not that I really believe all that I say, it is to draw you out in order to clear my own mind." Otherwise, I might have been somewhat startled at the arguments advanced by my granddaughter. Quite radical, some of them were. Later, she said "How am I going to incorporate all that in my paper?" I said I was sorry that I had said all that I had, and much surprised her look was as she said "Why I am not, I am glad."---- We talked a long time---and last evening she came to me and asked me to hear what she had written. She thought she had, perhaps, talked of government, rather than political control---and so she read it over and we talked some more. And her vision became clearer as to what she wanted to say. She is a very clear reasoner---and she has learned, from professors and her reading many things that I should never be able to understand, probably---But, even though I have to be a little careful of what I say for fear it will be felt to be biased by Science and Health--

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evening she took time off from the debate work
rest
to ~~rest~~ her mind and have a worry of another
kind--by having a worry of another kind,I
should have said. Prof.Scott had asked her
to give another one-act-play at a college
dinner. She had had no help on it,she ~~had~~
read it over to him,before she had committed
it to memory,but there had been no time for
any criticism on it. The guests of the dinner
were professors and their wives and a few
Claremont people who are eligible to a
University club. People who are especially
interested in the college here. She was a
nervous little girl--I can tell you--but she
came home jubilant. She had made a success--
had met the "high-ups" and had been properly
appreciated. So,this morning she is ready to
attack that debate with renewed energy.

The Barbara Worth Hotel in El Centro gave us much to think of, much to see. I bought the book---owned it once, but must have given it in the bunch of books for the soldiers---- and having copies of the pictures ~~xxxxx~~ painted on the walls, will put them in the book and keep it as a souvenir of the trip. The pictures are most interesting in that so many of the men and women whom Harold Bell Wright used in his book The Winning of Barbara Worth, posed for them. And El Centro is right in the center of the scenes of the book, and the fight for the opening up of the Imperial seems very real and understandable. Some time I hope you may all see it with us. California history is very interesting. As is all history that shows what one man's vision can accomplish if backed by energy and courage.

We left there Saturday morning--and as

with Faith and the Dodge for Claremont, very soon. Yesterday was a day spent in getting cleared out and ready for a busy four weeks from now to Christmas.

Do you expect the new arrival just about Christmas time? I hope Helen will have time for the Christmas dinner and its joys before she has to go to the hospital. Will "fat Anna" stay until after the party? I hope so--and that the coming month will have fewer anxieties for you all in preparation for the grand event--
and ^{may} he be a boy. But what are the names that are being talked of? Oh dear, how many questions there are that I want to ask--Keep me informed, Son. I think any one who knows Wilder Junior well knows there is no need to worry about him. I have a great respect for the head of the lower school. A big brain it is certain that boy has---and, on that account, he should never be pushed. Don't worry him, just encourage and help and sympathize. I am glad for you that he is coming on in soccer. And may he have good training in his drawing and piano work. God bless you all. I love you very much.

Mother.

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Friday had been a day of desert beauty--so
Saturday morning was a joy in mountain beauty.
We reached La Mesa about one o'clock--made
a call on Bertha Clough--Then into San Diego.
Going, this time to Hotel Grant----last year
we consulted Adams' purse and went to cheaper
places--but this year we made a veritable
spree of it. Next year we may go to the cheaper
places again.----- There we rested, went
to a movie--had a gorgeous dinner--and got
in touch with George and planned to see him at
nine the next morning. Dorothy works from nine
in the morning to one--and from five to nine,
so we did not try to see her Saturday. Sunday
morning we went to their home, and met her, and
liked her. We left San Diego on the coast
route so had the beauty of water on Sunday.
Reached Van Nuys about six that evening and left

God bless you all. Ray came out Friday about eleven o'clock. We drove to Riverside, having lunch at the Mission Inn--listening to the concert in the chapel, and then going on to Redlands and on Smiley Heights we parked the car--He read "The Open Road" by Whitman--and we talked trying to get down to the verities." in our conscious thinking. He gave me a well thought out plan of life as he sees it, and invited many comments--I am not the reason--close reason--er that he is and I was not ready to offer much--but more talks are to follow. He is fine---but is working out things that may be best for him and would not for you or me.

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January 22 1928

Dear Wilder--and his wife and family: But this is a special letter to Wilder whose birthday is so very near. Business first, however.

I am sending to you a card sent me from the Yonkers P.O. They have not indicated in any way the amount of postage that is lacking, and I am no mind reader; therefore I am asking you to look after it as it will save some time. I imagine it is the story--and I am waiting, with what patience I can command, for its coming. I have had a feeling that I did not want to try and do much about re-writing it before I saw the comments made by you and Helen. Of course, I have been thinking of new ways to present my thought, have been clarifying some things, and have written the

I should have taken another piece of paper-- But I
hope you may decipher--and forgive.
Your loving mother.

preface in a different way--but have not made, the bulk of it to co-incide with the changes I have in mind.

When you see the little gift that I sent to you, dear boy, you may say--"Well, mother has her nerve to select anything in the way of apparel for me -" Perhaps I have--it has been many a long year since I did such a thing--perhaps I am growing senile. However, I hope it will please you, and I promise not to do it very often.

I was rather excited over your news of the Montreal trip and the work that Archibald had been able to accomplish. Evidently they believe in the work of the man, Penfield. I read it to Ray who was here when I received the letter. He was greatly interested. His opinion is that both you and Helen will enjoy living in Montreal if you decide to go

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To him, life seems hard, complicated, in a city like New York. Well, you and Helen know, and like, the English; you will have a freer rein than you have ever had, you will have your own pathologist, and while there may be much of politics to annoy you---that is the common thing everywhere, and, according to all that I have heard, it is not so hard to combat as it is here in the States. It seems to me that Helen, too, will find it easier to get help, and find the proper schools for the children--- and that is evidently very much to the fore in your thoughts now that you have four or there. You will leave many good friends in New York--- but you will both find many new friends in the more English city. You will find good hard winters---but Ray thinks the blood flows

car and study--Once in a while they go to some other church but not often. And even their going to no church causes no comment from me. They did not go even before I came. Elizabeth, especially, is passing through a time of doubting--almost scoffing. She must work it out for herself.

more red and life-giving in Canada winters so that you will not feel it hard to bear. He spent some years in Alberta, you know, and he loved it all.

Now----if, in the moving, you and Helen feel that I could be of real assistance in looking after the children and so leaving her a little more freedom, I might be able to manage to get away for a few weeks. I could not stay so very long, I fear--but if I should meet you in Montreal and could keep the children while you were getting settled--it might fill in a real need. I do not know just how things could be made to work out----but express yourselves freely so that I may know your inner thoughts. Of course, I am hungry, so very hungry to see you all.

By the way--you have not very much confidence in your mother's good judgement--have you dear? Trying to convert people to your way of thinking is decidedly the thought of the orthodox church. Mrs. Eddy warns her ~~disc~~ disciples in regard to that. We are taught not to urge our believers on any one. We are to wait until they are ready for what we have found, wait until they ask for what we have. In the meantime, we are simply to study and work until we are proving our knowledge in our lives. "The best sermon ever preached is Truth practiced and demonstrated"----- No, the girls do not go to church with me-- they are never urged to do so, they sit in the car and study, once in a while they go to some

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CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

January 8th. 1928

Dear Children:

Such a lovely letter came from Helen this week--a letter delayed because it was sent to 1237 Claremont Ave. Upland---but it came, and was appreciated as all of Wilder's have been. When shall I see you all! I am tempted to dwell on that thought--although I know it is not the proper thing to do.

Among the lovely letters that have come from you dear people I put the one from sister K. in the front rank. Please thank her for me--and I will thank her for myself very soon, I hope. It seems rather necessary to add that word hope for this new year of '28 seems to have brought with it a distaste for writing letters. I am glad that I did the most of my "thank you's" letters before the new year dawned.

On the last day of the old year Adams and I went in town. We shopped in the morning--tried to find a new gown for myself but was unsuccessful--and took Blanche Penfield to see Mary Pickford in "My Best Girl" in the afternoon. I think it well worth seeing. Then Adams went with Blanche to spend the night--the next day going to see some of the Spokane Scott family. I had dinner and went to the hotel for the night. And such a night!--I should have gone far up town but forgot what the last night of the year might bring. Such a hideous clamor---made me think of the night on Broadway three years ago--

but then I was in it, and of it, and the bright lights were there and we left when we were tired of it all. But this time there were no lights--no faces to watch--and I wanted to sleep and I could not get away from it. It was frightful, and I spent hours alternately sighing and laughing at my foolishness, for I need not have been there. If I had only had a pack of cards so that I could try that new game of solitaire--but I did not have them. I did not feel like Bible reading and I had no interesting story-----

Sunday morning I went out for breakfast and then to church. Then the Inglis family--minus Elizabeth ~~and Faith~~ who was ill and Faith who stayed home with her--to rest and study--met me and with well packed lunch baskets we went to Exposition park for the afternoon. The concert and the museum were interesting. Then they took me to the hotel. Monday morning I took my time about getting to breakfast and putting in the day. I should have gone over to see Cottie--but I never thought of that. I saw two pictures--and fooled around until four o'clock when Faith and Elizabeth came and took Adams and me back to Claremont.

Elizabeth overdid and has been ill all vacation. Nervous indigestion, probably. She is the yellowest looking creature--has not been able to keep food down when once taken and has refused to take much of anything. She was bound to come back to school, and indeed I think she was wise on many accounts. She has spent much of the week in bed between classes. Has not gone to all of her classes because the profs. have refused to see her there. Every one has been most kind, and have tried to make her see that she cannot do as she has always done--do all that she sees to

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and all that she imagines there is to do. The Dr. here put it up to her rather strong----and she said "Yes sir". Eat anything you please but eat. So Friday for lunch she ate a piece of mince pie, some cheese and a fried cake! It did not hurt her---- This morning she ate a half of a grape fruit, two banannas with sugar and cream, and one or two oranges with two pieces of toast--so she is really eating again, you see. And eating without her usual thought of its making her over weight! I know I am over weight--I know I would be better looking if I were to lose many pounds---but I would rather be firty pounds heavier than I am than to keep my mind so everlastingly on the diet question as the majority of people do today!

I suppose Ray comes today. I am very anxious to see him. Sarah came some weeks ago. Did I tell you that she had broken her arm in two places since coming here?----I do not know how long Ray will stay but he is planning many visits that we two may have together. I shall have his criticisms on the story, too. I hope Helen has added many notes of comment, and I am looking forward with much interest to the returning of the manuscript.

Not one of you has spoken of the night letter that I sent to Amos Jefferson Monday night--Dec. the 19th. Did he receive it? I want to know, for as I have paid for it I want to feel that I have value received.

Mrs. Ross did not come this last week so I

morning, Faith gave a little shiver--"Oh aren't you glad that we are out here?"---Yes, I am glad--but it is a long long expensive way from New York!

With love for you all-- did not send a call to Dr.K.to come to lunch with us--but I hope soon to do so for I hope soon to have Herbert and Mary--Jack and Ruth and Ray and Sarah here, and I think he would enjoy a visit with my children?

Faith is getting ready to take Adams and me to church. It would be nice if one of my good chaffeurs ---well, you spell it----would care to go in to church with us. Margaret has decided to come back in February, and has decided on her full course of study and feels quite happy over it all. Her decision was made when she realized that Elizabeth was planning to graduate during the coming summer and that this would be the only chance for the three of them to be here together. But it all worked in so well that now that E. has been informed that she must not try to put so much work into such a short time and that she must not think of graduating until the class of '30--it will not change her plans. She will finish in '30 ~~too~~. Only Elizabeth will be through in June and Margaret in August., and both girls will have included in the course a year of P.G.work. *W. A. Arthur in class*

I am so glad that your practice is growing, and that in the growth there are some who are able to pay the prices that you should have. And I am delighted that Amos has brought you so much good luck. You speak of buying a house? Are you really so much in love with the idea of living in New York that you want to tie yourself down with a house? The trouble is that so seldom can one sell when they want to sell---and a house is like a chain about one's ankles. Where would you like to live? In Riverdale? It certainly is beautiful there. Talking of the eastern cold this

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therefore, I am looking over your letters since last March. I find much there that is provocative--much that I want to talk about--and so, right when I should be doing many other things, I am sitting here at the typewriter for a gossip.

In the first letter Helen tells of chicken pox, the new tea set to which she had been able to add the hot water jug because of the help of the birthday money. Wilder tells of his horror at seeing the stern expression in his latest photograph; thinks he would like to imagine himself as his college friends remember him and not quite as his son sees him. But do not the experiences of the years add something to our faces that had not been printed there before responsibilities came to us? It made me wonder just what the expression in your mother's face meant to you--for to ourselves we are always youthful, I believe. You had been thinking of North Carolina--and had decided that move would not be made, for you could not go back into General Surgery. It was so surely not the place for you. Wilder Junior had passed safely through his hip trouble and the plan for going to London was developing. I find only one letter in April--It was spring, and you two were rejoicing in it. You told of the Perkins new home, and the delightful talk with people who were not medical but had brains, at the Wyeths. And there was a hint that medical or surgical practice was often tiring. No, there is another April letter in which you speak of Will and his work. You had given up going to Wood's Hole and

month. The month has become three months and I have heard nothing more of Boston. Did it "die in the burning?" Also your long, wonderful letter about my story. But if I write more I am afraid you will never find the time to read it. Oh I love you all---

Mother

Claremont
January 23 1928.

This might be called a real housecleaning letter, perhaps. Two reasons for my writing this morning. The first--in thinking over my proposition in yesterday's letter, I realized that Mrs. Cone would, in all probability be glad to care for the children during the time of moving, and that would be much simpler. She is on the ground, she knows the children, and she is in the move herself. But another thought came to me. It might be that you would be willing, and glad, to let the two older children come home with Sister K. It would give them an idea of where their many relatives lived etc. etc. Of course it would take them from school--which might be good for Wilder who has not quite found himself in his school life---but they are to make a change, anyway, and the being out of school for this term would not complicate matters as it would if they were going right on in the regular New York schedule. Yes, I know I may be taking many things for granted, but one has to when so many days away from the source of knowledge of daily events. Then---I could take them back to you when you were quite settled and ready for them. How does it look to you? I would so love to have them visit me for weeks and weeks. You do not suppose sister K. and I would become mortal enemies in our quarrels over who should have them? That is my first reason--the second is this: I am wanting to get into full understanding of your point of view in regard to Montreal--

were anxiously waiting to know what Mrs Rockefeller was going to do about the Lab.

In the letter of May 8. you ask me to be sure and call on Mrs. Chaplin. As you know, we did so--and I never heard a word of her after that until, just before Christmas I met her in the grocery store. She has had her hands full. The little girl has been very ill--how seriously I do not know, but it has been a long pull--her mother is not dependable, of course, and the baby is fighting a condition that is hard and ~~and~~ he needs much attention--ricketts. Life has not been altogether easy for her, poor girl. The "Mother's Day" night letter had been received--and you had told the children about what I was probably doing in the garden--(My poor garden, I wonder if the warm weather will bring its usual urge to me this year; just now I feel too weary?--no, not weary--when I think of all the work that is waiting for me there.)

Did you succeed in renting the Wood's Hole house? The feeling is strong with you that you are getting narrow with so much routine work and so little time for general reading--Well, that is the temptation that you will have to fight. A look at the life of Osler will show that it is necessary to keep up with the daily thought of the world if one would have his influence extend to the lives of others in a way that will mean helpfulness to others. Is it not so? There is one thing sure--you have a wife whose great desire is to help you in keeping yourself in touch with other men and their thoughts. To grow and sink your roots deep in the work of your life and still send out the smaller roots that draw from the soil about one takes much unselfish, loving attention and cultivation. It is necessary for you--because you have the desire to be broadminded and helpful and will only be happy in cultivating that desire. And, in a smaller environment, a more intimate environment such as Montreal would seem to be able to give you, will you not have more time and more chance for the broader development that you so desire. Will you not have the opportunity to mean more to the people about you? New York is so impersonal--is it not?

But to go on. In May you were troubled as to whether Horteaga would come forward with your combined paper that must be published before your paper in London could be given. And the month was full of papers and talks. The meeting in Atlanta, a visit with the Myers, the membership in the American Neuro logical Society--the meeting in Atlantic City, etc. Mrs. Rockefeller had set your mind at rest for the coming year. Little Jimmie Cleveland had met with a mishap--is he strong again?

There was a long gap in June--but Dr. Archibald began his propositions for Montreal, and Mrs. Lathrop turned out attention to the Penfield family. You were busy with your London paper. You did not want to move, but felt you had stood in line long enough the trouble being the older men ahead of you.

In July there were several letters. The children were in Cape Cod--Helen was troubled with help, and was fighting ill health. On board ship where things were quiet, you thought of the subway with horror--you realized, what perhaps we outsiders were more conscious of than you who had become used ~~it~~ to it, the actual physical strain of living in New York. You had found that you could live more cheaply in Montreal, and fully as comfortably. You sensed there feeling that it would be a good place to bring up the children.

In London you found yourself a younger man than you felt yourself to be in New York. Memories took hold of you, you lived again as a youth. You had forgotten that it had been only six years since you felt like that. The people seemed "contented, satisfied to be doing their bit, not posing for a higher plane than they belong on." Do you get a hint there of what I am hoping for you? A place where you can live--easily--your own individual life, doing the part in the world that you have been training for, but without the rush--the push--the struggle--that must be met in a place like New York City. A place where you will do your work and still have time and strength to broaden out into greater helpfulness. Your personality is what will help others in the struggle for life. You need time and place and energy to express yourself as well as to make a living. Can New York give you that? Again I ask you to think back over Osler's life? Englishmen have made their mark in the history of the world--but they have taken time for themselves. They have lived more sanely than New Yorkers can live. Am I wrong?

One thing that you spoke of in ~~the~~ one of the July letters was never mentioned again--your awakened interest in Epilepsy. Is that what is Ruth's trouble? but it is so different from any other trouble called by that name that I know any thing about. And righthere I will say that she seems very well these months that have become fearful in our minds.

You speak of Sherrington--"He has the capacity of a young man to pick up everything that is new and use it."--My question is--could he be so capable at 67--had he lived ~~like~~ the New York life? He is still doing, not living on the past reputation that he has made. He is actually living and enjoying being still of use. He might have made more money in New York--but what of his satisfaction as he grows older?

In August the question of writing a book with Dr. Cone was being talked of--I have heard nothing more of that idea?

September and October brought short letters, full of the work you were doing. The important thing was the joy that came with the knowledge of a great step taken in the discovery of the cure for headaches.

November brought the Boston offer that was not to be thought much about until it was more definite. You were to hold off on the Montreal proposition for a

Write me all about Germany---
Love for you all--Mother

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

February 5 1928

My Dears:

Surely life can never become monotonous to the mother of a family of live wires. I seem to be continually in the state of "gasp"--if there is such a state. My hands so often go up with surprise and I feebly remark to a wondering world-- "What next?"

But please explain---"~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~" "We have applied to the Rockefeller Foundation to be sent to Germany. So we might leave here late in March and return to Montreal late in September?" Who has applied?--You and Helen? Who might leave here late in March--you and Helen and the four children and a nurse etc.etc? Or you and Cone-?

But, the knowledge that you do not need me in the moving to Montreal brought mixed feelings--- Relief---because I had not found the answer as to how I could arrange to go; ^{as well as} a partial answer to the question of how much my children really do need me ~~and~~ ^a gentle shock that came with that

(I found that involved sentence carried no clear idea of what I wanted to express)

So many corrections were needed in this letter, but I hope you know what I was trying to say? - Life is beautiful, wonderful!

partial answer.

No, you and Helen do not need me. You have carved out a future for yourselves and your family, and with the carving you have in your hands all of the tools that you need to use in making yourselves perfectly independent of my anxiety and desire to be of help. I am glad--I am relieved--I can just enjoy ~~your~~ all that you are doing and planning without a thought of anything more than the pleasure it brings to me.

Herbert and Mary are having many problems to solve, but I can do nothing for them--the only help that is possible for me to offer is to have Jean with me so that she can have her desire for a college course satisfied, and Herbert is not sure that I should have so many girls to look after. There are other angles to the question that he has not fully worked out to his satisfaction, I think, but that is all in the future. Their family problems are gradually being settled, of course.

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George has not yet found his work, and he and

Dorothy are still with Herbert--but he and Mary
are pleased with George's attitude towards life,
and, while Jean and Patricia have had to give up

their bedroom and go to the neighbors to sleep,

while G. & D. are there -
still, there is happiness and peace where George is

concerned.

Last Wednesday, after consultation with Fred
Andersen who is here now, Wilder William decided
that he wanted to learn the lumber business.
Fred wired to the Co. and Wilder started for Bayport
his "job" will be ready for him. Herbert says
there are many things in this work that will be
hard for Wilder but that it was high time that
he should get away from home and in strange
surroundings. So--that problem is in the way
of being solved. Fred is just the friend that
can help our Wilder with his queer outlook on

life. He is sympathetic---and at the same time ~~max~~
hard.

But there is one-third of the question that has been in mind that is not yet answered.

That is Ruth's girls---- "You are doing too much,"

I hear more often that I like. Ray says--

"Cannot Jack help out more?" Poor Jack--with the

anxiety for Ruth that he is always carrying, how

can he do more than he is doing? The tuition,

books, [✓]clothes for three girls is a big load for

the principal of a high school to carry added to

the expenses of the rest of the family. Here, I ^{for Ruth is not-able to do her}
~~will share-give~~

know I am needed, and if I find it hard to manage

on the income I have, that is simply the necessary

problem that I must carry. I have compensations

all along the way--The girls are dear. They are

appreciative, helpful and bring but few worries.

Ray thinks they are most remarkable girls for

this day and age of the world--and they are. Other things that I would like to have, and cannot, are not really necessary, and these few years are right here and must be cared for.

I hope you succeeded in "selling" Montreal to Cone.

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

February 28 1928

Dear Children:

Another Sunday full of "other things". A
sunday away from home and with Ruth and Jack.

Saturday Adams and I went in town on the trolley-
she to attend a luncheon given to about twenty-five
Spokane people, and I to do other things. I saw
Sorrel and Son---and enjoyed it to the utmost.

There has been so much said and written about
mother-love, it is quite high time that the love of
the father should be sung. Very often it is that
a father has to take the full training of his son
on his shoulders--and very often "his job" calls
for great self-sacrifice on his part. And more
often than not, I believe, he fulfills his hopes.

In the afternoon I went out to Van Nuys and
stayed over night. Herbert and Mary came out that
evening. They could not get there until about

half past nine and so every one was in bed except their mother, and we had a wonderful visit together. There is much to be said between us, especially since the two older boys have entered into the business of life for themselves. Jean, too, has taken up work--she is working in Kress' in Hollywood earning money for---as near as I can find out-- "a lot of shoes and stockings" before coming to Pomona. X

Sunday morning Jack gave us a breakfast of waffles, in which he excels, and after Sunday School we took our lunch and drove to Hermosa. There we rented an apartment for the afternoon, had our and afterwards, lunch, the three boys going out on the beach, Jack lying down with a big book from which he was to prepare his lesson for the Monday night school, and, perhaps, take a little nap---and Ruth and I taking a little walk and having a little visit.

We also took two apartments--one for the Claremont family and one for the Ingli--for the first

I am sending much of love--And may the days be full of satisfaction and rest to you both--in spite of the many details of work.

OUR HOUSE
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Mother.

week in ~~August~~ April. I am going to write Winifred that it will be possible for them to have another apartment in the same building, probably.

Then I came home in the trolley and the girls met me at the station here in Claremont.

I am so glad that you have rented the house, for you will be less anxious with this extra money coming in. Of course, I realize, Helen dear, that it will mean a little more work for you---but, dear me when you have so much work as moving always brings, possibly you will not especially mind the more work. The week on the boat will be a good chance to rest a bit, and enjoy the babies a bit, and get ready for a new chapter in life for you all. How fast the days are going now! And I know the last dinners, and dances, and theatres, and messages from and with all of the many friends you have made in the New York surround. ings are filling up every

spare moment. I like to know of them all.

I do hope that Dr.Cone has been able to decide what he is to do. I must be trying for you not to know. He would have to have a rather level head to keep his feet during all of the many offers he is having---I almost think it would be better for you both if he should decide to stay in the States.

Oh Wilder dear,I do hope that Mrs.Hackett is on the road to recovery. Be sure and tell me all about her.

Wilder William is very,very homesick. He can not get warm. I understand about how it is with him,for after leaving Spokane and going into the St Croix climate in the winter,I suffered from the cold the same way. But he is keeping all of his complaints for the family he says---and they have six letters a week. Sundays he spends with the Yoergs. Mrs Y.insists that he bring his laundry and put it in with theirs---and then she looks after his mending and sees that he is properly clothed for that country. Fred has had him to dinner and had a long talk with him and writes that Wilder is interested in the work and steers the conversation, himself,to matters of detail in the business. Fred is pleased with him,and the foreman--Harald Rothchild----do you know him?--- is very pleased with him. "He is a gentleman",H.R.says.Wilder is quite determined to stick and learn all that he can.

OURHOUSE
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CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

February 12 1928

Dear Children:

Your letters are so very upsetting, Wilder dear, in that I cannot quite understand about Germany. In the letter that came yesterday the only reference to your going to Germany----if these two sentences are a reference to your taking that trip-----is found in the following; "She leaves us with our second family complete-the same age as the first family when we all sailed for England."

(Which is not quite true, for Priscilla is a year older than Wilder was on that trip.) "we are off for the biggest adventure yet. This time I come of age-----I'd like to give the two oldest some real German so they could really speak it.-----When we come back to Montreal we will look forward to seeing you."

Taking that with the very surprisingly indefinite letter where you say "We have applied--to be sent to Germany." I am on my tip-toes and full of questions.

So the little red-head was christened with drops of water from the Jordan by a red-headed minister, and behaved like a gentlemen as he received the admiring praises of his father's and mother's friends! Good for the Jefferson Penfield. His grandmother salutes him.

I know you must be more than busy in the Lab. getting things ready to give up or hand over. And Helen is so busy with her plans for the change

that the days are just flying by. And there will be twinges and pangs and some tears in the many changes to be made-----but they are not to be compared to the excitement and joy of hope for the future.

I do hope you can keep Cone with you for a few more years. He knows what he owes to you, and I rather think that knowledge will have much weight with him in making his decision.

Friday afternoon Ray stopped here on his way home from a business conference in Riverside. He had with him General Fransworth son--a man of about forty. (Sarah's sister married General F. and she and Ray have been visiting them in ~~Altedana~~ Altedena.) I went with them, stopped at the Farnsworth's -went into their comfy, old-world-looking, rambling bungalow, and went through their wonderful garden where they all spend their time in real work. Chickens and rabbits and a beloved dog make things lively. Hot-beds, cold-frames and a lath house for tender things and for propagating new things, made it most interesting. They wanted me to stay for dinner---but I did not want to do that--hope to go again sometime---and Ray took me in to Los Angeles to the hotel. I probably shall not see him again. He goes Wednesday morning--and the family have so many last plans for him. Between his visiting with me and his many business trips they feel a bit neglected. Sarah will not go back with him, for he will be away from home for a couple of months, off and on, and the house will not be opened until later.

That evening I went to see the Student Prince on the screen--and had a late dinner--and back to the hotel. Yesterday morning I spent several hours in the new Library. I have never been there before and have, for some time, wanted to get into the old-time habit of visiting the books there.

OURHOUSE
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CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

February 22 1928

Dear Children:

B-efore I forget it--Wilder, please direct a few envelopes to me and give to Helen to use--for you see, the dear child has so many things to think about that she completely forgets that I do not live in Upland. She has sent me the last three lett rs directed to Upland--and the postoffice authorities are getting crazy because I do not notify my correspondents of my présent address. Well--it shows where her thoughts are--but I am mighty glad that her thoughts include my personality if not the town I live in. Bless her heart, I know she is trying to think of many, many things these days. Well---there will be a most wonderful time ahead of all of you. Interesting and valuable in every way, I know.

Thank you for the clipping--I swelled so with

Margaret and Jean still sleeping. Oh shades of Amos Jefferson the first! What would ~~have~~ be your re-action to such "shirtlessness"-to quote Byron J.

Spring is coming, in spite of the chill of morning and evening due to the breeze coming down from the snow fields on the mountains. The fruit trees are coming into blossom, the sap is starting in all growing things--and my seeds are here ready for planting.

Wilder William writes from Hudson about the cold he experiences while going across the lake above Galahad, and while trying skating without big socks etc. etc. He has received a warm welcome from the Yoergs, of course. He is full of interest in all of the new things, meeting much kindness, a lot of hard manual labor, and sometimes a twinge of homesickness.

George is still on the lookout for work, and Dorothy has gone back to her mother for a visit until things shape themselves. Her mother is not at all well and rejoices in the chance of having her with her for a while.

Jack and Ruth are coming out this afternoon to make a call or two and be here to meet the young people whom they know by hearsay but have never seen.

I had a nice letter from Madame Boardman. I hope to write her soon. Are the Fields home again and did they have a lovely trip?

I was disappointed in what I sent to Priscilla it was not quite what I thought I had ordered, and the shipment from the factory was so delayed that her birthday was past before the package went out from here. I thought she would enjoy carrying the little box, and having things all her own might appeal to her baby taste. I shall try and see Mrs K. very soon. She would be home right now if she

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February 22 1928

Dear Children:

B-efore I forget it--Wilder, please direct a few envelopes to me and give to Helen to use--for you see, the dear child has so many things to think about that she completely forgets that I do not live in Upland. She has sent me the last three lett rs directed to Upland--and the postoffice authorities are getting crazy because I do not notify my correspondents of my présent address. Well--it shows where her thoughts are--but I am mighty glad that her thoughts include my personality if not the town I live in. Bless her heart, I know she is trying to think of many, many things these days. Well---there will be a most wonderful time ahead of all of you. Interesting and valuable in every way, I know.

Thank you for the clipping--I swelled so with

pride that I had to go to the movies last evening to take my mind off all that my wonderful son has done during his short life. And you~~xahx~~ have certainly worked hard for all that you have accomplished, too. And you have a wife who is a great help to you, too. It must make a great difference in a man's life when he has a wife who is in sympathy with him in all that he is doing and thinking and I love Helen for that as well as for her own sake.

My thoughts will be with you all of the time during the pulling up of stakes there and the getting ready for the flight across the sea. It would be a wonderful thing for the children if you should stay for a year, Helen dear. There is much for Wilder to think over and plan, I am sure, for he must be prepared with full knowledge as to what he wants in Montreal, and how to get it in working order. Perhaps, after all, it may be better in the long run for the Cones not to be

see them, too. I am rather glad that I have this to think about at the time that I am living with you in your preparations for your move. God bless you all--I am glad you like the tie, Wilder dear,

And Helen, how did th
with sweaters
fit? They
had not
been taken
from the
hangers
when Mrs.

K. so kind-
ly wrote
about the
Christmas
things.

HOUSE
123 SOUTH AVENUE
DANFORTH, CALIFORNIA

God bless
you all--
Mother

Perhaps you two have done each other

all the good that is possible for you both and that you will both do better work if you are separated. Dr. Cone has certainly received much from you--and perhaps there is another good man waiting for what you can do for him.

Sunday, Jack took those of the family who wanted to go, up on the mountain for a tussle in the snow. Bobs was so interested in the going that he made a big sled to use in coasting. It had no iron runners---but it did the work all right. Ruth and the two little boys and Elizabeth did not go but stayed here with us.

Elizabeth is very busy preparing for an inter-collegiate contest in impromptu speaking to take place tomorrow evening. The subject is the American Press--and she has done little else the past week but read all she could find on the subject, pro and con. She did not want to enter the lists because she says she always has to work so hard to prepare her speeches and learn them--that speaking without preparation is not her "line." But Prof. Scott talked with her last Thursday and said if she did not enter there would be no one to represent Pomona for she was the only woman here who could do it. She has just a week to read up---and they have just an hour after drawing their special subject, to prepare--

Worst of all, Pomona opens the evening--"And whoever heard of a first speaker ever winning out?" She will have only the hour---while the later speakers will have the inspiration of the first ones to give them their points, to add to their original hour.

She has two young men who are doing all they can to help her. Wallace in giving advice as to what to say and how to say it--Wallace is fine in that kind of work---and Winston to sympathize and take her this afternoon down to Balboa to be entertained by some people who have a fine house and sailboats etc. on the Bay. Just to give her a rest and change and a chance for all the cramming of the past week to settle and crystalize. Of course I am going to La Verne to hear her speak.

Last evening Faith sang in the Glee Club concert given at the big Orange Show in San Bernardino. She was "thrilled" with all that she saw--- Yes, life is interesting even here in little Claremont--so far away from Germany.

Monday Faith took us over to see Mrs. K. and it was good to get some late, fresh news of you all. I did not get it through my stupid head until just as we were leaving that Mrs. Walter Kermott was lying very low and that they were listening for the telephone to tell them at any moment that she had gone. I am afraid that we stayed too long. But I hope to see her again soon.

I am also hoping to ~~xxxxxx~~ have a good visit with Winifred the first week in April. Will goes to Long Beach for some special work, and the family are coming with him and spend the week on the beach at Hermosa. They have been expecting me up there for a visit, but it is not easy to get away from the family here, and now I think--it will be vacation week--that it will cost me no more to take an apartment at Hermosa during that week and have my visit and give the rest of the family a chance to

"W-law" too, and looked at the whole thing with more un-pudgling eyes. Then we met Helen Wilman & Mrs. Wilkins at the train. Mr. Wilkins met us at a big Club when we all had lunch. Then we five women went with Helen in her car through some of the lovely streets of Milwaukee - especially along the Lake and towards Whitefish Bay & past Bremer's building - and to her delightful home. We visited - met her & her charming children & had tea. Then Arthur Wilman's came & took us to the train stopping in the way so that Ruth might see the Wilkins after Mary met us at the train here. & he has a beautiful apt. Ruth & Elizabeth slept together - I had a bed to myself & never moved until morning - Breakfast at eight & asked me to talk until 10.30. Then they felt they must meet to old business - and I stayed home to wash & slopping, get over. They put away & until 5 p.m. It is a beautiful day & the April is pouring in & this lovely sun room I am having a picture of you all in that Washburn home.

Thursday morning - Trading for the California train
Four miles north.

A good trip so far - fine meals
(enough for the other two) - good beds - no
certain troubles - and the mechanical
man - and us at the house with the
tickets - worth 5 + 6 - for Saturday night.
But is all splendid now - naturally -
Our thoughts are with you so much.
The time - talking of you all and losing

you all -

We read + knitted -
then knitted and read
all the afternoon.

There will be more
to say - later kiss the
four for us both -

Loving you -

Mother

OUR HOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

February 20 1929

Dear Helen and Wilder:

This is longer than I hoped it would be before I could write to you---but there has been so much to do before I could make a place to sit down and write. As it is, everything is so dreadfully in clean of being cleaned---scrubbed, oiled, and coaxed into shape--that it bothers me to stop working. I cannot get my man and his wife to do the heavy work until next Monday--and I am expecting Virginia out here any day. This afternoon Mrs. Ross is having a tea "to introduce her cousin" who is spending the winter at the College Inn) "and welcome Mrs. Penfield home." And I shall not even have the time to wash my hair--I am afraid.

It is plain to be seen that my biggest bill this month will be "house repairs." The girls did so wonderfully with the boys, for they are here for work and the college sees to it that they have plenty of it to do, and there were not hours enough in the day to do it all. So Ruth will find the boys in need of much mending, and I find the house all to pieces. I simply throw up my hands in despair over some things and charge it to profit and loss.

Now for the details that you asked for. I shall begin back in Chicago at the breakfast table in the Northwestern station, listening to Louise Clague. You will recall that she is Irving's wife whom I had never seen. She is not beautiful, she is not young, but she is a dear. We, all three, fell quite in love with her. She is so fair, so understanding. Helen's husband, when found in the snow, had a bad bruise on his head showing that he had been hit by some one or something. He and Helen were fond of each other, but she is being very brave. Went out and found a position for herself at 35 dollars a week. The Mexican father and mother have been living with Helen and Jack, and Louise says the mother is a dear, and Helen is very fond of her. So, I shall not worry about them---but I am a little troubled about Florence. We did not see Irving, he could not get away--but the baby is lovely.

We reached Milwaukee at 12.30. Mrs. Wilkinson and Helen had made themselves acquainted over the telephone and were both at the train to meet us. Mr. Wilkinson took us to a big club house for lunch, and then Helen took us all, except Mr. Wilkinson, for a ride and then to her lovely home for the afternoon. We visited, looked over the house, admired the two children--Helen Jane is thirteen and very pretty, and Frederick is a fine sturdy boy of eight. When we had tea, Mr. Wilman's came home, and then took us to the train, where Mr. Wilkinson joined us. It was a delightful afternoon. Wilder, I wish you could recall all of the very nicest things about Helen and like her better than you do --for she is a dear. Going into a very German family at the beginning of the war made it very hard for her, but she was wise and sweet and forgiving, and is having her reward now. It could so easily have been an unhappy family today, but it is a very happy one, I am sure.

We reached Madison that evening at 8.40. Mary met us

and took us to her lovely apartment. Everything was very much like a dream come true--especially for Elizabeth. She was absolutely blissful. Accepting everything that was being done for her without protest, but showing in every way how happy she was and how appreciative of every thing. Friday morning she and Ruth were taken by Molly to see about registration. I stayed at home by the fire and in the sun. Elizabeth is pleased just as she would have liked, had she known enough to know what she wanted. Professor Fish is the most desired instructor in American History anywhere in the States. She is with him and senses what that will mean to her. She also has Professor Paxton, the head of the department and a "slave driver". She shudders--and rejoices over that. "Shudders" because she feels actually nauseated when she thinks of getting down to real study again-- and another Thesis!" But she will love it all right when she gets fairly to work. Paxton wanted her to take three courses, but her special advisor said no it would be too much, she would have no time for side things. She is taking American History since 1920--And American in its foreign relations. Then she has her Seminar where all the students taking that work meet together for discussion.

Jean Hoard is to be with Molly this year, so Elizabeth has a room downstairs, but so that she can step from her room into the hall and upstairs to the bathroom. Her room is well furnished, a bed and a couch--writing desk, large closet etc. Jean Hoard's work is with a group of seniors in the University and with another senior group who are teaching in the high school for practice. She is also a devotee of the Little Theater--and that has always pulled strongly at Elizabeth's heart-strings. So, Jean will be a joy to her. And---with all of the joy that is coming from Molly and Jean, I think Elizabeth will pay in kind. She is meeting so many pleasant people--and that is what she loves.

And so, Elizabeth fades from the picture. We reach Minneapolis Sunday morning at 7.30. Ray was at the train to meet us and we all went to The MacQuarrie home which is the last word in efficiency and beauty. A wonderful breakfast with Earnest at the toaster and Mary at the waffle iron. And such waffles as that electric machine did give us!! Ray left us, and soon Wilder William came. A rather peaked, longing, wistful Wilder. So glad to see us. Every once in a while, through the day he would come to give me another hug. Sitting beside the fireplace, listening to the radio, he sighed and said, "Oh this is too much like home!" William Webster came in time for dinner. In the afternoon we all went down to Ray's room in the hotel for a tea with some of the Galahad boys. The one you would have most wanted to see was Speedy. I told him that you had wanted to know about him, and he seemed glad, and sent a greeting to you of some kind, I do not recall the exact words. He and William had a good long "talk-fest" but no one found out what Speedy is doing. Ray's secretary, Mrs. Runnels with whom I have had some correspondence, served the tea. Then we went back to the home and Earnest brought out his moving picture machine and showed us many pictures he had taken on the Christmas trip. The ones taken in San Jose pleasing us most of all, although William could not realize the change in the whole MacQuarrie family. He and Wilder stayed until they were obliged to go. Monday morning Ray came and took me for a ride and visit. We went many miles, had lunch and then home, he to come back for dinner. We visited---then dinner--and some more pictures and a last

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

Then Ray took us to the train, which was more than an hour late coming from St. Paul.

I wired to Jamie that we were passing through Spokane and a return wire insisted that we stop off for a couple of days. Of course we could not--but I am sure it would be a good thing could I have had a real visit with him. We might have been able to straighten out some business things that look very bad just now. But, it was impossible on this trip. Jamie was out of town, but his wife, Florence and Grace Moeglich came to the train. Grace was the same old Grace as of old, and the twentyfive minutes that we were there was not given up to getting acquainted with Florence, but to listening to old grievances of Grace's. "Why did you not do this and why did you do that--etc. Finally I said, "For heavens' sake, Grace, I have forgotten all about everything-- I do not know what you are talking about."-----Well, I was glad they came to the train--and so was Ruth and she regretted very much that we could not stop over.

At Portland, with almost three hours to spend, Jack's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Leihl met us. I do not think that is spelled right -but it is pronounced Lehigh. She took us for a short drive and then to their home for tea back to the train at 5.30. It was very delightful. Jack sent a wire for us to leave the train at San Fernando at 7.30. He and Bob met us there and we were at the breakfast table at home by the time the train reached Los Angeles.

Their good neighbor, Mrs. Austin, was there and had breakfast all ready. She had found the best dishes, and with flowers made the big round table look like an Easter feast and such a breakfast! The house was a bower of flowers before noon. So many people sending greetings in that way/ Dr. Canby came to see Ruth and the happiest man that grew--to see her again. Well---I might except Jack, of course.

The girls with the little boys did not get there until after we had had lunch. Stuart had brought a little bouquet of violets in a little bud vase all the way from Claremont for his mother, and I wish you could have seen him--the littlest one--patiently waiting for all of the bigger ones to greet their mother. He stood quietly, cheeks red and eyes shining, holding the little vase in both hands, looking up at her and then down to the flowers, until she pushed the others away and caught him up to her.

What a happy re-union it was! I had planned to go to Hermosa right from the train in L.A. So Jack wired to Adams that I would be down at six o'clock. Then after ~~xxxxx~~ a talking race--and when things had quieted down somewhat, he and Ruth and I started out in the auto. We stopped at Herbert's and had a good visit there. You asked how Herbert was doing financially, I judge that he is doing rather well, for they have some beautiful new drapes for the living room windows and a gorgeous, and comfortable, new davenport. Then we went on to Hermosa. Jack and Ruth would not stay to dinner, altho Adams had it all ready. I think he wanted to get Ruth off all by herself for a while. The girls came after me Sunday evening and we reached home about eight o'clock. We did not get to bed very early--there seemed to be so many things to talk about. I feel quite

certain that they were glad to have me home again--and I am rather surprised, and greatly pleased to see how much my coming home means to some of my neighbors. Even the postman-greeted me with--"Well you have been gone a long time." "Yes, three full months." "Is that all? why it seems much longer." And he is a very taciturn postman.

You are both wanting to know about William, and I am wanting to tell you about him. He has grown older, of course. His likeness to his father is much more pronounced. The lines in his face are deeply graven. I know that he wanted to see me, but I am quite sure that he rather dreaded the meeting. As we shook hands we stood and looked at each other for a moment, and then I put my other hand on his shoulder and said "William, when we used to meet after a fairly long absence you always kissed me---are you going to do that now?" It broke the ice--that kiss put us at ease, and we simply enjoyed seeing each other again. I did not care to force things--I did not mention either one of you--but I was glad every time that Ruth just naturally spoke of you both. And before the day was over he recalled several things that had happened with Wilder. I do not recall what they were--some little jolly things that carried a laugh with them. While he did not speak especially of Helen--he seemed glad to hear things about her.

Some one had spoken of his "slinking about the streets of Hudson." I do not believe it--he stands straight and looks one right in the eye. He is city attorney, and is very interested in getting Hudson to branch out a bit and do things as other cities do. It seems to be much on his heart, and Earnest spoke of what William was doing for the public good. Earnest has known William very intimately--and he very evidently loves him. Mary said "I have never asked any questions about William, I have not needed to do so. I always feel so at ease when with him, and I really do love him." It would seem as if those who had known William the best--you two, and I--and Earnest--might be trusted to know something as to the real William--and we have always believed in him.

Ray's business has been to study men, to read character--so, on Monday while we were driving I said--"Tell me honestly and fully just what impression William made on you." They had had quite a talk together and some discussions as well. This is about what he said. "I should say that he is ~~is~~ very sensitive. Very proud. I do not mean self pride, pride in what he has done, but proud as to criticism. I think he would never be able to stand up against anything that had hurt him. Never be able to put himself right. He has opinions of his own, but he is not stubborn--in this way. He will fight for those opinions until he meets some one whom he sees knows as much or more than he does on that subject--then he will turn and try and learn what the other man knows. He is fair--I believe he is honest in his judgments---but so very sensitive."

But, if I do not stop writing I am afraid I shall be late to the tea party. Your father and mother were over yesterday, Helen. Faith was going to take me over to Upland--but I was glad they came here. I will not say anything more about that, however, this time.

Love for you--for each and every one of the children with an especial hug for Amos Jefferson at six o'clock every night. Fraulein Bergaman and Marta--are in my thoughts, too. Lovingly, Mother.

great trainer of dogs. He said something like this. No dog is a good dog until he has been trained. Every dog needs as careful training as every child does. Patience, firmness, constant attention and love will train any dog to be a good dog.

I think I should have added understanding of course obedience was the first thing to be taught. As I read I thought of Wilder and Tuck and the third or Brindle Tuck. I am sending a book to you, Helen. I hope it may reach you on the 8th. and that there will be no customs to trouble you. However, value-\$2.50 it was recommended by Mary A. and I can see that it is good reading.

Dear Helen and Wilder and The Children: Margaret and I had been gone all day yesterday, and when we returned I found your letter waiting for me, Helen dear. Oh I was glad, for I have been so hungry for you all this past week.

Margaret had an engagement at the dentists at 1.30-- in Hollywood. I was tired of cleaning etc. and thought I would make a day of it with her. We took the Dodge and left here about ten o'clock. Had lunch with Ruth, and Gizela made a red letter day of it by having a delicious lunch and served on the gold rimmed dishes. Then, taking Ruth with us we went to Hollywood, attended to Margaret's work and then to Carthay Circle to see The Divine Lady. The story of Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson. It was a fine picture--and Carli Elinor's Orchestra was as good, if not better, than usual. Leaving there at five o'clock we took Ruth home and started back to Claremont, stopping in Pasadena for dinner. Faith had not been able to go--Glee Club and dancing practice keeping her at home--and she was waiting for us with a warm welcome and many jokes and laughter.

That dancing practice---She began "Natural dancing" in the Fall. The teacher asked Elizabeth if she had never taken dancing before, and was surprised that she had not done so. "She is a natural dancer, and makes me rejoice to see her, she is always putting in something a little extra and different." Well, she has advanced so that she is a leader in the class of girls who have taken lessons for two, three, or four years. The class is to give an exhibiton Wednesday night and Faith is on the committee to choose the dancers etc. She will have a solo dance, and each girl having two tickets of admission, ensures a seat for both Peg and me. Faith was always like a little fairy when she was a little thing--she is not very big now, and a real joy to have around one. She dances about the house, she sings, she laughs, she is a real trouble-chaser--if there were any trouble sneaking around us. Of course, she may forget to lock the front door, or turn off the lights or the gas---but every one must have some faults, I suppose.

Thank you so very much for sending the lock of Priscilla hair. It is so beautiful in color. I do hope it will not change-- It is so very unusual. Like fairy gold in some lights--like fairy moonlight in others. I hope she will be able to extend her daily walks very soon. Give her a good hug for me. "Jeff is still the joy of our hearts," you say--oh dear, I know just what

Also, I have packed a trunk of books--some 65 volumes, that will go by freight. Balzac-Dickens and Maupassant. To the customs say--they were in your mother's library--could be sold for about 10 or 15 cents a vol. The French books were in your father's library. The Dickens belonged first, as I recall, to grandfather Graves.

you mean by that. I would like to take his warm, soft, sweet body in my arms again!

I am sorry about the Sunday School, what will you do, take the children to church with you? They would surely get more from the adult sermon than they would from an inefficient school. And you could talk enough about the sermon to drive home what they could understand, couldn't you!

And the old house on the banks of the river! It sounds very intriguing to me. And will Ruth Mary have her cow? Surely Wilder could be there much of the summer if it is only an hour's run from the hospital. How delightful that will be! I hope that Elizabeth can visit you this summer for a while. She does so want to know you---as they all do. Helen Dean, and Daisy Dean Cutchell, Mary MacQuarrie and Mrs. Wilkinson are all planning for revisits, and are each trying to get ahead of the other. Daisy was here this last summer and put in a claim then. She has a big, lovely home in Fort Wayne, with a show garden--no daughters nor young sisters or cousins, and only one son of about twenty. And she longs to have a pretty girl to draw other young people--or, perhaps I should say to show off as her own property to the young people who love to come to that home.

"Louise in Chicago?" Why she is Irving Clague's wife whom I had never seen. And Irving is much to be congratulated on having a wife like her.

I have written the details of the trip--but I did not say much about Ruth, and I know you will be wanting to know how she is---She looks fine. Her eyes sparkle, she is enjoying life, with one exception. Jack wants to do the buying in order that he may pay for things and have no food bills--a very canny idea. But and that is quite a serious but he expects Ruth to plan the meals and tell him what to buy. Now Helen, you and I could do that. We have had experience, and yet we would find it really hard work. Ruth has had no experience in that line, she has no taste along that line, either. Gizela could do it, and would love to do it, but Jack does not want her to, and Ruth feels that she herself, is the one to do it--"But mother, I don't know how." It bothers her, and there are so many other things that are pressing her, so many other things to be done, and she cannot turn off the work as many other women can. Jack is having quite a bit of indigestion, is trying to diet--and that makes another complication. I think, without doubt, that his trouble is due to worry and fear and anxiety that has been his lot for many years, and not due to food, and how could one expect ~~him~~ Dr. Canby to know what to prescribe? And so many bills waiting to be paid!! He is not finding life a bed of roses--or if the bed is of roses there are too many thorns to torment him.

Tell Wilder Jr. that I was reading something about a

over

much it meant to her to be with you in your home, to get acquainted with you all over again. She looks better every time we see her, and her hair is really showing much growth---but it is not curly. God bless you, every one of you in the Montreal home. Your mother

Claremont
March 12 1929
Dear Children:

Such a busy, delightful week end! A birthday celebration that lasted three days!

Friday afternoon Jack brought Ruth out for an over night visit. That, of itself, was marvellous, for it has been many years since he was willing to have her away from him for over night. He was obliged to go back right away, for the senior class play was on that night.

Ruth came for two reasons--the Glee Club concert, and my birthday. Faith had no solo, of course, although Mr. Babcock told Jack when the girls sang in Van Nuys that had it not have been for so many senior soloists, Faith would have been one of the regular soloists this year. But she stood on the end of the line where we could have a good view of her, and she looked mighty nice to us. The concert was fine.

Ruth brought me a basket that would hold a large potted plant--for I shall have house plants at the beach--a new kind of a brush for the fireplace and a resurrection plant.

Saturday morning there was great excitement for the March Field boys had telephoned that they would be here about 12.30. We did things about the house, etc. and then Faith took us to Upland to see Mrs. K. The Dr. was not there but we had a good visit with her and with Mary. Hurried home to get lunch--and watch for the boys---but they did not come! So, Peg had spent the morning on the paper--Student Life--so many things are being adjusted there, some "fired" and others to take their places.. Peg says, "Well, I know this is a good thing for me, for some of them did not believe I was 'hard-boiled' enough for this job." It has been far from easy for her, but she has satisfied every one, I guess, and they all seem happy, and fine new blood has come on the work. Good brains and experienced workers taking the place of green, and perhaps, inferior ones. To begin again, so, the watching and waiting seemed to take away any disposition to rush things through--and the consequence was that when we started for Los Angeles we found we were more than an hour late and it was raining hard.

Six of us were to go in to hear Faust--The Chicago Opera Co.-- Ruth being with us there were seven to go in the car. We put in a footstool for Faith and we rode very comfortably.

In the darkness and the rain we lost our way--and did not reach Los Angeles until ten minutes of eight. Jack had been waiting for Ruth for two hours. We had planned a dandy dinner going out for a regular spree, as it were. Instead we snatched a sandwich and a cup of coffee at the coffee shop next door, and rushed into the opera house, for the performance was to begin at eight. They waited a bit for us! so we had plenty of time.

older ones--I do not want to lose all of their childhood. But then, I shall see them very often, I hope. Mame assures me that I am quite young, that eighty is not old. Her grandfather was quite in his youth at ninety!! Pleased to be included with Wilder, in Faith's letter? Why bless your dear heart, Helen, they always think of you two together. If you enjoyed our visit--what do you think it meant to Ruth and me? It was such a joy to be there with her and see how

It was fine, and how we all enjoyed it! I, particularly, for I had a new bag to carry my opera glasses in. Winifred had sent me, for my birthday, a lovely brown silk one, about the same shade as your brown velvet one, but not quite so large, although the same shape.

We reached home about two o'clock. Miss Ross lived next door so we left her at her home, but the two girls, Jean and Louise, stayed here all night. It was still raining in the morning, so I told the girls they need not bother to take me to church, so they lolled about on pillows around the fireplace and lazily talked things over. At dinner we kept on being lazy and talked until we simply were obliged to get things out of the way, for Peg had to go and see some one on the paper--and she was to entertain the night editors for supper at about six o'clock.

It was about four when the Penfield family came. They had expected to come Saturday until they heard I was going in town. They brought a beautiful birthday cake all frosted in pink--and a lovely silk scarf for my neck. Ruth had told Mame that "Helen says she needs one." Thank you, Helen, I did not only need one but I was quite sensible of my need.

It was rather exciting to have two Sunday night suppers going on at the same time. Peg and her editors in the front rooms, The Penfields in the breakfast room. Fortunately, the kitchen was between both rooms. I think we did not get in each other's way, very much, and we all seemed to have a good time.

Your telegram did not come until Monday morning---but I had time to sit down then and think about you all.

I am sending these two letters of William's. I think I shall want them back again. I have not sent the trunk of books yet---waiting for a rope, and I seem to forget to get it.

Keep me informed about the progress of getting a summer home. And let me know something more about the trip to New York and what you got started there.

Stuart is giving Ruth more fun--! The other day they were at work together in the yard. "Oh Stuart, is not this a beautiful world?" He looked up with a smile, "Yes--and are we not glad that we have a God?" Again, he was telling her how much he loved her, and that he would always love her, "And I hope our graves will be beside each other."

Did I tell you that I have put my grandmother's Paisley shawl on the wall in my room? And right over the black spot I have, at present, Wilder's picture pinned on. A picture I have of father in an oval frame, looks the best there, but I have not yet had the courage to punch a hole through the shawl to hang it up. Cannot pin a frame, you see.

I am so glad to hear that Priscilla is improving--and Jeff! Oh dear, how I shall be wanting to go very soon again to see those dear children. Of course, the changes, the delightful changes will be more noticeable in the younger ones--but the

Claremont
March 21 1929
Dear Children:

There has seemed to be but little time to write this week, and I rather let the Sunday letter slip hoping that I should have a letter from you to answer. But your letter, that should have been written the tenth--has not come, and although I have had another long and busy morning, I think I want to write you before lying down for a bit.

Adams had written me asking me to come down last Friday, so I went and we went to a Ch.Sc. lecture there in Hermosa. Saturday we talked, and talked, and went nowhere. Sunday we went to church, and fussed around getting the dinner, hoping some of the Van Nuys family would be down for veal pot-pie--- And, by the way, Adams makes the most delicious dumplings for pot-pie, that you ever put in your mouth. Worth going fifty miles to get.

We had dinner alone, but before we were quite finished Peg had brought her mother and the two little boys down in the Dodge, and they were to stay there until Jack should come for them later. Ruth had a piece of apple pie with us, and then Peg and I hurried off for Claremont leaving all of the dishes for them to wash.

~~Powwow~~ Monday morning. Mr. Ross--my next door neighbor--took me over, to see about getting my radio fixed up. It has not been giving us anything since I came home, and the man that promised to find out what was the matter, failed to put in an appearance. Mr. Ross had recommended that man, so he felt rather responsible for seeing to it that some one looked after that machine. I had already made up my mind never to spend any ~~more~~ more money on the thing. I felt pretty sure that I had been victimized. They had changed it from a battery machine to a direct current--had put in two eliminators at separate times, each one costing me \$40. besides other and various deep cuts. So, while Mr. Ross was talking to the man--a new firm^{me} about my old machine I was snooping around and listening in to others.

To make a long story short, I came to the conclusion that I wanted the radiola 18. It was small, a dynamic speaker set in a small, inconspicuous table-----I do not care for a handsome cabinet, even if I could afford the price.----- They were having a special sale on this size. \$129. It would have cost me quite a bit to fix up the old one--so a new one was the only way I could see to have a radiola.

If it had not have been for the two girls, I expect I should ~~have~~ have done nothing about it until I was financially more or less standing on my feet. But I said I would take the new one, they brought it here; I have 30 days to pay for it; and have written Herbert to see if he could borrow the money for me at the bank. I could pay for it on the installment plan, but 10% interest looked big to me, and it bothers me to keep track of the monthly payments. I had also been forced to buy a new Hoover Vacuum cleaner--because my old Bissell had gone quite to pieces, and so had the carpet sweeper. So I asked for \$200 to pay for them both. Hope he will get it for me, and I hope to clean it up inside of six months. Going to live at the beach will help me out on getting all of my obligations smoothed out.

Well, that is not so very interesting, is it? But it is interesting to Faith especially--that is the results are. She has been practicing her dancing all of her spare time ever since the new radio came in Tuesday morning.

Adams is taking a little vacation. Visiting about among her friends. She will be at Ruth's some time the end of the week and comes here next week. But the great excitement for this week end is that Don is coming! Faith and I both wrote and asked him. He comes early Saturday afternoon, and we shall, probably, go to Van Nuys, for dinner and bring Adams back with us that night. Don will stay all night here, and spend Sunday with us. In the meantime I trust that he and I may become somewhat acquainted, for it looks very much as though he might be my next grandson, and Elizabeth is very anxious that we should know each other and love each other. I find taking on new grandchildren is harder than taking on new children--through marriage. But, I have been so fortunate with the new children, why should I worry about the new grandchildren? Perhaps there are so many of the grandchildren to be mated and so many new ones to become acquainted with before it is all over, I may be anticipating trouble.

But, after all, the thing I want very much to tell you--and did not get up my courage, shall I call it? to have told you before this, is that my skin is all healed, just since I came home. No more bandages, or extra stockings, or distress over looks, painful inflammation, or sleepless nights from the intense itching---It is cured, after thirteen years of it. Please, if you can, rejoice with me. Many doctors did what they could for me, and three practioners in Science did what they could, but there were certain lessons that I had to learn for myself, and when those lessons were learned it went--oh so fast. Absolutely healed.

Write me all about your effort in New York--What you are both doing--How the children are doing in school--all about the two babies--and ~~what~~ when ~~are~~ ~~the~~ is the group picture coming? Your Mother

Van Nuys

March 25th. 1929

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Again I am in Van Nuys! Ruth has had no trouble until Saturday night. Jack was to leave on the boat, Sunday morning, for Oakland to spend the week on educational affairs. They sleep on the porch--it was very cold as it does get here at night, sometimes--David was coughing almost continuously. Jack had been up twice to give him cough drops--and then asked Ruth to get up and put on a cold compress, for the coughing would not let up and kept Jack awake. She put on her bathrobe but became chilled through before getting back to bed, shivering as with a chill, but a special, different kind of a shivering in the left leg and foot. Then it developed that she had had touches of that peculiar kind of shivering before--only for a minute or two. Also, she has had touches of dizziness--that is not a real dizziness, more like a mental dizziness, rather than physical--and lasting but a short time. She cannot tell if it is caused by any particular thing. However Jack would not go a step unless she should have me stay with her. He expected to see Dr. Rand as soon as he returned from the North---but she has just telephoned and will see Dr. Rand on Wednesday afternoon.

She has been greatly worried about Jack. His fear in past years, his anxiety the past winter, his financial problems, his many hours of work, have made him a nervous wreck--very nearly. He is irritable, even with her--which never happened before. He is bitter in his hatred of Christian Science, but he is also leaving the Presbyterian Church--thinks he may go into Hollywood to St. Andrews, rather longs for the church of his childhood---and yet, he does not know but that he is losing all of his religion---In spite of the seeming bitterness towards Christian Science, when Ruth said, "But Jack, I could never have gone through this winter had it not have been for Christian Science." He answered, "I know that. I know that neither you nor Mother could have gone through with what you did had it not have been for that support." Again--he told her that the thing he hated about Christian Science was that Scientists thought every one else should be Christian Scientists." "But Jack, why do you feel like that? Neither Mother nor I have ever said anything like that--and we have both done just what you have wanted us to do." "Yes, I know that is so."

I was here Saturday for dinner. Sitting beside him I asked if he had heard from you. He showed me the letter you

*You understand that what I want is for you
to write Jack advising him not to fight
against Ruth's need for the continued study
of Christianity. She is already doing this with her
of Chicago. She is not at all a fanatical person.*

wrote about Dr. Rand. I read it--"what do you think about it?"
"Why that is all right--when is she going to see him?" "As
soon as I come back from Oakland." And then I was conscious
of the intent look leaving his face. I had not noticed before
how he was watching me as I read the letter.
Can you not see how troubled he is? He does not quite know
what attitude to take in regard for the very real necessity
for Ruth to work in Science.

He relies upon you. He knows your attitude, he would do
as you say, without question and with great relief. Here is
what I wish that you might feel that you could do.
Friction and worry are bad for Ruth, without doubt. She is of
a loving, dependent disposition. To go against Jack in the
slightest particular troubles her. His opposition and his
irritability takes strength from her. She cannot give up
Christian Science for it is Truth--and means Life to her.
She has certainly not been unreasonable. You have done a
wonderful thing for her. You have done all that man can ~~possibly~~
possibly do. You would be the first to say that man is
limited, that man cannot give life--that only God is omnip-
otent. That is what I want you to say now.
You have said to me that you could not see why Doctors and
Scientists could not work together. Well, here is a chance to
prove that it can be done. That a Surgeon, having done all in
his power is glad to acknowledge a higher Power.
Jack's indigestion is, without doubt, a nervous indigestion.
Dr. Canby knows little about what he should eat or not eat.
So he monkeys around with this food and that, keeping his mind
on what he should eat and he should not, until he becomes a
pest to himself, and nothing bettered. If he were sure that
Ruth needed God's help, and that he was not being disloyal
to you ~~xxxxxxx~~ he would be better mentally and physically.
You can see that he is not without some faith in the power
of Christian Science or he would not feel fairly comfortable
if I am with her while he is away, for he knows perfectly
well that we shall be studying while we are together.

Do what your conscience will allow you to do, my dear
boy. And now I shall tell you about this week end. I told
you in my last letter, I think, that we had asked Don Heller
to spend the week end with us. He felt that I was disappoint-
ed in him when I met him the week I returned. It was not dis-
appointment--we were, neither of us, quite normal in our meetin-
it meant too much to us both. He is a widower, there is a
little girl of two and a half years with his parents in
Chicago. His father is a physician--"I do not know how good
a physician he is, I do not know much about him." so he told
me. I asked him if his father did not want him to be a Dr.
too--he is an only child--"Why I don't know, I never heard
him say." Quite evidently, he and his father are not par-
ticularly chummy.

Well--he and Elizabeth seem quite sure of their love for each other. He is twenty-seven. A college graduate--has worked for some big firm--cannot think of the name--three hundred dollars a month--married--the girl thought she was marrying money (evidently his people have money) and was disappointed, and \$300 a month was not enough. So, they had been separated for nearly a year when she died suddenly. He went the way of many other young men who have no purpose in life. I doubt if he had much, if any, religious training. But, no matter what he has done, he is not "hard-boiled." He is very lovable. He seems much younger than his present room-mate "Bill, who rather fancies Faith. While "Bill" is but a year older than Don.

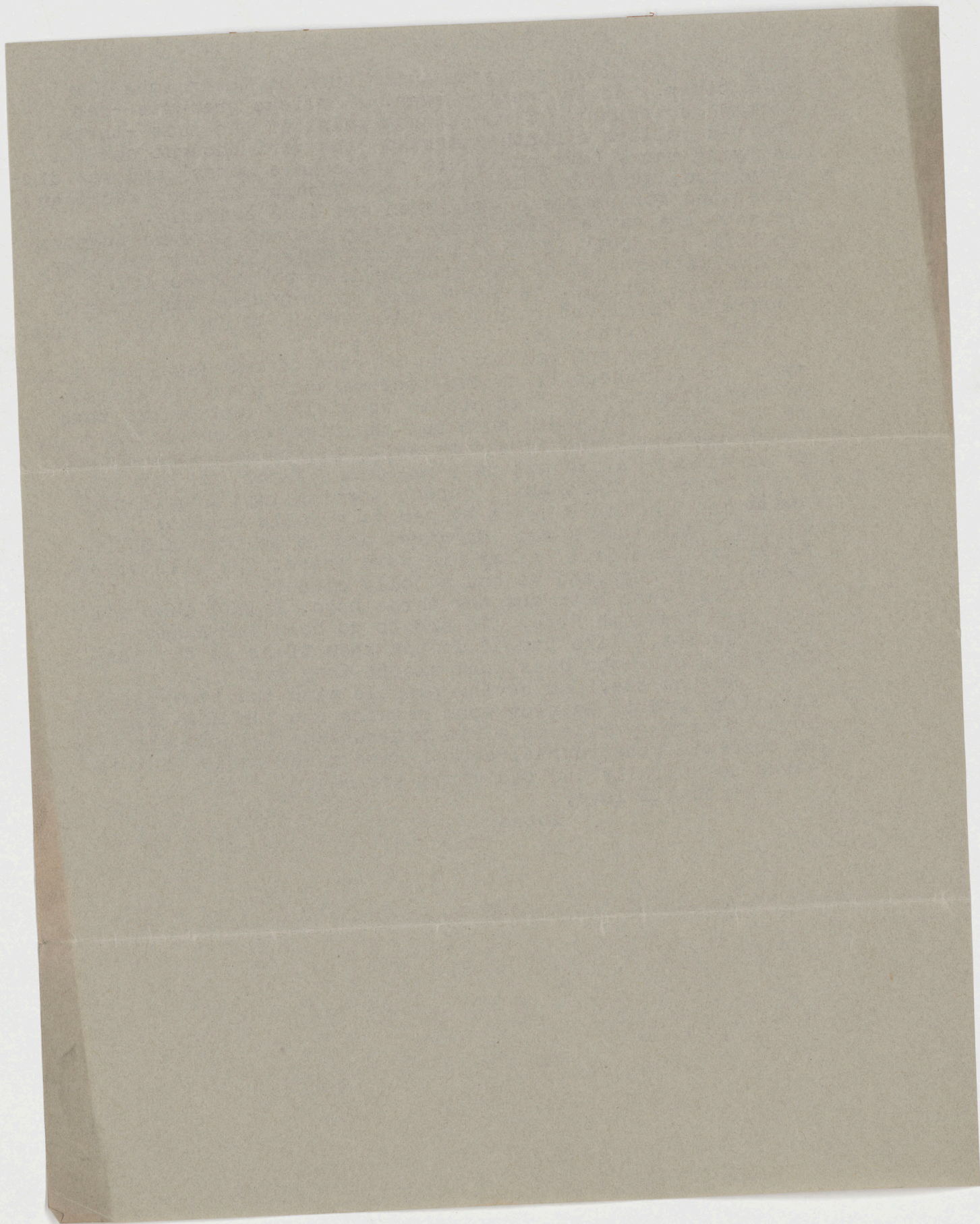
This week end was for the purpose of our becoming acquainted. To Elizabeth it seemed necessary to have the approval of her Nanee. Don came about two o'clock and we two ~~went~~ came to Van Nuys. Faith had come out the night before, and Margaret found she could not come with us, so we had the ride alone. After dinner--Adams met us here--Adams, Faith and Don and I drove back to Claremont. Sunday morning I got breakfast--~~wrote~~ and won Don's heart by having a jelly omelet. He and Faith took Adams, Margaret and me to church. ~~When~~ wereached home, Bill and ~~the~~ Ole were there. The two other March Field boys, and we had a jolly dinner.

Then came Ruth and the three boys. I left them all and came back with Ruth. We are to go back for Adams tomorrow. Yes, I like Don. I do not know if he is the man for Elizabeth--who does know except they two?

As you see, I am having trouble with the typewriter--It sticks and it is slow work raising the bar each time. Love me hard--write me a bit oftener, and tell me all that is possible about yourselves. I have a new radio--and it works beautifully and the girls are happy.

With all love,

Mother



I see I did not finish with the week in Van Nuys--Saturday afternoon Ruth, Bobs and I went in to Carthay Circle to see Fairbanks in the Iron Mask--the best work that he has done, it seems to me. Then we came home for the birthday dinner Faith had prepared for Jean who was staying here over Sunday. The next day we took our lunch up to "Johnson's Rancho" where Mr. J. is planting all kinds of California wild flowers--Then back to the

April 4 1929
brought the
Audience
was
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Leah's book
Tie-Hugh
is all right
And has had
his friends
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after a
series of
weakness-

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Your opening sentence, Wilder, was "I conclude that you are now willing to take me back and that you are trying to interest Helen in William!-----Bless your heart, Man, it was your own request that I send those letters---and if they have had the effect of making Helen waver in her loyalty to you, I refuse to take the ~~hixame~~ whole blame. I will be willing to share with you, but not to claim the whole of it. Still, I have not worried much over any blame--I have not lain awake nights fearing that Helen had returned to childish years again. I feel, some way, that she is quite attached to the present owner of her heart's interest. Go to, Man, you are trying to foool me.

The week spent with Ruth was interesting in many ways. It is such a joy to have her so interested in doing, and seeing, many things. I do not recall all of the things we did. My first thought was to clear out that room of patching and darning--but that is the first thought whenever I go there. When that child has learned the lesson of keeping order I shall know that she is healed of all of her difficulties!

Adams came Tuesday evening, Bobs having come up here for her. Wednesday morning we three went in town--did some shopping, went to see "Abie's Irish Rose", had a hurried lunch and went to see Dr. Rand. He is very pleasant, I was glad to meet him. He will tell you all you want to know about his opinions--I do not need to try to interpret them. Thursday noon we went to have lunch with Mary. It was Kiwanis day and Herbert came for a little visit after their luncheon. We had a wonderful visit--I found a heap of stockings there, and so my hands were kept busy while we talked. We stayed until after five, when Bobs came for us. That evening we went over to see Mrs. Austin and while we were there Will, Winifred and Ruth, called on their way from San Jose to Los Angeles. They had come down to see about selling their Los Angeles home! But it is just the same here as it is everywhere--if you want to sell, you must wait until the right buyer turns up.

Friday Ruth worked in the garden and I rushed the needle. That evening the MacQuarries came over from Santa Monica where they were visiting Lawson and Eve. We had a lovely visit with them---but say, Wilder, do you not think that you owe Will a letter of apology and of thanks for the book he asked me to get for you, and which I did do? He

By the way--Have pity on the postmistress of Claremont and put the right address on letters to me. A greeting, also, to Mrs. Russell--Ariel--and to Avis Cone.

asked many questions about you all and how things were coming with you. I do not think you would be disappointed in either of them if you could have a visit with them. And Ruth is growing into quite a young lady--just passed her fourteenth birthday and is growing to be a very pretty girl--and certainly she will always be an original girl and so, very interesting.

I am so glad to hear that Priscilla is getting stronger and that ⁶⁶Jell is really beginning to show signs of intelligence, I was quite worried about his dumbness--Oh gracious, would I not like to get him in my arms again! And when I come again, I prophesy that Priscilla and I will become great friends. The flu is still with you? Give my very dearest love to Wilder Jr. and Ruth Mary. I hope the Spring will bring them surcease from all colds.

Now about Lake Memphra magogue--did not mean to separate syllables on paper, but I was trying to pronounce it as I wrote it down.--- Mr. Murray--Bob's father? Is the farm the one he bought for Bob? And how is Bob?---Is this the lake near the Eliot~~x~~ camp? You are thinking of taking that for this summer only, and so taking time to decide about a permanent place?

"Swank"!!!!!! I can easily believe it--for Ruth and I saw enough while we were there to assure us that you are capable of doing that thing right well--"More power to you."

Thank you for telling me about the New York visit--- So Dr. Pearce does not expect you stay at McGill! Where does he expect you to go? Perhaps he will want to do something for the Pacific Coast---U.S.C. and Stanford are both desiring to make of their Universities a Medical Center---Perhaps, if they appeal to him he may advance your name as the head-- Eh?---Does that sound as good to you as it does to me?-- Probably not. The Western vision has not come to you, and so it cannot mean as much to you. But my dear, broaden your vision a bit, and watch the West! Do not get provincially ~~ninedzlkakzabontzyou~~ minded, look about you. You are too young to grow in rather than out. Dr. Pearce seems to want to make it a personal matter with you, does he not? All right, I think as far as I am concerned that is quite the right attitude for him to take. Cushing, McCarty and Penfield---Boston, Philadelphia and the great state of California! Yes, more power to you."

I know just how Helen is spending her days--and nights-- but I am hoping that she will be able to save a little time ~~on~~ out for a letter to me, before long. Bless you all,

Mother

A greeting to Fraulein Bergman and to Marta.

Claremont
April 7 1929

To the dear Ones in Montreal----Greeting.

It is cold and snappy this morning, the living room registered 45 degrees when I came in to light the little gas stove, the mountains are covered with snow, but the sun is shining gloriously, and I am sitting in its rays of warmth as they come in through the big window.

It is now 8.15. Margaret left for Los Angeles on the 7.30 after a good warm breakfast. She is not always particular as to whether she has breakfast or not, I have to watch her rather carefully. Jack and the family will meet her at the station in Los Angeles and then they all drive to San Pedro to view, internally, as well as externally, the ship that carried Jack and his company to France. They are all quite excited about it. Faith left Friday afternoon to make a visit in Ventura before going home for the ten day's vacation. She will be back, with three friends for over night on Wednesday. It is Glee Club concert week. So she will be with the family from today until Wednesday morning.

I am hoping that Adams can be here Thursday for two or three days, but am not sure if she can make it. In the meantime I have planned dozens of things that I hope

to do this coming week. You asked if I had resurrected Abram as yet---I do not think he has ever been buried. I find he and his little Princess are in the back of my mind all of the time. I do so want to try again to put into ~~the~~ writing the things I want to say, but there are so many interruptions, so many times I have thought the time had come---and I have had to put it away again. Now that Ruth is better I trust that I shall not be called to her again and that the time will soon come when I can collect thoughts and material and get to work. I do not suppose that you can know, without having been witnesses, how my hands have been rather tied as to my own plans. Yet, I have no cause for complaint, for I imagine I have not been sure enough of just what I have wanted to say. My ideas have not been fully ripened and that is why that first attempt fell flat.

I am enclosing a slip about Coolidge's administration thinking that possibly it might interest you. So many times as I am reading articles I wish that I might talk them over with you two, but hesitate to send them on. Perhaps it is not always that I hope to talk them over, but I feel that I would like to keep in touch with you a bit more than the short letters we have the time to write. I want to know along what line you are thinking, I want you to know some of the things that interest me. Now, all you need do in answer to this article is to say that you have looked it over and that there was something of interest in it for you--and that you would like me to send along something once in a while--or that you would rather I would not. I know how busy you both are, but, after all, you need to take a little bit of time each day for keeping in touch with U.S. thinking, now don't you?

Did I tell you that I had a new radio? A radiola 18. We are enjoying it very much. It works whenever we want it and the tone is the radiola tone that I like so much better than the majority of radios.

Thank you so very much for those kodak pictures. Say--- I did not realize that I looked so ancient! I shall have to begin looking more as I feel--for I do feel young and vigorous---only I do not like to work as long as I used. We have had a good laugh over "Daddy's favorite picture of Jeff. How triumphant he looks---surely he is rejoicing over accomplishment!"

Ruth's hair is not coming incurly, perhaps the X-ray may help her there? And her bob is not much of anything as yet, for the growth is not very even.

Father MacQuarrie died last Monday after a long, hard, year of suffering. It was a relief to him and to the family to have him go. He was a good man, and Earnest and Will have nothing to regret in what they have been able to do for him. And Winifred has been a wonderful daughter to him.

What you

I did not realize I was so near the end of my paper-----
~~What~~ that you said about Elizabeth and her young man--I could
say "Amen" to---But, I am trying my very level to seem to
be sympathetic and interested. She is meeting others, it may
have its effect, although everything in all of her surroundings
is so different that she is really homesick---and she thinks
much of her homesickness is due to her longing for Don!
She wants to meet a lot of young men and is quite peeved
because the two great opportunities that she thought had
come her way to accomplish her desire have been frustrated
by the refusal of the young men to introduce her to any one
else. The first time she laughed, Benny Snow was, himself,
so interesting. The second time she was so annoyed that
she rather disliked the young man, and as he was one whom Helen
Dean had asked to take Elizabeth out and to become acquainted
with her before Elizabeth's visit to Milwaukee, it has rather
dampened her enthusiasm for the coming visit to Helen. This
young man being a next door neighbor to Helen. Oh there is
a lot of fun in watching the doing of these young people.
Faith amuses me wonderfully, she is so mistress of herself.
She knows so much better than does Elizabeth how to handle
her young men problems. Margaret likes it when a man likes
her---~~as~~ she is too indifferent in her manner to either attract
many or to hold the ones who do dare to ask her company. She
is so intensely interested in the paper and her work that she

forgets to reach out for intimate friends of either sex.
Every body likes her--would like her better if she would do her part towards getting hold of them.

There you see how it is, when I get to talking of the girl.
I never know when to stop.

Do not stop telling me of the problems that are coming your way, Wilder dear. I am intensely interested. I shall want to be kept in touch with how the problem of the two clinics is to be worked out. I am positive that it will be well handled, for you are fair---and decided, as well. You will be looking for the best adjustment for all parties, but when you see clearly what that adjustment must be to be fair to everyone, you will be very decided in your action.

Helen, do you not think that life is a most glorious thing? Interesting as can be, so varied that the excitement of seeing what is coming next never ceases, and so much of joy in every turn of the wheel!

My typewriter is giving me much trouble in not feeding as well, I have taken it to the Corona people since coming home but have not yet found out the trouble. Did it find a jinx in the ~~Canadian Customs~~? Canadian Customs? Did the Art of Thinking come to you safely? And do you like it? I gave it to Jean for her birthday, too, and she has begun reading it and enjoying it--

I shall let the typewriter rest awhile and perhaps it will do better work.

With love for you all,
Mother

We are having wonderful programs on the radio from New York. Saturday eve was Walter Damrosch---Sunday evening, Louise Homer---and they seemed so homy and intimate because of the words the two artists said to us.

Sunday April 14 1929

Dear Children:

Such a queer week as I have had! I think I have said before that I wanted to clear out many of my things so as to travel lighter? This week, as I was to be all alone by myself, I made up my mind to do a heap of that kind of work--and began on the Galahad box. I brought out the big box, put it in the corner of the diningroom, drew up the dining table, cleared everything off it excepting the lamp and the typewriter and went to work. And say, I thought I could do it in about three days. I have worked like a trooper all the week and am not through yet!

It has been interesting, it has been sad, upsetting. The hard work---how did we, any of us, get through so much and accomplish so little? We had to tear down so much, and do so many temporary things that had to be done all over again. But what a family the Galahad family was! The growth of each one was wonderful. We all made a lot of mistakes-----but with all of the hard times there was always the assurance that each one was sincere and honest. It was that thing that struck all of the teachers so forcibly. So many of them expressed wonder and appreciation of the character of the family.

But oh---we had so many dependents! We had to have so much help because of the many houses to be looked after! Futile?--"Twelve lost years" Will and Jack have called them--but I cannot see it that way. However, I have been arranging data so that if any one should want to refer to things it would be possible to do so. I have thrown away the greater part and condensed as much as possible. I have kept the Signet because of jokes and occurrences that are of interest---I have kept some of the speeches at Commencement because of the same reason. And while I have thrown away much---I still have quite a fair box full of things.

But one thing I have done this week has given me great joy. Do you remember the three huge books of war cartoons that I spent so much time on? It occurred to me the other day that it was not well to keep the chronicles of so much hate, and I burned them up. Positively I felt as though I had cleansed myself of something unclean, and I felt glad. I have not to read through some letters of the boys received since school closed, in order to get a little data there.

The girls come back tomorrow night--and then for eight weeks of digging, and vacation. Eight weeks more of having the girls with me. For this is the last lap-----

Take the four children in your arms and give them a good warm hug for their Nansen. Tell them how much I love them, how much I wish I could see them! Do you suppose it will ever happen that I can have all of my sixteen grandchildren together? How different each family is from the other! And how delightfully interesting that very fact is!

Yes, Ruth is feeling very, very, well. There is, perhaps, more expected of her than she can accomplish all at once, we are apt to be impatient with time, you know. It would seem as if she would get back to normal more quickly if she had not so many things to do. It confuses her---but perhaps that is best, after all. Perhaps it is better for me not to even desire to smooth things for her.

Your lives are so busy--and yet you feel that you have "no news" to write. My life is so circumscribed and yet I seem to have so much I want to say to you. Are you going to want a visit from Elizabeth this summer? I do not know just what she is planning for the summer--but I certainly do hope that she may become acquainted with all of you. You will find her very adaptable, crazy over children and wanting to know you very much. She is working many hours in the "libe." Don says she does not need to work so hard--perhaps he is right, but that seems not to be her idea. I want you to know her. She is just as full of foolish little faults as she can be--but she is delightful, just the same.

I must write her and Winifred, and I mean to be quite lazy today, too. I am reading Mrs. Wharton's book "The Children" It is a terrific picture of the lives of the children of the men and women who marry for a time, separate and marry others, and separate again, and again. Too true to be really funny.

With love for you two dear ones---

Mother

Claremont

April 24 1929

Dear Children:

A week ago today Adams came out and we carried out the plan of having her pack away all of her things ready to be moved when I move to Hermosa.

We had a busy week, not all packing---some entertaining etc. and much talking, and still our aim was accomplished, all of her things are now in two barrels and two big trunks, and the way is cleared for my packing.

Friday night we entertained the three in the Ross family for dinner. Adams made one of her famous veal pot-pies--the lightest, most satisfying dumplings you ever ate!---and the crust for two mince pies.

(Oh yes, another girl went with us) Saturday we two, with the two girls went in town. Did a little shopping, and then went to The Shrine for the Bach Mass in B. Minor. It has not been given in this country very often---but the L.A. Oratorio Society attempted it with John Smallman as conductor. He is a remarkable leader of choirs. The Capella choir---a costumed choir singing only old, old music. Music that used to be sung in the monasteries----a new experience in music, it has seemed to me. Well--this Mass began at six o'clock. They sang for an hour and a half--then stopped for dinner. And that dinner!! It was too funny. The Elite--a mighty good cafe, had agreed to furnish a dinner in the Shrine diningroom as there was no big restaurant near by. They charged \$1. a plate.

They expected a big crowd, of course--the Shrine is the largest auditorium in the city and it was full---There were tables after tables reserved for different towns or colleges, or private parties. But there was no one there to direct anyone where to go. Then when we were seated--the service was the most inadequate one ever saw. Finally--at our table, and other tables were having the same experience----our side of the table was served with plates of Chicken patties, peas and shoestring potatoes---There was no water, and no glasses to hold water--no bread or rolls and no butter. After a while the other side of the table were served with plates of mashed potato, a small piece of cold meat and three small sandwiches-----To see the expression on the faces was too funny. Of course there were men who were used to service and they proposed to have it---refused the sandwiches and made all sorts of demonstrations--Private interviews with the manager brought back to the tables with ~~maxx~~ smirks and brags--but nothing followed----- Some left, some swore -under their breath, of course,

and some went out and met the servers and took their trays from them and served their own parties---etc. Well---after we had cleared our plates, the coffee was brought in--and nothing else. After we had drunk our coffee--ice-cream and cake followed. Small servings of both--but quite delicious.

There had something evidently gone wrong in the kitchen--and it had upset every one--probably the cooks had struck---but we were having a good time watching the disturbed ones--and finally things began coming in and one could have had anything they wanted and as much of it as they wanted---

I had not particularly enjoyed the first part of the Mass-- I was sorry, but thought it must be that it was beyond me--but after the rest---the laughs etc. we went back for the second part and oh it was wonderful! Too short by half, and I shall hope to hear it again next season. I am sending you the card announcement for next season that you may know that there is more here than the films.

And the films-----Douglas Fairbanks never did so fine a thing as The Iron Mask---and yesterday we heard Mary Pickford---100% Talkies-----in The Coquette. She certainly is a wonderful actress--Be sure and see her. I do not like the "Talkies" very well, it is as hard to hear as the legitimate-- and it is because of the ease of the silent drama that I like it so well.

Adams went home yesterday and I went in with her for the day in L.A. Just seven weeks more of school--and during those seven weeks I hope to get all of your letters copied. I have the Galahad things in order----Adams' things packed away-- and the letters come next. When all of the confusion of past things is cleared out--I shall have plenty of present day things to look after.

Some day you will stop "rushing and stewing?" I quite ~~understand~~ understand your feeling of need there. "The wheel of routine and struggle for perfection--" Oh how tired it makes one! And so much of it all is so useless! But how can one differentiate between the useless and the worth-while while still bound to that wheel? But, as long as you are needed right where you are--let us hope that your summer vacation may give you such relief that you can pick up the next season's work with greater strength and a joy in it.

I love you all---and just tell each other so!
Mother

Claremont
April 27 1929

Dear Helen and Wilder:

My heart contracted when I received Helen's note telling of the latest ordeal that you had been passing through. Dr. and Mrs. K. came over that very afternoon and left me the letter telling all about it, and I copied it into the book of copied letters, and copied it again and sent it on to Ruth and she will send it to Herbert.

On account of that copying and I did not get to the writing a letter to you, but I have been thinking of you almost constantly, and wishing I could be nearer you at this time. The second note came saying that he was out of danger and that he would soon be home---but, three weeks flat on his back! Poor little boy!

I think, almost more than to you two, my sympathy went out to dear little Priscilla who could not understand why Jeff. should not be there with her, not being able to understand things is so hard to bear, and children must suffer from that.

Wilder dear, I hope that you will not have to do anything more of this kind of thing for any one of the family, at least until you have somewhat forgotten the two ordeals you have been through this year.

Helen dear, I know just how brave and dear you

have been through it all--you wonderful girl--and how much you have had to exercise your courage and sweetness this past winter! I suppose, as Will used to tell Winifred, "it is good for the character", but it is mighty hard to learn some lessons, isn't it? One sometimes gets weary of training character!

Dear little Jeff, how I want to see him! How my heart longs for him! The curly mop may return---probably not as lovely as before---How lovely that those pictures were taken last winter! Do you know, I wish those photographers would hurry up the finishing of them--I have absolutely nothing of Priscilla as yet.

To Fraulein Bergman and to Marta I am sending a message of sympathy too--for they felt it, they love the dear baby, too. How good it was that they were both with you and could take the responsibility of the other children and the home off your hands! And to Wilder Junior, and to Ruth Mary I am sending love and sympathy. They did not realize as the older ones just what had happened, but they were hurt and sorry, too.

God bless you all, each and every one,
Mother

Claremont

May 2nd.1929

Dear Helen and Wilder:

May has brought real summer weather, and in view of the "May Masque" that takes place in the Greek Theater Saturday evening, I expect I should rejoice. "Cynthia Sleeps" is the title, and Faith is Cynthia and has to stand for ages on a pedestal without moving, and then suddenly come to life and love and trust ~~next~~ Dinart--I guess that's the name---but fear all of the hobgoblins etc.etc that come near her. Then there is dancing--but all of the time very few clothes.

For weeks she had a bad finger--it was frozen and then lanced, after which, to her great disgust, she fainted--and then more trouble with it all of the time she was going about on the Glee club trips--having to keep it wet, etc. Then when that healed she was taken with a most terrific cold, and has been doctoring for that. Yesterday the Dr. became alarmed, and sent her to the ~~hospital~~ school Infirmary, promising that she should be on hand for the final rehearsal of Cynthia Friday night.

Ruth and Jack with one of Faith's girl friends, and Bobs and two of his friends will come up for the Masque, but will go right back afterwards. Something more than two weeks ago I invited Jean and Pat. to come and stay over night--but I have not heard from them, so do not know if I should prepare for them or not.

I am thinking so much of dear little Jeff. How in the world is he to be kept "flat on his back" for so long a time. I should think you would need a special nurse for him, for Little Priscilla is nothing but a baby, herself--and Helen has so many kinds of things that no one but herself can look after.

I was immensely interested in the plan of the cottage. Have not had the time to study it as thoroughly as I wish--so will make no especial comments this morning.

Yesterday the Rosses asked me to go on a picnic with them down to Palm canyon--You recall that is the place that looked to me like the Garden of Eden. I did not go down into the canyon when there before, but as I saw men and women walking down there under those palms--there was nothing to liken it to but Adam and Eve in their first home.

It was a gorgeous day here, but as we went down the Valley a terrific dust storm took us and we veered off into another valley and went to Elsinore. There, it was hot, of course, but a delightful breeze down by the lake as we sat at the picnic table under the big pepper tree. We were there for some two and a

half hours--and then home through the wonderful Carbon Canyon--Right through the tree covered hills---yes I thought of you and wished that you were there to see and enjoy the wildness of the scenery. It was a glorious day. We reached home about six o'clock, tired and happy.

I am sending some literature. Do you recall, Helen, the articles on the States that I spoke of by the English Newspaper man? I thought you might be interested in these two--the last.

An account of a five-year cruise I thought might interest Wilder Jr. Laughter, a bit that Helen and Wilder might tenderly smile over as having happened in their own lives--and a little joke that amused me.

Also a bird puzzle that Wilder and Ruth Mary might like to compete in finding the answers.

Blessing you all, I must hurridly say goodbye---time for the postman, and my dishes are not done.

Mother

you been keeping Faith Inglis--she is the best yet--from now on I shall consider her my 'secret sorrow! etc. Ruth is looking so well--and it seemed to me that the eye on the right side did not twitch nearly as much when she was eating, as before. She is in such good spirits.

Claremont With love,
California Mother
May 14 1929

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Yesterday morning a telephone call came from Pomona--
"Is your name Penfield?" "Dartmouth Ave. Claremont?" "This is the Motor Transit Co. There is a box of what seems to be flowers here for you. They came Saturday, but the name was "Enfield" and we could not find it in the phone book." "No, we do not deliver in Claremont."

I waited impatiently for the girls to come home at noon-- Monday was a busy day with them--would they be able to take me to Pomona? Margaret came, she did have a free hour, and we went over to the Transit Co. I got the box, my dears, and the love that prompted the sending----but the five great bunches of sweet Peas were but a sodden mass. I asked questions, to find out where the blame lay---- The telephone co. here in Claremont might have made some exertion to locate the name, but they only reported "no such name here." The flowers were sent by Herbert Bateman of Los Angeles Saturday afternoon at 3.20 P.M. Reaching Pomona at 5.30. He could have sent them out by trolley and they would have been delivered to me Saturday morning. If he had received the order in time, that is what he should have done, and the address being all right, the name would not have mattered. Whether it was his carelessness, or that of the man in Montreal, I do not know. But I think the Transit Co. did the best they could, very likely. At least some one there took the trouble to look through the Claremont phone book, after the rush of business was over and they had more time to do so----but it was a little late for perishable

flowers. I have gone into this rather in detail that you may have something to go on if you should wish to take it up with your florist there. Mr. Bateman should have known that the Transit Co. does not deliver in Claremont--any way. If I were going to be here long, and there should be any danger of the same thing happening again-- I should suggest that the (Armstrong Nurseries of Ontario are most reliable---within a mile of Mother K. and within six miles of Claremont.

However, no great harm has been done --as I said at first--the love that prompted the sending was just as fresh as when the flowers were ordered. Thank you dear children. Each year brings a greater knowledge to me of the dearness of my dear children. Sunday evening, just after Faith had left for Pomona where the Glee club gave a concert and she was to have a solo--in came Jack and Ruth. They could not let the day go by without coming, after all, although Jack had been out all night---a committee meeting off some distance.--- Jack brought me two cineraria plants to start my plant room at the Beach--and Ruth brought me some of the Paul's Scarlet Roses from my old wine in Van Nuys, and a box of California dates. When Jack found about Faith, nothing for it but the four of us must follow her. When the girls came on for their first chorus, Faith caught sight of Peg's hat-- Then wondering what one of the Pomona boys had brought her, she saw her father. She flashed a grin at them and went on singing, but the thought came--if Dad, then Mother--she looked again and saw her mother and me. Another grin----- There were four soloists--Faith was the last, and by all odds, we thought, the best. But there was the suspicion that we might be a bit prejudiced, you know. However, at the close of the solo I noted a delightful thing--Jack had put his hand across Peg's lap and was holding Ruth's hand in a tight grip. Again, however--- Last night at dinner Faith said, "Tell me, did I sing better than usual last night? So many have spoken to me about my solo today." I had never heard her in those surroundings before--But her voice came so much clearer, fuller, stronger, than those of the other girls, that I thought it was Faith and not prejudice. One young man who is engaged to one of the Glee Club girls said to her--"Where have

Claremont
California
May 26 1929

Dear Children:

I wish you could see my new-old piece of furniture. It came back from the "Lacquer Shop" yesterday, and it works well.

You remember my old Princess dresser? It was a glorious help once upon a time, in Spokane, down on Riverside, when Ruth was a baby. There was no water---except as it was hauled in barrels--and I did not love the sight of a water pitcher and basin in my bedroom between the front room and living-dining room. (Oh that was a beautiful big room.) So mother found this piece of furniture that seemed made just for us. One pulled the top, with its heavy mirror around and there was a marble bowl, faucet (connecting with a zinc lined container which was also on top of that same piece that was to be moved around, and shelves for tooth brushes, soap etc. Underneath the bowl was a cabinet that held the zinc can for the refuse water. Then there were four fine drawers, three large and one small one and one that looked like another small drawer to match. That it was mortally heavy, made no difference to us--it was convenient and a handsome piece of furniture.

Convenient once, but it has been an ungainly piece of furniture for many years, and so heavy to move around. But, it was good wood, and well made and it was wrapped around with a heap of sentiment so I have not been able to get rid of it. You know anything like that sort of becomes a real friend. I use my typewriter a good deal, and always shall. And I always have a lot of papers and memorandum books surrounding that same typewriter. So---why not? That is, why not have my good piece of crudity made over into the piece of convenience I have wanted sorely ever since I sold my big, overgrown desk?

The whole top was taken off. The bowl taken out, the two small drawers removed, and the top, which we found in one solid piece when the water cabinet and mirror frame were removed, put down on top of the three large drawers. The refuse water cabinet having been taken out, thus leaving free space for my knees. It does not look awkward for the top to extend out from the drawers, and the whole thing being lowered, makes it much easier to write on the typewriter. And it matches the desk chair that belonged to my big desk and which I have always kept altho it did not match my oak writing desk.

So now, I am sitting at my new typewriter desk, the typewriter at the righthand end, the three drawers close to my left hand, and plenty of room on the top at my left for the lamp that Bobs made for me, and, when needed, as it is while I am copying your letters, the Oxford book rack. Oh but it is going to be handy. In the top drawer is the book for the copied letters and extra paper. In the middle drawer are all of the letters that are yet to be copied, and space to keep the ones that are still coming. I expect all of the Abraham

and with new
drawer knobs--
and dandy
Caslin!

date will go into the lower drawer, and so be where I shall know where to find it. It cost me twenty dollars, but it will be worth much more to me than that.

Those letters----Why it is almost like the opening of the books ~~xx~~ on the Day of Judgement, that used to seem so very terrible to me. The unrolling of the thoughts and deeds of past years. So many things that I have forgotten, or if not entirely forgotten I am seeing with different eyes from the eyes of the time things were thought and done. And I am impressed more and more with the wonder of your comprehension of my needs, Wilder dear. Perhaps you were the only one of the past who really comprehended that mother did not do things because she wanted to have her own way, but because she was obliged to do things as she saw it to be best, because no one else would take the trouble to think about things and plan for things until the time came, and when it was too late to see things on all sides of the question without the ~~prejudice~~ prejudice that the present moment brings.

You seemed always to take my problems as if they were your own, and you took the time to talk them over with me. And, more than all else, you knew that the final decision must, and should, come with the help that the Infinite was ready to give. We did not always know how to leave the decision to Him, and many mistakes were made, without doubt.

And Helen's letters were so dear, and the reading them now gives me such a warm feeling about the heart. Helen dear, do you remember that you used always to add your bit to Wilder's weekly letters? Of course, in the copying of these letters, it is not the idea to copy personal things, but only the things that showed what were Wilder's special problems, and the course of events from his personal growth. But I have often found it hard to throw away some of Wilder's letters and almost all of Helen's. I have, lately copied in some things of a personal nature in order that you might recall your feelings at the time, and that the children, in the years to come, might know how their parents felt towards their grandmother, for in that way I might mean something to them, as I would not mean, otherwise. For they will forget me, of course, after I have gone on.

Here is something I want to quote to you now. "Mother you are certainly growing young all of the time with your grandchildren entering into Wilder's and George's problems. Gee, that certainly helps. It helped me. By the time you've grown up with them, you will have to start over again and grow up with your great grand children, or else with my children. I want Wilder and his sisters or brothers, if such there are, to live close to you sometime and learn some of your secret faith." That was written when I was having some real problems with the two boys in Glendale.

I am still tied to problems with Ruth's girls. Two more years of that-- Then they will be on their own. I shall not tie myself down to the boys. I am hoping then to be able to plan my life from the point of what I want to do. Herbert and Mary are hoping that I shall be near enough to them to take their children into my consciousness as I have Ruth's children, but they have not grown up with me as Ruth's children have. They have not the same feelings toward me as have these three girls. And I have the feeling, how can I help having it,

that because they have not made a little greater effort to have their children know me better that it is not as deep a desire as they really think it to be. Now you understand that I mean nothing unkind in that remark. I am not hurt because they have not found it convenient to arrange things so that their children should know me better. It is perfectly natural, their interests are divided. Mary's mother is living, her sister needs much of their thought and help. They love me, but I have ~~never been~~ not been, since the Hutchcrofts moved out here, so necessary to them, of course.

You and Helen, too, have her parents to divide your love and need. Ruth and Jack have had no parents, no brothers and sisters on the other side to divide with me, and Ruth has needed so much. She still needs so much, in some ways.

So, when the girls are self-supporting, I hope to be able to make my own plans. Although, of course, there is Adams, as there used to be Cottie. But that will shape itself all right.

I want to know your children. I want to leave a real impression on them as their grandmother. This winter there was not much chance. Ruth was the center of everything, in a way, and it seemed as if things were needing me out here---I was divided. Then there was not much time for the older children, they were so busy, with almost every hour of the day already planned for, with school and necessary outdoor play. And--I might as well make that clear, too. I have not the endurance that I once had. Things tire me sooner. I cannot keep up with the little children as I once could. But, two years from now I want to be free to know the "Montreal Penfields." That because in one of your letters you had been shocked into the idea that there were "California Penfields" and "Boston Penfields."

In all of these letters, too, the idea of your great need of physical exercise to keep you in good health has been emphasized, and when you were a bit under real "pep", it was because exercise had been neglected. And Helen had to work hard sometimes to make that habit become a permanent thing with you. Are you getting enough exercise now? I do not get regular letters as I used, and when they come, like the one written a week ago today, even though none was written two weeks ago, it was short, but little more than a page, and depressed. Look out, Son. "Watch, Work and Pray." is a pretty good slogan. There are hands there to hold up your ability to work as you should, and without those two hands, the work slips. Aaron and Hur held up Moses's hands, you will remember when he was doing his work of praying for victory in the fight between the Israelites and their enemies, and when Aaron and Hur became weary and neglected their part, defeat loomed for the Israelites. Moses' praying was necessary, but there was something more than just that work needed to give victory. Put your own construction on the personal lesson for you in that illustration, but may it not be that you are depending too much on work and not enough on the watching and praying?

It would certainly be a blow to you, and a seeming good cause for depression if Dr. Cone were to leave you---but, if you need him as much

we hope that she may visit you in your summer home and become acquainted with you. She would be the first representative of the "California Penfield" young folks that you would have had the opportunity of knowing. I suppose, of them all, Elizabeth understands her grandmother better than any of them. And her grandmother understands her problems, perhaps better than any one else. At any rate, we both think that is true. With all love, Mother.

as it would seem that you need him, he certainly will not go.

It may be, now that you are to train another man to take over the work at the General, you will be able to get some other good man to help you in the Lab. Some one else to train for self ~~my~~ support even as you have trained Dr. Cone. It may be that you need two good men instead of the one good man whom you are fearing to lose.

Watch out. And about the house! That house is not just what you want. You need another maid's room. As you need more and more to entertain, Helen needs a second maid. You do not want to move, I should say not--it is too hard work. But, if the rent is to be raised, and you can find a house in a more convenient locality, and especially where there was a bit of ground for the children to play in, such time as you were not in the country, and where there was that other needed bedroom, would not it be better to move?

That you cannot build now, is that something to be sorry for? Would it be wise for you to build in Montreal? To be tied down so that you would find it hard to make a change in your plans? I have not forgotten, you see, what Dr. Price said to you--that he did not expect you to stay in Montreal long. Perhaps you are not related to live there many years. A house on your hands would not be nearly as easy to move as a bank account--or bonds.

A visit to New York! What a joy that will be for Helen, what fun she will have, and how it will affect her thought of the Montreal home--in one way or another.

You say that Wilder Jr. has grown very tall and that Jeff seems his old self again but is thin and easily tired. Is that to be expected, or does it bother you? And you do not mention the two little girls. I take it that Priscilla is continuing to grow better, and that Ruth Mary is better of colds? I hope so.

You have never mentioned whether you would like a visit from Elizabeth this summer vacation? Will it not be convenient and so you have not answered my question about it? I know that it cannot be that you do not want to become acquainted with her---and if it is not convenient, do not hesitate to say so, because I shall understand. But you would find her a very adaptable guest. She never was known to shirk any housekeeping duties, she is a good cook, and could be---and would be a great help to Helen this summer, I should think. You would not need to feel that you should do anything extra for her entertainment. She is very appreciative, and she does so want to know you all. She is very fond of all little children, and she does so miss her own little brothers. Nothing would be too much for her to do for them, and they would love and enjoy her. She has a lot of faults, of course, but you would find that the virtues, and the dear interesting side of her that is being so developed now, would make her visit a joy to you.

Vacation time will soon be here. Helen Dean and Daisy Dean Cutchell are in line for all of the time that she can give them, and so is Mrs. Wilkinson, and Betty Crawford, of Scripps College wants her in their Northern Michigan summer home. She has plenty of places to go, but

Claremont
June 10 1929
Dear Children:

I am not certain if I can write a really sensible letter to you while the radio is going, but Faith seems to be happier with it and I will try-----

But I did not try after all, I did something else, and now both girls are away, it is afternoon, the house is quiet and I will tell you the news of the past few days.

I had a letter from Aunt Addie and came to the conclusion that she had, probably, been at the beach as long as it was best for her peace of mind. She does not love the ocean as I do. She has been there some time and I guess what little love she did have for it is quite worn out. She is working much too hard for her present strength--and there are some unpleasant people that rather get on her nerves, a little too close to her.

So, after a week of looking over, sorting, and packing--after sending word to every one to whom it might be necessary to give a report of my intended moving on the 14th. I went in town Saturday to meet Adams.

I thought I would put it up to her to decide whether I should move all of my effects down there or not. *And so I said something about like this*
If I can make satisfactory arrangements with Mr. Rich--my landlord--so that my expenses here will be less, would you like to leave the beach at the end of this busy season, and come back to Claremont? The girls would still go to Neff House, but could have their meals--dinner at least--with us. You may have my room, and I will have windows put in the sleeping porch so that I can heat it and use it for my "study", and use the little back bedroom for sleeping and dressingroom. That would shut me off from the rest of the house, when I so desired. You to have full charge of the house.

She smiled a rather weary smile and said "That sounds good to me." Later she hedged a bit and said I must make no plans entirely on her account--that she would not consent unless she was sure that was what I wanted to do. And I truly could not say what I wanted to do. The only thing that was quite clear in my mind was that I did not want to go on with this moving, getting rid of some things a little before I was ready to do, and feel that I was no more settled anywhere than I was at present.

Sunday, yesterday, Faith took me out to Herbert's to talk it over with them. I did not know until a few days ago that he had been quite seriously ill. He hit his foot on a rocker and took some skin off. Thought nothing of it. It became infected and for a week they did not know but that he might lose his leg. He has been in bed for more than two weeks, is hobbling around now.

They would not advise me--did not really expect they would but thought by hearing what they had to say it might clarify some dark spots for me. Then we went out to Van Nuys. They did not help me much either. Jack hates the beach and so, he would rather not think of me as being down there! And Ruth has so many problems of her own she could not say what she thought.

The only help I got was that if I stayed here I certainly must keep the car.

Of course, it is a question that I must decide for myself. I have written Mr. Rich and will wait and see what he says. The lawn will have to be dug up, new dirt brought in etc. etc. I shall want windows in the sleeping porch besides the regular yearly painting done. And I would like not to pay more rent than I would in Hermosa--\$25. a month for the year. Almost half of what I pay now.

What do I really want to do?-----If it were not for planning for others, if I had but myself to think about--or even myself and Adams--I think I should want to go into the North-west section of Los Angeles--or even as far North as Hollywood and get an apartment in a nice neighborhood---and have a settled place for my things. A place I could leave whenever I wanted to get away for a while, and know that everything would be all right. But the girls are not through school yet---and I should so very much miss their chatter and their companionship.

There--now you know something of what is bothering me----not all, though. And I expect that the other things that I am tempted to assume as my problems, are not mine at all, and I should not be troubled about them.

I am sending you some pictures of George, Dot and the baby--and the baby and her two proud uncles, and the baby herself. You will not care for them after looking them over so send them back to me. My first great-grand-daughter, and Herbert's two whom you do not know at all. Fred and Deacon. Barbara Jean is another Deacon in looks.

I have had no letter from you since I wrote you last, and you have heard enough of things here, and I am going to read a story to get my mind off things. And then the girls will come home from tennis and bring Vivian Long with them, and we shall have dinner. I broke off the tooth that holds my lower plate--my only plate--and how am I going to really enjoy that fine beefsteak that will be cooked for dinner? "Very shiftless"--yes?

With love--

Mother

I shall not leave here before the first of July, at any rate. Probably not then. I got the trunk of books off last Friday. There is nothing in the trunk but books. Dumas 35 vol. Dickens 25 vol. (I think) particularly valuable. When I was asked to put a value on them, I said that if I was to sell them I would probably get about ten cents a volume. So the agent said--well, I will just put them in as "personal effects." From your mother's library to yours. That is all.

Claremont, California
June 20 1929
Dr. Wilder Penfield,
Dear Sir:

Some time ago I wrote you to change my address from Claremont to Hermosa Beach, but at the last moment it seemed better for me to stay in Claremont for another year, at least, so I am writing you to make another change, from Hermosa to the old address, 1237 Dartmouth Ave. Claremont, California

I am sorry to have made you this extra trouble.

Well, it has been my duty to write to all of the publications who are on my list, something like the above. Did you ever see anything so annoying? However, I am quite sure it was the better plan for me to stay here until I know where I want to locate permanently---if such a thing ever seems to be my lot.

Many reasons, of course, entered into the sudden change. I was pretty well along with my packing when the first doubt came, and then other things came up that made it certain I should not go to Hermosa Beach. Then the question of where I should go!!! I was almost ready to want to build on the Van Nuys property--not a house, but a garage where I could store my things and ~~xxxx~~ live until I knew more about it. I wrote Mr. Rich, and the moment he received the letter he came over to see me. I had a long list of houses, apartments, flats, rooms, in L.A. and Hollywood, and had a promise from Peg that she would see me through. When Mr. Rich came and said he would make over the lawn, with new dirt etc. that he would put in windows, any kind that I wanted, into the sleeping porch so that I could have an extra room, and that he would reduce the rent from \$45. to 35---I looked at him a moment---and then threw up my hands and said "All right, I shall stay here for another year, at least, possibly two years."

Things had been coming to a head, I was wholly at sea, I was ready to do the right thing, and all of a sudden I knew what was the right thing. Jack would rather I should not be too near them. That is all right, I quite understand, and I am quite sure that Ruth feels much the same way. Mr. Brady, the "silent" partner of the firm who own the Herondo, has suddenly become very vocal and often present on the scene. The last time he visited Adams, after Mr. Liefer was sure it would be years, perhaps, before he showed up again, he brought a young man with him who seemed to be trying to control him, but had no success along that line, for Mr. was drunk, and had his bottle with him. He insisted that Adams drink with him, and when she would not, he tried to drink it all himself, but strangled, and it went all over himself and the floor. Before he left he told her that his folks were going to the mountains and that he was coming down to live with her, for she was a mighty nice little woman---making it very plain that it was in her apartment that he meant to stay. She went to see Judge Marchmont who lives next door, and the police have been notified that they are to arrest him if he ever comes down again, "And I will give him such a big fine that he will never want to see Hermosa again." But---that finished it with me. I am not giving down

there into that nasty mess. Sordid things always did repel me, and I do not have to subject myself to them---and Adams, herself, is mightily relieved and happy to come back to Claremont. She cannot come, of course, until after the busy season which is just beginning. I expect her hands are full now, for this week is a scorcher--the first real hot weather we have had, and school is about over, and that means an exodus to the beaches.

The girls will still go to Neff house, but will have their meals here. That is, they will get their own breakfasts in their little kitchenette there--but breakfasts nowadays mean precious little to these girls, and I find they are all alike--

I shall have the little back bedroom, and the goodsized sleeping porch which, with the casement windows, will make a glorious study for me where I can put all of my books, typewriter desk etc. etc. The South-west corner, and shaded by vines---the fragrant honeysuckle being the most prominent.

Adams will have my bedroom, and will have the charge of the house. I shall help her with the dinners, and the girls will do the dinner dishes, so that she will not have anywhere near the hard work she has to do now, and will be quite independent, and dust instead of sand, green, growing things instead of the the blue water-----heat instead of the cool breezes. But she likes this better than the ocean. I wonder if I shall ever have a home in full view of the ocean? Well--that is in the future.

Of course your letter of last week went to the Beach--it seems a long time since I heard very much from you both. How did the children do in school? When are you moving to the Lake, or have you already moved? How about the renting of the house another year? Have you found something you like better? How are Jeff and Priscilla? Tell me all about the four children--tell me all about yourselves.

Your mother---

I want to know more about that check your "grateful patient" sent to you. I want to see you, I believe.

Claremont,
Sunday--June 23 1929
Dear Montreal Family:

I suppose that you are all out to the lake summer home, by now. I shall, in lieu of any other information, send my letters to the Hospital--for the rest of the summer.

Wilder dear, do you know what an unsatisfactory letter you wrote last Sunday? Were you asleep, were you so worn out that you thought, and then put down on paper just a note of what had gone through your mind?

You say I ask some questions that seem to you very uninteresting to one so far away? Well then, why not tell me some things that would seem to you of interest to me,--so far away. Sometimes it has seemed to me that I am farther away from you than I have ever been before. Is it all my imagination?--I believe I will send this letter of last Sunday back to you--with some comments, some added questions. It will not annoy you?

1. --How did Mary Louise and Bob seem to you? Have they changed much?
How is she with the baby?
2. How did it happen about so many of the Rhodes Scholars being there?
Did the boat for Oxford sail from Montreal? What fun it must have been to have seen so many of the old friends, and what a commotion Helen must have been in just on the eve of going to Memphamagogue.
3. You were to follow Helen on Saturday with the babies, and a child.
Good Heavens!!--aren't the babies children? I suppose the "child" means either Wilder or Ruth Mary--but which one? and when did the other one go? Wilder, to be with Cragin?--or to stay and help you? Or would Ruth Mary be of more help to Fraulein B?
4. And Martha--she stayed until you all left? Or did she go last Sunday? "Just leaving" may refer to the long time she has been talking of leaving, or it may be that she is leaving even before you go.
5. And Bill?--he has two clinics, but is he going to stay with you, or is he going to New York--or to Iowa?
How does Avis feel about his leaving--or staying?

I am glad to know something of your vacation plans--Will Mrs. Lewis and C. stay long?

There were other questions that I have asked about the children that you did not touch upon, and there is another question that I have asked you and Helen twice before--and you have not let me know if the question has registered or not. If it has registered, and you have not cared to answer it, I wish you would tell me why?

The question is--do you want a visit from Elizabeth, or not. Now if you, for any reason, do not care to have her in the family this summer or at the Christmas time, please tell me so, frankly--but please do not dodge it any longer--it makes me feel--well, sort of queer--I shall not try and analyse it until I find that I have something to analyze.

When she left here, or when I saw her in Madison, she hoped to be able to visit you this summer. She has not mentioned it since then--but certainly she has not forgotten it, and she must wonder where the hitch is.

Of course, this is the last time I shall mention the matter, if you do

not care to discuss it.

The girls have gone home, and I am alone and rather enjoying my wholly irresponsible days and nights. I can get up when I please, go to bed when I please, have my meals when I please, turn the radio off when I please, etc. etc. Of course I am having a real vacation---although it is not as near the sea breeze as I should like. Will Rogers says "I don't mind the heat, but I don't like the perspiration"---and that is what bothers me. The typewriter begins to stick, for I am wet-- and all work on the typewriter is at a standstill--even though I am sitting here with about as little on as the law allows.

I get up about 5.30---and work about the house, doing the many things I find to do there and in the garden, until about one o'clock--then I get my dinner---and then wilt. I am good for nothing until the next morning. I do not even want to read anything but the lightest kind of literature---detective, or mystery, stories preferred. I am afraid that I shall have to read Conan Doyle again--for my stock seems limited.

Ruth telephoned me to come into L.A. where they would meet me, and take me to Van Nuys to the Vesper Service. Faith is to sing the Inflammatus---but even the fact that Bertha Clough is in L.A. and I could see her, was ^{not} a strong enough incentive to make me take that journey through the heat of the day-----Certainly, I am lazy, for I could do it perfectly well--if I cared to make the exertion.

I still love you all---even though you are beginning to show that you are too tired to write as often and as fully as usual--and Helen never has the time to write any more. It is exactly as I have always contended. The more help a person has to look after, the less time they have for the many things they want to do. You see how it is, I know Helen wants to write, but there so many, many things to claim her attention. I wish I could do as Mrs. Day does. She has an apartment in Los Angeles and every year she spends Thanksgiving and Christmas with Cecil--just one month each year. But then, she has only one son. I do not think I really envy her, after all.---But her grandchilder do not forget her.

May you have a very happy, restful summer--every one of you.
Mother

Claremont, California
June 30--1929

Dear Children of the East--

I seemed to have had quite a serious time in getting children written, but you will overlook that. You are all, without doubt, together in your summer home. How I wish I could visualize you there. But tell me what seems to bring each one of you the greatest pleasure in the summer home. Wilder Jr. seemed to be looking forward to the fun in the boats. But all four of the children will enjoy the feeling of freedom more than any other one thing, I should think. Freedom from boundaries, the being able to be where they can shout aloud to their heart's content---as I look back to the Spokane life that is the impression I have, and you children were not in such close quarters either. You had something of a yard to play in, and the whole big hill to the west of us. And so many other children of your own age to play all sorts of wild games with. The Spokane environment was pretty good for youngsters--not so good for them as they grew to manhood.

The weather still keeps pretty warm--uncomfortably so, perhaps. But yesterday I took my courage in both hands and went to the city. I went on the 7.30 car, and getting up at my usual time--somewhere between 5 and 5.30--I was very leisurely about breakfast, dishes etc. and took plenty of time to walk to the train--12 blocks--and took that same leisure all day.

I went up to Robinson's and bought material for 16 casement windows that are still waiting to be installed in the sleeping porch---and I have got to make up those 16 little casement curtains, to be hemmed on the sides as well as top and bottom! And I bought a \$29.50 rug to go on the floor. Then I shall take the liberty of having some of Mr. Rich's old furniture that was left here, painted---and I shall look quite like happy business when I am ready to occupy the room.

from
Then I went to the library--and read, all sorts of books--big and little--some fresh things about Ur. Some things that I knew--but a few things that I had not known. Then I went into another department and looked over C. Leonard Wooley's latest book--The Sumerians--to see if I needed it in my own library---I concluded that I did, and went to Parker's and bought a copy. Then after I had had dinner, I still had about two hours before traintime--before the train I wanted to take, for any train earlier would have been too hot a trip---so I went to a 15¢ movie in a nice little movie theatre and then Home.

I do not know why I spelled that word home with a capital unless it was the feeling of relief that I had that I had a quiet little home to come to. And quiet? quite so. The people on the North of me, half a block away, have gone for their summer vacations. To the east--I have no neighbors
~~zizzling~~

short of two blocks. To the South, the Ross family, with a 75 ft. lot between us. And the the west, the rest of my neighbors who face on the other street, and are the ones with whom I read one day in the week---never see them at any other time. Now I do not need to go away because of need of quiet--do I? Mrs. Ross is lovely to me, keeps tab on me and watches to see that I am keeping in "perfect health". They take me out for a cooling ride, almost every evening.

I am as busy as can be---all of the time. Still feel that the days are not quite long enough, sometimes. But, as you see, I have not much news to write. Ruth is happy having the girls at home. Faith is happy to be home "There are so many friends to see! So many to talk to--and you know how I love to do that. Last night there was a dance for the Alumni, and so many friends there I was just on tiptoe every minute."---Both girls are glad to be home. Practical Peg does not enthuse so much about it. I rather think she is sleeping many hours of the day as well as night. But tomorrow she begins summer school in L.A. Faith is at work at Allington's--"Quite the most popular cafe in the country around." So it is, and Mr. and Mrs. Allington are very good friends with Jack and Ruth and all three girls.

I shall stop my chatter and go to reading---I should like to listen to some of your chatter for a while. It is 8.20 A.M. here---11.20 with you? With all love for each and every one of you,
Mother

As one result of my trip yesterday, I hope to have some other envelopes before I write you again

Claremont
July 10 1929

Dear Family--so far away:

Only a greeting, and a great big hug to express my thanks for what the past week brought to me. A real letter from Wilder and his dear pictured face--and a letter from dear daughter Helen! What do you think of that?-- All in one week--the same week brought to me Ruth and the two little boys! It ought to be marked in red letters in some way.

When I saw that the mail had brought me a photograph, I thought--there, the dear children have come at last! I was so glad, and hurried to unwrap the package, to gloat over their faces. Well, I did gloat, but for my baby rather than for his babies, and I have the children's pictures still to look forward to seeing. Then I shall begin to sigh for Helen's companion picture to be framed with the other two for a family group. My grandfather used to tell me--"One want satisfied brings another want." I guess, very likely there is some truth in it, still--who can say that, in this case, the want is very natural?

Jack and the girls brought Ruth and the two little boys out on the Fourth-- in time for dinner which they brought with them all except the salad, the coffeee etc. They brought the regulation fireworks--Bobs is in the mountains (5 in all) camping, or was then-----we had two adult family neighbors over to enjoy the evening with us. Ruth expects Jack to come for her tomorrow--giving me one whole week!

So you will not wonder that I have not written earlier?--Those boys! They are not really mischievous--not at all so, but mighty lively, and being able to find their own amusement on a single lot, means that they

must get into things, of course. My ferns are well sprinkled with ashes from the fireplace outlet--and ferns do not need ashes, even wood ashes--but they meant well, and of course, that ash outlet needed cleaning, even if their clothes are filled and the furniture sprinkled, too. They play so well together. They are not only ashmen, but they are gardeners, using the hose where they think it is needed; they are electric light men stringing wires, or string, all over, they are postmen, and rob the waste paper baskets, they are doctors and need quantities of old cloths for bandages--- Oh goodness knows what they are not! Yes, there is one thing they are not-- except under compulsion, and that is clean. At present they are having an ~~elephant~~ "elephants' dance". Ruth is reading the jungle book to them when she thinks they need a little rest. I could not imagine, when I knew they were coming, what they would find to amuse themselves with--but there has never been a moment's questioning, I think--and they never think of wandering away from this lot, including the two vacant lots, one on each side of us. Their only anxiety, it seems to me, is as to when they can eat again! They are very good little boys, although quite normal in their goodness. They would not qualify as to sainthood, however. The dance is over--lunch, three o'clock, is being taken out doors, with a pile of old papers "We want to play with them." This is the first letter that I have written, and you can see how little I know to write. Will do better, or worse, next time.

With all love,

Mother

Claremont .
July 23 1929

Dear Family over on the Atlantic Coast:

The heat has come back to us and today, the man being at work putting in the windows on the sleeping porch, I cannot relieve myself of all clothing and run around in nightdress and bare feet. The consequence? Well, while I am dripping as if in a shower bath, I am doing all sorts of odd jobs. This is not an "odd job" but I thought I might manage it if I could strike the keys without anything but the very tips of my fingers coming in contact with the machine.

Sunday I went, by trolley, to Hermosa Beach. The Ingli--and the younger members of the Penfield family came down too. Ruth had prepared the lunch, with the exception of the very nice cake that Jean made. Jean and Pat with the two little boys and Wilder. Wilder came home something more than a week ago. I suppose he began work in a lumber firm in Glendale on Monday. He looks more like Herbert than ever, and is just plumb happy to be at home. I asked him how it was that he happened to come before Christmas as planned--"I don't know." But who does know? Then he laughed and said, "All of a sudden I knew I had to come home. Uncle Fred said all right, if that is what you want to do--"and in less than a week everything was made possible, and he started. I think I told you that George had left San Diego and has rented a small house in North Hollywood--While waiting to find the place that he is very certain is waiting for him, he is at work in a filling station, and as they have raised his wages already, he is evidently giving satisfaction. There is no doubt but that George is a good worker.

Herbert and Mary did not come to Hermosa because they had gone off with a party to Catalina to be gone until Tuesday.

We had a nice day, and then the Ingli took me home with them for supper and to get the children to bed. Then Jack and Ruth brought me home. A hundred miles is a long ride to take to take mother home, is it not? But Jack is always so good, it never seems to be too much for him to do.

Tomorrow, Mr. and Mrs. Ross and I are to take lunch and go down to Hermosa. They have not been there since Adams went there, and we have made so any plans to go. Margaret is enjoying her summer school so very much. And Faith is enjoying her work too. Ruth went to the Bowl concert with Faith and one of the other girls who works at Allingtons. She said it was fun to hear the two girls rave over the dearness of both Mr. and Mrs. Allington. All of the girls there are picked girls of Van Nuys--all very nice, and all very happy to be where they are. Ruth is planning not to have a high school girl with her next winter. She feels that she can get along alone very nicely. She looks very well, and I am trying to get her to have some snap shots taken so that you may see how she looks.

I am quite enjoying my summer of freedom--freedom to lie around half dressed? Perhaps so--the beach is much cooler, and I should be quite free there, too--I guess I will stop right where I am--perhaps I am not quite sure just what the freedom is that I am enjoying. I am going to have a very pretty room when the workmen turn it over to me, quite finished. By the way--have you heard anything from the trunk of books? They were started from here June 7th--high time that you should have had a notice of their arrival there. I hope they will not ask too much for customs--should not be anything, it seems to me. It was nice to hear all that Dr.

Ruth had to say of you. With heaps of love, your perspiring mother.

Well, there is not much news in this letter, but what news have I to write? The days are full of interest but to no one but myself-- Oh but last Sunday I was not alone, I went into town and down to the beach on the trolley early in the morning. The Ingli met me there, also the younger Penfields--and I have already written you about that.

Claremont
July 28 1929

I had a nice letter from Ruth Mary--Write me often, I long for your letters, and I love every one of you with all my heart.

Mother

Dear Family:

I expect it is high time to direct to Magog--so I am thinking of you all at the Lake as I write this. Shall I give you a bit of a picture of things here as they seem to me this morning?

It is foggy---I love it---and so I cannot see the mountains, and there is no bright sunlight. It is something after ten o'clock in the morning.

The radio is giving out some good music--the kind that prepares one for quiet thinking. I have been working all the morning to get the house in some shape for the men tomorrow. The painting of the new windows, and the touching up in several other places is about completed, and "Fred" comes tomorrow to re-habilitate the two hard wood floors and to varnish the kitchen linoleum. My bedroom is shut up, drying, the small bedroom will be ready to move things into tomorrow, and the Bosworths come to clean the windows etc. I shall soon be moved into my new room with its sixteen windows--I have hemmed, by hand, twelve of the necessary curtains and I am hoping that Mr. Rich will give me permission to have the big, old-fashioned---not old enough to be interesting--homely double bed that has been on the sleeping porch, with its homely old dresser, a table and a rocking chair that has been used on the porch, painted so that it will not overpower, too much, the small bedroom that must house it all. Silver ~~gray~~ gray with trimmings of green? Probably.

Outside the window that I am facing, is the street with the Scripps College buildings over on the next street--The graceful Pomegranate shrub in the corner of my lawn---which is not green but brown, now---brightens things

Glory---Have I written that address right?

up with its bright red blossoms---and the porch plants are looking well. Wilder's picture is over on the brick shelf above the fireplace--and his smile is a bright spot when I turn towards it. That smile! You make fun of me so often, Wilder dear, but always with such a tender expression in your eyes when you do so, that I often laugh out loud to make your smile more of the present tense. I love to catch that look in your eyes, if I am a bit down-hearted. Oh I am not often really down-hearted, you know, but sometimes I cannot help but live in the past a tiny bit especially since the day the radio gave a concert of all the old-time waltzes. The ones I used to dance to when I felt, possibly, that the whole world was mine for the taking. ^{As I listened} And I was that silly girl, "Jennie Jefferson", ^{again} It did me no particular harm, but it set me to going over my whole life. I imagine that the things that seemed to me the hardest to bear, wereafter all the best things that could have happened. I can sense that now as I look back on them. I had so many, many lessons to learn--and I am just beginning to understand them and profit by them. There are still lessons to learn, of course, but as in mathematics--perhaps the learning of the multiplication table, the adding and subtracting, and those hard to be understood fractions, and the the rest of the first lessons are the hardest to learn because they seem so sort of senseless, you know. The farther one goes on the better it is, the more wonderful are the understandings that are there to be solved. I did dislike arithmetic; algebra was not much better--geometry began to open up things, and physics?, I did enjoy those problems, and if I had only gone on to astronemy, what wonders it would have opened up to me. Well, it may be that I am preparing to enter into the astronemy class of the spirit, and it will take all of eternity to understand the limitless knowledge of Infinite Mind, will it not?----

Last Sunday I was alone, but on Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Ross and I went down to Hermosa, taking our lunch with us, and had a good day with Adams. She can scarcely wait until time to come back home.

Claremont
August 4 1929

Dear family-so-far-away:

But you are happy in being together at the Lake where, I hope, it is cooler and quieter, and more restful. I suppose Helen has had almost enough so far as she, herself, is concerned, but she will be rejoicing in being with Wide and seeing his enjoyment.

Reports of heat and drought from all over the country are very distressing, I hope the good rain will soon deluge things so that all crops will not be destroyed. But I recall that always, every year, farmers everywhere have been frightened at either too much rain or too little, and usually their fears have not brought the results they feared. So we are hoping things are soon to look better. Here, of course, rain does not figure so much and until reservoirs fail we do not begin to worry. Perhaps that is better--we know what to expect.

Wilder, your two letters, written the 27th. and 28th. were so dear. They were more like the letters that used to come. There was a freedom, a rested quality about them that quite went to my heart and did me real good.

It will be a great help if you can become used to the dictophone, I am sure---"More power to you" son. I am glad that the trunk of books arrived safely and that it was entered without duty--which was right. Yes, it was easier not to move, and perhaps by another summer I shall know where I should go. I do not hanker for Claremont climate in the summer--and what is the use? Dr. and Mrs. K. were here this week and they asked me where I would really like to live, if I could go where I wanted to go.

I said that I did not know, but that I hoped that some time before I left this world I might have a home with a clear, near view of the sea. Mrs. K. said "Well you never will." And I replied--"Why not? I have no man to decide where I shall live, and there is no one else to dictate to me so why should I not take advantage of that liberty to live where it best suits me?" There are disadvantages in not having a man to consult on such a vital question, so why should not one take to herself all the advantages that offer? It would square things a bit, would it not?

Another thing, if I am so far away from a part of my family why should I not take advantage of all the beauties of this climate and rid myself of the disadvantage of heat, at least? So--some day I strike out--somewhere. I know what I would like, but if it can be brought to pass--that is another question. And, in the meantime, I am quite happy and am having a rich summer.

Your offer to Cone seems to me wonderfully good, and he has this advantage that he knows you thoroughly and knows just what to expect. Going to another place he does not know, and may find many things unpleasant in his personal environment. The story of the man who wanted to set up as a hatter was a good one from Dr. Orton's viewpoint--but what impression did it make on Dr. Cone? From his point of view it does not seem to me it would be to the point at all. It would look as though the big hatter had said to the little hatter, "Come and be a real partner of mine, I like you, and will give you an equal chance with me assuring you that no failure can touch you as long as I am succeeding--we will sink or swim together." And the little hatter knows without any question that he will receive all that the big hatter has promised.

No, I do not think George looks older than he should considering the life he has undertaken to live. The experience in the Marines was good for him. It made a man of him, but he married on impulse and he is still being made a man of by his present experience. Sometimes I wonder if a man is not made stronger if he realizes that he must be the man of the house. That, in order to bring up his family in the way he wants them brought up He has to set the pace. And it would be easy for George to yield to the pressure of Dot's family and let them manage--but George is the man of the house, but is very kindly, very considerate. They both have a stormy temper, but they talked it over while they were here and both seemed to realize that each had a job in controlling themselves for the sake of the baby.

You think Elizabeth seems to feel very much a part of the firm of Mary and her friend? Hush ----very gently let me whisper in your and Helen's ear--No--I am sorry to say that is not quite right. Mary feels that she has the hardest proposition of her life in understanding Elizabeth. Elizabeth feels as though she should suffocate sometimes. Mary rubs her the wrong way, and trying so hard to do the right thing evidently makes her harder to understand. She feels she owes so much to Mary--and she hates the feeling of being dependent--and Mary feels, as most people would, that doing so much for Elizabeth entitles her to the liberty of criticizing her when she does and says things Mary does not understand. Now--of course, I am Elizabeth's grandmother and perhaps I am partial--but I think I do understand her pretty well--Elizabeth thinks I under-

stand her better than any one else--perhaps I do and there may be a reason for that.

Mary Penfield says she is continually seeing me in Elizabeth---- I know that she is very much like Jack--and as Jack and I are quite dissimilar, it may be that Elizabeth has two rather strong natures to fight in herself.

However, if she is like me I ought to be able to understand her--and if she is like her father?--well, I have spent some years in trying to understand him, so I start out better prepared than Mary, who has a great many more young girls under her supervision than I have had.

Mary is a dear. ~~XXX~~ She is a wonderful friend to Ruth, and she is doing wonderful things for Elizabeth. Mary is, naturally, rather dictatorial. Why should she not be? Elizabeth is sensitive, homesick, and has had a love affair that has brought heartaches to her. She is having so many lessons put up to her to learn all in a minute that she is bewildered and because she cannot get into the accepted way of the girls who meet Mary casually, she feels that she is altogether wrong, and does not know how to make good. "Oh if Peg were here in my place, I know she would be the one to make Aunt Molly understand her."

Well---it will turn out all right. Perhaps they are both needing to ~~learn lessons~~ learn lessons. The funny thing is that every one has thought one of the talents that Elizabeth has was the being able to meet strangers. Molly thinks she is so superior in her manner when she meets strangers that it is very unpleasant. Naturally, Elizabeth is bewildered and I am afraid her manner will become very stilted and unnatural. Oh well, she does not bear criticism very well. She is like her grandmother in that, perhaps---but no, I guess not for I am afraid that I never cared enough about what people thought of what I did. At any rate, if Elizabeth can be made to feel that one loves her, trusts her, and will let her do things for ^{her} ~~them~~, she is charming.

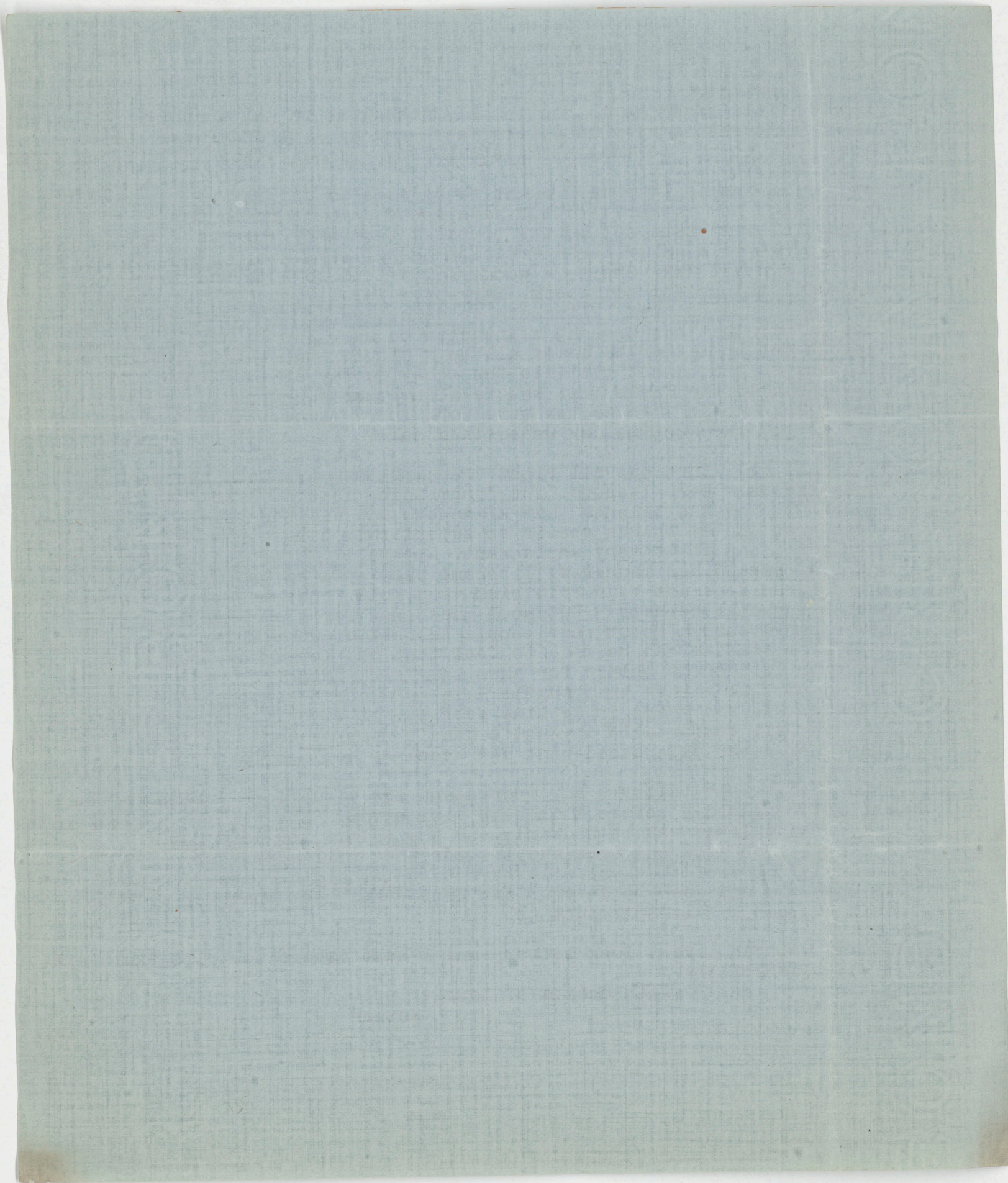
She heard some things that Auntie Mame said about her when she was quite a child. She was years in getting over it. It is only quite lately that she has felt comfortable in Auntie Mame's company--and the funny thing is that Mary never understood what was keeping them apart.

thus much, simply that you may understand the situation---which may be entirely changed-- before Elizabeth visits you. She will be herself with you, for she loves you both dearly, and she thinks you love her. She will adore the children, and, I think, they will adore her. You need not feel that you will have to entertain her, she will love just to know you and see you in your own home---and meet whatever friends that you can easily introduce her to.

I have written a very long letter--and I have others to write--Ruth and Herbert, especially.

With oceans of love--

Mother



difference in his outlook on life. He is no baby any more--He is a real boy---as he always has been---but with the idea of responsinility to sober him up a bit. He is a great favorite with everybody, just as every one used to like Wilder William. Would the Marines stabilize Wilder as it did George? I wonder. Oh Wilder will come out as fine as silk--some day, if August 11 1929 he has not already--I rather think he has. But both boys will have a handicap because of lack of study. Claremont--California Fred is determined to have college--Deacon has not shown his preference--but he is doing very good work in piano. With love for you all--Mother. Dear Children!

Did you ever try to turn a ribbon so that the side that had not been used might be used? Well, if you have not all the time and all the patience that can be put into a pestiferous operation--don't do it. The man at the typewriter office said I could--and so I did--but I have wasted a lot of time that might have been spent on writing letters-- And now it is twelve-thirty--and in a little while I have to change my dress and go over a eat dessert--water-melon-- with the Ross family and a man guest. Then I shall come home and cook my own dinner. Why not be there for the whole dinner?--well that is too long a tale to tell, but-- it is all right this way.

We had such a pleasant day yesterday. The heat has passed and "regular California weather" is once more with us. Friday morning Ruth telephoned that Bob would be up that evening, stay all night and bring me to meet them at Broodside Park--Pasadena--for breakfast, leaving here at six o'clock. The plan worked all right and while Jack cooked the eggs and bacon we began our breakfast with water-melon. It is a beautiful and convenient park. We had a fine location for our table--and the company was rare. After breakfast Ruth and I talked--Jack napped--and the children fooled around with swings etc. until the swimming pool was opened spmetime between 9 and 9.30. They all went in, the little boys in the pool for children who could not swim well, and I watched them all. It was great fun. The Ingli kept together in one corner of the pool fairly

Well

The best thing to watch, perhaps, was their square dance.

About 10.30 Bob and the two girls started for home as they were the working part of the family, Margaret to go to the store at 12. Faith to go to Allington's at four. Bobs is earning about 85 dollars a month on his paper route and ~~added to that~~, carrying mail for a rock crusher

company ~~to~~ there; several rock crusher plants. His car cost him \$300--

is paying for that

and gas, repairs etc. cost a big bit. But he is doing very well and is able to loan his father something during this lean time for school teacher. The rest of us talked and read--and the children played until time for lunch. Ruth had an entire new set of things for lunch and it was all good and delightful. We left about two o'clock and they brought me home, and left here something after four in order to get home in time for the children's dinner.

I doubt if there are many sons-in-law who would make it ^{*this*} ~~his~~ business to send for mother for such an occasion. Bobs came fifty miles after me. Brookside is about half way between us--a little nearer Van Nuys than Claremont.

Monday night Herbert and Mary drove up, reaching here about nine o'clock. We had a nice visit. They left Friday for a two weeks trip up North. George is getting \$50 a month at the filling station, leaving "the boss" free time for vacation. Wilder is not getting very much money in the Glendale plant and it costs a good deal to go back and forth as there is no direct trolley or bus service between the two places. But he is trying to save a little bit each week and Herbert puts it into the Building and Loan Co. where he will get 6% interest.

I send a slip of paper that pleased them very much, even if Deacon's name was given as Wilder instead of Herbert. It was quite an honor for the ~~ix~~ little fellow as the camp was made up of boys from Hollywood, N. Hollywood Burbank and Glendale, and he was not as old as ^{*the rest*} many of them. It has made a

Claremont--August 18 1929

Dear Children:

Do you want to know how I am dressed this Sunday Morning? A pink rayon combination, a blue cotton slip--(a pretty shade of blue) and a pair of shoes! I got up at six o'clock, had breakfast and then began carrying out my plan of getting the house straightened. I have been moving into "winter quarters" as to my belongings, and there are so many things that must be taken to the garage--out of sight--or sent to the Good-Will people, or put somewhere until the girls move out, etc. etc. There were numbers of things piled here and there waiting to be sorted and placed. The most of them are taken care of--just three lots are piled neatly to be disposed of in one way or another--and it is now 8.30--- and I hope to get this letter, and one to Elizabeth, written before it gets too awfully hot.---No, I do not want to spend another summer in Claremont. I am to have dinner with the Ross family. Just say to yourself, may God bless the Ross family for their constant kindly thought of Mother. He is using my car while his is waiting for a new body that was made necessary by the accident---I wrote you of that, I think---and that car is being gone over from stem to gudgeon---I don't exactly know what "gudgeon" is, do you? But I shall feel very much as though I knew the car is in good condition when it is returned to me. It was in May that I sent it to the Dodge man to have it thoroughly overhauled, but there were some squeaks that have developed since then that were, evidently, overlooked.

Elizabeth is in Hudson at Mrs. Andersen's. Her letters are most interesting. In the first place, they Molly, Jean Hoard, a teacher friend of Jean's, and Elizabeth went to Ravinia--a suburb of Chicago where opera,

is given during the summer months. They stopped at a most wonderful hotel, and Elizabeth had never stopped at such a place before--a new experience, and she had been so hungry for some good music ever since going to Madison. She was thrilled to a standstill.

Going up on the train to Hudson--there was a radio, and the diner. She had never had a dinner in the diner--going east she had taken the slower train and had a lunch with her, and got off to eat--when necessary--at stations.

Then the Andersen house! "It will take me a week to explore it." The wonderful guest room where she was expected to sleep--"I shall never get to sleep I am so excited."

A day in St. Paul which struck her as being a very unattractive town. A visit to the Gov. Selby house which is under the management of the D.A.R. and a lunch which was very expensive and very mediocre. A sight of the big, new Golden Rule--and a look-in at Field's and Mannheimers.

A drive around Galahad. "I am going to spend a whole day out there all by myself, and just walk around and around." "You cannot imagine how queer, and hurt, and reverent the feeling I had--but it is wicked! Why even Auntie Baker's lovely home is now a tourist camp with stands all about it!"

She is planning not to take much work this fall--8 hours of Education--not much else. "I am going to have more time to do what Aunt Molly wants me to do. Am going to try to make her happy." But Molly, of course, wants her to be quite happy and contented with her friends. Lynn Ashley seems to be a quite constant visitor, and as I recall Lynn Ashley I would not think he would be a really stimulating friend. But I hope she will keep to her program of trying to make Aunt Molly happy--that is certainly her very plain duty.

Perhaps Elizabeth is not very adaptable--inside. For she writes, "After having learned to live in a certain way for twenty-two years, I find it is very hard to try and be happy living in a certain other way." She so adores her "family" and especially her sisters, and her little brothers. And she is getting into closer touch with Ruth than she has ever been. She has always mothered Ruth--too much, perhaps--and now Ruth is mothering her in her letters, and I think Elizabeth is learning to know and appreciate her mother more than ever before.

Well--perhaps that is quite enough of Elizabeth for this time. And I want to tell you of a lovely thing that has happened to the Sanfords ~~thought~~ their son, Wayland Hall. I think you will ~~likenter~~ hear about it. One morning Helen and Wayland were called out to their garage--there was a beautiful new Essex Six Sedan with all of the modern improvements, with a card--Mr. and Mrs. Wayland Sanford. Inside was an envelope containing the following verses.

Where did you come from, Automobile?

"Out of the make-believe into the real."

Where did you get your lustre new?

"From the Milky Way, as I came through."

"And Vulcan, himself, with his swarthy crew,

"Fashioned my motor and chains, too."

Seats and upholstering, who made these?
"They were cut and sewed by the Pleides.
"And for lights I took from the front and rear
"Two stars and a comet's tail, my dear."

And the shiny wheels that you use for wings?
"I borrowed a few of Saturn's rings."
But where did you get your oil and gas?
"Poured from the dippers as I came past.
"Just who sent me, I cannot tell,
"But keep and love me, and feed me well;
"Oil and me and grease me, once in awhile,
"And I'll carry you many a wonderful mile."

Wayland Hall knew that if he sent them a check they would return it. He knew, too, that they had never owned a new car, nor an enclosed car. He sent to Roger Spencer and with Wayland's check and instructions, Roger did the rest. So, when Dwight was married this summer in Kansas city, the Sanfords drove down to the wedding. Winifred and the two children came back with them for a visit,

The study over the lake--a tent and porch--sounds very delightful. I transported myself, in thought, to the camp at Couer d'Alene--and recalled how my brain used to clear and work, as it never did at home, as I laid in the hammock under the trees. In hearing of camp life, but out of sight and quite alone by myself. You are under the shade of the trees? And I could see, too, how wonderful it was out on the wharf in the fall--after the big family had gone home and only Aunt Addie and I were there. I could see you, my baby, playing quietly in the water, sometimes asking questions--enjoying, more than most, the beauty and the quiet of it all. And then the week-ends with Ruth and Herbert and Arthur--with your father coming up on Sunday. I seem to recall the delight of the end of the camping season, and my quiet retreat under the trees during the busy time, more distinctly than the rest of the camp life.

Well, it may be that you will want this place for a permanent summer home. It is certainly easier than having to decide each summer where you shall go. And you can keep the camping togger in one place. And that saves so much wear and tear. Then in the winter you will often find it great fun to go to the lake for a short time. It sounds fine--but I am hoping that some day--not so far in the future, that you may all come here for a summer with your family. All of Helen's family are here as well as all of your family. It would look to an unprejudiced outsider as though your coming here for a summer would be a very logical thing. Yes, I know, it will be expensive--but there are summer rates on the train--and I promise to have some kind of a summer home ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~familyxxxxxxx~~ where the family may be comfy and happy. And you and Helen can divide your time between the family, Mother, the Penfields, the Ingli and the Kermotts. There now--is there any pleasure in looking forward to such a summer? Oh save your pennies and take the trip.

With all love my dears--Mother

I am so sorry about Bob Murray. I wish, when you have done all that you can do, if there is no change, that you would do what many another good doctor has done before this, ask them to try Christian Science.

Talk with the Mayos about that--There would be no harm done, and every doctor wants to do all possible to save life and happiness. Just such troubles as Bob's have been cured.

Mrs. Ross gave me a peach off their own tree that weighs a pound and is the most perfect shape and color and texture you ever saw. And as for eating--they are delicious!

I was interested in the sketches. Bruce was conservative--"lots of guys," not "any guy."

Please give a warm greeting to Abby Eliot. I should love to see her again.

Tell me about "John Brown's Body" I have heard nothing of it. Who is the author? As for reading--I have read nothing new this summer. Just at present I have a Conrad complex and am reading some of his stories. He certainly is a great story teller--although his stories are not always right pleasant. Still, they grip you. One story I read this week, "Falk", is rather interesting in that the heroine, for whose love two men are supposed to be fighting, never speaks a word through the whole story. Yet she is not a shadow of a woman, you feel that you know her perfectly.

Monday morning it is now--and I have been trying to clean out the pipes of the ice-box. They seem to have become filled up so that the water drips on the floor instead of outdoors. I don't know how successful I have been. Upon my word, I wish this sticky hot ~~xxxxxx~~ weather would move on. I thought I should never be sticky again. But then, California offers you all varieties of climate and if persists in coming to Claremont--of course you cannot expect the climate to change to suit your own desires.

We are all trying to decide where I shall really make my home when I leave Claremont. If it were not for the family, and I had a bit larger income and no demands on it save my own--I probably would turn to Santa Barbara. But, thank God, I have the family, I have other demands----and the income seems to be stationary. So? it seems to lie between Beverly Hills, the norther part of Hollywood--not North Hollywood--and some place on the beach. Is it not funny how we manage to keep some kind of a problem before us? However, my problem there is only a matter of speculation--something to talk about.

Once more I say to you--I love you all.

Sunday, August 25th. 1929

Dear Helen and Wilder:

The radio is going in the other room, I have just written Mary Louise Williams whose father has just left them. I had not written her for some long time and so wrote a good long letter this morning. It is ten o'clock and I shall have a good hour to talk with you before time for church service. I do not go to church, as I have no way of going now that I have no chaffeur--but I always have my own service at that time, so I feel quite as if I had been to church.

I have the hour to write, and I want to talk to you, and yet---what have I that would interest you two dear children? I have no letter from you to answer, I have no news to write, and will my thoughts be of any interest to you! But Wilder is right in front of the typewriter and he is smiling encouragement at me. Sometimes his smile seems to be making fun of me, but this morning it seems to me to be loving his mother, perhaps more than usual. Or is that because I am wanting his smile to mean all of that?

However, the only break in the week was a surprise visit from Jack and Ruth and the two little boys Thursday noon. Margaret had expected to come to Claremont on paper business Tuesday. But she phoned me that she could not come because her father and mother had gone off on a little trip and she must stay with the boys. They went to Balboa for a couple of days, and Thursday Ruth was doing her washing when Jack came home and said that he was going to Claremont on business, did she want to go? Faith said she would finish the washing, and she picked up the two little boys and came. They stopped at the grocers to get some rolls, milk and triscuit for lunch as they did not know what I would have in the house.

I had just finished my lunch, but it did not take long for me to make a lobster salad to go with their dry triscuit, and fix some grapefruit. They were hungry and things tasted good. While Jack went down to the college to do his business, Ruth and I had a good visit and the boys climbed their old tree and looked up all the things they had played with and called on Mr. and Mrs. Ross.

Several squeaks have developed in my car this summer and now that Mr. is using it while his is being repaired, I am having the joy of knowing that the car is being overhauled systematically and thoroughly. He is investigating every joint, bolt, bearing, etc. etc. and when he does not understand anything or needs help he goes to the garage where he is working--expert accountant--and Mr. Spier goes into consultation and Howard gets into the working parts. So you see, I am quite in luck. Besides all the oil and grease he puts into the car, he seems to feel that he is very much in my debt, so when he buys corn for themselves, four ears always must come over here, and he will take no pay for them. Then he does all of my errands down town. I am going there for dinner today.

Well, now that is not very much news, is it? I am not sure that you would be interested in the reading I have been doing? I finished Conrad's "Under Western Eyes" yesterday. A story of Russia told with much sympathy and the understanding that their reaction to life cannot be quite understood by western minds. I am going to read The Arrow of Gold, next. It is his "first after-the-war publication, begun in 1917 and finished in the summer of 1918. I think I shall enjoy his viewpoint.

Oh I love you very dearly.

Mother

Tell me about what you are doing and thinking.