

Of course, it is very evident from his letter, that the real reason of the coming to Pomona is to bring that wonderful baby to be left with her great-grandmother for a while. And there is the hope that the Inglis family ("now that I shall have come half way") will be here to gaze and to adore. Well, they will be! Also--I expect--the whole H.J. Penfield family. I do not know the details of the coming, but I hope George and Dorothy--and the baby--will come up Saturday evening, and start fresh for the Fair--taking with them the younger fry of both families. Getting what lunch they need over there. Then--have a picnic, or buffet, dinner when they come back----but I do not know how long they can stay, nor what they will plan to do. However--I am to have the new experience of holding my first great-grandchild. Some way, I cannot work up a great thrill over it---and I am continually reminded of how surprised I was to find that I had to have all the real thrills for mother, when her great-grand child, George, was born. But I am not worried, for the thrill will come, doubtless. But Barbara Jean is the most wonderful child that was ever born, you know--if you doubt it, just ask her auntie Jean who had the great pleasure of washing dipes for her for two full weeks. Sometimes it is hard for Jean to forget the dipes while thrilling to the marvellous ears, the nose, the tiny feet, the wonderful fingers--and the glorious black eyes "just like George's."----But, somehow, I seem to have heard it all before!

And here is another big, hearty "welcome back to America"---and may it happen so that, before so many months roll past, I shall have the great thrill of taking two dear little grandchildren in my arms for the first time. I love you all---Mother

I am not even reading this over---hope there are not too many mistakes.

Claremont--
September 18 1928

Dear Helen and Wilder, Ruth Mary and Wilder Junior, Priscilla and Amos Jefferson welcome back to the shores of America!

I started to say, "welcome home", but you are Canadians now and the States is not your home, but you are still "Americans", and you will be in America when you read this greeting.

I did not know that I should feel quite as I do about your becoming Canadians----but Montreal does seem farther away than does New York. So often, as I read things I want to talk it over with you--because I am interested--and so I am tempted to send the clipping along so that you can get in touch with what is interesting me--and to learn that you are not really interested--not vitally interested, at least, in---say the campaign for the coming election in November----is a sort of shock as it were. And that interest will gradually be lessening, too.

That means more to me, than it does to you, because your lives are so full of the growing interests of your surroundings and of the contacts that you will be making because of what you have in your own selves to offer---you are not only receiving, but you will be giving, and giving what your new contacts are calling for. A new, full life you are entering,

you will have but little time for the interests of the past, no matter how much they may have meant to you when you were a part of them. My interests are, necessarily growing more and more circumscribed as to what those about me desire of me. I do not say that my life is growing more and more narrow--but the

I do not enter into the lives of other people as once I did, and as you are doing now. So--and little cleavage of the lines of present interest that comes between me and my dearest ones---must, of necessity, mean more to me because I have more time to realize what is happening. However--I am very, very thankful that my life is so full of good things, happy things.

Quite enough of moralizing, is it not? So----I will tell you of what has happened to Ruth and Jack during the week or two past. The Van Nuys Dr. has felt, for some time, that Ruth's trouble may be aggravated by intestinal troubles. So--Jack took her to an X-ray man in Los Angeles--and certainly he did give her plenty of time and a most thorough going over. Wednesday she went to him--no breakfast--examination---no lunch--but sent off to a movie for a few hours----back again--then sent off again--She felt pretty rocky by that time, but they both realized that it was past experiences and excitement, and an empty ~~samx~~ stomach that was the trouble. Faith and the three boys were at the beach with Adams--so that no one was at home. She was to have nothing to eat until the regular dinner hour. On the way home Jack insisted on her thinking of what would taste the best to her---and he would get it and prepare it---a big juicy beefsteak was the choice--and you know how well Jack can cook a juicy beefsteak. They had a glorious dinner all alone together--perhaps the first time they two had ever sat down alone to a dinner in their own house. As they finished Peg and Elizabeth came in---and Peg ate up what was left---Elizabeth not deigning to eat home cooking any more when she can have all she wants of the cooking of the first-class Chinese cooks at the Cafe-----

The next morning they went into the Drs. again--no breakfast. But this time they were through with him about noon, and they went down to Hermosa after the children. They (the children) were all ready for a picnic and off they went and Jack went back to V.N. to attend to some business, and Ruth and Adams had coffee etc. by themselves. Later they packed up and Jack came for them and took them home. On Friday, back they went to the Drs. Breakfast this time. Well--he was delighted with all that he found or did not find. He says she is all right there---and that she is not eating too much--(She is growing so fleshy that the family, especially these light-eating daughters, have been bothering her about too hearty meals) That she is in wonderful condition for the mother of six. So--that relieves Jack of a little of his constant worry in regard to Ruth. And, when one stops to think of it, his life is rather full of anxiety---He says he never goes to bed without wondering what may happen before morning----and he is never quite at rest when she is out of his sight. Of course, that is not a healthy state of mind for him, nor for her---but one can understand how he cannot help it, and certainly one cannot help but appreciate his great love and care for her.

Peg and Faith will be here very soon---they both had to see the dentist--you will recall that they are having their teeth made straight?-----and then were to leave for Claremont. They are in Hollywood now, I expect. Elizabeth comes back on Saturday---and the next exciting thing--for me--that is to happen will be a visit from my very new great-grandchild, Babbara Jean. Brothy's birthday is on the 25th. And George promises, for a birth-gift to bring her to the L.A. County Fair--at Pomona, on the 23rd.

1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

September 24 1928

Dear Helen and Wilder:

I wondered when you expected to land, but Mrs. Kermott told me last evening that you would reach Montreal tomorrow. That you would be in ~~Quebec~~ Quebec today---and so, this morning, I know that your thoughts will be with me for a bit. You will be looking back over the past and thinking for a while of our wonderful "Honeymoon trip." And my thoughts are mingling with your thoughts, Wilder dear.

But, I am not going to write any thoughts of the past, this letter will be a rejoicing over what is taking place today. The growth of character in George.

He and Dot expected to be here somewhere between five and six o'clock Saturday afternoon. So we planned for dinner at 6.30. Elizabeth had been to the Fair in Pomona with a young man who was entirely strange to us all, and she had invited him to dinner and they were going to a college party afterwards---so we could not wait too long for the Penfields and their little daughter. They had tire troubles---of course George's car is a "used car" and troubles may be often expected, I suppose. They did not get here until nearly eight.----Elizabeth's young man would make quite an interesting story, but as she declares that she never will go out with him again I will not try to tell it to you.-----
Great-grandmother rocked the baby in

great-great grandfather Jefferson's chair, while her parents were eating--and admired her to their heart's content. It was old to watch George, bursting with pride as he was. As his father always boasted because he was my first baby, and George has always boasted that he was my first grand-child, so he carried it on--"It makes no difference, Dada-Dean, how many great-grandchildren the rest may give you--Barbara Jean is the first." There was a great time in getting arranged for bed, for I have no guest room Dorothy slept in the bed you made for me which is in the living-room. Barbara Jean in her own kiddie-koop beside her and George on the folding springs out on the front porch where the flies would attack him long before even the milkman and paper boy would appear. But he was sure that nothing could keep him from sleeping and asked that in arranging the order of bathroom rights that he come at the foot of the line---but it was not so to be--he thought he would like to go to Pomona to look over the fair while Dot was caring for the baby---and as every one slept late, I had to call him to take his first turn. So he and Dot and I had our breakfast together and the girls straggled along as they awakened.

Fred and Deacon were so crazy to see their little niece that I was sure the Penfields would be here rather early. George had scarcely left before they came. It would do your heart good to see Mary with that baby. Jean, having been with Dot for two weeks after her leaving the hospital rather lorded it over the rest as she talked of "my baby," but I noticed that her little mother put her in her place, very often, with just a look---and the baby came to know, I think, that her grandmother's arms were the best of all.

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The Ingli did not come until something after two--every body ate a bun to keep the stomachs quiet--and George had time to talk with his father and mother, and teaze his sisters and ward off the attacks of demonstration from his two young brothers. They all look up to and admire George now.

Then we had dinner----and afterwards, Herbert George and Dot. Jean and Peg went to the Fair. As soon as the girls came the first of the week they took me over to Upland to see the Kermotts. But we could not get in, and I had left a note asking them to come over to dinner. She wrote that she could not come as they were to have company, but would be over in the evening. So, about the time George and Dot were having their last "snack" before starting home they and Mary did come. I was glad they could come before the party had fully broken up--The Ingli had gone, but the Penfields were still here, getting uneasy because of the long trip ahead of George and the lateness of the hour. It was nearly eight o'clock before they finally got away.

It was a wonderful week-end. George is working anywhere from twelve to fifteen hours a day. His regular work is re-treading tires, but whenever any man is off his job in the repair department, George is called on to take his place--with the result that he knows every part of that work. He is quick, and strong and ambitious. He does not like factory work--he wants to be out in the open, but he is not whining about his being where he is, he is so thankful to say that "I do not owe one penny, except the monthly payments

much I want to know about you all-----
Mother.

on my car. He will never forget that when he was down and out, walking the streets to find any kind of a job that would bring him in a dollar, Dot "without a whipper" took her old place in the Telephone exchange and worked up until the first of June--baby was born the 29th.---
"She is a wonderful buyer--I just turn over my weekly check to her and know that she will make it go farther than I ~~xxx~~ could." George glories in his physical strength--"It does not hurt me to work--and sometime, I know, the job I want will come."

Dorothy is not like our girls----she has not the same background. I doubt if she ever finished in high school. But--perhaps she will be making a better wife for George than a different kind of girl would make. George, himself, has not much of an education--but his background has taught him somethings unknown, perhaps to Dot. But Dot is a dear, and, I imagine, that George perhaps loves her better now than when he was married. It is interesting to see them together. He has the example of his father's love and gentleness with his mother--and George is gentle and really thoughtful. He will grow--just how much Dot is capable of growing, no one can tell. Love works wonders, and she loves George and her baby.

I hope you will be in your own home when this reaches you, and that it is quite satisfactory as to location, comfort and price. I hope that everything will work out all right in hospitals and University---and that your "popular lectures" will be well received. God bless you both---and know that letters are anxiously awaited.

Loving you all very much, and wondering how the English tongue will sound to Priscilla---
Mrs.K. says she talks German entirely--oh how

go back. My little boy has gone, my bigger boy has gone, my man child is only partly mine. His greatest interests are not with me, wife children, work, fill his time and thought--but the beautiful past will never go from our memory, and it is a great

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CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

October 5 1928
Dear Children: There were two or three things in your Quebec letter that were new to me--You see, there has been but little of detail in your letters this summer-----

I am late with my letter this week--for several reasons, no one of them taken alone, being of sufficient importance to offer as to why I am late, but taken together they seem to have had the power of keeping me from writing.

Saturday the girls and I went, first, to Hermosa where we had lunch and the girls left me, they going on to Van Nuys. Sunday afternoon they came for me and we started for home, Elizabeth to go to a dinner at Prof. Scott's. We came through Santa Fe Springs where one of the oil wells was afire. They had been digging to tunnel and turn the oil into another channel in order to starve off the fire, with the further help of chemicals, but the ground began caving in and it seemed as if every automobilist in Los Angeles County must have heard of it and come to see. Such a jam! It was an hour before we could get out of it--but it was dark, and the sight was beautiful--as oil fields are, at night. The high derricks with their rows of electric lights looking like huge sky scrapers of a great city--near by, under the lights and in the shadows were watchmen tending the furnaces which would flare out as the doors were opened, and over all the dancing red flames of the burning well.

But all of the autos in the county were not at the Springs, for farther on there had, evidently, been a terrible accident and more crowds were gathered. No one could get through for a time except the screeching ~~xxx~~ cycles of the traffic cop and the ambulance. So there was another delay

Besides - she does not know what - she
Wants to know Ray -

before she will have time to write much. I do hope you find the right house--and that every thing will work out easily. Citizenship? Ah, I have thought of that often--but that need not be a great worry--I suppose. With much love and

Mrs. K. has invited me to lunch with her next week, and I hope to get some things better understood. I have missed Helen's letters a lot--and it will still be some time, I expect

and it was eight o'clock instead of six when we reached home. Monday was a busy day--as always. Tuesday afternoon Elizabeth and I took Carroll Lorbeer and went towards Van Nuys. We stopped in North Hollywood for Jean and then went on to V.N. where I stopped off for the night with Ruth, and where Roy McHenry---Elizabeth's latest---met them and the four went into the mountains to Katherine's cabin to see the moon rise, and have a beefsteak dinner. The cabin is on a shelf of a huge rock. If it is not foggy, one can climb to the top of the rock and see the moon rise--then come down to the cabin and see it rise again--and then go to the foot of the rock and for the third time see the moon rise---but it was foggy! However, the four couples were there, and the beefsteak dinner was a success, and the joy of youth was in the ascendant---so they had a good time even though the sight of the great red moon was but fitfully brought into their vision. They came back to Van Nuys about twelve o'clock and tumbled into the beds that Ruth and I had made up for them--(at least Carroll and Elizabeth did--Roy lives near Jean and he took her home.)

The next morning we had an eight o'clock breakfast and then came home.

Elizabeth is having a hard time getting settled down to work. In the first place, she is tired. In the second place, she has her thesis on her mind. Now, under the best of circumstances she would find that a great handicap to other work, but----- Prof. Fairman steered her into this line of study last year. He was determined that she should take up this line of International Law. Rather dry, and deep--and rather new and so, very little written on the subject. This Summer she went to L.A. to Summer School and took the course under a man from Wisconsin. She thought she could get her thesis written during the Summer--but he told her it would be possible only to make a start on it. Beside that, she was at work all Summer. She came back to Pomona physically tired. Prof. Fairman is teaching in one of the Eastern Universities this year, and no one here knows International Law. Her advisor frankly told her, "I know nothing of International Law--and don't want to know anything about it." Also, he told her that she could not write a thesis on that subject, for, in all probability she did not, herself, know much about it--furthermore, no human being could ~~xxxxxx~~ carry out the program that she had marked out for herself. Rather discouraging to say the least. The reaction has been rather hard. Discouraged--outraged--and fighting mad, by turns. Her father says, do not try to carry the load---but will they graduate her without the thesis? Shall all of the work she has put on to preparation since last April go for nothing? If she does not write it how about Madison?---and if she does, with no advisor to clear up things for her, what will be her standing in Madison? Roy is urging her to marry him and let the whole thing go hang---but Roy is in his fifth year in the U. getting his further work to enable him to teach---and he is in no condition to urge marriage---Of course, he has had an offer in the Vitaphone line that might be better than teaching--but----- So you see, we all have our problems, do we not?

And your problem! Oh how I wish I were nearer so that I could know of all of the events that are shaping your outlook on the coming work! That day in Quebec! But I think, in spirit, I was with you that day. Some day I wish we might be there together, again. Still living over past experiences is not always a success. It may be just as well that we cannot

Handwritten signature/initials

Peg has just done out her very little washing and is now in her room getting ready for her toast, fruit and milk. Oh dear the regular routine, the dress, the thot of girls today certainly differs from that of my girlhood---imagine having so small and easy a washing, and imagine doing it one's self! Imagine the horror of your grandfather at the breakfasts of today--taking them when it seems convenient---or going without them entirely, if more convenient. But I am not saying that I object to the present day casualness, indeed, I think I rather like it. And I think I am enjoying this last year that I expect to be living with my dear girls, more than the two previous years--if anything.

I wrote you of Elizabeth's trouble in regard to having an advisor in the writing of her thesis. Now a helping hand has been reached out to her. "Chuck" Faulkner, rather younger than E. but a great fröend is studying law---the law firm with whom he has spent two vacations have rather adopted him and each one of the three ~~haxxx~~ has told him that a junior partnership awaits him when he is ready for it--rather a remarkable youg fellow---Well--he has interested his friends in Elizabeth's predicament, and they have sent word to her that at any time when any one of them can be of help to her to call on them.-----They may not be of much help but it is helpful to have the offer made--it cheers her up.

Yesterday I went to a rose show at the Armstrong Nurseries--I was heartsick because I am not buying roses, for this will be, probably, my last garden--and I am only putting in, this Fall, flowers that will give bloom

throu the winter. But there was an Angela Pernet--a "brownish Copper" that was so unusual--and the Hadleys gave so much perfume--etc.etc.etc.

Tuesday when I hope to have a long talk with Mrs. K.I shall probably know more of your present thoughts and moves. Fred Andersen's Betty is only eight miles away, at Glendora and the girsl and I will, ~~praxk~~ probably, go over to see her this afternoon. On Sunday they serve refreshments on one of the beautiful lawns to the friends who are visiting the girls. We do not crave the refreshments, but think that it would please Betty to feel that she had some friends, too, to whom she could serve them. Then we are planning a picnic at the Hermosa Beach when the whole Inglis family may meet her--I hope she and Bobs will enjoy each other. She is thirteen--he is fifteen.

Christmas remanders are beginning to come in --packages of cards--with all of the easy ways of returning them if not wanted--and yet, how apt one is to keep them and send the money instead. Certainly easier than going to the stores to look over hundreds of them and not finding anything much more satisfactory than the ones in the package. Such selections used to be "cheap and common"--but that is not true any more. The ten cent stores set a good example to the trade.

Oh daer I wish I could see with my spiritual eyes and look in on you--wherever you may be in the city of Montreal--this morning. God bless you and may you feel a wave of my love overflowing you all today.

Mother.

I wonder if you recalled Grandma's going away day--Oct 5th I wrote you that day and intended speaking of it, but other things crowded it out.

Sunday--October 7 1928

Dear Children:

This letter was returned to me--I wonder if you have missed other letters by the same process of misunderstanding by some clerk? However I am ~~xxix~~ sending it right back to prove that I did write.

The sun is so glorious--the air so soft and delightful--I wish you were sitting here while I talked with you. Faith is at the piano singing "Neapolitan nights"--rather sensuous in itself--a feeling of wishing to ^{on} take no effort--but to enjoy companionship.

Elizabeth--in kimono--is sitting at the breakfast table munching her toast while she looks over the morning paper--

With love for each and every one of you--Mother.
How I should enjoy hearing Priscilla talk her German³³* but it would be
only hearing, for I have forgotten all of mine.

she is well called--and heard Mr. Hickson give a reading from
The Ring and the Book--Caponasacchi's story--and you know how I,
at least, enjoyed that. Oh dear--^{me}she seems well, but she is lonely,
Claremont and is not deeply interested in anything to take up
October 14 1928 her attention and make her forget her loneliness
Dear Children: It is too bad. That restlessness is so hard to
bear--much harder than pain, it seems to me.

We have had a wonderful rain--which means snow on the
mountains, and the mountains are right at our front door-----
the inference to be drawn is that it is cold. The sun is shin-
ing bravely, everything looks beautiful--but that cold wind!
The squirrels and the wasps, I believe, say that we are to have
a long wet winter which means wealth to California, but makes
me wish the mountains were a little farther off.

So you are in your house? The furniture is there, Helen's
card says, and I expect you have been very busy getting settled.
Is the house satisfactory? How about the rent, is it less than
in New York? You say every one says that Montreal is expensive
as to living----does "every one" mean U.S. people or Canadians
or English? The basis of comparison may make quite a difference.

I noted with great pleasure the sentence in Helen's card--
"Wide getting well started. Looks well and is peppy." If he is
well and is "Peppy" he will be more apt to make things come his
way---wo'nt he? Fraulein B.--is her name Bergman?--- is a
treasure, you say. I am so glad. How old is she? She is a nurse
who will take the real care of the two babies off your shoulders
and leave you more time for the older children and that includes
Wilder-Dr. of course. Your social duties will be more exacting
than they have ever been, I imagine, will they not Helen dear?

As Wilder's secretary-typist, as hostess---and there you
certainly do shine, my dear daughter, and as mother and home-
keeper, *(when you also clean)* you will find your time very full indeed---and so, I am
glad that Fraulein B. is a treasure.

----- You are all so well and so ready to meet the many problems
of the new life--it seems quite wonderful and interesting to
us out here.

I am so eager to hear all of the details both as to the
work in hospital and U. and the home and social life.

Here at Claremont we are busy and interested in all of the
College life. In Van Nuys all are well--and Ruth has at last
found a young girl who will take the household care off her
shoulders in the afternoon and evening each day. She gets
troubled when the little boys demand her time and she has the
dinner on her hands. It is an expensive arrangement for the
help she receives, but it is help given at the right time.

I was rather surprised this week to find that Jack is anxious
that we make some arrangement whereby we can all be near each
other. His idea is that next Summer when my lease is up on the
house here, that instead of my going to the beach with Adams,
that the Ingli and I get a house together in Hollywood. Not
live together--I hope--but be so near that he will not worry
about Ruth-- I think one of the reasons for his quite definite
change of mind is that he begins to feel that I need Ruth as
much as she needs me. I seemed to be rather "the worse for
wear" for a few weeks this summer and he sent Ruth up here for
a week. Since then he has begun to think of this change.
Of course--it could not be financed unless we were able to
dispose of the property in Van Nuys. So---if it is best for
us to make that move--there is no doubt but that some change
will be made as to the property. We are both living rather
close to bed-rock now.

I had such a nice visit with Sister K. on Tuesday. We went
to the Woman's Club House for lunch--heard and saw Carrie
Jacobs Bond--"The best-loved woman in Southern California," as

You have sometimes regretted lack of architectural beauty in America, Wilder, and I am wondering if this clipping 1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE will interest you
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA and Helen.

October 25 1928

Dear Children:

I missed my letter last week, but yesterday brought me one with a message from both of you. You have a spare room--a guest room--and you want to know when I can come to use it! Oh dear, I wish I could say--I start next week, on such a day and such a train--and perhaps I can be of some little service in the general settling of things. But, I cannot. I cannot leave the girls during the coming school year. I have taken this contract and must fulfil it. I might make an arrangement for some one else to take my place here for a few weeks----but I cannot afford that. So---there is no chance for me to leave California, and Claremont, before next July. You will be on your vacation then--and I

have not the faintest idea what lies in store for me next summer. It does not seem possible that the Ingli and I can have a home in Hollywood by that time--and where I, and my things, will be housed, I cannot know at present.

I shall think very longingly of that waiting guestroom and your invitation during the winter and spring---and shall plan to accept it a year from now. I do notx see how I can come to you any sooner. Of course, if the distance were not so great, and money was more plentiful, I should say---I shall leave here Friday, Dec. 21st. and spend Christmas and New Years with you--for I am sick with longing to see you all. But those two ifs seem insurmountable.----I should not be afraid of the Montreal cold, for your house will be warm and your welcome will be warmer. It would probably cost me \$300--for a ten days' visit! But it would be worth it, could I swing

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the \$300. It makes me think of Uncle Tom when he was urging you to study Mining Engineering--- "Some one in this family ought to have money, and Wilder seems to be the one safe bet."

I am anxious to know all about the new house, your neighbors etc. I am so glad that the operati^mon for which you felt yourself unprepared turned out successfully. I hope that everything in your revolving circle of the two hospitals may work out successfully and with not too much anxiety and hard work---gruelling work, the kind of work that tires and discourages one--I mean. But I am so sure that "all things will work together for good" with you both.

The girls are so busy--and happy in their work. Faith said--"Do you know I look forward each day to dinner time, for we have so much fun

visiting together at the table." Here is another remark of Faith's that may cause you to smile--perhaps, laugh. She was grumbling over the work in Harmony--she and Margaret are in the same class in that. Telling of a "special" who takes nothing but music, "She has nothing to do but hang over the keyboard--and when she gives her keyboard work it is so smooth that it makes all

the rest of us feel cheap---I always did hate D.A.R.s"---What has the D.A.R. to do with your class in Harmony?" "D.A.R.--why they are 'Damn Average Raisers,' of course." You need not repeat that to the children, they might get a wrong idea of their little cousin. She is so enjoying her "Natural Dancing" class. You may recall that dancing has always been in her line ever since ~~xx~~ she came into the world. The other two have always envied her for that. Her teacher asked Elizabeth if Faith had ever taken dancing lessons---and was surprised that she had never done so. "She is such a joy to me in the class, she is always getting in some new, delightful movement."

But I have no time to talk about my dear girls this morning---the ironing board is calling for me.

With love--and love, and more love--

Mother.

I was delighted to get some idea of your house from the drawing Helen sent her mother. Oh dear--I am glad that I do not have to look after it all.

Claremont

October 30 1928

Dear Children:

I am thinking of Uncle Tom today--for this is his birthday, and tomorrow is Margaret's---twenty-one--and going to cast her vote for Hoover! something to remember, she thinks,----- and day after tomorrow is Mary's birthday.

Last Sunday George, I suppose, brought Dorothy and the baby to his father's for a month's treatment under their Dr. Dorothy is not very well, she is not getting in shape as they could expect, and the baby only weighs ten pounds.--three months old.

Last Sunday Jack and Ruth brought Faith and a friend home. They had gone to Van Nuys on Saturday and out to San Fernando to the most exciting game of the season for the V.N.High. And as Van Nuys won they felt the trip was well worth while. They were here for dinner---(Oh dear, I am getting my dates wrong) the girls went to V.N. on Friday--and they brought ~~xxxxxx~~ them back on Saturday and then went to the big game here and saw Pomona win against U.C.L.A. It is very nice, we see them, either here or in Van Nuys, almost every week. Have only missed one week end since school began, this term.

Saturday morning I had an errand in Ontario and Elizabeth and I stopped at the Kermotts' on our way back. We found Mrs. K. in bed with a cold--but she was just as chipper and full of interest as always. I had told her that I had a new red velvet dress--she said she was going to have one too. She wrote me that she had it--and I told her that I had come to see it. Say, but it is a beauty--and looks just as it it belonged to her--which it certainly does as she had it made especially for her---and there is a difference between store clothes and those made especially for one's self. Dark green velvet that is said not to crush. Mine does crush. Of course, I told her that I was green with envy rather than being flushed with triumph, but I truly did rejoice with her.

She insisted that I must go to Montreal this Fall----"Just drop everything and go." "But I cannot, I have not the money." "Oh it does not cost as much to go to Montreal as to New York"-- "It would cost at least three hundred dollars, would it not?" "Why--yes?" Well, you see I have not the three hundred." When one has just two hundred a month--and a family of four, extra three hundreds are not lying around ready to be picked up.

Of course--I know I have always been a prejudiced person---but women worked hand and hand with Hoover during the war---can we forget it? With love for you all, Mother

Our neighborhood reading circle is reading "The Giants of the Earth", after finishing Hamsum's Growth of the Soil"--and we are all enjoying very much. Perhaps more from having read the other book first. They are both so refreshing--so different in atmosphere from the "Point and Counterpoint" which I am reading to myself. Huxley is a good writer--but I do not enjoy his people. They are foreign--much more foreign than those simple Norwegians. I feel that I am wasting time--but try to take the curse off by knitting as I read.

Next Sunday we go to the beach. Addie rather thinks we are not celebrating Margaret's birthday as we should, by having the lesser fry--Betty Andersen and Mary Kermott and Bobs and his boy friend to complicate matters--as she sees it. But why can one not handle two irons as well as one--if one gives his whole mind to it. Besides that, Margaret and the girls think it will be heaps of fun to have the two sets. Seventeen of us there will be in the party. Just the Ingli and the Claremonters and their guests.

The Ingli will probably be here for Thanksgiving--and the next morning Jack and Ruth, and probably Adams and I will very likely take our third anniversary trip downthru the Imperial Valley to San Diego. It is a lovely trip and we rather favor making it an annual affair. Calling On Bertha Clough, having her and George to dinner with us, etc. The girls will go home to V.N. with the boys on Thursday night and keep things going there while we are gone.

Hoover or Smith? Each one seems confident of winning. But surely Smith cannot win against such a man as Hoover has proved himself to be. The women, the prohibitionists, and business, will surely prove victorious for him, in spite of the fact that, seemingly, more republicans have gone over to the democrats than have democrats come over to the republicans. It seems to me that the democratic party--as a party--has no real candidate. They repudiated Tammany---and Smith is a Tammany man pure and simple. His whole public life shows that. His political record shows him never to have voted against Tammany--no matter what his words have been. I cannot believe that the real Dems. will let Tammany back. I shall be glad when it is over. I think almost every one is feeling the strain of the past few months. I had some respect for Smith, as a man, when the fight began--but he has been back of so much mud slinging, he has shown himself not to have understood so many issues, he has said so many things that can be proved by public records to have been untrue, that I am disgusted with him. They say he is a most magnetic man. That he can carry any audience with him, but on the screen he certainly is not. There is something about him and his brown derby and his smile that offends me. And I look at Hoover's honest face with a feeling of restfulness.

the back---It does not seem like an ordinary cafeteria, however. Everything is bright and cheery and interesting. At Pizmo we slept in the old Pizmo Inn--rather down at the heel as to paint--but interesting. We ate at the Shell Cafe--wonderful sea-foods--The Chef--the owner, I imagine, cooking everything right before you. And he is not only a good chef, but he is a flower grower, Claremont--- and a lover of good music. He has a Victrola--September 3 1928 but all of the records are good music.

God bless you all--

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Mother

I came home--Jack and Ruth bringing me--yesterday afternoon, and I hope that I am home for the rest of the summer. Two weeks from today the girls will come back--so I have only two weeks to get caught up with myself. It must be one step at a time, for if I yield to the temptation of counting up all of the things I had promised myself to do this summer I should be overwhelmed.

I am not planning to write four papers added to other work you hope to do before the 17th. of September, Wilder boy, but the work seems as great to me, I imagine, as yours does to you, perhaps--- because I can recall the time ^{when} what I hope to do would seem but a bagatelle to me. I am slowing up, and what is more--I want to slow up. I don't want to rush around and take responsibility, I want to be "a lady" and do just as I please. Now you two dear people may get rather tired of rushing and doing, sometimes, but, after all, you still really enjoy it. You love the feeling of being able to accomplish something worth while. And so, I do not even feel sorry for "my typist" in the rush and hurry that surrounds you this last month of your stay in Germany. I am glad for you that you have the underlying joy of doing things.

And you leave Germany in two weeks?----Why this must be about the last letter that I can write you. It must be full of the beauty of the past week, I think. I wish I could picture to you the beauty of color that is now a memory with us. The most marvelous combination of pure color that cannot be imagined, must be seen to be understood.

Jack and Ruth wanted to show us what they had seen-- They had spoken of the wonderful flower gardens but had not said but what they were individual gardens grown by home owners--- Instead of that it was commercial seed gardens. You know, doubtless, that the seed growers of the East grow their seeds, very largely, here in California. And it was such a sight as we saw. 150 acres in one place--all of flowers---500 acres a short distance from there growing both flowers and vegetables--hence not so wonderfully effective. All under the name of a firm we have never heard of who are growing seeds for the trade--from whom the recognized seed growers of the country buy their seed.

Imagine, if ~~xxxxxx~~ you can, immense carpets of Persian

I have not told you the half of it--but time passes

rugs stretched out before you. The flowers had somewhat passed their prime, some had quite gone to seed, but it only meant that in some instances the colors were a little more subdued as one looked across the fields. Here a strip, perhaps twenty feet wide of dwarf summer larkspur--blues, lavenders, purples, pinks, white, all mingled in the most harmonious mass of color. Here a strip, not so wide, of the Lemon Queen marigold--there a wider strip of the white giant candy tuft with its hyacinth flowered stalks--there a strip of the Prince of Orange marigold--there a strip of blue ageratum. There a wide strip of mixed colors in the fringed petunias. There a strip of the waving blue Gillia-- then a strip of the mixed colors of stock--There a strip of the wonderful pink Lucifer Petunia--the most marvellous pink that was alive with color. There the glorified bachelor butto--the grand Sultana in all of its glorious color that shaded more into the mauve--The mixed colors of the Scabiosa-- All shades of the giant Zinnias with other strips of the button Zinnias-----Dahlias--Hollyhocks--Oh I cannot recall them all now! On the five hundred acre tract the vegetable gardens were surrounded with hedges of cosmos---Coreopsis--Calliopsis--sun flowers--etc.etc.etc.

Our first greeting from the flowers was when on Friday we stopped at the Santa Maria Inn. They had a wonderful artist in their employ--Such a marvellous collection of immense Dahlias grouped together--all of the shades of yellow, from the very pale shades down through the browns and bronze. I never saw such a beautifully decorated diningroom as we looked into. A glorious vase of Delphiniums--all of the shades of blue--in the narrow window, and below it on the little dining table a bunch of California Poppies. In the next window a vase of white Pentstemons, with a bunch of red roses on the table below. Beyond, bronze and yellow glads--with some blue flower on the table---and so, on and on.

We had another interesting stop on the way up--The old Spanish family of Santa Barbara was the de la Guerra family. Since the earthquake in Santa Barbara the people there are determined to rebuild with the atmosphere of their old history quite to the front. The old de la Guerra home is being used and added to in order to keep their name green in the memories of those to come. The old patio of the home is called now, the de la Guerra studios. shops--or "holes in the wall" if you like, showing art of all kinds--and selling, too. Down past these studios is the El Paseo restaurant-- "El Paseo" down the passage way-----All Spanish in decoration--a Spaniard and his wife to greet you--Japs to serve you---"Will you serve yourself, or would you prefer to be served?" You may sit at the tables under the canvas in the open air and be served---or you may take your orange colored tray and choose what you desire from the table at

(2) should be." When Peg was telling us about it--Elizabeth said, "You know, Naneean, an Honor student is expected to get their work done without any help from any one." We all laughed---and agreed that we could understand Dr.P.'s point of view---for certainly Elizabeth is getting no help from any one--not even from

(1) A friend of Peg's with her young man and another to match off with Peg--"Mike" who had been pleasantly attentive to Peg during the summer, came down and met us there. It was all very jolly. This week Elizabeth means to make a final "set" on her thesis. I will tell you what Dr. Pitman, head of the history dept. and head Claremont of the "Honors" system here said of Elizabeth when November 5 1928 talking of her to Peg. Elizabeth is one of the best Honor students we have ever had.

Dear Children:

She is my ideal, of what an Honor student

A busy, interesting week-end for us of the Ingli and the Claremont families!

Twenty of us were at Hermosa yesterday for dinner---and everyone seemed to be having the best kind of a time. I have been cleaning up and putting away of soiled towels, bed linen, dishes, etc. etc. etc. But I fear that Adams is having a really hard time getting the tar off the rugs in her own apartment--and, possibly, in one other apartment. However, I will try and make it up to her by inviting her as my guest on the annual Thanksgiving trip.

Roy McHenry--of North Hollywood--was peeved because Elizabeth seemed to have more time for everyone else than for him. He had not seen her for two weeks! So, Friday evening he ~~drove~~ drove up, after one or two telephone calls, to be comforted, rubbed down and made happy for another week. Saturday, Elizabeth spent in cooking--getting ready for the evening and for Sunday. The rest of us revolved around her and did our own particular stunts. A little after one o'clock Faith and I went to Glendora after Betty Andersen. "Chuck" and "Chapple" two VanNuys XXXX U.C.L.A. boys came in the afternoon and they all went to the football game. Then all came here for dinner. After

dinner they all went to the College Play--"Beggars on Horseback."

Of course, Peg and Betty were my special guests at game, play, and dinner---for the two boys were Elizabeth's and Faith's guests-----although I refused to go to either game or play.

After the Play the two couples went down to Hermosa. tire
trouble made them late so that it was about two o'clock before

they got to bed. Adams had received orders that she was not to worry about them nor about breakfast. The girls took care of that.

Betty and Peg giggled and talked themselves to sleep---and at nine o'clock Sunday morning Dr.K.brought Mary over,and we four were on our way to Hermosa. We had planned that Ruth,Adams and I should go to church--but Peg takes after her Nanean and is never quite sure of the road--so we did not get there until too late for church---but Jack, knowing Peg's limitations, assured them that I would not be there in time,and so they went to church without waiting. We had a wonderful dinner--every one was happy etc.

We did enjoy the two girls so much. Mary is rather shy with

strangers, at first---But glory be, when she gets over that she is the greatest little chatterbox one ever knew. She not only chatters---but she says things. She brightens up and her cheeks flush and her eyes, such pretty eyes, brighten--and you want to either hug her or pinch her. Here is one remark she made that tickled Peg and me on our way home. Betty is rather quiet--Although she can talk all right, and is interesting. Mary had been talking right along, Betty had said nothing for some time. I asked her if she were asleep--Mary answered--"Oh no, but she makes a fine back seat partner--she never interrupts." Oh I would like to have those two girls here often. I liked them. I could not find out just how Bobs and his friend opened up as companions for the girls--as usual they seemed much younger.

Helen will recognize the silk dress we had so much trouble over-- It was a hoy day, and it was cooler than any other dress I had-- but that day finished it, the dress, itself called a halt and split clear across the back. Adams represented the fifth generation, as Mother's sister. In the group Dorothy stands back of Claremont California Adams. Am sending two jokes that may

November 11 1928 amuse Wilder Jr. and Ruth Mary. Also a poem that I am sending to my other two daughters as well.

Dear Children:

Well--the strain of the campaign is over and the country gave a great landslide for the man who has proved himself worthy of their confidence. Smith is also proving himself capable of accepting a defeat bravely and cheerfully. His action now may be policy, as some say, a looking ahead to the future--but he responded so quickly that the idea of policy is not very penetrating to the mass of us, and he has wiped out in a moment the very adverse thoughts that have come to us during the past few months of the man. He looks to be more of a man than he showed himself to be during the summer---and possibly he was working under orders then and was somewhat relieved, himself, when he was once more able to talk out from under the political whip. At any rate, we are glad that we can point to such a man as Hoover as our next president.

Now for our own family triumph. On the evening that Hoover was shown to be the country's choice, there was another election going on here in Pomona College and the result was that Elizabeth was elected, with four others, to receive the Phi Beta Kappa key. When one thinks of the quality of the students here. Of how they are selected from the best of the many applicants, of how hard it is known to be to make the grade in Pomona, the receiving of that honor, one of five from the 200 seniors, is appreciated. She and her friend, Muriel Sheldon, have done other things besides study--the other three are known as "grinds". Of the three honorary National Fraternities here in Pomona Elizabeth has won a membership in them all. Alpha Nu--the Fraternity of Journalism---Sigma Ro--the debaters fraternity--and now, Phi Beta Kappa. She did not dare to hope for it because of her struggles over the thesis, etc. that have taken her out of class rather too much, and when it came she sat down and wept. Then she said, "Why I am a fraternity brother of Uncle Billy's." So, there has been much rejoicing with her. And her two sisters adore her more than ever. They are much prouder of it than Elizabeth, herself, is.

Another week has gone by without a letter from you two dear ones. Of course, I know how busy you both are--and how can I blame you! but I miss the intimate knowledge of your daily lives that used to come to me. Do you know, it has been a long, long time since Helen would add a note or perhaps a real letter in Wilder's weekly letters. It does not take quite so long to

add something to a letter already written as it does to get out the writing materials for one's self, and I wish Helen could go back to the old way of doing things and fill out Wilder's letters with comments and added bits of interest. Is it entirely because I am so far away and have not seen you for so long that I feel sort of shut out? I want to get back in again. I want to feel your loving thought all about me. I feel sort of cold sometimes. I know the warmth is all there in your hearts, and when I shall have been able to make you another visit I shall feel it again---but I can see no way of bringing that about for some long time. Something may happen, of course, that may make it possible----but, in the meantime, warm me up as much as you can.

The trouble is, we all have our hands and hearts so full. We all have so many problems to meet. Herbert and Mary cannot understand that your problems are as great as theirs. Jack and Ruth cannot see that any one has quite so many as they have at present. And each individual in the several families has much the same feeling, I imagine. To me, it seems as if Jack was having quite the hardest time. Financially, alone, he is being very hard pressed. He is working very hard--not too hard is every thing was going right in other ways, but----- Each one of the girls feels she should give up her work and go home and help. But the important thing for them is to fit themselves for earning money to help, if needed, later on. They must finish what they have undertaken, it seems to us, no matter how hard the pulling may be to bring that about. I do not know how things will open another year---it looks as though Ruth needed some one right now to stand beside her and help in the many little ways that few can see is needed. It is lovely to see Jack's devotion to her. And Herbert is just as devoted to Mary who is not particularly well these days. Nothing serious, of course, just sort of in need of comfort and quiet. Dorothy and Barbara Jean are with them for a month's "observation" by their family Dr.

But---in spite of problems and physical weaknesses--Life is very well worth living. We all feel that, even Jack, I think. I imagine they will be out here today, and we are planning our annual Thanksgiving trip. Where is the uncertain point.

It is time to get off to church--I wonder if you are in church now---Why no, you have gone and come back and are probably at dinner--and having your Sunday visit with the dear children--and they have grown so big and so companionable, I am sure.

God bless you, every one---

Mother

November 20 - 1928

Vancouver - California

Dear Wilder & Helen:

I am here without my address book and cannot be sure of the house address. Ruth is having almost-constant-headaches. The confusion of the two small boys, irritated by the almost-constant-leaving of big brother, Bob, was not good for her. So Jack asked me to come here and send the two little boys to Channah with the girls. That was all right for the end of the road - but it is pretty hard for the three college girls who were pretty busy before a house to take of two children to look after - not forced upon them. However - Ruth should not be left alone -

Headaches? drugs? which are to blame for the slow moving brain that finds it as hard to make connection? - Ah it is all very confusing - when your telegram came it seemed to open a way of escape to Jack, for who knows more about the brain than you? The question Christian Science? comes to you with this request, I know.

Jack hates it; is afraid of its influence on Ruth. He is determined that Ruth shall be guided wholly by him - the rock and the limpet - She is as one hypnotized, she is the limpet - He, at the same time, feels safer when I am with her to "read & talk to her." I administer the drugs, according to orders - and hold my tongue, and even in thought - try to make no criticism. Ruth is rather pitiful being pulled two ways -

I am glad that Jack wants to send her to you. I shall help you in every possible way. Can you take us both in? Will it be too hard for you Helen dear? - For it will make things harder in the home, of course - each new individual adds to the home cares - I shall hope to lighten those cares in some way -

Mary Anderson is to have them next at Christmas, and one of the reasons she is coming this winter is that - she wants to see for herself how Ruth is - so Fred told Herbert - so we cannot go until after her visit, although Jack is fretting about that -

Well - I had two shocks this past week - First,

Elizabeth has been making plans that - when
she has a school she & I are to have an apartment -
and it will be on a fifty-fifty basis. I told
her I should not know how to live that way -
it has never happened before -

Then your telegram - to think that, actually, one of
my children was in a position to pay my fare to
visit him!!! - Well, of course, that is just a little
fun to cover up some deeper feelings -

I shall hope - and expect - to pay it back to
you in time, but just now the demand exceeds
the supply. But I am determined to be a little
ruthless for a couple of months and go to Montreal
in spite of some of these same demands -

God bless you both for your love -
Mother

Van Nuys-California
November 26 1928

Dear Helen and Wilder:

I went home Friday afternoon in order to get a good start Saturday morning in getting things done there. Jack hated to have me go as Ruth had another headache coming on, the Dr. had been sent for, and he was frightened. But I did not feel that it was anything more than a sick headache from indigestion, Elizabeth was here and would stay until Sunday, and the little school-girl maid would be at home-----and I knew there was much to be done at home.

Saturday I worked in the garage, going through things, all day. I burned up more "valuable"? things and the two little boys were "mice" or "men" or boys all of the time I was there. They were as good as gold but sometimes it was rather surprising to find things I had thrown on the fire suddenly under my feet.

There are many things that have been waiting my attention for long and I would like to get them done before I go away. But--it will be impossible to attend to them all, so once more I am glossing things over in favor of the many things that must be done. The Christmas time is a busy time any way.

Ruth, Jack, Bobs and Gizella came out for dinner and so did Aunt Addie, although she was too late for dinner and so had

but a few moments with us. She came prepared to stay the week if I was to be at home, but I was needed here.

I stopped in Glendora to see the Andersens. Isabel was in bed--much to her disgust. She had eleven ribs cut at the time of her operation, and having been very car sick all the way out here it put back the healing of the wound and she is ordered to stay in bed, while feeling fine. The Carrs--who are in Pasadena--came while we were at Fred's, so there was quite a Hudson colony there. From there, we went over to see Madame Andersen. Miss MacDonald is with her---added to her other trouble she has been suffering with lumbago and neuritis and hemorrohoids. She is really quite a sufferer, although still hopeful.

Ruth came home with a headache--still has it, and it is so hard for her to find herself and--other things. She needs some one with her all right. I know that this trip will do wonders for her. And right here let me set your mind at rest as to the mental attitude of your prospective patient. It is true that she is a student of Christian Science, that she believes most thoroughly in it--but she also knows that as conditions are now she cannot depend on that treatment. There has been some mental conflict that has troubled her, it has been hard for her to give up and be willing to depend wholly on medical treatment. But she has given up, she is very glad indeed to know that there is the opportunity of being under your care, and I can assure you that she will be a willing patient and will do all in her power to ~~make~~ do her part.

Now as to when we may be able to leave home. We are all eager to start as soon as possible, but Mary Andersen's coming is complicating matters. Fred says--"Don't let that hinder your going"--but they have all told us that the main reason for Mary's coming now is that she may see for herself just how Ruth is. "One clear day" Mary writes that she must have with Ruth. We could plan to stop in Madison and see Mary on our way home from Montreal---but Ruth wants so much to see Mary when she sees the family.

However--I am to write Mary this morning, Ruth tried to do so but it was proving too hard a task, so I offered to write for her, and by putting it up to her---and talking to Ruth, I rather think we shall be able to make it before Christmas. But I shall let you know as soon as possible.

We, and Adams, are going to Claremont for Thanksgiving--will it be called dinner or breakfast?--twelve o'clock we sit down to the turkey and mince pie etc.

I am not only trying to plan for my Christmas giving--it will all be very small---but am trying to plan for Ruth, too--and for her clothes! And that is the hardest of all, for I have to meet their fear that I will plan too much.

But it will all come out all right--and now I have said no word about your gift to and for me--but my heart is a bit full and it is not easy to say what I feel about that.

God bless you both--

Mother.

98-123

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DR WILDER PENFIELD

2389

ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL MONTREAL QUE

IF YOU CARE SO MUCH I SHALL SURELY COME HAVE YOU TWIN
BEDS IN YOUR GUEST ROOM JACK WANTS YOU TO HAVE RUTH UNDER
OBSERVATION FOR A TIME MAY I BRING HER WITH ME MARY
ANDERSON COMES OUT FOR CHRISTMAS CANNOT LEAVE UNTIL
AFTER HER VISIT

MOTHER,

Death very welcome.

Please write ~~expensive~~ ^{all sorts of} ~~expensive~~ ^{things} ~~concerning~~ ^{concerning} ~~her~~ ^{her}.

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2396

DUE TOMORROW MORNING 730 GRAND TRUNK CAR 184

MOTHER.

M. 3460
M. 3650

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1928 DEC 5 PM 9 11
1928 DEC 5 PM 9 25

Lark 322

After 8:30 — 5.25 { 1.75 gm.
3 min

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3.50 gm.

Wired care Herbert

Herbert J. Penfield

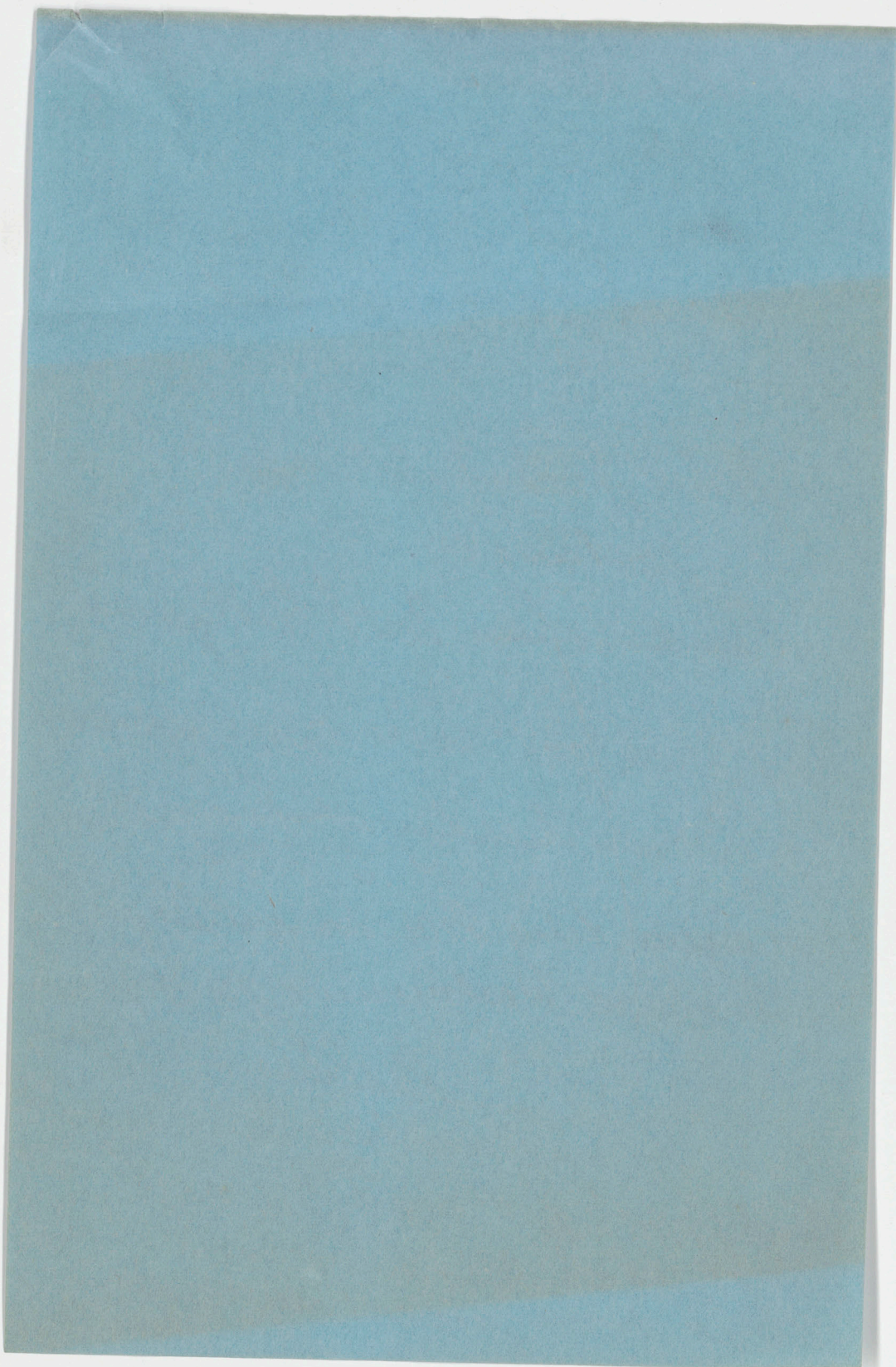
Hortense St.

~~Lampers fine~~ North Hollywood

Did Jack get wire considering
operation Tuesday if ~~he agrees~~
~~to~~ awaiting decision ~~via~~ telegraph
or telephone Westmount 9834

Wilder

Considering operation Tuesday
Did Jack get wire ~~stop~~ telegraph
or telephone Westmount ~~stop~~ nine eight
three four awaiting decision.
Wider





ENROUTE

Tuesday A.M.
Marilyn Mandan -
Dear Family in Montreal -
The worst kind of a cold
due to cold ? or due to neglect ? -
don't know -

Have had a marvelous trip
and delightful visits - Am
thinking much of you all.

Ruth has enjoyed every
minute of the way - but we
will visit when it is smoother
going - kiss each other for us -
Mother - Helen - Walter Jr. - Ruth Mary



Pissillo & Jeff, the beautiful
Remembrances to Franklin B. and
Marta -

Mother

Ruth's 3^d attack

April 27 1921

Dear Children so far away:

And you do seem so very far away from me now! It has been two weeks since I wrote you. Two busy weeks but I should have found the time to have written a few words had it not have been impossible to say anything in few words. If it had been entirely well with us I could have written but Ruth has had another one of her attacks and I could not write until I could pour out my heart to you.

She has been looking very well for some time and has seemed in such good spirits. Sunday evening the dressmaker came out to begin work on Monday. Ruth had two hard days on Monday and Tuesday having to go into L.A. both days when she felt she should be at work here. Mrs. Eastwood said she could only give us one week now because of our not having her come when she was engaged to come. Ruth was to have the first week and Mame the second. Ruth had been having a hard time to plan the work because of a shortage of money, and, all in all it evidently worked havoc with her. Tuesday night I had not more than dropped off to sleep when Jack came for me. She had three convulsions before the Dr. got there. He did not see her in one of them that night. The next night Jack went down to the American Legion meeting asking me to sit with Ruth until his return. Herbert and Mame were here so that it was nine o'clock before I could get over there. She had had one convulsion already and soon had another, I got Elizabeth up and sent her to the neighbor who had a car and had him go for the Dr. Jack did not get home until eleven o'clock--She had seven that night. Dr. Canby frankly says now that he was frightened. He thinks the great thing is to make her think he knows all about it and will cure her. He is so sure of it in talking to her that I find I am almost convinced myself. Now I want to tell you all about it as well as I can and I want you to be candid with me and tell me what you really think. You never told me what Dr. West said about it and now I want to know.

I began this letter this morning, wrote a little this afternoon and now it is bedtime. I do not seem to know how to begin. I wish you were here to ask me questions until I can get started.

There was no warning, it was like a bolt out of the blue sky. She felt as well as ever, tired when she went to bed but no more so than she often is. She had been worrying over not having the money for the necessary things that must be had for the girls. This is the third time she has had these spells. The first time in Glendale two years ago. Last Spring and now. Every time after worrying over money that was needed for the family, and about the same time in the year. She has never had convulsions before, you know. The time in Glendale Elizabeth was alone with her and I did not see her from the start to the finish of one of them. Last year I do not know about, excepting that they did not seem as bad as in Glendale. This is the only time when they came the second night. Every time they have come at night, and seemingly she has become unconscious before the spell and the unconsciousness lasts for a long time afterwards altho she will often answer questions so that one

does not realize that she does not know. Almost a complete loss of memory follows. That is, she does not now remember anything from the time she went to bed Tuesday night until Friday when we moved her into the other room. And for some days after she was trying to adjust herself and puzzle out what happened and what she had dreamed.

Her tongue is badly bitten in spite of all our precautions. Her eyes roll up, her mouth twists, her whole body is ~~rigid~~ rigid the lower limbs shake, while her hands are twisted. Blood from the biting, and some froth in the mouth---not always the froth, however. Her face becomes blue before the paroxysm is over. It is awful to see my little girl like that. Wednesday night she was very restless before each one--not so much so on Tuesday. She is very weak after them, she wets the bed but her bowels do not move. In Glendale she had been quite constipated before she was ill and her bowels moved often after it was over, almost all green froth. But she has been so particular to keep them moving well since then. In Glendale the pain in the groin and in the bowels gave her much trouble. This time the most of the soreness is in the back between the shoulders. She is just getting free of that, and her mouth is still not entirely healed. She was sick the 5th and 6th. It is now the 17th. Always a terrible depression follows, and that lasts for months. Fear and discouragement may be at the bottom of that?

Dr. gave her a hypodermic, and is giving her some quieting, relaxing remedy now. She took it, at first, every four hours, then at four o'clock and again at nine o'clock--now, and for the next month she is to take it before going to bed.

Dr. Canby says it is mental. When some women get worn out they get relief in crying, some in scolding, some have neuritis, some have one thing some another--Ruth loses her balance and the muscles are affected. He told her that there were two words in the English language she should learn the use of---Damn, and Oh Hell!!!!---or their equivalent.

Would it not be a good idea to have X-Rays taken of her body to see if there might not be some undue pressure some where? Would not pressure on some nerve cause this trouble? Can she not be helped, can she not be cured so that this horror of dread may be removed? Yet it is not due to dread, for the first time it came she had nothing to dread.

I wonder if I have told you everything. It is late, but I will just put down the facts of the past ten days or so. On Sunday, the third, Mrs. Eastwood came. I was just in the house and that was all. Tuesday eve. Aunts Addie and Elizabeth came. They worked from early morning until late at night all the time they were here. They certainly were good to us. Mrs. Eastwood went Friday afternoon. She worked well and could keep everyone busy. Of course I could do nothing but look after Ruth and the getting of the meals. Elizabeth stayed home from school, and was a wonder. Level-headed and capable. She can take such wonderful care of the baby and loves to do it. It was quite a strain on the little girl, I assure you. They got a lot of work done, and last week Aunt Addie trimmed our hats, and Aunt E. worked on the curtains. It took four hours hard work for each curtain. They look very nice now. Aunt Addie went down to Herbert's on Thursday evening, the 14th. Aunt E. went home the next morning taking Elizabeth with her to the oculist and keeping her over night and giving her a wonderful time. I am going to bed--Wish I was going to see you when you reach America---Lovingly, Mother

Wednesday!! And your letter that was already delayed a week is not gone yet! But, oh dear let me ~~sixtatah~~ stretch a bit for it is eleven-thirty and I have been going hard all the morning. I got up at five, out doors before six and did enough fussing around to discover it was too cold and I would better have my breakfast. Breakfast finished and at work in the garden hoeing--or cultivating with the two wheel cultivator--my volunteer potatoes by seven. Did all sorts of things with all sorts of tools in the garden until 8.45--changed my dress, did my room work and went at some ginger drop cookies--do you remember the ones I used to make in Spokane with sour cream, coffee, spices etc.? I have not made any for years and years. They are pretty good, too. Then the dishes and cleaning up the kitchen etc. etc.

Yesterday I did out an immense washing--some blankets as well as the regular washing. Last night I was so tired--when I stopped at four o'clock I was afraid I had really overdone it. For on Monday I had had a long hard the brain o' me, that means lumber you know, then hoe and rake a small piece between the grapes and the house around the laundry--and it looks fine and neat, I assure you, but there are a lot more little and big pieces I must treat in the same way--Then I went to unpacking some things so as to make it a little more convenient for the washing of the next day--and I lifted and pulled boxes and trunks around that laundry until I thought my arms would be pulled out and my back cracked. But bless you, this morning when I was dressing I laughed because I felt so in the spirit for more hard work. After breakfast I laughed again because everything seemed so well worth while. I have told you the hard work I am doing and enjoying so that you may know that I am in very good fettle, in spite of the old eczema.

After the two nights with Ruth it came out again on both hands but it is gradually getting better there. The spot on my arm and the six spots on legs and feet are most bothersome, but when I get into running order and things are running smoothly I hope it will disappear.

Let me tell you about my breakfasts. Coffee is ready by the time the toast is ready. I often cut the bread the night before and put it in the oven. Then when I put the coffee on I light the oven fire, leaving the door open. By the time I have set my little pullman table the ~~toast is ready~~ bread is well dried and warmed and it takes but a jiffy to put it under the flame and there is the crispest toast you ever ate all ready in no time. I have one or two oranges--the kind we buy for five cents a dozen--very small but sweet, or the kind you buy at the orchard for 50¢ a box, a little larger and delicious. Then I have some kind of cold breakfast food with cream on it. But I am not lonely, and I do not eat too fast for I put "Living Age" which is just the right size on one of the little bookracks--the one I bought in Oxford for the one you gave me is sacred to the desk, and I read and eat at the same time. The Living Age has so much in the way of short biographies of interesting people that I feel I have really been visiting.

Ruth comes over for lunch each day. I try then to have something nice to eat. Jack had the impertinence to say to me "I think Ruth needs tea or milk in the afternoon for she may not be getting enough for lunch." Now what do

think of that? I informed the young man that he was mistaken that we had fairly hearty meals. This noon we are to have lettuce salad, cottage cheese that I made this morning, and some baked potatoes with cream again. I buy a quart of milk a day, and she is not too particular to see that it is just a quart. So, as the cream is rich I get all I can eat and more too. But Ruth can always use the surplus in cream or milk. Then I get buttermilk from the same neighbor and drink much of that. I always feel so sort of wholesome inside after I have had a glass of buttermilk.

I usually go over to Ruth's for dinner. Not always, for I truly do enjoy my meals alone, and her family should be together once in a while. Jack gets away so early in the morning--by seven o'clock. Elizabeth is always up to get his breakfast and then waken the other two girls who sleep in the Annex. She and Margaret were to have that room but it looks as if it would be Margaret and Faith for Elizabeth is so needed at home. If Jack goes out for the evening, unless he is to be gone too late, Elizabeth stays up until fairly safe with her there. She certainly is a capable little girl, only she does not do all things thoroughly so Jack is inclined to underrate her ability, and she does get on Ruth's nerves she is so positive and argumentative. Why must every one with great virtues have just as great faults to even up? Margaret is so thorough as to detail, but she gets puzzled and tired if she is hurried--just as Ruth does. Elizabeth says she "hates the word hurry." She would rather hear "make it snappy". Faith does not mind if she does impose on her sisters by leaving her work for them to do. She has so many friends, so many places to go, and when she trails along home she is most attractive with her happy smile and always her hands full of flowers. She is certainly showing a talent for the violin, bless her.

Wilder is enjoying his lessons and is quite determined to overtake Faith. He and George go to the golf links very often--always on Saturday they are up and away from home by six o'clock. By getting there early they have a chance to play on the links before anyone comes and are on hand for the first comers. Wallace Reid calls them Bill and George and they adore him.

Mr. Hutchcroft can not last long, the sooner it is over the better for him and all of the rest. It is so terrible to watch people you love dying. I have not heard from him since Monday, but am expecting word that he is gone at any time.

My potatoes must be about done--and I must stop. David lost a half pound and he certainly looked as if he had lost more than that. But last week with the modified milk put in twice a day he gained a quarter of a pound. He has been quite hard to care for, with colic and unsatisfied stomach. He laughs and coos so sweetly when he does feel good. We hope he will have blue eyes, they do not show color as yet. And he certainly is a Penfield-Jefferson baby.

You will soon be on your way home--but here comes Ruth and I must not wait another minute--

Mother

Jul 7 9 English

T. W. MacQUARRIE
J. P. INGLIS
Principals

THE GALAHAD SCHOOL
HUDSON, WIS.

April 1st. 1919

Dear Children:

This is a hurried letter to Wilder and Helen, only. No setting, just a hurry before going home to breakfast. I will answer your questions as well as I am able, and only will stop to express how we have longed for you to know just how Ruth was taken sick so we might have a really truly interested and able opinion as to the cause etc. For we know if you had been here, if you had not understood it yourself you would not have stopped until you had the best knowledge to be obtained. But writing to you so far away seems so futile.

She has been getting thinner and thinner, her breath has been very bad for some long time, but she has always said she felt well. When the news came that Jack was ill she said nothing, as usual, but we could see that she was much worried.

She just interrupted me here to say a whole lot about how honored and happy she would be if you would prescribe for her---I have not the time to write all she said.

We had been here for the afternoon sewing for her and she seemed as well as ever. Went to bed without a thought of being ill. Elizabeth says she began to be restless, throwing herself about the bed and sometimes saying "oh dear" she said she ~~thot~~ thot she would be better in the morning, so she did not call me until she began to make funny noises (evidently the retching and she would not answer her when she spoke to her any of the time. E. thinks that began as soon as she went to bed and that she had not slept a minute, she is quite positive as to that. She called me about three o'clock. Ruth was unconscious, not rigid, but retching. She had thrown up some in the bed, and had also wet the bed. No the vomiting was not projectile-but dark and filled with white froth, indeed the most of it was froth at first, perhaps. after the Dr. had given her a hypo the froth became less but there was still some of it fairly well into the morning, say nine or ten o'clock, as I recall. The vomit changed ~~xxxxxxdarkx~~ from very dark to green and yellow-green. Not much at a time, however. The retching seemed to bring so little for the effort expended. Yes, she did bite her tongue--before I came over. No complaint or speech except that Oh dear. After I came she said nothing until after the hypo, and then she roused enough to know I was there and often said "Oh Mother"-- She had eaten nothing that the rest had not had. No pain before, but afterwards she did suffer with pain in the abdomen. First ~~xx~~ the whole abdomen was sore and then it concentrated on the right side and gave her much trouble for several days. The greatest pain came in the head, first on the right side and then on both sides, just above the jaw and in front of the top of the ear and shooting up into the head. The pain Dr. H. says Flu often leaves them with Those two places in the head are very sore to the touch even yet--she was taken ill March 6th. in the night. When she touch those spots now the pain is severe in proportion to the pressure and spreads, does not stay in one place like a bruise but seems to follow some nerve.

Ruth.

March 6.

Unconsciousness - restless - 7 hours

Vomiting + gagging - dark vomitus with froth.

Discontinuity of urine. Tongue bitter.

Complexion like lead & blue tinge

Thin - worried, hard work

Well.

Bad breath.

Irregular periods - amenorrhea 2 months.

Abdominal pain - localized

Following - lying on R. side

Pain Head - Bilateral

temporal. still

tingling

Fever - one day.

No, the attack was not like the others. Before she was married she was not unconscious, but could move nothing but her eyes. The heart had almost stopped beating then. When Bobbie was a baby she was perfectly quiet with eyes set, limbs staying where they were put. Retching and vomiting followed, however.

Her complexion has been bad for some time--yellow green sometimes. While she was in bed her complexion was, some of the time almost like lead with that blue tinge to it. Several days after the attack that color attracted my attention most strongly. She had fever on Friday but not afterwards. She was terribly depressed until she heard about the form that this third wave of the flu is taking and some of the symptoms being like hers and coming on suddenly has made her feel that she had such an attack. She had not been regular with her monthlies and for two months she had not come around. That came a couple of weeks ago, and altogether her thought has changed and she feels more hopeful and is getting well. Tires very easily, but is hopeful and in the morning full of energy again. But she stops work at noon and is now sleeping well. The good night's sleep have begun the past week.

And now I must hurry over, to my family.

Lovingly and trustingly,
Mother.