

immediately. It was clear of them -  
 Jack has his mind full of school problems  
 now. And is as nervous as Jack can get:  
 Elizabeth and Margaret come home today  
 and Ruth's anxiety to get the house cleaned  
 and in order is keeping her back from  
 getting hold of herself. But in spite of all -  
 the sun is shining - the birds are singing,  
 the flowers are blooming - "And God's in his  
 heaven - And all is right with the world" -  
 I shall be glad when I know you are in  
 America once more. I shall be more glad  
 when I see you. I will take the New York Central -  
 thank you for telling me - I was greatly interested in the  
 musical ability of the children - to know there will be  
 a great joy.

Helen dear - Milder dear - I am glad  
 you have had  
 this new view -  
 point - the  
 trip has given  
 you -  
 I am glad  
 the home -  
 coming is  
 so near  
 dear children -  
 I am sorry  
 that - this last letter  
 I am so sorry  
 that - will go to  
 from - will be written with a pen -  
 The typewriter - looked absolutely  
 and is making to be taken off the  
 hospital in town. I have written  
 Mrs Ross and Mrs Kemmer - this  
 morning - and I am not like you  
 Milder - I cannot think as well  
 with the pen - nor can I pull as  
 well - nor can you read it - so well  
 A busy week has just passed - it  
 would be vain to tell I pack and

Mother  
 Box 168 - Route 1  
 San Diego - California  
 September 2 - 1924

leave - but I am grateful to the Lewis family that they are willing I should pack and stay -

Mr and Mrs Harold moved in yesterday. They bring their own bedroom furniture and are settled in Mother Lewis' room. She has moved her bed into the dining room until I go - My bed and dresser has gone over in Elizabeth's room. And I have a Y.M.C.A. bed - four tables and - well I won't count the boxes that are piled all around the room. They are serving as dresser drawers as well as waiting to be sorted - miscany literature - some things to go to Mamie - some to go to New York - some to go with me on my travels - some to be packed away in the garage -

Ruth is having a very nervous time - Has been in the throes of fear - and sick headache etc for some days - I am tempted some times to faller in my plans for going away - but try to stute myself to the knowledge that it will be better in many ways for me not to be with her for awhile - Mothers are better away from their children some times - sounds queer dont it? -

Mame had her tonsils out - but the promised good health is not in sight as yet. The pain has gone all through her system and she is taking severe treatment - and feels unwell. I have not been over to see her as yet - but hope to do so this week.

I wrote Ray to see if it was convenient for me to visit them at this time and I declare the boy sent me a telegram begging me to come

Tuesday evening over the N. Y. Central reaching  
Riversdale Wednesday morning in time for breakfast.  
I will send you the number of train later - so  
there will be no mistake, altho. I think I have  
written it all before.

I left Los Angeles last Thursday evening - the 2<sup>nd</sup> -  
Herbert & I went <sup>with</sup> Louisa Clark - Ruth & I were  
on hand for the steak dinner at the Bull  
Pen Lun. but Jack was quite late. At the  
almost last minute - he discovered that the  
janitor's room was quarantined for diphtheria  
to make it the more serious the janitor's wife  
has charge of the school lunch room and two

of the boys are at work for the school - so he  
had some hurried adjusting to do.  
It seems quite like a dream that I am really  
on my way at last. I sent my trunk on pd  
send you the check - There will be some packages  
sent too - two boxes by freight - the typewriter by  
express & some books by mail. Don't worry,  
I am not sending all of my things.

Please do not be as very young that you  
will not be ready to listen to all of the  
family gossip of the past four years - I will  
try and take it by degrees, but I am afraid  
my tongue will really run an oval and  
and then my ears will be tingling to hear all  
that you can tell me on your side.

Los Angeles Limited

CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RY.  
UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM

The Station in Chicago  
October 6 - 1924

Dear children:

How far on my way - will  
reach Minneapolis tomorrow  
morning. I wish I knew when  
you are expected to land - I under-  
stand you are in New York now! -

I find you Cousin Florence's address  
I am quite sure - but will put it  
down again. Mrs Charles W. Cagen  
Route 2. Hall Road. Chgo

I shall hear them, I expect - next week

The account yesterday in the paper & the note  
has ordered joint account -  
I must look into it - Aunt Alice &  
Cousin Florence - I have your brown suitcase  
but this letter & Ruth's has been in house -  
and I am proud for a good big dinner  
I love you and most especially  
Mother  
I wish it to be the hand for you - I must one  
at 11 - in the place of the 25 change can  
before reaching Riverside? My bags seem a  
miserable one -

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
June 16 1924

Dear Children:

How the time is flying, it wont be long before I hear from you to send my letters to France or England or some otherwhere. The date is set for your sailing and it is only three months from now to then.

Faith has a birthday tomorow. She says she is not expecting anything this year for a birthday present for everything is being given to Elizabeth this summer. But Elizabeth is giving her a hard powder box that will delight her and I am straining a point to give her violin lessons this summer. And, because Margaret is such a lover of her horn and has worked so hard without any help from anyone--she has had five lessons in all--I believe--I shall give her her birthday present that wont be due until October 31st--tomorrow too. It would be hideous to give Faith a chance at her music when Margaret wants a chance so dreadfully and has been so sweet about not asking for it. So both of the girls will have their summer's work cut out for them. For if they do not practise like troupers I shall stop the lessons. But there is no danger of that. They will work all right what time they will have off from housework and baby tending and sewing. Elizabeth means to find work away f om home. It makes her rather sick to think that she has nothing definite ahead of her but Ruth laid down the law pretty hard--for Ruth -- that she was not to think of it at all until after school closed. She is working beyound her strength now.

The last two weeks have been rather hectic for the whole family over there. There have been so many school affairs etc. But now it is only digging for examinations and working for elections for next year. President of the

body nominees have their regular campaign managers as the president nominees of the U.S. has--and they are working hard. Margaret is running for president of the girl's League. She thinks she has no chance for one of her opponents is "the most popular girl in school"--she says.---Oh I guess it is the president of the Boys Booster club that has the campaign managers--and they all work for the president of the Student body. Anyway there is a lot of political messing going on.

Miss Wernlund--musical director--told Ruth that Faith had a wonderful voice. "A wonderful range--good quality and a perfect ear."---etc.etc. Faith is so happy over the prospect of having some musical talent that she can depend on. She has been meaning to make music her life work for some time. Besides that she is fast developing into a hard worker in all that she undertakes. She was very pleased with the Spanish newspaper.

A few weeks ago Ruth could never have gone through with the work and confusion of the past two weeks. She is getting along beautifully. And I? well I am getting well too. I have not had a severe attack of pain in my knee since last week Tuesday--and this is Monday. I do not mean that all pain is gone--I know I have two knees--and an arm and a place on my skin on my foot that burns and itches at times--and I am so stiff yet that I am quite aware that I have got to learn to use the muscles of my knees all over again---but I am better--oh so much better.

I wrote Dr Stewart that I was so much better that I would not be in to see him until the past week in June when I am to see Dr Frost again. I am not hankering for trips in town just yet. And he said he was glad I was better and it was all right to wait.

Mary Andersen sent another box--they come about every three months-- and it were A dark blue skirt and jacket and four wash blouses--and a gray skirt with a gray silk blouse all fitting Elizabeth perfectly. That means she is ready for school as far as clothes are concerned no matter where she may go this Fall. I do not know who is the more delighted and relieved--she or her mother.

The arrangement here at the house is working out as fine as possible. It is because of what they are saving me in outlay of money that makes it possible to give the girls the music lessons and still not interfere with my plans for the Fall visit to you.

Herbert and Mame left for Denver last Friday and I feel actually lonesome just knowing there is no chance of their coming in some night for several weeks.

In the magazine this week I am sending an account of a healing that was sent to me because we had known something of this case. What do you think of it? Coolidge and Dawes seem to us to be a pretty strong team. The situation is rather peculiar. Coolidge is evidently the choice of the people and the Republican leaders are obliged to accept him yet they have scouted his leadership in every way. Congress evidently does not want a president who is a strong leader.

With a heart full of love for you all

Mother

I have been hoping to find that speech of Coolidge's that you wanted but have not done so.

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
June 25 1924.

Dear Children;

A letter from both of you was a great delight. And I do appreciate the love you show in writing such wonderful letters. You are so busy--I realize it more than ever since Helen wrote down the order for the day. Every minute seems to be accounted for--and the wonder is that you get time and energy for even a little note. But I am saving of the letters--as always--and what you write now will be a form of diary for you to look back on in the future. It is possible that some day you will have the time and desire to look back over the life of earlier and younger years. Your lives have been so full of work and love that it will always be a living thing that has been caught in these letters.

Well, Elizabeth has been graduated from the high school--a great milestone has been passed and passed with honor. We were all very proud of her last evening. She looked sweet--her manner and voice were winsome, and the ideas of her speech were fine. Ideals--was the subject. Mr Gummire who spoke is a member of the U.S.C. faculty. His wife, especially was very enthusiastic over the idea that so young a girl could have just such a viewpoint of ideals. She--Elizabeth--had been into the criminal court when two young boys were being tried for the murder of an officer. She had been greatly impressed with the fact of these boys looking like clean fine fellows that one sees every day in the school life--and now they are sentenced to be hanged. That seemed to have been the basis of her speech. What had they lacked? Ideals. Her optimism as to the certainty of the high ideals of this class of 1924, and as to what they would mean to the world was very well, very clearly, and very surely made plain. I believe each member of that class had a feeling that there was one girl who truly believed in him. Ralph Bellar, the other class speaker spoke on peace and it, too, showed, not only ability in the working out of his ideas but that he had unusual ideals too.

Jack's remarks were fine and right to the point. Mr Gummire made a speech that left an impression that will not soon be forgotten. And Cousin Louise was most attractive in looks, manner as well as speech. She has the ability to make her hearers remember what she says because she can make them laugh with her.

Elizabeth had quantities of flowers given her, and so many, many gifts that all in all she is a most happy little girl.----and now for the new plans. There is not much breathing space between scenes in this life.

Yes, I am really planning on going to visit you this Fall. It seems almost foolish sometimes, for there are really some few lions in the way. But lions have a way of turning tail and running when they are attacked quite in a determined manner, and I am whetting up my battle axe and sword and a few other weapons of defence and I am expecting to see the hind quarters of the animals before many moons.

Ray is looking forward to my making them a visit on my way to New York and I hope I may do so--but that is hidden behind the lions too. He wrote to Herbert asking for a date for a dinner with him--Sarah is in Washington now--and also offering them the use of his Hupmobile for any trips they may like to take.

One of the interesting things Elizabeth received was a marshmallow  
toasting fork made of orange wood--I should judge

sent to her from Mrs Price. I seem to be very careless with my writing this morning. I am afraid I am sleepy. I have had two nights of nightmare dreams that have seemed to soak in somehow. And going to any entertainment at the high school leaves me mighty tired because of the long stairs I have to climb. The pain in my joints is so very much less, but the stiffness and especially the weakness is very apparent yet. Whenever I am on my feet a little more than usual it takes some days to get back again. Louise brought Ruth and me home last evening. She one of the big deep-seated cars - I am not used to them, you see, and my knees were so surprised at the extra effort I expected from them it was almost a question in my mind--and perhaps in the minds of the others as to how I was going to get up on my feet and get out of the car. But I did it finally--it must have been quite a sight to remember. But they are better.

I hope you are enjoying the magazine Time and the other scraps I am sending. Things are rather interesting politically, of course. I am wondering if the present disgust with Congress will be shown when it comes to election. It seems to many of us as though we needed a change. Lodge has perhaps served his time. Wisconsin is consistent, at least.

How I shall want to help you with Wilder junior. He must be very like his blessed father when he was a boy, Helen dear. I do not seem to have been of very great help to Ruth and her children in many ways, but--to read to Wilder and try to answer some of his questions would be a great joy to me. He is a very living personality in my love and imagination even though it has been so long since we have known each other. And to read aloud to you? Well, you know how I always did enjoy doing that.

But I must stop talking now and do some other things. Everything here is going on beautifully and smoothly. Love for you all, and thank Alice for her interest in my coming. I hope she will not find me a nuisance.

Your loving Mother.

For the next two years George will be connected with the warship Tennessee. I do not know as you will need his address but it is as follows--  
Private George J. Penfield

Marine Detachment

U.S.S. Tennessee

Care-Postmaster

San Francisco

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
July 3 1924

Dear Children:

Every one in the neighborhood seems to be preparing for the glorious Fourth. Some of us with a great enthusiasm and joy in the prospect and others of us with a sort of dread and a wishing to cut out the day entirely. We open the papers each morning with a question as to the convention in New York. Poor Brian seems to be losing hold on his party. Even if one does not give him allegiance yet he is a good man and an honest one and it is always hard to see such a man lose his hold. The K.K.K.s should never have been allowed to make an issue. They are certainly a menace against religious liberty and emphasize racial feeling in a hideously unAmerican way.

Elizabeth went North with Mr Nordvold--one of the elders of the church--and two of the C. boys. Carter Bishop is a son of another elder and Herman Alling is well backed by his parents in the church besides--he is the "best boy" as far as Elizabeth is concerned. They left ~~Friday~~ <sup>Monday</sup> morning reaching San Jose where the meetins were to be held, at midnight that night. They went to a hotel for the night and reported for the C. meetins on ~~Saturday~~ <sup>Friday</sup> morning. After telephoning the MacQuarrie's the three took Elizabeth over to Palo Alto. Elizabeth stayed all night with the Mac's and Will took her back the next morning. Then on Sunday she spent the day with them. They left there Monday morning and reached home at two o'clock Tuesday morning. Several blow-outs having delayed them. They had a glorious time. Mr Nordvald being the youngest of the party. (Years ago he used to play baseball--professional--with Jinky Johnson. He lived somewhere in Minnesota.) He was educated for the ministry--but not being a very fluent talker he gave it up and went into the undertaking business--made some money there but is at leisure just now.

Elizabeth came home with her hair bobbed. It may be that when her hair gets shaped to her head it will be becoming but I do miss her beautiful hair that gave her such a dignified appearance. Tuesday morning Jack, Ruth and Elizabeth went to Pomona to see about her chances of getting into college there. Her application was made for next year but she will go to Southern Branch in L.A. for this year. Herman and Gertrude, his sister, go there besides many of Elizabeth's friends, but she has not wanted to do so. Probably because she has never yet become right comfortable on the trolley--like Will, it affects her stomach. But she will probably go in with the Allings in their car and she will be happy in every way to do that.

Yesterday morning--Wednesday--Elizabeth and Margaret went to Catalina. Edna Black and her sister--both high school graduates of this year, and Edna being a great friend of Elizabeth's--went over earlier and all four girls are hoping to get places in the cafeteria for the summer. The season opens the first of July and the great day of all will be tomorrow--of course. They pay good wages, and furnish room and board. Eight hours a day and at irregular times so there is a chance for swimming, tennis etc. As Margaret is looking towards tennis championship laurels--some day -- she is expecting great fun. Elizabeth was not so enthusiastic. "There is no novelty in Catalina for me this year--I wanted to go some where else. It took

Margaret a long while to make up her mind to be willing to go to work--but she owes Elizabeth \$50. for her horn and I guess she felt she would better get that debt off her mind. Faith was rather stumped at first to think that she would be the only girl left in the Inglis family. I have been making fun of her telling her she would be expected to do all of the cooking, dish-washing, cleaning, ironing, putting up the fruit, taking care of the baby-etc.etc. besides practicing four hours a day on her violin. At first she looked at me rather doubtfully, not knowing how much I really meant. But she is a good sport--that little Faith of ours. And she and her mother have always been the best of friends and very congenial.

Faith has been using a violin belonging to some one else. It is needed now by its rightful owners and she is out and injured. So I told her if she could find a good violin on which she could make monthly payments, I would see that it was paid for, and she could take but one lesson a week instead of two as we had planned.

We all enjoy all of your descriptions of life in Madrid, and no one more so than Faith. Elizabeth said--"Well Faith, you will learn so much about housekeeping this summer you will be all ready for marriage, wont you?" You should have seen the look on Faith's face. "Married why I need ten years more before I even can think of being married." But Elizabeth does not want to wait ten years nor anything like it.

Ruth is looking very well, in spite of all the confusion and work and real breathlessness of the past few weeks. Jack has not recovered the full use of his voice yet. I think I told you that he lost his voice entirely when school closed? No, I guess I have not written since then. He had no cold, he was simply work out.

New rules have been made and he will have to do some studying himself, during the Summer. He will have to pass some examinations and pretty stiff ones on the Constitution etc. if he wants to keep his place in school. A good thing, but it does work a hardship on all new principals who have not been in the executive work for five years past. The "etc." means, especially, along the lines of the executive part of the school work.

The pain has almost left my knees--not my arm, as yet--but a good appetite and almost no exercise does not make me much lighter, and my knees are so powerfully weak that it is sometimes hard to navigate. But it is something to be free of pain. I seem to have no desire for going in town or being on my feet any too much. And as long as I stay very quietly at home I can indulge myself in that way. I do not even care to go to the Movies, right here in Van Nuys, nor do I care for any long trips in the auto--I am truly getting very lazy, yet I seem to find a lot to do right here. Reading, mostly, and I always like to be near a negligee and the bed in summer, anyway. So--I have given myself this summer just to be as lazy as I please. Mrs Lewis is too good a cook. I only care for toast and ~~coffee~~ coffee in the morning--this morning I had besides--an egg, and some delicious fried hominy. Too much--but I ate it all.

I have not heard from Herbert and Mame since they left, but I did not expect to do so. They have enough to keep them busy with visiting and the heat.

A long way letters have to go? Your letter that came two or three days ago was written June 8th. And it is July now. Almost four weeks and the answer will be another long time in going. Right now you may have left Madrid--And I wont know anything about it until you are beginning to talk of the homeward trip--But the miles it takes for our written word is not the real distance between us. Our minds, our love travel fast--and I have never yet felt that you were a long, long distance away from me. I guess the political uncertainty is everywhere. The war has unsettled us all. It is hard to get back to normal, and when the normal comes I wonder if we will have a clearer vision of the meaning of life than we have had in the past. It is certain that our understanding of the vital things will have changed, at least. And I am very optimistic--we are well meaning folk, on the whole, and much of our thoughtlessness and ignorance will have been washed away by the time we begin to take account of stock again.

months--- Mother

Loving you all so very much, and expecting to see you in a few

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
July 10 1924

Dear Children:

I am wanting this morning to copy a little from the letters of the two girls at Catalina. I am always wanting to give you something that will illustrate the characters of the girls, sometimes I wonder if what I say is really telling you just what kind of girls they are. But always you must recognize the fact that Elizabeth is somewhat lacking in humor -- ~~to her own best interests~~ -- She has no idea that she lacks in that way and sometimes that makes it all the funnier for us who are looking on. Really a person who lacks in humor is much to be pitied. They make things so much harder for themselves. On the whole, I think she is more unselfish, really, though she often makes her very unselfishness a little harder load for others to carry simply through her inability to see the joke of the thing.

You know they are in Catalina and working at Boos Cafeteria. One other thing keep in mind. Margaret has been growing so fast that she has not been able to work steadily and when she does work it is half heartedly because she wants to rest so much. She will do a little -- yawn a little and do a little more than sprawl out on the couch with every muscle relaxed. When there is tennis or horn practicing or swimming there is no lack of energy. So -- listen to the pretty, tall, muscular-looking bobbed hair, dimpled girl -- Margaret. *Something of a crawl when she talks.*

"Well, at last we got work at Boos Brothers (written July 5th.) at 12 yesterday noon and worked straight through to 8.30 with half an hour to eat our lunch-supper. First, I worked at the bread and butter and buns and rolls and corn bread and coffee cake and so on I flapped butter and tossed buns onto the plates until I learned what hard and fast work was. Goodness Gracious -- just mobs of people came in. There were five counters and everyone was just crowded for hours and hours. Of course, everyone butter etc. and I worked and worked and worked. Next I worked in the kitchen. Cleaned berries, cut lemons, rolled silver, and hulled strawberries (with my fingers) nails. After my lunch-supper I served bread, rolls, buns, cornbread, biscuits --- and butter (you know) to hundreds of people. After this I wiped dishes for an hour. Talk about Turkish baths -- we had it. Sweat just dripped off you and ~~it~~ dropped from the ceiling above. Elizabeth worked at the salad counter, helped in the kitchen and did dishes. After we got through work we watched -- or rather I did Elizabeth was too tired -- the fireworks. There sure were some beauties. -- Then follows a description of their room but it is rather jumbled and I will draw from the more orderly account of Elizabeth for that. -- To continue with bits from Margaret "I went in swimming yesterday morning --- was keen. Played tennis Thursday afternoon and had a fine time -- you know -- I met three awfully nice boys there. Say you should see the card that one of them gave me I'll show it to you when I get home, because I can't describe it. I must stop for it is time to resume my labors."  
(Boys are just boys and nothing else to Margaret -- she is so like a boy herself.)

Elizabeth does not say much about the work -- but tells about their rooming place. \$80. a week is paid for a good-sized room little kitchenette -- stove and wash-tub -- electric iron -- and one bedroom. Eight people occupy the place. (There is a toilet too.) Each pay five dollars a week -- and camp out. A woman and her neice have the bedroom. Edna and Erna (friends of the girls who graduated from high school this year) have a bed in the big room where there is a table and Cheffonier and hooks for clothes.

Margaret and Elizabeth have a bed on the front porch as do another girl and-- perhaps her mother, a married woman, however. We have not the relationship figured out. They are all nice, congenial people. Good beds, good air, good company. A chance to wash and iron their clothes, and rest whenever they please. They get \$12. a week and their board, so they will be able to save the most of it--or half of it, I should say. Elizabeth will save half of it and Margaret must for she owes Elizabeth \$50 for her horn. Elizabeth drew the plan of the house and just where everything was placed. "We have pretty good meals. They give us servers what was left from the day before, usually. We don't get any fancy salads or desserts, but lots of meat. I have served salads, deserts, cereals, and fruit besides numerous other things. If variety is the spice of life this has been three days of red pepper." Then comes her call for all the "old white waists, blouses, and middies you can scare up. Our aprons cover the front of our waists and our skirt. I don't recall any, but if there are any old white dresses at home we can wear them.. They are living quite a distance from the cafeteria and over a hill so she thinks exercise will keep down any extra flesh that might accumulate. (Kiss Stuart for me is her last word.) The difference? Margaret does not mention the baby--nor the need for clothes nor arrangement of rooms. Nor what she is reading.

The next letter from Margaret to Faith--

My but I ~~am~~ having a dandy good time. I havent been real homesick yet This is no slam to you all, but every one is so nice here, and I am with three swell girls, and-- well I'm just having the best time ever. I have a permanent job at last. Scared stiff the last few days that I would have to leave because they didn't need me. But I now work at the vegetables on the second counter. I am also learning to serve and carve meats. Elizabeth is working at the salads on the second counter right alongside of me. Erna and Edna also have steady jobs, but on the third counter, and have different hours. Our schedule is-- Lunch and breakfast--10.30 Work 11-3.30? Dinner 4.30---Work 5-8.30!-(The late breakfast hour will not disturb either girl because they seldom care for breakfast at home.) "We like our new hours much better because we have time in the morning to swim and play tennis. Edna's day off is Monday. Elizabeth's is Wednesday and Erna's and mine Thursday. We girls just have the best times. After coming home we exchange incidents of the day, read, write, or go to the dance. We wont be able to go to the band concerts except on our days off. I surely am sorry for I like them so much." Then ~~follows~~ follows some jokes on the other two girls--"You ought to wipe dishes in that kitchen for you'd have the time of your life talking with Mexicans!--- "Nothing like Catalina climate" "Ta Ta old Deah"

A good experience for them--I suppose. I do not like their mingling with the Mexicans--exactly--but after all, I do know that many fine young men as well as girls do take just such positions as these during the summer while going through school. And these four girls are good stuff and trustworthy. Elizabeth and Edna and her sister will go to Southern Branch this year and hope that E. will have the opportunity of going to Pomona next year.

Are you willing that this shall be my letter for this week? There is nothing of very vital interest happening to me personally. I go no where and see no one. Although this week Jack did take Ruth and me in town on Monday. We stopped in Hollywood to see Addie a few minutes. Arthur is better in some ways. And then I waited at the store while Jack and Ruth shopped. We had lunch and then went out to see Cottie. She is out of the hospital again and looks just as she always did. Then we came back and went to see the Sea Hawk and were glad that we did. Then came home. Of course, I felt the effects of getting tired in my knee but it is getting better--if I can keep on humoring it. Although I am using it more and more. With a heart full of love for you all.

Mother

Van Nuys, California  
September 28 1924

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Of course, it never was settled in my mind as to the date of your sailing. Did you sail yesterday? Or will it be tomorrow you sail? But at any rate, I think it will be all right to start a letter off to you tomorrow. I can give you some very definite data, I think, as to my expected movements. Ruth has been ill, and it seemed at one time as though my trip would be delayed--but she is recovering quite rapidly, and I leave here Thursday evening, October the second. I leave Sa Francisco Friday morning--reach Minnesapolis Tuesday morning--visiting Ray and the Earnest MacQuarries

and spending one day in Hudson--Leaving there Saturday evening reaching Cleveland Sunday afternoon and stop off for a visit with Cousin Florence, and leaving there Tuesday evening I will expect to reach Riverdale-on-Hudson Wednesday morning on the New York Central--no. 4--in time to take breakfast with you the 15th. of October.

If there is any change--I will let you know in time.

Ray's address is 1722 Hennepin Ave. Minneapolis. But you will scarcely get a letter to Minneapolis--You will be able to reach me by letter--and I hope you will--by directing Care of C.H. Clague--Hall Road Route 2 North Olmstead--Ohio.

Should you telegraph to North Olmstead--"Tell the operator that the message must be telephoned to Lakewood-5621 R. Charles people live in Rocky River and that is their telephone No. He stops there each day going into Cleveland to get any business message that may come to him.

This is Herbert's birthday. His birthday dinner was last evening. I was there for chicken--Irish potatoes-mashed-Sweets baked in a syrup--creamed Cauliflower decorated with pimento--gravy--jelly--coffee--Ice cream and the pink iced-candle lighted Angel Food cake. It was all delightful. I had been in town all day looking after tickets-- doing last errands, and failing to see Cottie for a goodbye, as she

had gone in town to get some new glasses. Too bad, for I fear I cannot make another visit. This evening Jack, Ruth and I are going in to have supper with Will and

Winifred.-- Perhaps I have not told you?--why of course not-- Will has a good

place in a new Dept. in the U. of Southern California. A sudden offer--and move.

He likes the work, they found a pleasant house with four bedrooms--Father Mac. is with them-- and like the schools for all three children much better than in Palo Alto.

Mrs. K. has told me about the room she occupied in your home--and I am looking forward with great desire to have the same feeling of being "at the top of the world."

It sounds most intriguing--and I know that is what I want. I have been wanting to be near the ocean--but I could not seem to make any plan work--and the "top of the world" delights me.

I believe today has been the hottest day of the whole season--beginning towards eleven o'clock and now at four the breeze is coming in delightfully, and the night will be almost cold. Not like the Madrid weather. I will try and answer all of

the letters when I see you. And will tell you all of the items of interest that have taken place since I have been writing you. It is time now to go and dress for going

in town. I am planning a dandy dinner for Thursday evening. At the Bull Pen Inn-- with Herbert and Mame-Ruth and Jack--and George and Louise Clark. Dinner at 5.30

My train leaves at 7.45

Goodbye--until I write again-

Mother

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
June 8, 1924

Dear Children:

Herbert and Mame were over last evening to say goodby. They leave on Friday morning for Denver and Hudson. Mame was not been feeling well and Dr. says it is low blood pressure. I hope the trip will make her up to par again. Herbert does not see why I may not begin to plan for a trip to New York this Fall. So I am beginning to take notice a little along that line--but shall not work very hard at it until I am in better physical condition. The arrangements here are working out very well indeed. I am resting and keeping off my knee. I am enclosing Dr. Stewart's letter in regard to the X-Ray pictures. Now you will know more of the actual condition. I have not answered him yet---but I think I will wait a little while before trying the cages.

Yesterday Ruth had their cousins out for a two o'clock dinner. She did everything for the dinner except the setting of the table. I managed that. Mrs Lewis cleaned and run errands and washed many of the dishes and proved very kind and helpful. Mr Meade Love who married Louise Inglis is a fine looking man. They have been married twenty years, I believe so they are not young. He is very deaf--perhaps more so than Father was--but I loved to talk to him, it seemed so like old times. He is such a happy man in spite of his handicap. They had their sixteen years old son and an eleven years old daughter. Then Mrs Beatty Inglis had her young daughter with her. They were all very cordial and genuine.

Today Elizabeth received another wrist watch, very like the one I gave her, from Mary Andersen. Mary said if she had one it could be exchanged for something else. But Elizabeth says she does not want any more jewelry--until she has an engagement ring. Cousin Florence is sending her a coral necklace and a coral bracelet. She had a chance to buy them at a bargain--three strings of the coral--and took them to a jeweler to be made up. He assured her that she had a bargain. They are genuine--are becoming rare--and if taken care of will increase in value.

I am so glad you have rented the house--even though it was not for enough to pay expenses--yet it will help out a little. Your letters are so very interesting. Mrs. K. sent me a bill about the bull fight. It did not strike me that you were any too enthusiastic about the entertainment. Your meeting with Cahol--his kindness--the trip to Toledo--the letter from the French doctor--all interest me greatly.

So you think Spain out Califeras California? All right--just wait a few weeks and I will write you all about the delightful mornings and evenings--and the many pleasant days that relieve a few days of mid-day heat. You think we brag a good deal about our enterprise here--but here is a tribute from the East--- The contest was the National Oratorical contest of the high school pupils writing on the constitution. You may recall that Elizabeth took part in the contest of last year.

I am sending a story of a bird duel thinking the children would

enjoy it. I will slip in some more political notes too. One man says "As a leader of his party, Cal can't be regarded as much of a success, but if he could lead his party we'd think a lot less of him."

I am sending you lots of love--I seem not to have much news in me today.  
Mother.

An Englishman is listening over the Radio and says to his wife--"I believe I have America--I hear a kind of chewing sound."

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
June 4 1924

Dear Children:

"I'm a Lady"--yes, quite a lady I am. All of my meals are served on trays in my own room--and I do not even have to dust my room--I do make my bed and keep my things picked up and I am in the throes of doing up a lot of back ironing of napkins especially. Things that have been collecting and would not be quite fair to hand down to my successor. Besides the dropping of the reins in the house I am having the pleasure of seeing things outside gradually coming into shape. Mr. Lewis does an hour's work before going over to the Morris place and about an hour after he comes back from there. He is not only doing the work but he knows how and I do not have to boss the job, just to let him know about what I would like to have done sometime when he has the time.

Mr and Mrs Lewis are English people. Her brother lives in Kingston on Thames in the same house where once lived Frances Hodgson Burnett. Her name was Warrainer--and perhaps her family holds themselves a little above the Lewis family--although she is devoted to her own man. From my standpoint I should think he might be the better man of the two--in a way. She is nice looking, fairly well educated, gentle and refined. Possibly she works less than she talks and he may work more than he talks--although he has a fine sense of humor and makes some most interesting quips--although they are gentle ones. She has not such a vast amount to do here--of course--and she keeps up her end all right, although she may think she does more than she does. "If you know what I mean"? But anyway--I am treading clover just at this moment. And if I can keep off my feet awhile perhaps I shall be better able to use them than I can now.

I was in town again last Monday. My skin is better but not doing as well as Dr. Frost thinks it should so he gave me the third ointment to use. "Be careful for it went wash out of anything it touches." Nice stuff to soak one's feet in? Dr. Stewart wanted an X Ray taken of my knee. He thought it a mere matter of changing the heels on my shoes--but--well, I cannot yet feel it is wholly that. I cannot but feel that it is nerves rather than muscles. The pain comes on so suddenly and leaves so suddenly. The outside of the knee shows no inflammation--but after a session of pain it is so sensitive that a mere touch is very painful. They are mighty stiff even when the pain is not in evidence to any extent. However--he will get a report of the picture and will write me so that I can send it to you if I desire. He is just as sweet and dear as he can be.

This is a hectic time for the Inglis family. Jack's cousin-- Louise Inglis Love is one of the vice presidents of the Florida Woman's clubs. She is here as state delegate to the Bi-ennial convention. Florida has a candidate for the presidency--one of three--and she is mighty busy. With her are her husband--Meade Love--her sixteen year old son--Inglis, and her eleven year old daughter--also her sister-in-law Mrs Bainty Inglis and her eleven year old daughter. Six of them--and wanting to get acquainted with the California cousins big and little. June is the busiest month in school life. And added to the

regular work is the opening of the new Gym. "Jim-Jinks" takes place on Friday night. They are to have a regular carnival of sports and you know how Jack would be mixed up in everything. Elizabeth went in town with me on Monday and we bought her watch that I give her for a graduating present. She went to lunch with me and then she went to the Alexandria to meet the cousins. She entertained the youngsters all afternoon and they think she is a wonderful acquisition. Jack and Ruth went in later in the afternoon and stayed to dinner with them. In the meantime I was hung up at the X-Ray Dr's office until too late for the 6.20--I had hoped to get the 4.50--- and no other car until 7.30. That would bring me home after dark and a fairly long walk over a road full of holes. I had my tiny flash-light but I did dread that walk after dark. I almost telephoned the hotel to Jack to beg that I might go home with them but I knew they would insist on my going to the hotel--and I did not feel like meeting strangers. So--I came home. It was nearly nine and I did not report to the girls. Jack came home about 10.30 and the girls were sure I was not home. Ruth sent Faith back to the 11 O'clock car -but I was not there. So Ruth came over here and called under my window--I made no answer--I was sleeping the sleep of the just--but she listened until she heard me move and sigh--and knew I was in bed.

Elizabeth is hard at work on her speech--there are many little things in wardrobe fixings that are calling Ruth-- Saturday they have a picnic with the cousins at Santa Monica Beach--and Sunday they come here for dinner. Ruth will get the dinner but it will be served here. Fourteen of us to sit down.

In the confusion of my mind etc. I forget how near the sixth of June is to us. I am so sorry. But My little check will reach you in time for the 8th. of July anyway. Will you buy some little thing for the children there in Spain? Perhaps something that will be a souvenir that will be pleasing for them in after years? Dear little children, how I would like to see them. But I am hoping for the coming winter anyway.

Herbert and Mame will be leaving for their trip in about ten days now. How the time does fly. I do so enjoy your letters--and how lovely that Helen can do the drawings for you. Faith's birthday comes the 17th. of this month and Elizabeth says she is afraid that no presents will come her way this year because big sister is graduating. I presume it may make some difference--still--perhaps not. She had her voice tested yesterday and she is so happy over the test. High soprano and a very wide range. But she will sing second soprano in the glee club to be sure of no straining of the voice. You know she is quite anxious to make school music her profession. She plays in the orchestra but while she is improving in her reading her violin tones are going back. She has not taken any lessons for more than a year. She should take lessons this summer and work hard and then get the rest of her music for the year in her school. Margaret is the hardest worker in music and has never had a chance at real lessons on her cornet. She plays in the orchestra too. You recall how hysterical she used to get when ever tired? She takes it out now on her cornet and it proves to be very soothing to her.

But on to the mail box--and the ironing. Love for each and every one of you.

Mother

patience and feel sure the right thing will come in time--but it is hard to wait. He does want to get settled. He feels his best and dearest friends are right here--and wants to be near them.

I missed your Mother's Day message--but I knew you were thinking of me. Ray's came--as a lways--on the Saturday before. Ruth brought me some roses and Herbert and Mame came up in the afternoon with a big bunch of snapdragons. Children like mine are wonderfully dear.

I think I told you that Dr Stewart sent me to Dr. Frost a skin specialist and he thought he could cure my trouble? He felt quite confident when I saw him yesterday after a week of his prescription. He gave me another salve that is evidently pretty strong from his cautions--and I am to report again in a week.

I did not see Dr Stewart this time as he was busy with the Dr's convention. I wish he had been as successful with my knees and arm. I am not going to let him operate--however.

It is most interesting to hear all about your new experiences over there. But we are curious to know if the children are going to a Spanish or an English school? Are they learning Spanish?

Fred and Isabel will be here on Sunday for a few days and Mrs Andersen will go back with them. She does enjoy her winters out here very much. Wish we could see more of her.

I do not know if you care at all for McGroarty--you have never said-- but I am sending you another page that may make you a little better acquainted with him. I do not know how much you know of American public opinion--nor how much you care about keeping up with it while you are away. I am sending a copy of Time--it will be a little old--but you may get some fun out of it. If you care for it I will send more of them so be sure and let me know. It may seem like a message from home -or it may be your minds are so much taken up with the new thing you both have to learn while you have the opportunity that you will not really care for this kind of news. Be sure and tell me just how you feel about it.

with much of love to you all -  
Mother

May 16 1924

Dear Children:

It is after five o'clock--the water is running on the lawn--the warm day is growing cooler Jack sent over a dish of icecream that has just refreshed my inner man--and I almost believe that I can get up enough pep to write a little bit.

David came over as I started with dust mop and carpet sweeper to brush up a little. "Oh I can do that Naneen" and he took the sweeper from me. I went on with the mop and he went over the whole house with the sweeper moving every chair to sweep around and under it. When we finished we put the things away and since then he has had quite a feeling of responsibility in seeing that the house is clean. While he was at work he stopped to examine one of the rugs and was quite interested that the pattern was made in blocks.

I must tell you about Elizabeth's latest honor. She has been elected Valedictorian for the girls and Ralph Bellar for the boys. The only two to speak at the graduation. It was a free ballot cast by the class--no nominations having been made, and it was practically unanimous for Elizabeth. When one thinks of how much school she has missed the last year on account of her health we feel that it is quite remarkable. She is very happy over it. She feels she must earn more money this Summer and she and Edna Black who is a great friend of hers and who means to take up nursing next year--training, I mean--- have made application for the opportunity of serving tables at Camp Curry in the Yosemite. I hate her doing it--but this time she will have a good friend with her. Last Summer at Catalina she was alone.

No, Herbert's car is not a limosine--for limosines are seven passenger are they not? His must be a sedan? It is very nice, anyway. He is doing very well indeed. But it does not seem as though real estate can be a very sure for lasting business? Some day it would seem that all the land would be in additions and then it must stop? There are so many many of them. Still--the cry from the doubters, or the timid ones, or those who felt sure they knew it all, --- take your choice, call them anything you like--- for years and years has been the same and the country has been moving right on just the same. Father used to be sure that it was only the tourists that made California boom and that the tourists could not build up a solid foundation-- It was all going to smash some fine day. That was twenty years ago and I guess every one who believed in the country has made money.

It seems to you that you will never have as much as he has. They think you and Helen have a lot more than they have. Will thinks Jack the luckiest of men that he has a wonderful thing here---Jack feels the great pressure of the work and the expense of things and wonders how he can pull through. I guess we are all better off than we realize and we worry a deal more than we should.

Will hoped to finish his thesis this past semester but Dr Kelly wanted him to add more statistics before it was finally offered. That means a going back over the whole thing and in order to do it he would have had to neglect so many other things that needed his attention. So he will not offer it until Summer. He wants very much to come to L.A. to teach. Would like a High School. He could get a place as teacher but he feels that he owes it to Winifred to give her a bigger salary than a regular teacher would get. He knows he should have

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
May 5 1924

Dear Children:

Oh Wilder your letter written on the 8th, and finished on the 13th, came Saturday and it was surely a delight. We have all read it here--No, Elizabeth and Margaret were at Santa Monica attendin the C.E. convention so they have not heard it yet. But we thought it was worth reading to the Kermotts--and so yesterday Herbert and Mame, Jack and Ruth and I went over to Glendale--and found they were now living in Upland. Of course we have no telephone but Herbert has and they wondered why Mrs. K. had not telephoned them. Perhaps she did try and get them and they were not at home--I expect they must have gone off in a great hurry at the last. At any rate we were sorry not to have seen them before they went.

Faith is going to take it to her Spanish teacher to read parts of it in class. I was rather interested when you said you did not know why the man with the lantern did not let you in the house from the inside rather than from the outside. Faith said--"Oh I know. Up to a certain time they could have used their own key if they had one. But after a certain time the watchman who goes about the street calling the hour--has to use his key." Of course you learned all about it the very next day, but it was nice for her to know it.

The description of the theater was most interesting--I am glad you wrote about it while the interest was fresh in your mind--but the description of all of the boarders trying to teach you the Spabish language was delicious. I hope you will write me more of your experiences. Yet I know you are going to be very busy.

How wonderful that you should have found just the man who could help you the most---and yet why should we think it at all surprising? We were praying that you should be directed to the right place and way. How wonderful it is, however that he is so interested in you and so friendly and knows all about pictures and at the very first of your being there that he sould introduce you to them. He must be a most charming personality. Here is what I read this morning. "A peculiarity of happiness is that you can't get it without giving it." One might say the same thing about friendship putting it this way-- A peculiarity of having friends is that you cannot have them without being one yourself. And you and Helen have always been so friendly and given so many people so much of yourselves of course it must come back to you.

You may spend the month of August in England? Why I am green with envy. Oh if I only had a little more money---or could sell or something. Do you know what I w uld do? I would take the boat here at Los Angeles Harbor and go to England to meet you there and come home with you. I never have been reconciled to the fact that I did not learn to know London while I was over there before. But it is only foolishness for me to even wish I could do it for it is absolutely impossible. So"quit you kidding"Jean.

I do wish you could see my roses. I have not very many of them--But there are four Cecile Brunners that are the most wonderful bushes I ever saw. Just a mass of the dear little roses. And so fragrant. I suppose I have seen other

Brunners just as fine--but they were not mine and I could not be so intimate with them and love them so much. Then the Belle Siebricht is just as much of a glory as it was last year. And the Paul's Scarlet is a wonder. Every one exclaims over the color. A vivid scarlet that does not fade or ~~blue~~ blue in the sun. The flowers stay perfect for such a long time. All of these are climbers---My regular rosebed has some fine roses but they are not so lovely in the mass.

It is 7.30 and my dinner is almost ready--My supper I should say. Want to know what I am going to have? The artichoke is almost ready--and the mayonnaise is waiting for it. One slice of bread and butter and a big dish of strawberries. I suppose that artichokes are really fattening--but they are on the list of vegetables you know and I am not questioning any farther. For they are so delicious. Father used to say they were only an excuse for eating mayonnaise. All right they are both good.

According to statistics Los Angeles has made a greater growth in the past year than any other city known to history. That needs a whole paragraph to itself--don't you think?

I have been getting ready for the Westminster Guild girls for dinner tomorrow. I am planning to have seats for twenty-four, but no one knows until they get here if there will be that number here. How I am going to manage the number of chairs is what is bothering me tonight. Ruth is frying the chicken--will make the lettuce salad with Thousand Isle dressing--and will steam the pudding and make its sauce. I make the creamed potatoes and the coffee. Furnish the rolls, butter, jelly, pickled peaches--cream and sugar. So we have divided up the work and expense. I have the devotinnals--and a part of a book review for the program. So my mind is being busy too.

Oh I guess I have not written since seeing Dr. Stewart last Tuesday? If my knees are not better soon he will have an X-ray taken and it is quite possible that there will be need of an operation. Removing the lining of the muscle? I guess that is what he said. They must be better but they are not very much better now. I have been on my feet more than I have some weeks--I do not know if that has made the difference. I shall see him again on Thursday.

And now that my tummy is full and some other things done I think I will go to bed. I am like the babies when it gets dark I want to get off my clothes and make believe go to sleep any way. I have a new game of solitaire that is the most fascinating one yet. Yes--I have played a good many games this Spring. Sometimes I wish I had never lerned it and then again I am glad I know how to play it.

Kiss the dear children for me. I hope to hear more about how they take to their new home. Also how Alice fits in to the new surroundings.

I love you all very dearly. I wish I had some interesting things to write you.

Mother.

B6xCl69 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
April 29 1924

Dear Children:

"Brite and cool"--a beautiful morning, almost too cool where I am sitting here in the living room. Outside it is delightful and the songs of the mocking birds and the odor of the roses and orange blossoms come into this room and give one a sense of beauty and joy that is very wonderful. David is standing beside me and asking questions about all parts of the typewriter--he is a dear but his prattle is rather confusing at just this moment when I am in a hurry.

I am all ready to go to L.A. to see Dr Stewart again. I always go when the children go to school so as to save the walk to the car but this morning between the slowness of my clocks and the forgetfulness of Marmie I was left. But Marmie will come back for me during one of her vacant periods and it will be just as well. It will save me that much more time of waiting. I do not see him until three o'clock. I cannot walk around much so I go to the library--take my time there--and go to the cinema and get something to eat and loaf everywhere. Last week was hard but I am taking some of Dr West's tablets for the pain with me today and will get along all right I am sure. I rather thought today that I hoped he would not strap up my arm again but after fussing around a while I came to the conclusion that I hoped he would.

Mrs Lang is here for the washing--seems queer not to be out there helping her--- and Ruth is busy with the baby. She is having to take the luminol three times a day now. Saturday night she went to a school party and in the hurry of getting them all off and herself dressed she forgot the luminol. When she tried to talk to people her head jerked--her eyes twitched until she had to give it up and send Elizabeth home for the tablets. Rather embarrassing and very annoying to them all.

I am expecting Mrs Ross to come home with me this afternoon for a week's visit. I have not seen her in a long time. I could not have some people come just now--Cottie, for instance, for I am not seeking trouble of any kind in the way of responsibility but Mrs Ross is different. She used to tire me she was so --well --so sure she knew the right way to do things and wanted to help you to do the right way. But now--she wants to help too, but she is softer and while just as sure, she is more adaptable in some way. It seems as if she might be a real comfort. She does love to come here where she knows she is perfectly welcome to go in the kitchen and make any old thing she wants to eat. Everyone does get tired living in one room and taking meals anywhere one happens to be or feel like going. A home is a pretty good thing after all is said and done. But more than ever I can understand how women, living alone, want to give up the home and go into an apartment. The everlasting number of things that need to be done about a home and that one cannot do for ones' self.

And that leads me on to the thought that comes to me so often when I am wishing I could sell the place. What would I do then? I look at Elizabeth Freeman and Carrie Newcome---over seventy they are--living at the Wesley Terrace Hotel--a hotel that seems to call to the old people. Women who have nothing to think about but themselves. No worry financially--many of them wealthy. They are there just marking time. Dreading death--yet knowing it is not far distant--Their minds full of gossip--gossip--gossip-- I do not know of one of them who is interested in anything outside of themselves and the private lives of those about them. They are not church women

nor are they club women---Deliver me.

The majority of the apartments--for one--are planned for just one person and one could not have more than one or two guests--Still I think I could find somewhere a kind of an apartment that I want if I could sell.

You know it is not the growing old that seems hard--it is the re-adjusting one'self to the new conditions. If a couple could grow old together I wonder if things would not slip along more easily? Two people who have cared enough for each other to have lived a long life together--would not their problems be more simple? Or a man or a woman who has always lived alone with no thought for any one else? They would not have much adjusting to do would they?

But here I am rambling on thinking out my own thoughts that are old thoughts and not of any interest to you who cannot be expected to understand them or have any sympathy with them. The fact of the matter is that I have nothing to write this morning, yet I feel as though I wish I could see you. If you were here I do not think I would have much to say--I think just looking at you and listening to you would be all I would want.

Do you know of any good books to read? When I go to the library I am not in touch enough with the new books to know what I want to read. Pretty stupid-I know--so I guess I will say goodbye for today. Kiss the babies for me--and then turn to each other and say--"I love you, and am so glad we are together." Then kiss each other for me.

Mother

Do you care for McGuirearty's writings?

Box 169 Route 1  
van Nuys, California  
April 23 1924

Dear Children:

The first letter in five weeks came on Monday -it had seemed a long time to wait--and was a most welcome letter I assure you. And before I begin to really visit on general matters I want to say a little bit that is on my mind since reading the mid-ocean letter that questioned so deeply the problem of so many years of preparation. At the height of your power, Wilder boy? Power for what? As a general thing is the man past the very prime of life or the one who has not reached the prime who gives ~~authority~~ a valuable truth to the world? So much time spent in preparing and nothing done? The early years of a man's life are the years of adventure--research-- the later years are the years of reflection- the reasoning--the using of the material collected when the brain is young and eager for new things. Years spent in preparation are never lost years. Of course--I suppose it is true that "if a man has not made a fair fortune by the time he is forty he seldom becomes a rich man--But that will simply prove the point I am trying to make. You are preparing to make a success of life. You have deliberately chosen a life that shall not make a man a rich man in worldly goods. Should you devote your time to the making of money you would have failed in your purpose in life. You have chosen to devote your life to the discovery of something that will help to make the world happier and richer. A man in the pursuit of wealth never stops in his preparation---and certainly a man who is trying to wrest secrets from a world of science---a man who is treading unknown uncharted seas--is never through with his preparation. Each step of the way takes his every activity--his intense thought-- You are following every clue you can find that will lead you to your goal--you have not accomplished yet--but each little step of the way even if you find you have been on the wrong track, is of value to the world--you are writing sign posts for the ones who are coming after you. Each day of work that you put in is of value to yourself and to others. You are accomplishing things--you are still preparing for the big thing--and you are going to find something even <sup>you</sup> you may be on the wrong track for the thing for which you are aiming. You are one of God's own---you are enlisted in the very army of which Christ is the head--You are taking orders from him and He is bound to lead you to victory. Our Lord Jesus will never forsake a man who is trying to lift the burdens of an overburdened world as you are doing. I pray every day that you and Helen will be so strengthened spiritually that you may have the joy of real communion.

Your tribute to your wife was a joy to me. She certainly is a true "helpmeet"--bless her dear heart. Her housekeeping will keep you both in good health and good cheer and make the children well and happy and her real interest in your work--real and not put on as a duty--will be the greatest stimulus you could have. Of course it is easier to study with some one and life is beautiful for you both ---no matter what may come of disappointment or hardship.

What mighty good friends the Ladds the Whipples the St Johns William Chester, the Halls and Mr Bartlett have all been to you. You have been such good friends of so many homesick lonely people that it is not surprising that you should have such friends.

Helen dear--I am glad you wished for me when you landed in Vigo I should certainly enjoy seeing the strange sights and hearing the strange babel of voices. And watching the re-actions of the children. I am sorry you had so rough a passage but you are all well and life is joyful and not too hard now I am hoping.

I shall be very anxious to hear from you after you are settled in Madrid to get the view point from your new housekeeping. How different ~~everything~~ everything will be.

I wish I could get over to see your mother and exchange the "news from the children" with her. But I am too much of a cripple to go any where I do not have to go. Yesterday I went in town to see Dr Stewart again. He re-strapped my arm--I think that strapping is helping it very much--but the bandaging of my knees was a mistake I think. I did not put on the bandages until Thursday and my knees were worse Friday--still worse Saturday more worser on Sunday and I was almost helpless on Monday. Then I began to think it out. They were so much better after I had been at the sanatorium--Why?--Well the only thing I could think of was that I went without my corsets all of the time so as to relieve the pressure of the elastics on my knees-- Knowing I had to go in town on Tuesday I took off the bandages. They did not get worse on Tuesday but they had not grown very much better and I had one hard day I assure you. Dr said not to put on the bandages any more for a week and see. I was mighty glad when I came home last evening that I had a little box of tablets that Dr West gave me to relieve the pain. Dr <sup>Stewart</sup> West thinks that possibly the trouble in the arm is due to the knitting I have done. But I have not knitted since Christmas--except to make two pair of little bootees.

I am having a gorgeous time here all alone by myself. It worries Ruth to have no one in the house at night with me--but I would rather have it this way. The only thing is I shall grow dreadfully selfish I know. I can absolutely relax when there is no one to consult about things. It makes me think of father when I came out to California with him the Winter Wilder was left in charge of the family up on the hill. "We do not have to get up tomorrow morning until we want to--do we?" We don't have to have dinner until we feel like having it do we?" "It does not make any difference when we get started to town does it?" How hard the dear man tried to relax And how much he needed to do so. He had the same trouble with his knees only it did not go so far.

I am sending a bit about the foot and mouth disease. It is all around us here. The big L.A. Creamery that has 1000 acres adjoining us on the North has lost all of its 1200 herd except a few that were in the hospital for tuberculosis. Two streets South of us the herd has been killed--Mr Austin is taking all precautions and lives in fear of his being the next. It seems so different when one is close to it. The morning paper says all forces are to be unified under the control of the U.S. Dept of Agriculture. All passengers on trains are to be disinfected.

It is time to get this letter in the mail--Kiss the dear children for me and keep well.

Your loving Mother

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
April 15 1924

Dear Children:

Well--I have been in Los Angeles and have had my interviews with your two friends--and mine--Drs. West and Stewart. Herbert took me in Saturday morning and came for me again Tuesday afternoon. It was very kind of him to give me the time. The Chase Sanatorium is a one-story rambling building. Showing, very evidently that building has gone on as needed. They have twenty-three rooms now each one with a goodsized light bathroom connected and a large clothes closet. Telephones and Radio connection in every room. Bright, cheerful, clean, satisfactory. Plenty of nurses who keep coming in ever so often to pleasantly suggest that they would like to do something for you. And as for meals--but they are well cooked and attractively served on large white trays. Every meal served in your own room. I did enjoy it all.

Dr West took my blood pressure--a thorough blood test and --of course urine tests all of the time. Dr Stewart went over my knees and arm most thoroughly. Result---Dr West could find nothing wrong at all. Advised me to go on a fairly strict diet--"For the sake of your knees it would not be bad for you to lose five pounds? I agreed but revised it to twenty pounds as I weigh 180 or did the last time I was weighed. He asked me if I ever took anything to relieve the pain--and told me I owed it to myself not to suffer so continuously when it was not necessary--So-a box of tablets. I told him that the thing that troubled me more than anything else was that my brain refused to function--and he explained that by saying that I looked to him like a woman who was thoroughly tired out. And that was the reason.--I am--tired and so reluctant to take on any responsibility--even to the meeting of friends. That he said was due to the constant pain I had endured for so long.

Dr. Stewart thinks he can right the trouble. Thinks he has found enough that is wrong to cause all of my discomfort. A "tennis elbow" is the trouble with the arm. He tried to make me think what I had been doing that would strain those muscles--but I am not left handed and whatever I have done has been with the right arm as much as the left. However that is strapped up now so I can give it perfect rest. As for my knees--I am knock-kneed and the muscles have been overworked. Cure will be found there in ~~sirapping~~ bandaging with a three inch Ace bandage and raising the heels of my shoes on the inside of the heel to throw the weight off those muscles. To him I am to report every week. Dr West goes East to be married leaving here on the twentieth of this month. His final charge to me was "Keep at Dr West persistently until he cures those knees--and tell him I said so."

How different Dr Stewart is from Dr West. They are both friendly and both very fond of you, dear. I think Dr Stewart feels he knows Helen better than Dr. West does--"And he has a fine wife too." But Dr West is so shy I do not think he would offer any such observation to me---but, of the two--I rather think Dr West would be the one to really do the more. I do not know why I say that--either. Oh well, they are different. Dr Stewart said when his wife--you know he married the nurse Miss Sawyer?---heard that Dr Penfield's mother was there ~~she~~ was greatly pleased and excited. They both appreciate the many good times they both had at your home. They have one baby--a little girl--"And that is all we want." He will be more fond of her when she gets over the crying age. She is very nervous--"My mother-in-law says she is just like her father--and I guess she is." The main thing in the diet that is going to worry me is the bread. Coffee and

toast is my every day breakfast--I just don't want anything else. And sandwiches for my lunch---and then two or three slices of bread--always bran--never white--for dinner. I do not care so much about themeat.

If you have the time write a note to both of these men and thank them--will you? They are not charging me anything.

Send a letter to Dr Howard West at 1032 West 18th Street L.A.--They will forward it. And Dr. Steele Stewart 902 Union Bank Building--L.A.

I did not get a list of the things I should not eat---or rather the list of the things I should eat--I guess he thought I knew more about ration balancing than I do.--Plenty of vegetables and fruit--but one does not want that for breakfast.

Herbert let Jack take his old car and he took Ruth and David with him on Saturday. While he is in Santa Cruz attending the meetings of the State principals she and David will visit the MacQuarries in Palo Alto. Is not that lovely? It has been so long since Ruth has been away from home that it will do her worlds of good. The girls are doing wonderfully well here. It is vacation week. Elizabeth has the full charge of the baby--of course and he will be well cared for--too. They have been ironing over there today. They sent me some fish and beets for my dinner--and the house looks as neat and well cared for as possible.

Six of the seniors were awarded state scholarship pins last week and Elizabeth was one of them. They have to be on the honor roll  $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of the four years of high school to get it. In face of the fact that she has been so miserable and out of school so much I think that was doing pretty well. Also--after the history examination the teacher said--One of the class is marked 100%--One of the boys asked who that was--the teacher said--"C net you guess?" "Aw I know all right I just wanted to ask--" And that did not make Elizabeth very unhappy either. I tell you Wilder--if no one else ever reads that Set of Romance of America that you tried to make me think I was foolish to buy--she has received the worth of the money from it.--And the other history sets that I have she has used too. I shall talk about Margaret next year I expect--for she is no quitter when it comes to study. Neither are we ashamed of Faith's record. Bob is slow. But he is doing better. And is talking a little better too.

Aunt Addie went to her new work on Wednesday--and oh how she did dread it. Housekeeper and nurse--she put it that last day. She has never done that kind of work--and she was fearful and almost unreconciled--although she had wanted the place. It is better for the present anyway even if she has to come back after a while. I do feel the need of being alone. We never had any trouble but we did rub each other the wrong way sometimes. Perhaps we are too much alike. Her nickname of "Miss Fix-it" fitted her well and sometimes we don't want people to fix things for us, you know. And she is getting old too and often when she wanted to fix things her strength was not equal to her desire and then one was left in the lurch and nothing accomplished. Which was trying and yet she wanted to fix it right. Poor Aunt Addie. It is so hard to come to old age with no personal income.

I have a new plan--if I do not sell this house in the next few months I am going to have a wonderful rose garden--make it so beautiful that every one will want to buy it--and then they cannot have it. I'll fix them. With a heart full of love for you all--and hoping to hear from you before long--

Mother.

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
April 6 1924

Dear Children:

I suppose you must be in Madrid by now--I wonder how you are situated--I wonder if you have found a house to keep and how the marketing goes--and how Alice re-acts to the strangeness of it all. She must have something of an adventuring spirit or she would not have left her own country to come into the new surroundings of America, so I hope she will really enjoy seeing new things over in still another new country.

I wonder how the children are re-acting to the new surroundings too. I wonder if they will be homesick without any little English speaking children to play with? I wonder what they will find in the way of new games and new plays. Will there be any parks or gymnasium or a good back yard or what will they find? How very little I know about Spain anyway.

Wilder will have his heart and brain full of the things he wants to get - Helen will have her hands and interest full in Wilder's work--in planning the home work, keeping Alice busy and in looking out for the best interests of all as well as getting all that is possible out of the trip for the children to remember. I do not think either one of you will have time for homesickness--and I know what a manager Helen is--so I do not worry about Alice and the children, but I do just wonder about a lot of things.

It will be great fun to get your letters that will tell me all about it. This week has been a busy one. Aunt Elizabeth and Aunt Addie have been sewing for Ruth and for me. Aunt Addie wants to leave me in order in every way. Aunt Elizabeth went home yesterday morning Addie going in town with her to do some errands for me and to see Arthur. --I can see that I am mighty selfish--for I did enjoy the day all alone. The plan was for me to go in as I needed some things I could not leave to any one else--but when I thought of all the walking I would surely have to do and the price I would have to pay later--I did not have the courage.

From all the things Addie seems to want to do I wonder if she will be able to get all of her packing done. I told her I expected I would have to scold her all of the next three days to keep her at work on her own things. I did not go to church today--took my services over the Radio instead. Tomorrow is the monthly Presbyterial meeting and Mrs Chedayne will come to my door and get me and bring me back here--so I am going in. On Tuesday I should go to an executive meeting of our own society but shall not--unless Mrs Chedayne offers to come for me then. She does not drive and her husband looks as if he were most unsocial and grouchy--but I guess it is a case of looks being deceitful for he seems as willing as she is to take the extra ride that is necessary when they are so nice to me. Perhaps it is that he is willing to do anything for her. I can return her kindness by being interested in the Westminster Guild--for I can do some things that she cannot and so she leans on me in those little things. Always a lovely give and take in this world if one finds happiness--is it not? I am very fond of their daughter and that makes the real tie between us.

Three lovely bouquets of California poppies make the rooms so full of sunshine altho it is cloudy outside. We keep on having rain every few days and the first thing we know we shall have as much rain as in some other years. Mr. Gilbert believes it will come out all right for he has put in the potatoes this week.

Herbert gave me some rose literature to read last Sunday and I am dipping into it as I find the opportunity. I have come to this conclusion--If I do not sell the house within the coming six or eight months I am going to take it off the market--continue to lease the land and reserve something like an acre about the house for a real rose garden. Make it so beautiful that people will want to come to see it and walk in it and exclaim over it and perhaps learn how to go and do likewise. You see I must have a deep and vital interest in something and if my time of definite work with people is over--I will turn to a garden and what more satisfactory than with roses that pay so much for the time expended on them? Yes--I am already beginning to plan it----but not until the roof is fixed and the house is painted etc. And until after my visit to you is made.

Jack is planning to go to Santa Cruz--to a Principal's meeting--and Ruth and David will probably go with him. They will leave next Saturday the very day I go in to Dr. West. Ruth and David will spend the week with Winifred and Will and Jack will be there some of the time. How they will enjoy it. Will and Winifred love Ruth so very dearly. Ruth has a wonderful new stove and the cooking of different things with the Lorain is very interesting to them all.

Herbert and Mame went to San Diego today I suppose. I shall be glad to hear their account of their visit to George.

The plan of the rose garden is most interesting--but unless my knees get better and my arm stops aching I shall still look longingly at the many advertisements for an apartment where all necessary things along the way of actually living will be taken care of by someone else. So do not think I am going to invest in a lot of roses right away. Addie seems to be a little fearful of that. In fact she is watching all of my expenditures with a jealous eye--"Don't spend anything until after your trip to New York--for you must go there." She says that so often--and yet--when she ordered some kimonos sent out yesterday for me to select one she ordered a \$15. one because she thought she ought--an \$18. one because Elizabeth liked it and a \$27. one because she thought I would choose that and she wanted me to choose it. How consistent we all are, anyway. So I am wondering just which one I will choose. Herbert gave me a little lecture last Sunday--beginning--"No, Mother we think that it is high time that you begin to buy some things just for yourself." That is all right--but George has a birthday soon and would like a fountain pen--Elizabeth graduates from the high school in June and I have promised each girl a wrist watch as she graduates--and gracious she does need so many things---Here is a big sigh---I really expect it would be better for Ruth and her family and for me were I a little farther away. Who knows? Jack had a birthday this week--what do you think I gave him? Ruth was to buy a new pair of gloves before her trip North--I had a new pair that were a bit too small for me. I gave them to Jack to give to Ruth----He was willing to accept it for after all it was a gift to him--now was it not?

But I must stop and go and change my dress and shoes and begin to get things about the house to look more like living.

I love you all.

Mother

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
April 1st. 1924

Dear Children:

It is a week ago today since you sailed--I rather expected a letter from you that was written on the boat and sent back by the pilot boat--There have been so many storms in the Middle West that perhaps it has been delayed and will come tomorrow.

Last Sunday was Jean's birthday---fifteen years old--and I wanted to see her and deliver my little gift in person, so when the family went down to S.S. at 9.30 they took me to the car and I went to Lankershim. Surprised every one there and I am quite sure they were glad to see me.

There was another great reason for my wanting to go--I had heard nothing about George and I wanted to know just what their feelings were in regard to him and his action. I feel a little better about it now and hasten to tell you how it seems to them. He was not in good company in Lankershim - He had not chosen his associates wisely. He would not stay in school--they could not let him stay there and there seemed but one of two things to do. He would have willingly gone back to the desert to work as he did all last Summer---He would willingly go into the marines. They could only choose what seemed to them the lesser of two evils. The company in the Marines may not be the best--but neither was the company on the ranche. In the Marines he would be under discipline for the next four years--and during that time he might find himself. Then, too, in the Marines he has the opportunity of going on in his studies. He has elected to finish his high school course. And has even hinted that he might go on and prepare for a degree in a college course. He may--if he will. He is homesick--and he wants to receive letters. Herbert says he did not care for them while on the ranche. They hope and believe that they have done the wisest thing under the circumstances. He will be in San Diego for three months--then there comes a shaking up and he may be transferred to some ship or to some lonely island--or almost anywhere. I wonder if you would have the time and would be willing to write him one letter from Madrid? It might be another link in the chain of home love that they would like to establish. His address---- Private George J. Penfield----and do not forget the title--

Company A. 1st. Platoon--Marine Base Barracks--  
San Diego---California

Well, I stayed there for dinner and then Herbert and Mame brought me home in the new car. I think I told you it was a Chalmers?--I was wrong, it is a Chandler Sedan. Very fine--very comfortable--and a closed car is much more comfortable in California on account of the California breezes, and the change in climatic atmosphere in such a short time.

I found Aunt Elizabeth here when I came home. She thought it would please me to surprise me with a batch of her most delicious fried cakes--and she thought right. In a few minutes who should come but Lawson MacQuarrie and his wife. You know he has a second wife now. A very pretty, sweet little girl. I had met her last June when I was in Palo Alto. They were just about to move to Los Angeles then, but I have not seen them before since they came down. Lawson is selling the Rollin White---Eve has been very delicate in health ever since their marriage but she has gained in every way since coming here. They stayed until along in the evening--during that time taking Aunts Addie and Elizabeth and David out for a ride. Lawson sold the car to David all right--he was much taken with it. I did not go because Stuart was hungry--the girls at Christian Endeavor and Bobs about ready to return from the neighbors

Ruth and Jack had gone to Glendale

to see the Kermotts. I was so glad that they did for we had certainly been wanting to hear of them. Dr. seems quite determined to go to Upland so as to be near his brother. I do not wonder that he does feel that way for he finds it hard to get acquainted in this new country. Of course--belonging to no church--or club--not playing golf--nor caring for general society what chance would he have to meet any one congenial to him? I am sorry for Mrs. K. for she would like living in Hollywood--but she always has tried to make him happy and she will go to Upland or any where else and be happy - if he is happy. What is the matter with Upland? Why it is too far away from Los Angeles and Hollywood---then too, it is a hot, hot place.

This evening I am to be initiated into my duties as one of the patrons of the Westminster Guild. Twenty-three young ladies--a very few of High school age--a very few more married--but the majority are College Girls.----I do not feel much like going. My knees make it hard to get around and I would rather stay at home. We go to supper at Irene Chapman's at 5.30.

Ruth and the two aunts have gone down town so I felt that this was my great opportunity to write you. I wonder if you are both rested--after the week of sea air. I do not even know how long it will take you to cross.--Yes, certainly I wonder many things. But you will tell me all about your trip as soon as you can. I hope the house is rented in New York and that you will be fortunate in finding something quite right very soon in Madrid.

While I read aloud Aunt Elizabeth is making me some pillows and Aunt Addie is getting her clothes in shape for going away--and they both are getting ready for work on some little suits for David. They do not know how tired they get with the sewing if I read aloud--you know.

The rain has been such a blessing that Mr Gilbert has decided to risk putting in the potatoes. I am so relieved--if we have another two inches of it there will be no danger but that we can have the water all thru the season.

With a heart full of love for you and the children and hoping that you all keep well and that Alice will enjoy the new sights----

Mother

see Virginia--she is home from her wedding trip to Honolulu--and left for Seattle that same evening so there was no other time to see her. Uncle Tom has left Los Angeles and gone to Alhambra to be near the golf course and Dolly says he does absolutely nothing else but play golf.

The mountains are covered with snow--and we had a heavy frost this morning. Our winter has come at last and perhaps we will get enough moisture so that we can put in crops after all.

I love you all---I think I shall send you clippings from time to time especially things with a little humor in them---just to send you something from America--Harry Carr--Alma Whitaker--or some one like that?

Kiss the dear children for their white-headed grandmother--and sure this trip will be worth while--Sure it is that you will learn things from Cahol that will make possible for you to give help for the poor hydrocephalics--Sure you are on the right track dear Wilder. And God give you wisdom and power and faith and love---

Your Mother

I am so thankful that Helen is so interested in your work--bless her

legs--and ever since I was thirteen I have had corns that have seemed to me to be something more than ordinary corns--I feel he is right in wanting an orthopedist to work over me. Dr West is making a speciality of diabetes--and he says the city is full of diabetics. He feels that they are doing a good work. I talked with a woman in the reception room who was full of admiration for Dr Smith and Dr West. Dr Smith has been in practice in L.A. for many years and "Dr West seems just as devoted to his work as Dr Smith has always been."

I was so full of the details of how I was to leave home etc. etc. that I forgot entirely to ask about the expense of it all. He will want me there three or four days--possibly a week just to find out what is making all of the trouble. He thinks--and I fully agree--that it would be foolish not to make a thorough investigation and try and get a cure for it all. Not alone for myself--but for all of my immediate family I want to be well as long as I stay here in this sick world. As it is, I am growing more and more helpless--and what bothers me even more than the weakness and pain is that I cannot think. The first hours in the morning are fairly all right--after I get a little tired I cannot even write letters.

I have to speak for a place at the Sanatorium some time ahead they are so overcrowded. So I have written to him that I shall be ready to go any time after the tenth of April. The Ingli go home on the 29th. And Addie goes on the 9th. of April. Aunt Elizabeth comes for a week next Sunday--and I should get poor Cottie in before the tenth--Perhaps I can have her and her roommate meet me in L.A. for lunch and a Movie some day before them and put off her week's visit until later. But I may not be able to go in town again until after the tenth.---we will see how things turn out.

Herbert has a new car--A Chalmers sedan--I believe--perhaps it is a limosine? I don't know. He and Mame brought Dolly and Virginia out here on Friday the day Addie and I were in town. It was almost a tragedy--I did so want to

My knees are getting worse and worse. Last Friday I went in to see Dr. West. I found him at the Chase sanatorium. He said that there was no other place in Los Angeles where he could take patients and have them have the care and diet he wanted for them while he was treating them. The traffic is such a question out here that he found it took too long to go back and forth so he gave up his office down town and built a bungalow on the sanatorium lots. The building is called the laboratory. He took me in to see the lab---I do not know much about such things but it looked mighty efficient and interesting to me. A young woman was busy mixing things---another young woman was busy with charts out in the reception room and his tiny consultation room was full of working things--Nothing unnecessary but the ~~xxx~~ curtains on the window--as far as I could see. His living rooms are across the hall from the Lab.

I asked him if he was married"yet?"--When I saw him first I asked if he were married and he said "Not yet"-- "No-- but I said goodbye to the young lady this morning--for a short time" She has gone back to her home in New England--and he will follow in a few weeks and they will be married. He was disappointed that he would not see you on this trip. He is most charming in personality, I think.

Did you know Dr. Stuart of Peter Bent Brigham? I forget if he said you knew him and I forget his first name, and perhaps he spells his name with a W.--he is an orthopedist. Well, Dr questioned--and held one of my knees in his hands for some time and concluded that the trouble was muscular--the muscles "pull"--well some thing pulls all right and is mighty painful doing it-- He felt that he could not tell much about it without more data. He wants me to come in to the sanatorium so that he can make all kinds of tests at different hours of the day--try a new diet and watch my reactions to the same. That sounds as if it were quite sensible-- Besides that he wants Dr Stuart and some one else--I forget his name too-- to look me over as well. As almost all of my trouble of late years has been in my feet and

Van Nuys, California  
Box 169 Route 1  
March 25 1924

I wonder---it is just nine o'clock in the morning here-- I wonder at what time you are sailing? I wonder if it is a pleasant day or if you are starting in the rain or snow? I wonder how early you were up this morning--how late you were up last night in doing all of the many last things before leaving a house shut up or ready for renters? Oh how many things I wonder about this morning.

Your letter, Wilder dear, came last evening, also the book, for which I thank you and Helen and you may be sure I shall read it carefully, quietly and sympathetically in order that I may absorb as much of the atmosphere as possible. Faith said--"Oh let me see it--you know I love Spanish--I am even trying to think in Spanish now."

Your letter showed how tired you were--for it is only when we are tired that doubts of the wisdom of actions, that have been prayerfully planned, come to us. I know just how you were feeling--it was almost a nausea of distaste to the going on with the plans. But you are not feeling that way this morning. Last night my arms were around you and we were crooning our baby songs together--and this morning I am with you and Helen--although you will not feel it for you will be so busy with the bustle of getting off. However--some time during the day--perhaps after reading my letter--that I hope reaches you on the boat-- you will sit quietly and send me a wireless of love and goodby.

I was so thankful that your letter last evening gave me an address--for I was feeling sort of rudderless not knowing where to direct a letter to you--and I want you to have one as soon as possible after reaching Madrid. Something familiar to come to you in all of the strange, new surroundings.

I must tell you the new project I am to undertake here during the coming month of April.

and he gave a big snuff.

Our little redhead is still having colic although he is past the three months colic period. He seems wonderfully sweet and dear. Ten pounds he weighed on his three months birthday. He is small but is getting plump and has the sweetest smile that comes very easily if one will talk to him. I think Ruth Mary would think him very cunning.

I am sorry that you have been trying to do any sewing for a present to me, when you have been so very busy, Helen dear. You should have dropped everything excepting the things you needed for yourself and the children. And when you do get off I do hope and pray that you and Wilder will take a good long breath of relief and rest and rest and rest.

I am sure all of the worries are over now. That you have heard from Cahol and favorably. That you have a tenant for the house, and a good one. That all of the things were packed without too much rushing at the last--- But I cannot imagine--using all of the imagination that I can get together--Wilder getting off on any trip without an awful rush--not at the last moment only but from the time he considers the chance of going. Dear old boy you always plan so much to do--and you never deviate from your plan to ease yourself.

I shall not be able to picture you in your new surroundings this summer--but here is my plan for the summer--I suppose. Addie goes the ninth. Ruth and family take their dinners at home after the 29th of this month. Mrs Freeman will spend the week from March 31--on and Cottie will spend the next week with me. Then I shall shut my doors to all friends and just do as I please for a while. I think I have enough planned to keep me busy all summer with reading, writing, listening in, garden etc. The porch is hot because of lack of roof--I want to buy a covered seat in which I can sleep or read--and take my ease all by myself. A selfish summer? Sure it is and I don't seem to care to

make it anything else right now. So you can think of me as being a selfish, happy woman all drawn in to myself and enjoying it.

Wilder, when you call me your "pal" it seems to mean a lot. I like it that you can think of me in that way. Helen, I love you for making my dear boy so happy in his home life. My daily prayer for you dear children is that your spiritual life may grow ever deeper and deeper. A talk on the danger to America from the determined effort to circulate the sale of drugs--especially heroin--brought home the necessity of every Christian living their religion more deeply. No cure for the heroin addict "except the grace of God". Truly our responsibility to the world is great for we must not only have the "grace of God" in our own hearts and teach it to our own children but we must give it to all others about us. We must be the dispensers of the only cure for this terrible enemy in our midst.

You will have a happy journey -a safe journey and find a happy new home for the summer in Madrid. You will write me all about your trip and all about the new things you see. You will tell me all about how it affects the children. And you will now kiss each other every morning and night for your mother and the children's Naneen. I hope Alice will keep well and have a right good time in the new surroundings--and God bless you every one--

Mother

Spanish speaking peoples--but it will grow to mean more to us than the German language used to mean I imagine. We used to say that we studied the German because of the literature--art--music--but after all it was because of business. And for that real reason we will do more study in the Spanish.

I told you that George was in the Navy--he is not he is in San Diego in the Marines. He left last Thursday. Jack did not hear of it until he telephoned Mame on Friday. She and Herbert had to give their consent, of course for George will not be eighteen until next month. Will you join me in daily prayer that some one will be endued with God's Spirit to enable them to reach the hearts of George and his mates in the Marines? I am afraid they are a rather low-down crowd--and George has little self-control and little ambition. He will learn to obey and stick to his job--but he is not without hope for God can reach him there perhaps better than right at home. I have not seen Herbert and Mame since he left. I hope to get down there soon.

We have had a glorious rain and the mountains are covered with snow. That makes winter weather again but we are so thankful for the snow. There has been none all winter and we do need that moisture. I have been out raking in the rose bed and over some of the berries--the air is marvelous.

Tell Wilder Junior that Auntie Ruth was talking to David about the uses of the members of his body. He knew he saw with his eyes but did not know what he heard with---she went on--"And what do you do with your nose?" "I don't know----- Oh yes, I snuff with it?" David has a playmate about four years old--a perfect terror it seems to us--a wonder he seems to his father and mother. He cannot bear to see anything hanging on a tree--hence, the oranges have to be picked too soon and the fruit flowers have to be watched etc. He is so sly and is teaching our little saint David many things. But he is funny. The other day he looked at three year old Ruth Kanauff and said--"Ruth wipe your nose--wipe it this way"--

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
March 19, 1924

Dear Children:

When you receive this you will be on shipboard and perhaps you will not read it until your stateroom is all in order, everything handy in its own place, everything ready for a few days of sea beauty, sea air and sea restfulness. I wonder how much dried beef and salty crackers are packed away in a handy place? I wonder if you are now sitting in your deck chairs with your rugs about you and plenty of good reading near at hand that you will not look at for days to come? I wonder how the children will enjoy this, their third, trip across the Atlantic? They will remember nothing of the first trip when Naneen was a companion in the stateroom--when Abbey was their companion in the bath and on the deck--when Wilder could not walk without Daddy and how he wanted to walk in perfect freedom instead of being cooped up in the little yard. That yard has been a comfort to you many times, I know--but it will be easier to travel without it now. Wilder and Ruth Mary will be able to navigate by themselves and will make friends with everybody and have a most joyous time, I know. No one will be seasick--the trip may be cold at first--but I suspect it will grow warmer as you approach Spain? I wonder what you have taken to read? Or will all of your time be spent in the study of Spanish? Will the children share your study in the new language? Will you try to have them learn to talk in Spanish while you are gone? A short time in which to learn a language but they learn so quickly and it will be time well spent. I do not know if in New York the study of Spanish seems as important as it does out here? I suppose not for we are more closely connected with the

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
March 2 1924

Dear Children:

I started to do a little studying and arranging of my thoughts for the Stewardship talk I am to give on Friday next before the Federation of Missionary societies in Van Nuys. I am not very willing to do such things these days--but given at the of February, I gave an impromptu speech on the addresses ~~mixtka~~ P resbyterial, at the last Miss. meeting in our own society and when our president was asked for a half hour program on Friday next she promptly turned over twenty minutes of the time to me with the request that I talk on Stewardship. I started to do that work--as I said--but <sup>it</sup> Addie is talking to David and ~~it~~tends to distract my mind from real thinking. It would look as though it tending to distract my mind from real letter writing too.

Your letters of February 24 were given me this morning. It was good to hear from you again. The heat of Madrid will not worry me personally this Summer--that is certain. It is all right, I am not thinking of it any more. It is so much simpler not to plan any kind of a change, is it not? You will answer that feelingly I know, for just now you are burdened with the complexity of making a change. I hope by the time you read this that you will have heard from Cahol--and favorably--and that your house has been reanted. You never know until the last minute how things are coming out--but you always manage to make them come out right in the end however wearing it may have been to your spirits to be under such a cloud of indecision.

A letter from Will--the Harvard matter has blown over. Dean <sup>Holmes</sup> ~~Homes~~ came

up against the authority of the President of Harvard who thinks Harvard can do without any Vocational Guidance work at the present writing. So Will is up in the air again as to what he can get in the way of a living after August. He is glad not to have to leave the Western Coast--and "Winifred thinks she has seen enough of Boston for the present." Only the boys are disappointed for they had hoped that they would have the chance to snowball each other next Winter.

Last week Wednesday Mrs Andersen came out here for lunch. Later in the afternoon Mr and Mrs Oakley and Mrs and Mrs Jensen of Spokane came out for a call.

Do you recall the Kings and Jensens who lived across from us on Bernard Street? Yesterday Ruth, Addie and I had lunch with Mrs Andersen and her aunt at the Marie Louise in town. My, my, but it was "swell". I was very glad of the opportunity of going there for a meal. After lunch Jack came for Ruth--Addie went to the hospital to see Arthur and I went to the Movies with Mrs A. and Mrs Goss and saw Potash and Perlmutter.

Arthur is not gaining, of course. They have had no operation and I guess do not intend having one. Dr. Rand thinks he may slip away almost any time, I think. His mind wanders every few minutes. Dr Rand asked him if he were any relative of the Brain Specialist of Boston and New York. Goodness me but that gave me a thrill. Oh but did I tell you that before? I don't like to find my mind wandering so that I repeat myself.

Oh Helen dear, you misunderstood me. I am not worrying about the children not getting their daily school work. I spoke of it with the hope that you would not try and keep that up while you were so busy with getting ready to go away and hinting that you would have time later to bring them up to the full course.

I shall never worry about your children not receiving due attention in every way.

Elizabeth is almost afraid that she will have to leave school again.

She is so very nervous that sitting through the forty minute period is almost more than she can stand. She is very jerky at times and so many nights she cannot sleep until towards morning. Would it be right for her to have a sedative to give her the proper amount of rest and relax those taut nerves? As long as there is something exciting going on she is bright and interested.

And George? I am afraid it is only a matter of a few days before he will be obliged to leave school. He is a disturbing element and a cutter of classes. Jack has done everything possible to keep him at work---but there is nothing to work on. What right has a boy to destroy the happiness of all who love him by wasting all his opportunities? He does not seem to have any idea of keeping his word or making any serious attempt to do the right thing. Smoking--pool--girl--laziness. A fine background for a man. You cannot make a man out of such material.

I do not know how Wilder is doing. His reports are fair, I think. The most affectionate youngster--a great lover --of all the girls, I guess. A bad heart--lover of golf--irresponsible as ever. A handsome lovable kid.

A Chinaman and a Sheik? You two must have been playing an independent game at the fancy dress party. How fine for Mr Bartlett. A gift like that would warm the cockles of any pastor's heart, I should think. Give him greeting from me when you see him again.

I was greatly interested in the drawings from Wilder Jr. and Ruth. And I hope to write an answer to My Valentine before long. I am enclosing in this a small check for you, Wilder, to spend for something that will give Helen pleasure on her birthday next Saturday. Perhaps another little spree together? Or anything that appeals to her just now. The check is small but it carries a heap of love  
Helen dear.

Your Mother-----

She is so very nervous that sitting through the forty minute period is almost more than she can stand. She is very funny at times and so many nights she comes to class with her nervousness. Would it be right for her to have a sedative to give her the proper amount of rest and relax those faint nerves? As long as there is something exciting going on she is bright and interested.

And George I am afraid it is only a matter of a few days before he will be obliged to leave school. He is a disturbing element and a source of classes. Jack has done everything possible to keep his work---but there is nothing to work on that might have a boy to destroy the happiness of all who love him by wearing all his opportunities. He does not seem to have any idea of keeping his word or making any serious attempt to be the right thing. Smoking--pool--girl--ladies. A fine background for a man. You cannot make a man out of such material. I do not know how Wither is doing. His reports are that I think. The

most affectionate youngster--a great lover--all the girls I guess. A real heart-laver of girl--travels, possible an ever. A handsome lovely kid. A Gustave and a Sheila? You two must have been playing an independent game at the fancy dress party. How fine for Mr. Larkins. A girl like that would warm the cockles of any pastor's heart, I should think. Give him greeting from me when you see him again.

I was greatly interested in the drawings from Wither Jr. and Ruth. and I hope to write an answer to my Valentine before long. I am enclosing in this a small check for you, Wither, to spend for something that will give Helen pleasure on her birthday next Saturday. Perhaps another little space together or anything that appeals to her just now. The one is small but it carries a heap of love.

Helen Dean

Your devoted

and learned that George had joined the Navy--"But I know he cannot be responsible for the other boy"---a difference of opinion between her and Jack as to that.

Some time ago Herbert tried to get George in the Marines but his flat feet kept him out. Herbert and Mame are willing he should go in the Navy--probably--for Herbert is at his wits end to know what to do with the foolish boy. Now he is where

he can smoke all he pleases--but he will have to obey orders and he will have to stay put for a while anyway. Perhaps he will have come to his senses by the time he can use his own initiative again. Raymond was elected captain of the football team for next year--and Jack thinks he has good stuff in him--although he is easily led. God is on the sea as well as the land---His Spirit can work with a boy there as well as here--and prayer can follow him all around the world. Perhaps his taking this step is an answer to prayer--I think it must be so.

Jack and Ruth with Bobby and his friend Charles Austin have gone down to the Harbor today. A trip on the boat with lecture on what has been done on the harbor and what is to be done and dinner and a program that will last ~~until~~ from two o'clock until nine--will be of much interest and be quite instructive. A trip for High School principles and their families---- Jack is doing his very best to get into Bobs' life and keep him close to him. He does not find it easy at Bobby's age--it will grow more easy I am sure. I wish Herbert could do the same with his boys.

This is Billy Mac's birthday and I have not written him yet. Herbert came out on the ninth and brought me another rosebush. Cousin Florence sent me \$2. to buy me "some little pleasure"-- Faith gave me a bulb started in water-- and Louise Clark came out for the day. We had a lovely visit.

Dr and Mrs.K.came out for a short visit on Thursday while I was in town I was so sorry to miss them. I was surprised to hear that he had sold the house

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
March 15 1924

Dear Children:

Late again---- And I cannot write many more letters to you and have them reach you in a few days time. I have so many things I want to say and so little time to say it in I think I may make some statement of facts without very much comment.

The annual Presbyterial meetings have called me in town two days this week and my poor old knees are paying the penalty. On Wednesday I went to see Dr West but he is not having office hours in the down town building now--He is spending all of his time at the Sanitarium--that was Greek to me as I know nothing about his special work. I have just written him asking for an appointment--if he will give it to me--for the coming week. Dr Canby telling me there was nothing the matter with me "except a little rheumatism" has sort of taken the enthusiasm out of me as to seeing doctors--but the pain and the stiffness is growing so much worse and involving more members of my body--so I thought I would make one more attempt to obtain relief. There is poison somewhere---it may be I am eating too much--

I certainly can take very little exercise to take care of my food--and it still tastes good to me.

George has left school and joined the Navy. Evidently another Van Nuys boy has gone with him for Raymond's mother came to Jack yesterday to see if he could give her any clue as to Raymond's whereabouts. He had not been home the night before and he never had stayed away without her knowledge as to where he was until then. Jack made some inquiries, found he had been with George, telephoned to Mame

It seems too bad--to us--that he will not consider buying in Hollywood. She wants to go there so much.

On the ninth of April Aunt Addie will take a position with a woman of eighty years of age--nearly blind but not at all helpless, and with plenty of money. She wants a companion--some one who will see to it that she looks well when she goes out to church--"I am so afraid there will be some spots on me that I do not see Addie will have the housework to do--without cleaning, washing or ironing--and for three of them only. Mrs Miller has been praying for the right one to be sent her. Addie has been praying for the right place for her-- Why should it not be that this is the right thing for both of them? A nine room house--and Addie is urged to have her friends come and spend the week-ends with her. She will get \$50. a month. The arrangement was made through Alma Scott of old Spokane years a friend--who has also known Mrs Miller for many years. So it looks very rosy--

What the arrangements will be here, I do not know yet. I have talked it over a little with Ruth and she is to talk things over with Jack today. If I were well and able to get about a little faster and a little more easily, it would be simpler. But things are all shaping in ways that make me certain that the right arrangement will be made eventually. Elizabeth has not left school yet---and they are trying their best to keep her at it until June. To look ahead the three months seem long--but if one can only live a day at a time they will pass soon.

At least Addie's going clears the way in one place for my trip to New York when you return from Spain. I may be at the wharf to receive you. But I must go at something else now--

God bless you all-

Mother

it seems to me that he will not consider buying in Hollywood. The way  
to get that money

On the night of April 1911, Mrs. Miller will take a position with a woman at  
the house of Mrs. Miller. She will not at all help me, but will give me a  
little money.

She wants a companion - name one who will see to it that she looks well when she  
goes out to church - I am so afraid there will be some place on me that I do not see  
she will have the housework to do - without cleaning, washing or ironing - and for

three of them only. Mrs. Miller has been paying for the light for the last few  
months. She has been paying for the light for her - why should it not be that she

is the right thing for both of them? A nice room house - and Mrs. Miller is ready to  
have her friends come and spend the week-ends with her. She will get 50 a month.

The arrangement was made through Mrs. Miller's friend - Mrs. Miller's friend -  
also through Mrs. Miller's friend - so it looks very good.

That the arrangement will be made, I do not know. I have talked it over  
a little with Mrs. Miller and she is to talk things over with Jack today. If I can well

and she to get about a little (later and a little more money, it would be simpler  
but things are all changing in ways that make me certain that the right arrangement  
will be made eventually.

Mrs. Miller has not left school yet - and they are  
trying their best to keep her at it until June. To look ahead the three months  
long - but I can only live a day at a time that will pass soon.

At least Mrs. Miller's going clear the way in one place for my trip to  
New York when you return from Spain. I may be at the hotel to receive you.  
But I must go at something else now -

God bless you all -  
Mrs. Miller

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
February 22 1924

Dear Children:

I guess some one has taken my white pad and if I get up to get another one I am afraid that the spell would be broken and I would not have another chance to get in a short letter this morning. I know you are both finding the days much too short to do all that you have planned to do. I think of you constantly. But I have come to my sober senses and laugh at myself for even thinking for a minute that it would be possible for me to go with you. My duty here is as plain as can be. Ruth is responding to the rest she is taking. She looks very well now. She feels well, and the baby is getting plump and does not cry so much with the colic Elizabeth is making the grade too. Not easily, but she is making it all right. They are entitled to their chance of permanent improvement. Aunt Addie does not feel very well, but much of that is due to worry and much of it to her miserable teeth that do not fit her.

Arthur is in a very bad way. He goes to the hospital today and will very likely have an operation that no one seems to think will probably do much good. There is probably pressure on the brain caused by the contraction of the muscles over that big open place. His attacks of Epilepsy are growing more frequent and the Dr. thinks it a condition that will become permanent. That his mind will go if the condition is not relieved--therefore they are willing to take the chance. Arthur has made a wonderfully brave fight. He has wonderful courage and is as sweet natured as a man could possibly be. He never complains, is always cheerful. But he hopes he may go, of course. Who could ask that he may stay longer to suffer and become a burden to himself and the family? It has been a great

tragedy--his whole life, I mean--but who is to blame? I doubt if he will have to shoulder the whole blame at the Judgement day tribunal.

Do you know there is great hope that Will may go to Harvard to teach? It has not been decided but his recommendations have made the Harvard man deeply interested. His "Cheyld" as he calls his masterpiece is at the printers and he is nervous until it is returned and submitted to the powers that be. If it is well received by the educational powers he can have what he wants, I guess. You know he has been working on a test for mechanical ability to be used to determine of what a man is capable along that line. No one has succeeded in touching that part of the many testing trials. They would hate to leave the West Coast.

The war left Will with a legacy of Hay Fever --He cannot live everywhere. He would like to come down here but it would have to be nearer the Coast than we are.

But it is time to do something else and I will hurriedly say--Goodby for this time.

Mother

February 14 1923  
Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California

Helen dear, you win-----

My first thought was--Oh how I want to go with them---- Then -How lovely that they can go--How wonderful that Wilder can have the opportunity that he needs for his work---How more wonderful that Helen and the children can go with him--How most wonderful that they can take Alice with them---- Then came the self thoughts again---How can I leave Ruth?- ---If I could get tje money I could not leave her until I am sure she is strong enough to go on with her work-- Then-----I wonder if it would be possible to get the money--- How much would the trip cost? I wonder if it would be possible to make any combination so that Ruth and herfamily could still take their dinners over here? Aunt Addie could not do it---and my thoughts keep turning to Mrs Ross---Shall I ask her? She has a room in a hotel--takes her dinners out. She is willing to reduce expenses, and she loves housekeeping. She and Addie could make a go of it all right. If she accepted the responsibility I should never be racked by hearing her complain afterwards-- She is mighty matter-of-fact and always calls a spade a spade--and one knows where she stands. Aunt Elizabeth has hinted several times that if I went East she and Addie would take care of things for me here-----but never again. She thinks she wants to dp things but everything bores her after a few weeks of it.

Well that is that-- What is the use of my thinking about it--Two such great big IFs in the way--I could not expect to surmount both of them--Still, you might tell me what the travelling expenses would likely be---No harm in knowing that? I am so glad for you--so glad for you. Yes, it is thrilling--and I am thrilled

clear through to my spine. Perhaps it was quite the best thing after all that you have but the two babies now? I know that does not lessen the disappointment Helen dear--but I am glad you are to have this solace for the disappointment.

Oh how I wish I could talk it all over with you. How busy you both will be for March 25th. is so very near at hand. Ruth is excited over it too. "I am afraid that the children's school will suffer now---but think how lovely it is that you can still have them in school while in Spain. They will suffer but little loss in their school work and will gain much more in other ways--very likely."

The old mending basket is staring me in the face--but I cannot settle down to just common darning and patching. Ruth seems very much better, but taking care of the two babies and picking up the house a little each day seems about all that she has strength for----Tonight she goes out into society for the first time in many months. Jack is such a dissipated young fellow and he would like her to dissipate with him once in a while. Some school or Am. Legion dancing party--I do not know just waht.

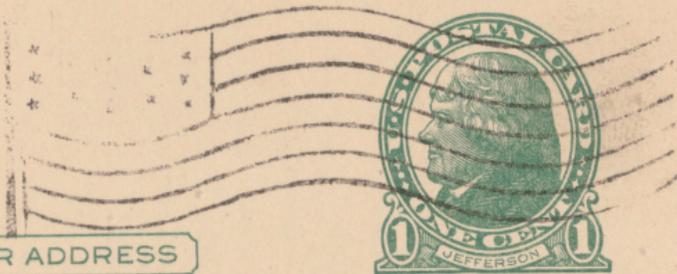
I do not see how the little I sent you for Christmas could have gone very far in an Oriental or Persian rug. I am afraid that you added much more than a little--- I am glad it could have been used for a starter--however. Cousin Florence little package came this week-- "Little" it was not. A lovely cap for Stuart Some kindergarten beads for David--A purse and a bracelet for Faith--a book for Bobs---- A scarf and cap for Margaret--a lovely shiny party head band and two slipper pins to match for Elizabeth -a lovely handkerchief for Aunt Addie and the prettiest green comb for my hair. I wish she would not send so much--but she will do it--so there is no use to protest.

The Magnetic Letters were from the Inqli to both the children--but I think Elizabeth sent something to Ruth Mary. Possibly paper dolls? She sent some to some of the children. Ruth and I have both been trying to ask her but when she is handy we seem to forget. She is not at home now so I will just leave it until next time.

God bless and keep you all close to Himself.

Mother

WELLS  
JUL 3  
6-14  
1908



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Dr. Wilder G. Penfield

253rd. St. and Fieldston Road

Riverdale

New York City

Saturday afternoon.

Wilder dear:

I sent off the sweater this morning. Am sending another package containing the old Recreation camp pennant. If you do not want it burn it up. I send also, the tent housewife I made for your father out of one of my dresses so that he could think of me when camping. He always used it, I think. It may come in handy as camp equipment. I wanted to send some pillows for the boat or ground, but I think Helen has a lot of them and there is no need to clutter up things too much.

I hope these packages reach you in time--and I hope you will have the best time ever while at Long Lake. Tell Helen to be sure and tell me just how the sweater fits and pleases

Your Mother

Fox 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys California  
March 12 1923

Dear Children:

I have been so long in writing, and I am very sorry. This is the only minute I shall be able to write this whole week, and while I am not sure there is much pep behind this machine I am going to write if it is nothing but words without an idea in it. It is half past eight this Monday evening. We have been having some wind lately and everything seems dusty. My woman who came to wash has left me in the lurch. Last week Aunt Addie insisted on hanging out the clothes--she caught cold and has been miserable ever since. Today Ruth hung them out. Cousin Florence has elected to do all of the ironing not alone for us but all of Ruth's too.

Tomorrow evening Ray and Sarah, Herbert and Mame, Jack and Ruth are to have dinner with us. Aunt Addie is the chief cook, you know, but she is not able to do much now. So tomorrow promises to be a busy day. I have been lucky in finding a good woman to come in at 5.30--and she will do the last things and get the dishes out of the way. But I had to fight these two dear women in order to get her---or rather, I knew they would object and I made arrangements and they have been fighting me ever since "Why we could do it"----hum----I shall be happier this way.

Do you know that lovely blouse came on the 9th? I am so pleased with it. I have seen some in the stores and wished I had one--wondered if I could wear one. I do thank you so much dear children. I must tell you about my birthday. Thursday afternoon Ray and Sarah came out and asked me to go to the Philharmonic concert the next afternoon. I said I would meet them in town. Cousin Florence had invited me to go to the movies and lunch so we went in in the morning. Saw The Famous Mrs Fair and had lunch and did some shopping. I met Ray---Sarah did not join us--- we listened to a fine concert. The Philharmonic orchestra are very fine and Mischa

at  
Levitsky was, the piano for one number--a Liszt concerto---and oh but I did enjoy  
it. Then Ray and I had a ride and dinner at the Victor Hugo, and that is quite  
an experience in itself, and then he bought me a box of candy and brought me home.  
Of course the visit we had was the best of all. I did not think he knew it was  
my birthday and when we were riding I said--Do you know what you are doing today?  
He caught my hand and laughed--"Yes I am celebrating your birthday." Then when I  
came in the house there was your dear gift. Cousin Florence has another gift for  
me. It was to have been here today--Ruth and Jack and Aunt Addie are all in the ~~secret~~  
secret and have been for some time -but I have not the least idea what it can be,  
am only afraid she has done something foolish.

Helen, dear, will you forgive me for being so late with your gift that should have  
been there the eighth? I did not forget you, but I am not going to send anything  
for a few days yet.

I suppose Mame would say--"Tell Helen I have waited for many years for this  
new house and furniture"---and I would say----Helen, I know I shall love your  
painted bookcases and the other makeshifts more than Mame's pretty things.  
And Ruth would say?--"Helen's rugs may be cheap, but I am pretty sure they are not  
ragged.

And speaking of Ruth--since getting her glasses she has seemed a  
very great deal better. Could it be that eye-strain could cause that trouble?  
Perhaps she wont need to come to New York, but I am not planning anything for her  
or for me just now. I am sort of holding my breath to see which way the cats are  
to jump--for there seem to be several cats ~~who~~ <sup>that</sup> may jump before long.

I am interest@d in that lecture Wilder gave--and the work you are doing. Oh  
how cold it has been there, but disagreeable March is well on her way out and April  
with the first breath of Spring will soon be here.

I did not get as much sleep as the law requires last night so I think I will  
say good-night now. You dear, dear Helen and Wilder and Wilder junior and Ruth  
Mary----  
Mother

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
April 1st, 1923

Dear Children:

I am thinking of you this showery Easter day, and wishing we were nearer each other. We expected to go to Owensmouth for the sunrise service but when it rained we thought the seats would be so wet that it would not be safe to go. We were sorry for I wanted Cousin Florence to experience the uplift that comes with the service at that wonderful hour. We went to bed quite early so as to get in as much sleep as possible before four o'clock. I was the first one in bed and before I fell asleep I heard a voice at my door saying "Mother are you asleep?" I reached over and unlocked the door and there was Herbert with the Easter flowers-carnations, of course, for me. Mame and George and Wilder were with him. It did not make my sleep any the less sweet because of the loving kisses and loving thots expressed by their coming. Herbert said he did not know when he would be able to come again says he never was so busy in his life. They have put a new block on the market. Before it was fully listed they sold ten lots that meant a transfer of something over \$14,000.

This morning Faith brought over three decorated Easter eggs and a big bunch of Iris. I did not let Addie arrange these flowers, I arranged them myself. For reasons. And while I was arranging them I put into them thoughts of you four, for I know you have been thinking of me.

Third largest city? Did I not say fifth? That is what I meant to say--but you are right up on statistics, are'nt you---for times past. Los Angeles has been doing something in the way of population during the past two years, my son. Do not speak of San Francisco in the same breath with L.A. for she has dropped out of sight and

acknowledging defeat has nothing to say. Did you mean me when you spoke of some one being worsted in the fight about osteopathy? Well, well, well, how queer the best of folks are sometimes. Yes, I know that New York City is almost past numbering. I like to see Los Angeles grow for sometime, when she begins to sense her bigness, she is going to offer so much to men like my son that they cannot afford to stay away from here. You would love it too, if you knew. Friday Mrs McCoy and her son Ralph and his wife came out for a little visit. You know I always liked her and it seemed good to see her altho I did not know her. She had to introduce herself. She has grown fleshy.

We had rather of a pleasant time at the Hudson picnic. I went away with the words "Oh the wrecks of time" in my mind--The Kermotts and Mrs Andersen were not there. But several others were there. Mrs Mellon, Mrs Warner, Mrs Miner, Mrs Hodges, Art Cameron and his wife, Mrs Dailey and Lucy, her husband and two children, Blanche Fulton, Geo. Bell and his wife and his brother and his wife, Jessie Meacham Mills and her husband, the Penfields and Inqli, Mrs Day---I have forgotten some I am sure.

What a great time is ahead of you in May. Helen are you going too? Or will it be too hard to take the babies. I know how Abby will hope for a visit from you. A fine looking invitation from the Brigham. Will you tell me something about Madame Hall and Clarissa? Is he still living? And do you know anything about Mary? Funny I cannot get her other name, it simply wont come.

I had two or three lovely visits with Ray. Last Wednesday he and Sarah came to make their goodby call. They stayed for lunch and we had a good visit. I was in my garden clothes, but they were clean. I did not change because I had word that I could have a man that afternoon and I knew I needed to be ready to work with him. My man was fine, too. He is a teacher in the Agricultural dept. of the High School in Van Nuys and wanted to make a few dollars for his wife during the vacation.

He earned thirteen dollars while here, and I was delighted to pay him for it. I am so proud of the way the place looks now -all ready for seed and transplanting. Every bit of the absolutely necessary digging has been done. We look so lovely, and my little bouquet of an orange tree is a veritable bouquet of green and white now. It is simply covered with blossoms. There is still plenty for me to do, however.

Ray said a nice thing while he was here--"I can see, Mother, how your time goes, and I am going to write you whether you write or not." It is not that I am so busy, but after being busy a while I am used up and cannot do anything that takes any thinking powers. I think I need a change of scene. If I sell the house, or if Addie's well comes in-----

Four of us went to Signal Hill Oil wells --a free ride, a free lunch etc. We went last Tuesday. I had never been on one of these trips and was most interested. Of course, the Signal Hill oil field is absolutely all right and the well that was being advertised is right in the midst of the rich part. They do not sell oil stocks out here but sell units. The two men promoting the well have taken it down through the first sands to the deeper strata. They have no money to go deeper. They are to sell 1500 units keeping 500 units for themselves. These units are placed in a bank in Long Beach and every cent of money is put into the bank and every bill is paid by the bank. These two men cannot touch their 500 units until after all of the unit holders have received back the money they have put in. Then there will be 2000 units and as the money comes in to the bank it is kept until the end of the month when the bank checks out to each unit holder his share of the proceeds. The average number of barrels these wells yield is 4500---per day. Well--to proceed. We went down in a big auto-bus and went to a big tent for lunch. Coffee and hot beef sandwiches and olives. Then we had a lecture for half an hour---and special men went after special people and tried to sell units. I did not buy--for very good reasons. I would like to have bought one or two

*Convin Florence sends her love; Aunt Corbie is  
much in love with Albee. I have interested you I think  
convincingly that she feels she knows you.*

units.

Later-

It is bedtime. We had dinner and then I went to my class, stayed to Endeavor meeting and then to the Bible school exercises. One of the men---S.S. superintendent came in to the Bible class--came on an errand and stayed to listen. He told me--

"Well you are some teacher, Mrs. Penfield." Glad he liked it.

Tomorrow morning I am going in town to the Presbyterial. I should never know how fast the time goes were it not for Presbyterial monthly meeting. And that reminds me of something I heard the other day. A lady who lives in California said people did not live long here--the time goes so fast, a year is gone before one knows it.

I hope Ruth Mary did not continue to have a temperature. David is coughing in a very suspicious manner. Whooping cough is in the neighborhood. God bless you one and all-

Mother

*[Handwritten notes in right margin, including names and dates]*

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
April 13 1923

Dear Children:

How the days do pass and how little I seem to accomplish in the way of doing all of the things that should be done. Trying to put too many things in each day, I suppose. It seems as though I should be able to say--"This much I will attempt and no more--This is my work and nothing else-" But I cannot. However--I will try and still "muddle along" and hope I choose the most important things to do in a way.

Helen dear--I wish I could answer you in regard to my plans for the summer. The sign is out in front--"For Sale"--but the Hitchcock sign was up for three years before the sale was made. I will not, I cannot, sell at a loss, and it may be some time before the right buyer finds me out. If I should go away and then the house should be sold some one else would have to look after the packing and storing of the things I wish to keep and the selling of the things I shall probably sell. I have not found that a very satisfactory way of doing things. No one else would know as well as I, and every one is too busy to think of doing anything extra even for mother. Cousin Florence says she never was in a place where every one seemed to have more than he can do as here in California. Then too, with the house still unsold there would be the expense of keeping it running. Aunt Addie has absolutely no place to go except I find the place. We hope her oil interests turn out but there is trouble now for the independent wells, the ones not connected with the big ones. This well she is interested in has a contract signed by the Standard Oil people to handle all of their output,

but the amount of oil produced has brot down prizes and storage capacity is reached and so contracts are being broken--unless the producers can wait until normalcy is reached again. The small producers cannot wait,they need the output to carry on---and so,what will happen we do not know. I would have to arrange for her while I am gone,and the right plan has not shown up yet.

The fare is reduced some fifty dollars for the summer. The new arrangement goes into effect May 15th. Tickets for \$146. return trip will be sold up to Sept.15th. They are good until Oct.31st. I would like to take advantage of the reduction--but I may have to wait too long. It makes it hard on you too. I know that. Perhaps it would be better for you to make all plans for the summer without including me. Then if I sell and your plans are made and made so that it would be disturbing to anyone to include me in the plans I would wait until later in the year. In many ways it would be better for me to come in the winter,would it not? If I sold the house and it did not seem best for me to go East right away I would go to the beach for the summer out here. That would g ive the family a chance to have a change too. I know I shall cry out for the beach as soon as the hot weather begins.

We have been having some much needed and delightful rains. The place is being ploughed today. It will be harrowed and left until winter rains come again,the growth of weeds being turned under will fertilize the ground and make it look better cared for.

I had such a dear letter from Ray after he left here. It seems to worry about my trying to do the garden work. He blames himself in a way--or rather he wishes he had taken shovel,rake etc.and worked while we had our good visits. It had a picture of my need of a man quite impressed on his mind,I think. But if I can only keep at it a little every day I shall be able to keep ahead of

the hardest work, I hope. But there will be at least four days in the week that I can do nothing in the garden and the first thing I know it has gone ahead of me. But if I sell I will try and avoid all extra responsibility.

Your lives are so very interesting I want to see you in your environment for I can then better understand. It has been a long time since I saw you. I have enjoyed the children's letters, bless them, and have been meaning to write them individual letters--do not let them expect them until I do get the time at the proper time to write.

Cousin Florence is planning to go about May first. In a way I shall have more chance for things then. The death of Eliot and the unfortunate marriage of Helen has broken her very much. She looks ten years younger than I do but she is a nervous wreck.

What a good visit you must have had with Mary Andersen. Ruth quite envies you. We have been trying our best to get down and see Mrs Andersen. To find an evening when Jack is free, and we are not too tired or the car is in commission or something else is right has proved too much for us so far. Yet we have hopes.

I think I did write you about the Hudson picnic. There were others out here who say they would have gone had they known-----but I do not think they would have mixed in very well. We may have one every year however. I cannot think of Mrs Earnest Macartney enjoying a visit with Mrs Miner or Mrs Warner altho she should know something of them. I rather think it is a waste of time to take a whole day to see people one never has been in real sympathy with? Perhaps it is a snobbish selfishness on my part. But there are so many dear people I love whom I do not have time for--what is the use?

Ruth sent David over with a loaf of bread I had ordered. It was well wrapped in its paraffined paper and he loves to do errands of that kind. Some half

hour later he was discovered sitting on the steps at the kitchen door. The paper had been pulled off and he had eaten all around the whole loaf. It was near dinner time and he was hungry. He has more initiative in many ways than any of the other Inglis children. Of course we all are devoted to him. He is wild over the radio and Elizabeth brings him over each evening to have a concert. He takes one ear phone and she the other and he listens as quietly and interestingly as an older child would.

Florence has a violet ray machine and I am using it on my skin--here is hoping. It has helped my knee action and the pain in my back that was left by the flu, I am sure.

It is almost mail and lunch time so I must leave you altho I do not feel I have written anything of all I want to write. Kiss the dear babies for me and hope and pray that the house may be sold soon--  
Mother

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
April 23 1923

My dear dear Children:

Well, the decision is made at last, and I have stopped planning for a visit to New York this Summer, at least. I am trying to think--as I say it to myself--a Winter trip to New York would be ever so much better, anyway. But then, you see, Winter is so very far away--and no one ever goes to Coney Island in the Winter, do they? Herbert and I had a heart to heart talk a few days ago and we agreed in thinking it would be better to think no more about it this Summer. So that is that-----I hope you will not be very, very disappointed. I think very likely that your Summer will be so full that you will not mind as much as if there were not a hope that I can come later. The trouble is, I am getting powerfully homesick to see you all. But I will not think about it any more. There have been no nibbles for the place that I know of-----No one here to look it over, at any rate.

I am sending you a Van Nuys paper and a pamphlet telling you something about the Mission Play that Cousin Florence and I went to San Gabriel to see last week. It is really a wonderful thing. McGroarty spent much time in the study of the old Missions that are in ruins from San Diego to San Francisco and this history of the hardships and the devotion of the San Franciscan Fathers is most interesting and peculiar to California. The proceeds are being used to restore the several Missions and to keep them in repair.

On Thursday of this week Cousin Florence and I are going to Mt. Lowe. I have never taken the trip and Irving was most insistent that she take it while here. Also, on Saturday we two with Ruth and Aunt Addie are going in to see the Covered

Wagon at the Egyptian Theater in Hollywood. Today I am trying to do some watering in the garden, have mowed the lawn and picking up some stray threads in and around the house. Yesterday Elizabeth and Margaret were in Pomona to attend a big C.E. convention. Margaret went Friday but Elizabeth was not able to take the three days and so drove out yesterday morning and came back with them last evening. So we invited Ruth and Jack and the other two children---David was in bed--for dinner. Aunt Elizabeth surprised us by coming out in the morning, and just as we were ready to leave the dinner table Cousin Louise Clark and Constance came. So we had a full day. We did not get to church, and fortunately, the Christian Endeavorers being almost all in Pomona the Bible class was postponed so I did not have that on my mind.

Dr. Canby has given some little thot to Elizabeth's condition and gave her a heart to heart talk Saturday. His orders were for Elizabeth to return to school-- ( She has not wanted to go back, has lost all interest in school and every one in school) He noted that she had no girl friends, has ordered that for the next two weeks that she do nothing she does not want to do--except go to school--she is not to worry about any work that should be made up. she is not to bring the other girls home from school but take the car for herself and see the girls she used to know and who are not in her classes at present, and be lazy and happy. Since his talk to her she has seemed happier and more like herself. She worries about everything especially about the high cost of living. She hates to spend the money for groceries etc. She has no thought of having any help to go thru college and worries about the money she wants to make this Summer--she has the weight of the world on her shoulders and the little girl has had too much of it to bear. She went back to school today, and we hope the worst of her little troubles may be over.

Wilder do you remember the set, "Nature Library", that Mr Jackson had? We used to consult the Bird Book so very often that first year. He took them with him, of course, and we have often spoken of them since. Doubleday, Page and Co. are getting out a "New Nature Library" and I have written them to send them to you. They are sending them around to us to have them examined before ordering them, but I felt I knew enough about the set to risk not seeing them, so ordered them sent to you as Helen's Birthday gift and for Ruth's and Wilder's birthday gifts. They will come too late for Helen's birthday and too early for the children's, but please accept them as my gift for your 1923 birthdays. I think Helen, dear, you will find much help in them <sup>in</sup> with your work with the children's Nature study. I hope so, at least.

Since beginning this letter I have received your letters written the 15th. Hurrah for Mary and the mahogany tables. How lovely. Then comes Clarissa and "perhaps Abby"--But the English friend, whose friend? I could not make out if the friend were man or woman or the friend of Clarissa who was surely coming or of Abby who might come. And then the visit of the Bazzetts--Oh dear, I don't just like that for you, Helen. I hope there will be no trouble with Alice--you will have to pay her more? Then if Mrs. B. cannot manage Hazel--oh dear, it will make it hard for you. And if I could only say I was coming June first they could not stay any longer, could they? But now I am saying I cannot help you even in that little way. I hope Dr. and Mrs. B. are very thoughtful of their hostess, for it is bound to be a hard month under the best of circumstances. However it is often true that the lions that look so big are but tiny ones when we come close to them and are a pleasure rather than a trouble. May this be just such a case. Months do go by in a hurry too, if we will not allow things to worry us. And I do hope May will not be too hard for you. But Wilder will be gone all of May too.

But I must go and put the clothes to soak and transplant some verbenas  
if I can.

Kiss the babies and each other for me----I do love you all, and some  
day I am truly coming to see you.

Mother

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
May 9 1923

My dear, dear Children:

The middle West is suffering from the cold and we are suffering from the heat. We are having wind from the West and North which comes once in a while and brings dust and heat that we quite resent. It began last Saturday so I think it wont last very much longer. I am quite a "rag" in the meantime.

Cousin Florence went Saturday. I went in town with her and helped her with her packages over to the station. She checked her trunk and got everything ready for the five o'clock train and then we went back into town and did a few errands had a little lunch and met our friend Cora Young at the hotel where I left them. Then for a real rest I went to the Movies. I do not have to listen, the lights are dim and I can relax and be amused all by my lonely. Sunday's aft rnoon Bible class seems to be about all of the Sunday work I want to do. Monday I went in town again. This time to the Presbyterial. These monthly meetings are the most wonderful meetings. One meets such fine women and hears such beautiful things about the missionary work being done in the world. We take a little lunch in a paper bag, sit at a table and pay five cents for coffee--as much as you want to drink. At three-thirty Izzftzandz the meeting over, I went to a movie --this time a revival of the Birth of the Nation, now called the Clansman and with some of the things that made our Negro population unhappy left out-- and came home in the cool of the evening.

Yesterday we washed and groaned over the heat. In the evening the Austins called us while we were eating dinner to come and cool off. We had a delightful ride in their Studebaker and I thought I was in for a fine night as I had been

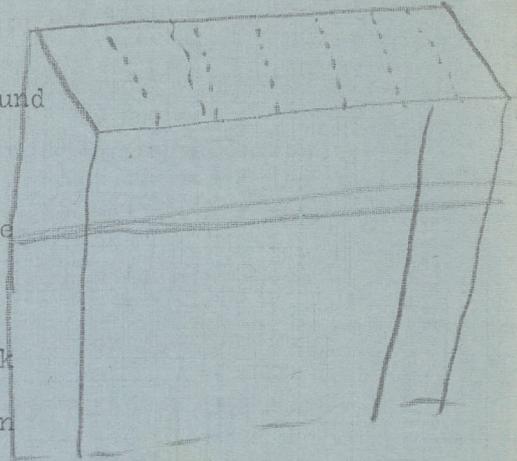
going since four o'clock--but I was too nervous to sleep and every point of my skin itched. This morning it was six before I got up--reluctantly, of course-- I have finished my little ironing--the big ironing is being done at Ruth's by a woman--a m watering my berries and roses and doing a little visiting.

I think I will talk a bit to my New York Physician before I go any farther. Rhumatism in my knees is very painful and very annoying for it is hard work to get up from a sitting posture and it looks as if I were very "aged" indeed until I get fairly and squarely launched on my feet. But even that, though it is even more annoying than the skin trouble does not bother me as much as my feeling of not being able to do what the day's work calls for. I force myself to do anything or everything. I don't want to write, I don't want to knit, I don't want to study, I don't even want to water that ~~garden~~--This has been more or less my condition for some months. I went to see the dentist and he laughed at the idea of my having any trouble with my teeth. I went to the Dr. I told him I did not want to do anything but go to the beach and get away from everyone and everything. He casually told me to go then--and wished he could do the same thing. He gave me a sort of tonic, I guess and asked for some urine. I have not heard from him since I sent my little bottle down but I am quite certain there will be nothing found for there never has been any trouble there in spite of the fact that my eyes and feet swell so abominably. But here is the question I want to ask you--professionally--Do you think I would better make the physical and financial exertion of going to the beach to find a room and try the water cure for my laziness? It would cost, I suppose, not more than \$75 a month extra--I would have to keep up the house here, I expect.

About your father's stove--I have not the least idea of where it may be. Addie and I are going down to Herbert's Saturday for dinner and to hear a recital given by the music teacher, and Jean and Pattie are both to take part-- I will ask him

to send it to you if he has it now. You could have one made that would work very satisfactorily. I think. You know I cannot draw the simplest thing but can you guess anything about this?

Four long iron legs so you can pound them into the ground and keep them steady; Hold them together with heavy wire with heavy wires across the top. Then have a piece of sheet iron to put over the wired top. That will get hot enough to make the top of the stove so you can cook with any kind of kitchen utensil. Then if you want an oven any of the little extra ovens that are sold for the gas stoves will do--or have that made--four sides and a top can be put over any baking dish. If the wind bothers and piece of tin can be made to fit around three sides of the stove. I do not think you will need a chimney a fly over the stove and table will keep off the sun or rain. Crude, but just as efficient as any any kind of stove that is sold for camping, and you can have it any size you like.



I would like to go with you in August but I am quite sure that it would be better for me to wait until later in the year, after the heat is about over before I leave "my happy home" where I can get into night dress and loll on the floor whenever I feel like it.

Mary wrote Ruth about her visit with you and it was so good to hear about her thoughts of you. She does admire your home life, your house, and yourselves with perhaps a deal of emphasis on the children. She thinks they are wonderful and I am convinced that she is not partial.

I suppose the Bazetts are with you? Oh yes, Mary said such nice things about Alice and her devotion to all of your family. I was so glad about that too.

I have had no one here to see the place as yet. One friend who has been buying property to a certain extent the past few years thinks it a bargain. But she admires

house, lawn, flowers and location as perhaps all people would not. I am making some protests to the agent--thru Herbert--but Herbert is not quite satisfied that I really want to sell. I do not think he and Jack are very sure I will be happy without a home and near Ruth. Well-----there are compensations living here, I must acknowledge. Sometimes I wonder myself if I am doing the best thing. But I must get rid of the responsibility, and the interest on the money I would have would have wuld be quite a help towards paying for rent in town. Elizabeth will be ready for college next year--she graduates a year from June--Before she is through Margaret will be ready and it would be better if Grandmother lived in Hollywood so they would not need to take the long trip each day.

I must stop and change to water and do some other writt ing--

Your Mother

Would you want the sweater light-  
- color or dark? Margaret's is my  
light. And she is so happy to have  
while driving this morning she said Ruth  
"It is so hard I cannot keep my eyes off it."

first published in Atlantic Monthly-- Time is up, paper is covered--so I just send  
my very dearest love for you all--Oh Helen dear--if I should want to make you a  
summer sweater--I am making an orange for Elizabeth-a blue for Margaret and a green  
for Faith-short sleeves and low neck--and I want to make you and Mame one too--  
What color would you want? Would you rather have long sleeves? The body of sleeves  
and sweater made on big needles goes fast.

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
May 18 1923

Your mother

Dear Children:

I made up my mind this morning when dressing that I would write some  
letters--barring accidents--before I did anything else. I have done some other  
things first, but it is only 9.30 now so perhaps I will get the four letters that  
must positively be written. But there are some other things that must positively  
be done too. It seems so absolutely ridiculous that I should be pushed all of  
the time to get the seemingly necessary things done. I wonder if I am trying to  
live more than one life still? I am having a little mental housecleaning today.  
Perhaps it will help to talk it out a little to you. All Spring I have been feeling  
sub-normal physically and mentally. To write a letter, to study anything worth  
while seems a dreadful task to which I have to whip myself into doing. That Bible  
class every Sunday afternoon seems almost an impossibility sometimes--my mind wont  
work. The garden, the house, everything that must be done seems such a burden and  
while I put in the hours I do not get the results. I am so everlastingly tired.  
I often go to bed before eight o'clock. Last night, for instance, I wanted to listen  
in to the Times eight to nine concert---but I was too tired to be tempted and went  
to bed at seven-thirty. I was up at six, as usual, <sup>feeling</sup> rested for a while--after I had my  
coffee. Dr. Graham says my teeth are all right. Would not take pictures of them  
because he said it was nonsense to think anything wrong with them. Dr. Canby says  
there is nothing the matter with my kidneys in spite of the swelling of my eyes  
and feet. Aside from the rhumatism in my knees that makes it so hard for me to get  
up and down he cannot see that there is anything the matter with me. I told him  
then it must be wholly mental. He advised me to have a change--"Go to New York  
and visit that boy of yours." Well, if it is wholly mental what is the answer?

I can see no other answer than to whip this old mentality of mine into shape-- Drop the old line of thought and install another line. It looks as if I had been soldiering somewhere and some how. Aunt Addie has gone in town for a while. Went in with Aunt Elizabeth last Sunday and hoped that I would get thoroughly rested by being absolutely alone. Well----I am enjoying the absolute freedom of the house, the feeling that I can do anything I want to do at any time I want to do it without question from anyone----But I find the watering, the weeding, the necessary cleaning, cooking, dishwashing even for one person irks me. What is the answer there? It looks perilously like nothing but absolute laziness. ????

So, I suppose while I am whipping up my mentality I shall have to whip up my physical condition. That desk does need dusting--and I do not want to dust it. Mental or physical laziness? Well, bother take it, there is a lot of weeding that must be done if that garden is to look decent, those cinnamon pinks that have been a glory need cutting down--six by forty feet that border measures--it will take me a whole half day to do it, and my knees and my mind cry out against it--mental or physical laziness? A box of Bible pictures I brought in from the trunk to be looked over and packed for one of the Missions in Africa have been on the table for nearly a week, and I want to get at it--and I don't want to get at it--mental or physical? When I finish this letter I shall want to lie down and take a nap in spite of the fact that a lot of other things are calling me besides the other three letters that must be written--mental or physical? Well, Dr Canby is giving me a tonic--\$1. a small bottle and I don't believe in it one bit--of course I am taking the second bottle, but, bosh.

My youngest grandchild has just come in to visit. He certainly does miss "Ahte." as he calls Addie. And she is never too busy to give him all of her attention.

David did not stay long and as he went out his attention was attracted by two mocking birds and a cat. So I put him up on the porch railing and we watched them. I wonder if Wilder Wee and Ruth Mary would be interested in what we saw? Kitty had evidently been too near the birds' nest and their babies. They were flying about and first one bird and then the other would fly down and quickly nip Kitty and fly back into ~~th~~ a tree and then the other bird would fly down and nip her getting out of the way as quickly as possible. After every nip Kitty would cringe and her back was up in a curve and her tail was big, but she did not run she walked right along without stopping or looking one way or the other. She acted like a naughty child that had been caught doing something wrong and was being gently slapped and scolded. The Mockers are most independent birds. They seem to have a real individuality that demands respect. I was out by the strawberry bed and a Mocker was taking his breakfast of fruit. I stood very quietly so that he was not startled. He saw me, but went on with his meal and I told him to go ahead if I could not raise enough strawberries for him and me too, I would give him my share, willingly to pay for his beautiful songs. The strawberry bed is not doing well, so he really does get all there are there. While watering them the other day a black bird came down and I sat down and watched him. He did not seem to be picking the berries, I thought he wanted a bath, but his great business seemed to be eating the bugs that the water had dislodged--he ate and ate, walking up one row and down another, and when his meal was over he stopped and drank and took a bath and went off. Of course I would not be willing to share my berries with him for his songs, but he must more than pay for any he eats by the bugs he eats. If I should stay here I should certainly build a bird bath, I have threatened to do so ever since I built but have not done it yet. It would be such fun to watch the many birds, but I would put it up high enough to be away from the cats--there are so many of them around. We like the cats because they catch the gophers, and as gophers neither

sing nor eat bugs and worms but do eat plants and make bad places in the lawns and burrow underground great holes that take up the water, and are a menace to gardens we work so hard to keep beautiful, we like the cats. I spend hours each month in setting traps and putting poison in the holes and filling up the burrows and smoothing off the bad places and I do not love them one bit We have a cat and six little kittens in the laundry now. David took one of them the other day right around its little neck and squeezed it hard so that I guess it would not be alive now if I had not seen him in time. I cannot watch him all of the time and as he does "love kitty" I put them in a big box and turned the box against the wall so he can not get at them. Aunt Addie would not have done that. She would have said "poor kitty"--"David be careful" and trusted to his being careful. Hard-hearted grandmother.

All right "Winter Garden" it is--and I am hoping for the opportunity of coming to New York in the Fall--- Has the Nature Library come to you? I had a letter from them saying they had sent me the Library--but I hope they did not meant that. Herbert has never had the stove, has a feeling that it was at Galahad--Ruth thinks it ne ver came to Hudson, and I have a faint remembrance of a part of it being in the Galahad attic but was not complete. You know so many things came-incomplete. Do you mean to say that you and Helen took a little morning walk of from 10-15 miles? Gracious--- Jack the new dog, yes--but did you not have another dog? Have you two now, or what happened to the other one? I wonder if it is true that the East is to have a summerless summer as has been predicted, if so, I have missed a beautiful opportunity of seeing New York in Summer garb. I am much interested in the foundation for the Hydrocephalus fund. Bless the dear little mother heart who was grateful and willing to help other babies. Real loving heroism, I call that. How I hope you may be able to help those others and that she may know of it.

Did you read--in W rld's Work for May the story of the Farthest Away Man? I hope you will--I thought of you and how you could appreciate his feeling of the worth-while life. Some one sent me a book--"Twenty Minutes of Reality" that is most interesting--I imagine it came from Ray--direct from the publishers - as it was

*Thank you so much for Mother's Day  
Present by me - Ben and  
children*

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
May 25 1923

24.8  
100.0  
100.0

Dear Children:

The enclosed telegram explains itself. I received it late last night after a day in town for a last Dutch spree with Aunts Elizabeth and Addie. We saw "Down to the Sea in Ships" and I could see why you and Helen had an orgy of reading about sailing and whaling afterwards.

I am not writing but a note--for I have dozens of things to do to get ready for the necessary early start tomorrow morning. Even a small house, left for even two weeks needs some thought and care. Margaret is to take care of the lawn and flowers and is happy to earn a little money in that way. She rather likes working outside. I shall leave a schedule for her.

What do you think of the dear love shown by Will's coming down here after me? I am so blessed with my own and my adopted children. I am very happy and grateful.

With love for you all  
Mother

Handwritten notes and calculations at the bottom of the page, including a large list of numbers and a small table on the right side.

10.20	2.00
8.50	3.00
14.70	

For 3.46  
 3.24  
7.00  
 13.70

1.00  
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 3.85

30.00 Rent  
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 48.00

8.74 3.00  
 8.26 3.00  


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 16.50

.15	30	.75
.35	10	.90
10	20	.55
10	40	.60
15	20	1.95
35	30	1.40
1.25	20	1.25
.15	20	1.35
.25	20	6.60
1.00	20	.65
<u>3.85</u>	<u>20</u>	2.30
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		<u>3.10</u>

59  
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 Total 24.60  
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Palo Alto California

June 5 1923

Dear Children:

Wilder was right, Helen, it was better for you to tell me about what has come to you. I feel so much happier when I am sure that you are telling me all of the sorrows as well as the joys that come to you. Wilder does not know how you feel about this? No, probably not. He sees things clearly and reasonably but perhaps only another mother with the mother heart can really know how you feel about it. Dear girl I am so sorry, and I hope that Dr. Ryder will be able to make it possible that it shall never happen again. Tell me more about it, how far along were you? Is that why you were so anxious I should come this summer? Not entirely for you feel the need of a mother right now. Can I come in August for the camping? I wonder if I can come-----I would love it, and possibly I can make it come to pass. If I could only sell the house and have that off my mind. How lovely that you have Alice with whom you can safely leave the children. I will not say anything to either Ruth or Mame as you would rather I did not. Dear, dear Helen how I wish I could be with you right this minute to have a long talk. I am having such a wonderful visit with Winifred. I will tell you all about it when I see you. I will say a bit about the trip etc. and let all heart-to-heart talks go until I see you. Will brought up his old typewriter for me to use it is dusty, old, and feeble but perhaps you will be able to read it. A new ribbon would help matters.

Will was such a dear to come down after me. We left Van Nuys Saturday morning about ten o'clock. Going up the coast route we had wonderful views of the sea. Had lunch with us and ate it with the sea directly in front of us and the mountains around us. You know the roads of California are almost perfect as level and hard as a floor. And the views as one wide up and down and around the mountains are ravishing. We went through lovely Santa Barbara that afternoon. At San Luis Obispo we had a hot dinner and then went on to King City for the night. We had traveled nearly 300 miles. After breakfast we left King City about seven o'clock and reached Palo Alto a little before noon. Would have been here sooner but had trouble with a tire that had picked up a nail and had been riddled by it.

The buildings of Stanford and the setting for them are as beautiful as any Old World buildings but oh so different. Oxford spoke of the past--the thoughts, words and deeds of all who had been there years ago combined with and modified by the words and thoughts and deeds of the present. I have never lost the wonderful charm it all had for me--I want to experience it again. Stanford has no past but it is a wonderful, joyous, hopeful present looking forward into the future. Glorious Youth with Youth's strength and hope and beauty. Stanford is situated right amongst the grain fields. Its herds of cows, its flocks of sheep with shepherd and dogs, its rolling hills, the mountains beyond, the glimpses of the Bay the trees, the wonderful

How could one describe the beauty. I am enjoying it all--but I must not talk any longer this morning. I am going to take Winifred and the children to see Down to the Sea in Ships this afternoon. Thursday Will takes W. and me to San Francisco and I shall stay all night to get an early start for

home by train Friday morning. Ruth and Jack are to entertain some of the Hollywood High teachers Saturday evening and are to have my house. I will be there to help get the house in order and get out the dishes for the six o'clock tea. They will dance afterwards--so the rugs and under must be clean. I love you. Mother

plantings of shrubs and flowers about its beautiful buildings--and right in the midst of it all, the center of all is the exquisite Memorial church. Each group of buildings connected by arched cloisters that are not dark and age worn but built of steel frames covered with concrete, with hand carved faced stone all of shades of yellowish brown that seem to have caught and imprisoned it itself the glory of past and present sunshine. Through the arches one gets glimpses of the quads that are beautiful with lawns, shrubbery and flowers. The students are in light clothing, it is all so joyous and so assured. They know Stanford it great and that great men live here and are being born here.

The Church is a wonder. Nothing like it in America it is said. It used to have a tower with chimes but the earthquake destroyed it and now the chimes are hung elsewhere. When the earthquake knocked down all of the statues they were broken to pieces--all except Benjamin Franklin who fell head first with his feet up in the air. He was righted and placed back where he belonged. Mr Stanford sent to Florence for the architect who had designed the church and he came with his workmen and restored it to beauty. The wall of the main part of the church have pictures of mosaic--beautiful, more beautiful to me than the lovely windows that alternate with the mosaic pictures. I can not describe it to you but I am sending some postal cards that will show you something of the beauty. I will take them home to show them to Ruth and the girls and will send them from there. Three times a week the organist of the church gives a concert of half an hour free to all who care to come. And it is a choice experience. Last Sunday the concert of an hour was given by A Capello Choir from the Methodist Pacific College. Do you know what that means? I did not. A choir that sings with no accompaniment. I enclose the program. It is said to be the finest organization of its kind in America, and it is--as far as I am concerned. I never heard anything like it.

The MacQuarries live in a big house--unfinished upstairs you can see outdoors anywhere. My room is next to Father Mac's and peeping Tom would be quite happy in either room. If one wanted to do so one could see everything that goes on in the next room for the boards ~~are~~ were doubtless nailed close together when they were put up but shrinkage has taken place. However he and I are not curious about each other so we do not mind.

They are comfortable, they are happy, and the house is on College Terrace as it is called, although it is really in Mayfield. When Stanford was built Mayfield was a pretty village that might have become the college town but they would not give up the saloons therefore Mayfield is still a little village that is despised by Palo Alto and the college. The views of College buildings, yellow grainfields, etc. are lovely. From my window I look out on a lovely yellow slope that has a row of pine trees along its top--beyond are glimpses of a valley with a background of hills covered with green trees. Some of the most exquisite pictures in the morning when the sun touches different points and the fog is rolling up. Or in the evening when the fog is coming in. Last evening the bank of white fog below, moving catching the shadows that made a blue fleet with the tops of the hills touched by the setting sun--

Palo Alto California  
June 6 1933

Dear Wilder:

I wrote Helen yesterday and I said nothing about the things you asked me about the camping. Then after I sent off her letter your letter came that told me more about her illness, and I am so glad you wrote all that you did for you gave me information she had not given. Bless her dear, sweet heart.

I have talked with Will about camping and his advice is for you to go to the Army and Navy stores and see what they have to offer. Then if you want to make any changes to suit your own needs you will have the benefit of all that the army has worked out to help you to know what changes to make. His idea is that they have studied the subject so thoroughly that problems one would not think of until too late have been tried and worked out satisfactorily.

I have camped a great deal but times have changed--the auto itself has brought many new helps and then we camped for nearly three months and perhaps made things more comfortable than would need to be made for a month. Besides that there is a difference in the Western climate too. We did not have to provide against mosquitos, for one thing. If it is so cold in the Adirondacks you would not need to think of them, I should think.

Will suggests that the children sleep in sleeping bags on the seats of the car. They will be very comfortable there and that will do away with the necessity of two ~~extra~~ beds. A great many claim that sleeping bags on the ground are warmer than blankets and a bed--but Will does not seem very certain about that. Personally I should prefer a bed that would take me up off the ground and insects that may be crawling around. You will probably go camping every year for some years to come and to have your own tents and beds would be nice. But on the other hand if you should rent them, you would not have to store them and move them when you should move, and possibly the interest on the money expended this year would help pay the rent each year-----still I do like the collecting together of things that make for camping comfort and feel that each year will add to the value of that comfort---but again, if you have an outfit just as sure as you live you will be loaning it and it will soon be scattered. We have not a tent left. Some one has a lot of things that belonged to your father.-----Jamie--Grace--men he loaned them to use and the man who rented the land to him---I do not know all of the people who had a slice of his most perfect outfit.

Can you find any Handy-Andy lanterns that fold up and with candle and chimney make so inexpensive and safe a light for the tents? Even a pretty ~~strong~~ strong wind will not affect them but there may be something much better.

Will says he thinks you will find a gasoline stove--I enclose an advertisement of what he has--about the nicest thing to own. Easily carried--fuel right with you in the car--and so easy for all day trips at any time and every where. They take so many and it is so easy to have a hot meal that is so much more restful than a cold one. But be sure and study army stoves and methods. You could make a table that would bring such a stove up to a handy height.

Will has a wonderful "grub box" that he made to fit the running board of his car. Says it holds more than any he ever saw before. And is under the door so there is no trouble in opening the door without disturbing the box. Then he has an ice box that seems to him perfect that he made himself. You would not need that for this long trip but for a trip of a day or week it is perfect. You know Will likes comfort--his family like camping and he feels the boys should have it--therefore, he has tried to make the inevitable and somewhat disagreeable as nearly agreeable as possible and still spend as little money as possible. There are very nice tents that can be fastened to the car and fold up into but little space. But a month is quite a long time to be uncomfortable and I know you are looking to a somewhat permanent camp.

You want me to come for the camping in August--I will if I can. I ~~can not~~ come before August, for there are some things I must do and I know I could not get the money before ~~July~~ the middle of July at least. If I should come, I should want to pay for my own equipment. I should have my own tent--but would want it large enough so that you could plan on it too. That is, ~~if you could~~ Alice could have a bed in it too. A fly for the diningroom and if not too windy with the kitchen at one end--and that could be fixed with a gasoline stove--the pup tent for supplies--a tent for you and Helen--and the children in the car, if you thought well of that--and a tent for Alice and me--great fun would it not be?

I have one or two comforts that would be well for me to send and you could keep for camping. They are good, but old Galahad ones that are somewhat faded.---Yes, I will get there if I can. I will talk with Herbert again.

With a heart full of love and longing to see you all--  
Mother

If you wanted to ask Will some questions directly about any of the things that he has worked out wriet to him. You have his address? Box 1271-Stanford University-California

Dear Helen and Wilder:

I wanted to tell you some of the things I wrote Will and Winifred so I just made an impression of the letter I wrote them and send it on. I am sending you some pictures Cousin Florence took of the house while she was here. It will give you a fair idea of it and the grounds. I am also sending a book of Stanford. I hope you will get a good idea of Stanford too. The rolling foothill you see in one picture is a good view of the one I tried to tell you that I could see from my window.

Since coming home I have seen the wisdom?-necessity?-whatever way one may look at it, the fact anyway that it is impossible for me to leave home this summer. So I am putting it out of my mind just as much as possible and hope you will do the same. I am -or could be--mightily homesick to see you, and I shall be with you just as soon as it would be right for me to go. That sounds so cold and horrid that I think I shall have to tell you the not-alltogether happy secret. Ruth expects her sixth baby about the first of December. She has feared it for some time but did not tell me until last night. So, you see I must not think of seeing you for some time.

I must say goodnight--dear, dear children.

Dear Helen and Wilbur:

I wanted to tell you some of the things I wrote Will and Winifred  
as I just had an impression of the latter I wrote them and send it on. I am  
sending you some pictures of the house and the house wife she was here.  
It will give you a fair idea of it and the grounds. I am also sending a book  
of Stamford. I hope you will get a good idea of Stamford too. The rolling look  
you see in one picture is a good view of the one I tried to tell you that I could  
see from my window.

Since coming home I have seen the windows - however  
one may look at it the way that it is impossible for me to leave home  
this summer. So I am sending it out to you just as much as possible and hope  
you will be the same. I am not coming to see you, and I  
will be with you soon as it would be right for me to. Last summer so

old and hoped that I shall have to tell you the  
happy season. But I don't know about the first of December. She has  
learned it for some time but did not tell me until last night. So you see I must  
not think of seeing you for some time.

I want my pocket - dear, dear children.

The letter that came from you when I was at the Beach that one short week got hung up over at Ruth's and did not get to me until a few days ago. It came the day she was taken sick. I want to answer it, but will wait until I write again for I am only writing a note this morning.

Ruth went home last Monday. The arrangement seems to be a fairly good way to help her out now. Coming over here for dinner relieves her of much confusion. Elizabeth has gone back to school and as they do not have the buying of food supplies to do, and she does not see the actual spending of the money it may be she will get over her obsession of economy. "Daddy has no idea of being economical." The feeling that they are spending up to the very limit every day and no provision being made to refurnish or meet the coming expenses has driven many a wife to the insane asylum or chronic illness but one seldom sees that same effect in a young daughter. Ruth and Jack think it will be too hard on me---but if Ruth responds to the change as I hope she will it will be a heap easier than the old way. Aunt Addie is a good cook and she loves to cook and if some one is with her to plan the time and do the extra things she does beautifully. She has not had much experience in getting meals on time and TIME was left out of her composition. So I watch the clock and say--"Is it not time for that meat to go on?" "How long will it take to cook that cabbage?" I forgot--and did not get in from the garden until 3.30--washed, dressed and napped a few minutes - She was going to have a new fish dish that she had been planning on for two weeks--- I came out in the kitchen at 4.30----- She usually cleans up as she goes in her work but her pies were just out of the oven, the cooking things filled one table--sailed dishes were in the sink and both drain boards were covered with the fish she was preparing I wanted to wash the dishes and prepare the potatoes but could not get an inch of room until she got that smelly fish out of the way. Finally as I put on the potaoes I asked how long her fish needed to cook--"Two hours"--- It was then five o'clock and we have dinner at 5.30. That is a sample--You see we are both growing old and things do not go as they used to go.

A note I said? I have only gossiped, Aunt Addie is up now and the sun is a little warmer and I am ready for work with Kennet. it is 8.45---- And I love you all and will write something more soon, I hope.

That may look as if I were finding fault with Aunt Addie? But I do know that I could not so easily do this thing for Ruth without her.

Mother,  
Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
February 9 1924

Dear Children:

My letter must be written this week--and tomorrow is another week--so I am hurrying to write a few words now before the outside work really begins. Sunday last was a busy day-- Monday I went in town to the Presbyterial, thought I could not go, but a friend invited me to go and come in her car with her--and I did. Got home in time to pilot Aunt Addie through the getting of dinner--don't think she could get the dinner on the table alone to save herself from greater trouble--- Tuesday began the week of gardening. I am fortunate in getting a young man home from the U. for a week's vacation to give me the whole week. And I have stayed right with him. At this moment he is taking up the Cannas--such beautiful deep red ones that have been growing for less than two years--but every clump is as big around as a wash tub. They are to be divided and replaced--and given away or burned.

I have not been able to work in the garden as I did when I first came in the house--and have not been able to get good help so the poor old garden had deteriorated terribly, but again it is beginning to look like my heart's treasure. Between the prodigious growth of a year and the incessant demand for attention that comes from the presence of gophers one cannot let a week go by and expect to keep a good looking front without constant work.

So every day this week I have worked in the garden with Kenneth. We will not quite finish so he has promised me next Saturday for another day. I wish I could put in about \$100 in the garden but there are other needs for the \$100. The house should be painted--the roof has never been finished with its coat of ground brick over the tarred paper--etc. etc.

the music is somewhat familiar to them before the concert. Wonderful, is it not?

But I must stop and do a little reading--- It is six o'clock here---The babies  
are in bed, they have told their stories and you and Helen are enjoying each other?

Or is some one with you enjoying your dear home with you?

I thought of you so much yesterday dear Wilder---and sorry my letter did  
not reach you in time for your birthday. I have not written my Christmas thank  
you letters yet but hope to get them off this week.

Loving you very much--Mother

vegetables has soared in price except carrots. And one does not want to live on carrots. They tell me that there are many men hanging around the only club for the poor man in Van Nuys--the pool hall--out of work. I think I shall have to apply there for some one to dig and hoe and cultivate for me. Will Americans do such work?

Truly this old world is having a terrible time stumbling blindly along the road. The trouble is that poor old Europe is hard pressed and bewildered--and this Christian nation of ours has been so afraid of being thought narrow and bigoted that she has let every nationality and every religion but her own take the lead, until every one despises us as being soft--easy--and without religion. Our children do not know the meaning of Christianity--the schools forbidden to teach it--and the parents having never been taught do not know how to teach it.

We were quoting some things said by school children that showed their greater respect for some of the ancient religions than for their own because their own religion is never mentioned in school. Elizabeth took great exception to it. She thinks the teachers are always teaching the superiority of the Christ religion. But---the Los Angeles Superintendent of schools--Mrs Dorsey--is an earnest Christian and she manages to get Christian teachers in her schools--and has to work hard for it too.

The schools here are doing much to teach musical appreciation. It is most wonderful to me to know of the advantages given. For instance, The Philharmonic Association gives three tickets to any student for certain concerts for fifty cents and their chaperone may go in free. More than that, all of the money from any school for tickets to these concerts is returned to that school to be placed in the music fund for the benefit of the pupils. Then the programs of these concerts are known beforehand and the music teacher in the school sees to it that

Herbert and Mame with Pat and the two little boys came over for a brief visit today. They call Wilder William "Lily" for he "toils not neither does he spin" In fact he is but a bit of real decoration. Handsome as one would wish to see a lad--and as affectionate as ever--and just as heedless and lacking in responsibility. The boys at school like him--but call him "Sister" because he does so like the girls. However he is expecting to do something in golf. Ranks eleventh--I believe in the Hollywood school. He has great hopes for a ranking next year.

Mah Jongg? I suppose the best part of the game is the meeting the friends? I am glad -for your sake, Wilder, and for Helen's that you are willing to give an evening once in a while to real frivolous amusement.--But three evenings a week did rather shock me and I was glad of Helen's correction.

I had a letter from Little Missy Elwell she wants your address so that she may try to get in touch with you if and when she goes to Brooklyn again. She is seventy-five years old--and just as interested in every body and every thing as she ever was. She is still decorating for the holiday times, still <sup>is</sup> sweet and dear and dainty.

I had a letter from Mrs Lenroot. She was quite in favor of the peace plan until she heard Irvine arguing it with some public man--and they disapproved altogether and she writes--"So I shall vote against it." But I am like you--I approve, I am thrilled and I vote for it. Just as I vote for restricted immigration of the peoples who cannot understand the ideals of this nation. Again she will vote against me. "Where will we get men to dig and hoe and cultivate our lands?" Yes, that is so---That question is right up to California now. Already we are feeling the law against the Japs. Cabbage is ten cents a pound--Lettuce ten cents for a small head--Peas 30 cents instead of 17. Everything in

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
January 27 1924

Dear Children:

I have a new ribbon in the machine and I hope I shall not have the trouble that I did all through the life of the last ribbon. We are having a most glorious rain that is promised to last for five days. We are hoping the promise holds good for we have been a pretty dry country here for the past year.

We keep hearing of the cold in the East and yet you write that there is no freezing weather and no snow. So our sympathy that has been sent on to you has been wasted? We have been a full week now under the latest plan of life in our two families and it seems to be working pretty well. Yesterday Jack, Elizabeth and I drove into Los Angeles and that left Aunt Addie with a little more to do than usual and she is pretty well tired out today but I guess she will be all right. Ruth seems brighter and stronger. She is able to do everything for the Baby and gets in a little bit of mending or sewing each day. Nothing that takes any planning or that is bothersome in any way. She took a lot of luminol the time she "blew off the lid" as she expresses it--but now she only takes one tablet each night before going to bed. Baby looks better but he still only weighs seven pounds and his hair is just as red as ever. Malachi? In your Bible you will find he is the last of the prophets before the coming of the Christ who is to bring peace in the world. Armageddon? The last great battle against the Prince of evil who now rules this world is called Armageddon. That battle will usher in peace under the second coming of our Lord. So the last great battle has been fought--peace cometh to the house of Inglis---

And now---the main reason why I felt I must write this morning--I have left  
even for a postscript. Your birthday letter is late, dear Wilder, and yet I have  
had it on my mind almost every day since Christmas. Will you buy some little  
thing just for yourself that you can feel comes to you with Mother's love?  
I wish I could send you enough for seem of the books you want--

God bless my dear boy, and bring to him rich blessings in this new year of  
his life---

Mother

Ruth is brighter, stronger, since coming over here. By the time school opens when we hope Elizabeth will be able to get to work---If only she could have had that vacation---- I think Ruth may be able to go back home. Then she can get up and get the breakfast and get them all off for the day-- and take care of the two babies by taking a rest every time she feeds Stuart. The washing and ironing off her shoulders--and the dinner at night when each and every one comes home full of themselves and their day's work--full of vitality, full of irritabilities that need to be noticed and fused into a unit--th family unit. That takes the vitality and finesse of a strong woman--and Ruth has not the vitality to manage it. So, it may be that until June vacation comes around again they will take their dinners over here.

As to the change here? Aunt Addie will be the chief cook---but she has more ambition than strength. And it does take so long for her to do things now. So I have to watch her and guard her against herself. There are some things I hoped to do that I cannot do now---but when one is given a certain work that is quite evidently their work the strength comes to give up the things that must be given up. If only my arms and knees will not give out--and of course they won't if I am careful and only try to do the necessary things. If I do not worry and take things easy-- I shall not get nervous--and then my arms and knees will behave better.

I guess that is where we stand today---Each one of the responsible ones hoping to do their best he knows how, and hoping that his individual effort is along the efficient line. But we do feel that we are walking quite by faith--we are quite blind. I am sending you a page of our Conductor that I hope you will like to read--it will show you the man we love.

I missed your letter this week---

Mother

go to school the first of February that she is not able to carry through the work. She is certainly very depressed and miserable. She does not sleep the first part of the night---and then she is dead to the world in the morning. At the Beach she was beginning to get a little relief <sup>from</sup> to her depression. When the letter came from her mother--she was ready to come home and take care of Stuart, and of David and do the work of the house---everything--if I would take care of her mother. But the thought of not being able to go on with her school as she had planned-- was a bitter disappointment. Now, the depression and the weakness has made her feel that she could not go on with the school even though it should be arranged so that the work could be <sup>done</sup> arranged so that she need not stay home on that account. Oh if some one really knew what was the answer to the problem over there.

The house is too small to accommodate the family---that means that two girls are in the bed room in the garage. Too far away for Ruth to attend to them--and resenting any interference from me. They do not get up in the morning early enough to get anything done. They are dead with sleep---Jack does not have the proper breakfast---and neither do the girls and Bobs. The only thing Faith and Margaret do at home is the dishes at night---They dawdle over them so that they do not get to their studying until late--and they never get to bed before ten and often later. Naturally they are dead with sleep in the morning. They do not like to call Elizabeth to get breakfast--although she tells them to do so--but when she is so heavy with sleep and one knows she has not had a full night's sleep they cannot bear to call her-----So David stays in bed too long waiting for her to get up---- It is a horrid slipshod place--every one irritated--every one tired--nothing done when it should be done. Then you can see how that re-acts on Ruth who has not the physical strength to cope with it. Depressed? Gracious, she and Elizabeth are in a bad way. Ruth feels she is no good--cannot take care of her family--always leaning on some one else----Ouch---but you knew how she suffers.

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
January 23 1924

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Yes, we are home again. We went to Hermosa one Sunday and came home the next. Just one week and we were just getting into the swing of the Beach life and ready to make it count.

On Friday afternoon Elizabeth received a most pitiful letter from Ruth telling her that she must come home. Ruth had been sick and needed her. Saturday morning the two girls who were to be Elizabeth's guests for over Sunday came and I took the next train for home to see just what was the trouble, for Ruth had insisted that I should not come home until the month was up.

On Monday <sup>after we left</sup> she collapsed. Faith did not go to school and she thought she would be all right, but along in the morning her nervous symptoms became more alarming---not as she was before, she says "Not as bad ~~for the~~ for the family, but harder for me"----and Jack and the Dr. were sent for in a hurry. Jack did not leave her that day or night following. But he is a busy man you know. I cannot get the whole story--and do not think it best to question either one of them too much. Ruth thought she was going crazy. She was terribly depressed and too weak to walk the first day. We are sure she went home too soon----Jack says that is not it at all. He says---Sunday was an exciting day--as we were getting off---and she worried too much over the Baby's condition. Baby was starving---- The day he was five weeks old--and some days after he had begun to gain again, he weighed seven pounds--less than when he was born.

This is what we have done--- Ruth is over here with Stuart in my room. And the whole family came here for their dinner. Elizabeth declares she will not

little children, and how impatient Elizabeth was with them? Well, children mean absolutely nothing to Margaret now. I do not know if she dislikes them, but she is indifferent to them, and makes no impression on them. While Elizabeth is devoted to them. They are never too much trouble for her. David is the most wonderful thing that ever happened and Stuart is too darling for words. She is willing to do any thing for them from loving them and playing with them to washing out their dipes. Queer how we change? As for children, one can never tell about them from one year to another.

We are planning the week-end parties. Two girls--perhaps three--are coming down Friday night for over Sunday.--Oh but I was going to tell of Elizabeth's latest venture. She went to our pastor a few weeks ago and asked him if he would like to have the S.S. class of young girls of which Elizabeth is a member, start a nursery so that mothers could leave their babies there while they attended church/ You may imagine how eager Mr Knapp was to have them do so. Elizabeth is the founder and head of the venture. She started it--showed the other girls how--and left different ones in charge while she was away. She plans to graduate this June, in some way. Taking her work in Van Nuys. Then next year take a P.G. course in Hollywood High, taking the things she wanted to take this year. She will not try to go to College. She wants to go to Pomona--"it makes me sick to think of Southern Branch (The University) and if I have to earn my schooling I just know I cannot do it." She does not want to go to school unless she can not only keep up in her classes but she wants to do the best work possible--and to work at the same time she knows she cannot do it. And she cannot, but there may be a way open for her, after all. Pomona is a good college, but it would cost about \$1.000 a year for her.

I hope Helen dear that you have regained your strength and that things are going well with you. I hope you may keep well--and Wilder dear I hope your work is going satisfactorily. I know it will, but it may seem slow to you and still be better than you think. Tell me all about it. Add kiss the dear children for me. They will begin to think that Naneen is a myth. But some day I will prove to them

she is very much alive---I hope.

Your loving Mother-

Hermosa Beach, California  
January 15 1924

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Elizabeth and I came down to the cottage Sunday. Jack was rather stunned when he saw all of the dunnage we had to bring with us, and I think Bobs was some disappointed when he saw there was no room for him to come with us for the ride. But we have to furnish bedding for three beds and that does take up room. It is not as warm a shore as Newport in Orange County where we used to go from Fairview and Santa Ana, but it is more even in temperature than Van Nuys. As witness the fact that we have no extra heat here.

Elizabeth has made up her mind to have a good rest, I think. It is half past eleven o'clock and she is not up for breakfast yet. We are living an independent life, paying little attention to each other. Each one gets her own breakfast whenever she chooses. I had mine at nine o'clock, so will be almost ready to eat dinner when she appears. We have decided on only two meals a day, however. I like the two meal-a-day plan. At home I get up about seven, have my breakfast at eight or a little before. Aunt Addie comes for hers whenever she feels like it. Then we have dinner about 1.30--and then in the evening each one goes to the kitchen and gets a "hand-out" of anything she pleases whenever she pleases, but no table is set and no time is wasted.

Last night we were quite dissipated--we went to see "Why Worry" and it must have been ten o'clock before we went to bed. I hope the rest and change and feeling of no responsibility may be of great benefit to Elizabeth. She feared she would miss the babies. Do you remember how lovely Margaret used to be with the

I had a letter from Mary and she cannot say enough about your lovely home and family. A letter from Abby tells the same story and a letter from Miss Hunt tells me what wonderful children your children were--her sister's children are not half so well brought up and that two nurses from the Presbyterian Hospital have told her that you are the most popular Dr. with the nurses in the hospital. Of course I gloat over hearing such nice things.

Aunt Addie is up and around but very far from well still. I am not making any plans about going to New York for I do not see how I can go and still keep things going here. She cannot go back to Arthur's----Mrs Hutchcroft came back and hard things were said by all of them--and that is that. She has no other place to go--and I cannot afford to keep the house open and bills paid here and go East too. But some thing may turn up.

Louise Clark has offered us her cottage rent free and so Elizabeth feels happier about our going away. She is planning about her week-end parties. We will go next Sunday Then three Friday nights will see a party of two or three girls for over Sunday with us. The boys will be welcome during the day, if they will come down.

I am going in town tomorrow for the Presbyterial and for some shopping and expect to bring Aunt Elizabeth out with me in the evening. I dread the exertion it takes. Plumb lazy I am getting.

Your description of your Christmas was a delight. What fun to find Santa there beside the tree. We have had no rain yet, and we do need it powerfully. God bless you all--and that reminds me, did you read the Christmas Carol this year? I did but could only get one listener--Ruth--and she was in bed and could not get away from me.

Your Mother

By the way--I think I told you that Stuart John had a tooth--but did I tell you that his hair is the reddest of red hair--Ruth thinks it a pretty good joke on her for she has always been so sorry for the mother of a red haired boy. Where did he get it? Jack is having quite a kick calling him Malichi or Armageddon and noting

how few are the people who catch the joke--and now telling about his tooth and his red hair.

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
January 6 1924

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Oh I am so sorry that Helen had such a disappointment and such a lonely Christmas as it would be away from the children and home. Oh Helen dear--can you not give up the idea of having a larger family? Bless your dear heart you have tried your best--I hate to have you disappointed--and I hate to have you sick so often. My heart just goes out to you with lots of love dear girl.

I am going to write very little this evening. Just state a few facts---- The first one being that I love you--Probably that will be the last one too. Ruth went home New Years day--I think I wrote that. She keeps adding to her cold and of course is not feeling very strong. The confusion of so many of them and each one looking to mother for help and sympathy--a little from each but the sum total looms up big. Elizabeth is still the housekeeper. She washes--she irons--she bakes she does what she can for both babies--but while she is quick she is not very thorough and she whirls along so fast Ruth cannot keep up with her. But on the other hand Margaret never thinks to do anything unless she is told--and usually told several times. More thorough but what is thoroughness in one thing when there are forty things to be gotten out of the way. But they are trying to live up to the new rug and that room is in order. David is still miserable with a cold. He was whining at Elizabeth--"Get out of my way, Bebe, you are in my light"--he caught sight of his mother looking at him in a reproving way. Instantly his face and voice cleared--"I beg your pardon mother."---I wish I could remember all of his quaint remarks--he is really a very smart three year-old.

It met with his approval for--"She deserves a vacation"-- She does deserve one.

She has been wonderful with her mother these months of weakness and waiting. She complains a deal about her feelings--but never complains of doing too much for

Ruth or for David. And David wont let anyone--even Ruth--do things for him now. He sticks as close to Bebe as the proverbial burr. She gets up in the night to rock him and wait on him when he is restless--she cares for him all day--she has done a lot of the housework--altho she makes life miserable for the other two girls who do not do their share of the work. We do not blame them altogether either. This vacation they might have helped Elizabeth more--but they would have had she not been so dictatorial--They have not been up until late--ten-thirty some mornings--they are in the habit of being called, not by Elizabeth but by father or mother--One was sick and the other was in town almost every day. He was attending to business but the family suffered. Elizabeth has often done more than she should have done--and often not very graciously as far as sisters were concerned. But all members of a family of brothers and sisters will understand the situation. The fact remains, however that Elizabeth is nervously worn out--and probably physically worn out.

Jack insisted that last Sunday he and I with Bobs and Elizabeth go to Hermosa and try and find a house. He will pay half of the rent. Elizabeth did not want to go. He made her go--Why did she not want to go? "Why Daddy ought not to go so far that engine is knocking like everything and he will have trouble and a bill to pay." Ruth mildly suggested that Daddy could worry about that it was not her worry--but "Daddy never thinks about expense." We went---it was a terrible day of wind--the engine went all right but the wind tore the top to smithereens--and the car is in the garage. It looked "funny" to Bobs--but to Elizabeth?"Funny I call it a tragedy." It was suggested, casually, that she should go with me for a while--"I am not going away from home"--Ungracious? y s--but what was back of it? Yesterday I had a long talk with her. Here is her thought--"I cannot leave mother, she is not well yet." Now no thought of the joy of change and rest for herself has any weight in the face of her mother's need. I told her that her mother worried about her <sup>of</sup> mind--her health--and that nothing would build her up as would a lessening of that anxiety. That Aunt Addie would help mother and the girls would do more when she was not here. That Daddy said she deserved a vacation--and that we all appreciated her beautiful thought for mother and David and the many sacrifices she had made when feeling miserably herself. But now she must build herself up to be of more use to them. She wants a Christian Endeavor gold pin--I told her C.E. stood for Colossal Egoism as well as Christian Endeavor---that no one knew how much her mind had to do with her bad feelings--that by getting away from home she would have the chance to build up the tired body and judge better if the mind was at the bottom of her trouble--I tried to explain that until she understood that she could not help herself---and perhaps no one but herself could help herself. I tried to be very wise in all that I said--- Then I told her that I knew that going off with no one but grandmother was not very exciting--and that I realized that she needed young people about her. That I should get a house with enough beds so that each week end she could invite two girls down and she would be hostess with all of the plans to make--that possibly some of the boys would then come for a day at a time at least. Then she could rest five days in the week and plan for a good time for two days at the end of the week. At last she threw her arms around my neck and said--"Oh thank you that would be lovely--if I can leave mother--" Her face was much brighter the rest of the day. And now we are <sup>going</sup> ahead and try and get the house or apartment. We are all very <sup>troubled</sup> about the dear child--

Your package came just as we finished dinner so we opened that box together. It was a beautiful box for us all. Thank you for remembering Aunt Addie--Herbert and Mame never do, I am sorry to say, altho she always--out of her little-gives to their children. Herbert gave Mame a lovely wrist watch--- I will not name over all of the gifts. I want to speak now of what--to me--was the cream of the whole gift Christmas. The Life of Christ from you---a footstool from the Lankershim Penfields and a Tidy-Tot clock with a radium dial from the Ingli. Three things I meant to get for myself --after Christmas"-- I feel very ric h. Thank you very much for the book--the handkerchiefs and the fan. I shall use, enjoy and love you for them. Mary MacQ'arrie sent me a pound of tea--Ray sent the Atlantic as always and Sarah sent me two handkerchiefs marked Jean Penfield--Elizabeth gave me a box of talcom powder--Margaret two tall candles for my blue candle sticks--Faith a cover for one of my sofa pillows and Bobs a wealing wax stick and tiny candles to match in color. Cousin Florence sent a box some time before Christmas that has not come yet.

I hope to hear from you about your lovely Christmas very soon. Aunt Addie sends love and many thanks for the lovely handkerchief and says as soon as she feels real well again she means to write you for herself.

Jack has been hearing--and reading--a deal about Dementia Precox lately and feels that Elizabeth's symptoms are almost identical. Elizabeth has what I call a conscience complex. She is very miserable. Her ego is colossal. How much is physical and how much is mental--who can tell? Jack says he cannot get a direct answer out of her on any subject. "Do you want to go to school"--Where do you want to go? and questions similar--even as simple as do you want to go to town or out on a picnic trip are so complicated in her mind with the need to do things for mother and the cost of things that she does not and cannot give a direct answer.

I proposed to Jack that I take an apartment at one of the beaches and take Elizabeth there for from two to four weeks before beginning school in February--

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
November 6 1923

Wilder dear:

This letter is to be primarily for your own dear self. For the boy who comes so close to his mother's heart that sometimes I have felt that more than any one else he understands his mother's heart. Ever since you wrote asking me to pray for you in your research work I have wanted to talk to you heart to heart. And first, will it be a help to you to know when I pray especially for your success in the desire to be of real help to suffering humanity? Every morning just before I begin my breakfast I take my Missionary Calendar for the daily prayer for our "sent out" workers and after praying for them I pray for my own missionary worker. So every morning I am praying for you dear.

I have just listened to a sermon by the pastor of a Congregational church in Los Angeles over the Radio. I am all ready to go to our own church here in Van Nuys, where I shall, doubtless, listen to another good

Tuesday noon--

Just there I heard voices and at the door I found our neighbor, Mr Austin, with a huge suitcase and Aunts Elizabeth and Addie. Aunt Elizabeth has had a wonderful visit in Minnesota and Wisconsin ever since the middle of May. She had a glorious time but is glad to be back home again. And Aunt Addie? well there is a tale of woe that is almost breaking her. You know Mother Hut chcroft is a calamity. Blanche is happier, Arthur is better in health and happier and the children--especially Billy, is happier when she is non est as far as their home is concerned. Blanche can leave the children with Addie and feel comfortable but it is different with her mother. But Aunt Addie gets very tired with the work and nervous strain and then she comes out here for a week that lengthens into two weeks. The children

have to spend out of school hours with the neighbors--Blanche has to come home and get the dinner--etc.etc. Of course it makes it very hard for them all. Then--Aunt Addie is like a lot of other people who love to feel that they are very necessary to the happiness and well being of their friends--and I notice that it is usually the lonely,homeless ones who make the most of that kind of an attitude. Aunt Addie sympathizes with Ruth in her burdens and sympathizes with me in my lameness--and she thinks she ought to help Ruth with her sewing, and I should not be left alone--etc. So in her letters to Art and Blanche that necessity is emphasized. And so--Herbert and Mame thought that I should not be left alone etc.---and Mother Hutchcroft was not really happy with Ade at the beach--and was quite jealous of Addie's position in the home--etc.etc. So there was a change made,and when Addie went in town two weeks ago--staying down with me until the very last minute and getting home about eight o'clock in the eve. with two big suitcases----she found she was not needed. In order to make her feel that she was not needed here and that her duty was in there--I had stressed the point of my arrangements for the coming of the new baby. Ruth and the nurse were to have certain rooms etc.and she saw there were no arrangements for her--So"But I cannot go back to Jean's she has all of her arrangements made for Ruth and there is no room for me." Well,it seems to be human nature to want what some one else wants--and to hold lightly the thing that is not wanted elsewhere.

Art and Blanche were surprised at the turn affairs had taken--sorry too,I think, but Mother H. was there and she gloated in the idea of being "in charge". Addie did not know what to do--she wrote me and I immediately wrote back that there was not a plan in the world that could not be changed if it seemed best. That she was to come back here of course. Then she wrote and asked me what I honestly thought about her making application for the Hollenbeck Home. I wrote her just what I would do in her position--I would try my best to get in there. She hates to be dependent. If I sell here I do not know where I will be nor when I shall

settled: That I felt I must have the visit with you in New York. How long I should be away I did not know. If I did not sell I must rent the house for I would need the money. So, I might not have a place for her--and still I wanted her to feel that just so long as she needed my home that it would be at her service.

Now, if there is any thing in the world more distressing than to feel that you are not wanted anywhere as you get old---I would like to know what it is. Aunt Elizabeth went home Sunday evening but Addie stayed over and went in with me yesterday morning. I wanted to go to the Presbyterial meeting I had not been for some months. She went with me and in the afternoon Louise Clark came to the church for us in her pretty car and took us over to the Home. I never saw any one more nervous than Addie was. She shook all over. Mrs Hutchcroft has been rather catty telling the neighbors and the children that Addie was much older than she that she was 74 years old. etc. For years Addie has not figured on her age very much for she could never acknowledge how old she was while she was in business or she would not have been so well accepted. So--in her nervousness when Dr. Young asked her how old she was she said--74--thanks to Mrs H. I was flabbergasted--I knew she was not so old--yet I never had actually put the years in figures. So when we left there I said--For heavens sake Addie what is the matter with you why you are not that old"--"Well I did not think I was but somehow I could not figure out anything else. She was 69 in September and I proved it to her.

She could not bear to leave me until she was obliged to do so--and we went to dinner together and I tried to cheer her up. I asked her--"Do you not want to go to the Home?" Oh yes--I have always said I would--But all my life I have prayed that some time I might have a little home all my own--You know I have never had one in all my life." That nearly broke my heart--but is there anything I can do? She has been defrauded in all sorts of ways--Jamie is the latest one--and yet, I do not suppose that he really thinks he has been unkind and dishonest. It is

The most astonishing thing how we poor humans get such distorted ideas of common honesty when it touches our own interests and our own pocketbooks.

She has gone back to Arthr's to get her things packed etc. And I have ordered our truckman to go and get and bring out here---into my poor overtaxed garage a machine, three trunks, a big box, three barrels--perhaps that is all for the old writing desk that your father had in his house office is coming and that will come into the house and I shall use it.

You ask about Ruth She is pretty well. She looks peaked, she does not sleep very well, but probably it is all due to the weight and strain of carrying it. She is planning for the 3rd. of December but you know she is most unreliable. I hope the date is all right for her nurse has every week taken up into February.

To go back to Addie a minute-- There is not much chance of her getting into the Home for perhaps two or three years. When I told Jack and Ruth about our day yesterday and asked Jack to order the truckman--He threw back his head and shouted--"Oh mother You are always the goat." But when I asked if I could have done anything else he said "No of course not--and you never can do anything else but what you do." Does he mean that I have a silly way of taking responsibility because it is my nature to do so? Or does he mean that each responsibility is evidently given to me without my seeking and that of course I could not shirk it? I hope he meant the latter.

But I have some other things to do dishes, bed etc are waiting for me. But I did out three loads in the washing machine and Mrs Lang is finishing.

God bless you all---Oh by the way--I want to get Ray something for Christmas that is not too expensive and yet something he would like. Can you give me any suggestions? Do you know of any new book that he might not have and would enjoy? You know he likes essays--biography--poetry etc. I do not seem to know what is good among the new things.

I love you all very much indeed--

Mother

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
November 11 1923

Dear Children:

I have so many ideas to work out in the morning but after the mid-day meal I always feel that my day's work is done as far as brain ability goes and it seems the hardest thing in the world for me to work up an idea. It is after dinner. Ruth had another bad night last night. She has them almost every night now. She twitches, and tosses and tumbles even if she sleeps it is such an uneasy sleep--until along towards morning. I think she gets too tired during the day, perhaps. She looks very tired and worried much of the time now. The weight is bothering her a good bit, and it is hard to find a comfortable position. I am hoping all of her nervous symptoms are due to that cause. This morning she was to sleep and the rest of the family went to S.S. David came over to stay with me. We had a great time playing. As it grew near eleven o'clock I put on my hat to be ready when the car came to get right in and go to church. "Where are you going?" "I am going to church when Faith comes home from S.S." He immediately dropped his playthings and started for the door--"But Where are you going?" "I am going home." And nothing I could say would change his thought. I went over with him and found that Ruth had just wakened. She had slept so soundly that she had not even heard them when they left the house. "And oh the house did seem so heavenly quiet when I opened my eyes."

I have not heard a word from Aunt Addie but her freight came last night. I stowed away three trunks, three barrels a big box and put her machine in her room and the writing desk will come in the dining room where I have my writing things etc. as soon as I can dust it and find the keys.

Do you read The World's Work? Are you interested in the articles by Rollin Lynde Hartt on the Split in the Church? And in the Immigration Peril? There is so much of interest in the magazines but these two series seem to me to be almost the most important and interesting.

The football game yesterday between the two California Universities-- California Bears from Berkeley playing Southern California Trojans brought out 72,000 fans at the Stadium. It was full to its capacity for the first time.

The flower garden is bright with the maroon and gold--always remind me of Minnesota colors--chrysanthemums. And in the vases in the house they are like bits of captured sunshine and I glory in them. A few roses and heliotrope and Larkspur. The heliotrope will soon yield to frost I suppose. I am making the most of it while it lasts. My poor garden knows something is wrong with my knees and it shows it. Still there is some glory left. I should be getting ready for the Winter blooms.

Life is very beautiful if we look for the beauty. But it is, with most of us, like the newspapers--They fill their pages with all of the horrid things because it is "news"--good things that people do are only ordinary and to be expected--and we dwell on all of the unpleasant things because pleasant things are the natural and to be expected things.

Herbert and Mame and the kiddies have been here-- I gave Jean some calling cards of Ruth's--Miss Penfield, if you please, and she is tickled pink.

And now Aunt Addie has come and now will come another adjustment. I tell you I have never been in danger of becoming "set"--I am always making changes.

No ~~monotony~~ monotony in life for this family. But through all of the many changes I love you "still the same" We have been having much of the old opera music over Radio lately and the Bohemian girl with its songs--Then you'll Remember Me, "I dreamed I Dwelt in Marble Halls etc. have been brought to mind again after many years. Loving you each and every one-

Mother

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
November 25 1923

Dear Children:

Just now I feel that the thumb of my left hand is the most important member of my body. I gave it a good deep cut this morning and it is sticking up here so straight and so belligerently that I am not sure of how to spell words or if I shall hit the right keys. I never knew before that that thumb had anything to do with the pounding of the keys or with the spelling of words? Aunt Addie is washing the dishes--so I am getting some kick out of it.

Wilder dear, it was sweet of you to assure me that I am playing the game all right, for sometimes I have been afraid that I might fall down when I should be standing up straight and strong.

What a busy week you did have while the Andersens were there. Fred has had much besides Isabel to bring out the strength he had in his nature. Since Herbert had to drop out of the business he has had much to carry on that would break a weak man. Mary's letters to Ruth have told of all--or much--that he has done for the men who work in the plant. He must have been the means of changing the whole atmosphere in South Stillwater. Oh is it not fine to see people accomplish things? Sometimes I feel that we are on the eve of big things in America. We are so behind some other countries in so many things. Our disrespect for law--our courts that do not give justice, our illiteracy--our low child mortality--etc. To find that we stand 17 in the list of nations in the care of mothers before and after child-birth makes me ashamed. Then our race problems and hatreds--Something must happen to us--we must wake up or we will be a lost nation.

I wonder if your attention has been called to the split in the church? If not, and if you can--read the articles in the World's Work--

And now I am wondering if I did not speak of those articles to you before-- It has been brought to my mind again by hearing of something that is going on in the Glendale church. If the Fundamentalists are beginning to heckle Mr Edmonds I shall be wondering what may happen next. He is too strict to please some people, but I think him one of the most consistent and true men. But--I do not think you are interested in Mr Edmonds. I think I have said before that I hope if I ever do get to New York I may have the chance to see something of Maitland Bartlett---I am saving up things to talk with him about. I have a lot of confidence in his Christianity and clear vision.--and yet I scarcely know him.

Jack has taken the family off on another drive and dinner in the open. I do not think Ruth can go very much longer. I hope not, for she is mighty tired. Do you remember that old gray shawl I had years and years ago? It is such a warm thing and such a disreputable looking thing--I have not known what to do with it. Also I have boxes and boxes of yarns--perfectly good--but they do not match--yet I could not throw away perfectly good wool. I had a brilliant idea. David needs a new comfort--instead of buying cotton batts--I am to take the gray shawl--and with the yarns knit--on very big needles--a cover for both sides--that will give three thicknesses of wool--very warm and very light and then with a cotton cover tied as any comfort would be tied--David will be comfy. And now I am having fun with all sorts of colors---it does not make any difference with the result if the colors harmonize--but it makes a difference in my feelings. And the whole family admire it.

Ruth and I saw Holbrook Blinn in the Bad Man Thursday night--and we having been laughing ever since. Friday night I went to the High School. It was parents' night. They did not have school in the morning but in the afternoon and evening. Some of the boys and girls were guides and would take one wherever one wanted to go-- And after the study periods were over an entertainment was

given that was most well worth while. Jack made a speech and presided and it was all interesting.

Helen your account of the evenings with the Baldwins intrigues me. No, I have not read the Middle of the Road by Philip Gibbs. I have not read anything but the Times and the magazines--World's Work--Atlantic--Living Age--Good Housekeeping and my beloved Post. Some Missionary things, of course. I am trying to get back some of my old vocabulary and get some additions by consulting the dictionary as often as I can make it convenient--- There that is something I want powerfully bad--a big dictionary and a rack to hold it-- Ibsen's works-- a fine set through the Union Library for less than ten dollars for the nine volumes I think I shall send for.---if I can.

You ask what are my Christmas wishes--Elizabeth asked the same thing but, you know all of my desires seem to be such big things--of course there are lots of other things too. Oh books, handkerchiefs, why almost anything--but I would say nothing if I spoke as I feel --no, not quite nothing either. For I do want a little remembrance from you all --but only a little. Every one has so much to spend money for-- Ruth looked so fragile and helpless the other day. Jack had asked her if he could not buy the Christmas things--and she said she had not thought of anything yet--- then she thought of all whom she wanted to remember and the expression on her face was distressing to me. I begged her not to think of anyone this year.

I do not know what our Christmas plans are to be yet. My knees are better, I can get around pretty well, now--but I have not as much pep to plan things as I need to have.

The Calvert system---You will make a great success with it I know you will. The dinner at the Cotters----well, yes--I think I know how Wilder felt--perhaps how he looked. I laughed at the picture it brought before my eyes.



Fox 169 R oute 1  
Van Nuys, California  
November 18 1923

Dear Children:

Mrs Kermott came over for a little visit this week--Of course it was Dr who brought her but he just came in the house an instant and said he would look around a while. He did and then he sat on Ruth's porch and waited until Mrs.K and I went out to find him. He then came in the house long enough to eat a few--very few grapes and went out again until she should have finished hers and was ready to leave. So I do not think I can say that Dr came over for a little visit do you? I feel so sorry for him for he is certainly one nervous man. Of course I do not take it as anything personal when he does not care to visit with us. He would have visited with Jack all right but just does not feel quite in touch with Ruth and me. It was fine to get a little personal touch of you through her. She looked ten years younger than when she came out to California--did you not think so? She looked so well the day she was here and what a good time she had with you. I think it did her worlds of good. She can now have the proper setting when thinking of you. I asked her if it would not be possible to hope <sup>for</sup> from a visit from you both next Summer during your vacation and was surprised when she said so positively "No--not a chance".

Jack has taken the whole family off for the day. I suppose he had some idea of where he was going, but Ruth did not know. They took their lunch with them and left right after Sunday School. So I did not get to church either. I am glad they could go--it is a most beautiful day and the change will be good for Ruth. She is very miserable because of the weight--gas etc. She eats quantities of charcoal

tablets on account of the gas. I do hope the name is near at hand. Dr. guesses December 8th. I have my room cleaned, and re-arranged and some of the dresser drawers are emptied ready for her coming. I have made a new bed comfort and have been trying to get several necessary things out of the way--that seems to be my contribution to getting ready for the expected new member of the family.

Last evening Ruth and David were over here. David was playing with his marbles and very much interested--He wanted me to watch each roll--and kept shouting "Look Non, look Non." Had not time to finish the word Naneen. It was quite funny. There had been some questioning on Bob's part before David came and Jack had told him much that was interesting and a while ago he told him that "Malachi" was expected. They take it quite as a matter of course over there and I suppose the name has been mentioned in David's presence. Ruth was sewing on a little night-dress and David came up to her and "That is for Melichi, isn't it?" Ruth asked who told him about Malichi--and he said--"Oh, Bob did." At the present writing she has not had a chance to find out just what Bob did tell him. He notices every little thing that one would not expect a small boy not yet three years old to notice and for some time he has had spoken of "Your big stomach" with a feeling that something is not quite right. And when Ruth makes a movement of discomfort he often says "Does it hurt you?" and is quite solicitous. It is almost uncanny sometimes. "My mother" means much to him.

A man and his wife came to look at the house yesterday. It was funny to see how much they wanted it and the means they took to try and get it for less. She kept saying--But if one has not more than £2,000 -you know they cannot pay \$14,000--and his arguments were numerous. When they finally tore themselves away I said I hoped they would find what they wanted--and the more I spoke as if it did not matter to me so very much if they took it or not--the more he was sure he wanted the house. Another house in the neighborhood can be bought for \$12,000

"and is an income bearing place you know." I agreed that it was a nice place but did not expatiate on the fact that it was not an income bearing place because it had been so neglected--nor that--for the same reason it would take some \$2.000 to put it in repair. Indeed I did not try very hard to sell this place--for I need it until after Ruth is sick. He said he would look at some other places and that would give me time to think it over and he would see me again. Selling property would not be my choice of a life work--indeed I am afraid I would not make much of a living at selling anything, for that matter.

Herbert was sent as a delegate to Fresno by the Kiwanis club of Lankershim. Of course Mame went too and Elizabeth went down there to stay with the children while they were gone. They went very early Thursday morning and I suppose will be back this evening. Elizabeth took it as she does everything with a feeling of great responsibility. She wondered what kind of meals she should get--if they liked pie-- what meats they would want--how much she should spend--etc.etc. Ruth kept saying that Auntie Mame would have everything all planned --but take it as a lark and plan for a good time? she could not. The staying out of school is not having the proper chance to help her because she still feels a great responsibility--for her mother--the house--David----and still she cannot do it easily. It wears her out and wears Ruth out still more. Her condition is serious, the D<sub>r</sub>. says, and I know he is right, but at present I do not see how anything can possibly be changed.

You know what wonderful days we have in Wisconsin sometimes in October? We are having weeks of such weather here now. Cold at night but such wonderful days. With love for you all,  
Your mother--

"and in an income bearing place you know." I agreed that it was a nice place but  
did not insist on the fact that it was not an income bearing place because as  
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Of course Jane went too and Elizabeth went down there to stay with the children.  
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You know what wonderful days we have in Wisconsin sometimes in October?  
We are having weeks of such weather now. Cold at night but such wonderful  
days. With love for you all,  
Your mother--

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
January 1st, 1924

Dear Children:

The first letter--almost the first New Years' wish for a Happy and prosperous year is sent to you. Christmas acknowledgements are late---but this greeting is early--comparatively. Ruth and Addie are not dressed for breakfast yet--but I am through and trying to keep theirs warm. Before I begin on the Christmas history and thanks shall I say why I have been so long about it? I have been suffering from an attack of nerves--I imagine. I am quite sure now that my trouble in my knees is not rheumatism but neuritis. I did not feel like writing--and so did not. Then Mrs Nelson left Thursday night and Friday morning both Addie and Ruth were in bed and under the doctor's care. Ruth in bed for fear of trouble--sore throat--and Addie because of a throat, headache and fever that troubled the Dr. as well as her. Ruth was up again on Saturday afternoon and Addie was up yesterday. I did feel that I was pretty busy when trying to do Mrs Nelson's work--my work and Addie's work--but we all lived through it.

Christmas was very delightful. After breakfast Mrs Nelson went home for the day. Jack carried Ruth over there for the stockings and, of course, Aunt Addie and I went too. The opening of the stockings began with David. He was so amazed he hardly knew what to say when Elizabeth led him up to his particular corner that was well filled with a big express wagon and many other things. He looked a minute--then turned to Elizabeth--"For me?" He was not allowed to look at the cart for long for there were other things and others waiting. But he paid no attention to any other stockings but his own that were fully satisfying to him.

*on all sides of us - but you - but I must say Ruth's New Year's wish - I am sure that  
Road--- May we all keep our heads and walk honestly in the middle of the extremists  
Governments--On how unsettled things are every where. I have read The Middle of the  
decisions--Many new thoughts many new plans in the lives of individuals--churches--  
think so--at the it would seem as if the coming year must be very full of important  
I was sorry to see old 1923 go--Am I fearful of what 1924 will bring to us? I do not  
know*

*you will find something new and important - in your new work - will be clear  
I was so glad of the stockings. I wish Mr. and Mrs. Nelson had been there too -  
Ruth*

Bobs' belt and gauntlent gloves made it hard for him to investigate much farther, although there was much more to look at. Faith was most interesting to watch-- she is rather dramatic in her pleasure---the three girls take things so differently-- a vanity case for her and Margaret and a lovely purse bag for Elizabeth who did not care for a vanity case--and four pair of silk stockings each--with other things made them very happy. Then came Ruth--her biggest surprise and pleasure was a 9x12 rug for the livingroom floor from Jack's two cousins. Jack's gift to her was an electric toaster. Jack, aunt Addie and I had our stockings too. And all were made happy and rich.

Then we came home and prepared for dinner. Jack had bought a turkey and Aunt Addie roasted it for our family dinner at two o'clock. Ruth was at the table with us and Stuart never made a sound until we were through. Then I went to work at the sandwiches for the evening. Herbert and family came a little before five. After greetings etc. Faith and Jean ~~xxx~~ sang a Christmas carol before the tree gifts were distributed. That carol was one of the sweetest things to remember. The two girls are so different. Faith the prettier--Jean the more stylish. Faith was used to singing like that before the family and Jean was not, so that at first she was a little embarrassed and showed <sup>a</sup> by a fluttering hand that stroked her bobbed hair--but she soon forgot her self-consciousness. There was no accompaniment-- their voices were true and sweet and we loved to look at them as well as hear them. Then Jack took down the gifts and dear little Deak passed them around. When he was handed a package marked "Adams" it was funny to see his look of bewilderment he did not recognize Aunt Addie under that name. One other laughable thing was when Fred got tired of waiting for his name to be called and got up and very determinedly marched up to that tree just as Uncle Jack handed Deak a package marked Fred---Fred took it saying "Well" and as we laughed he flushed and went to his seat again.

I am reading Harry Leon Wilson's "Oh Dector" to Ruth. It is rather discursive-  
I guess that is the word my dictionary seems to be out of its place and I cannot  
be sure----and one number at a time is enough. But it is good and right funny.  
I have finished "Easy" by Nina Putnam Wilcox and I wish every voter would read  
that story and then read some statistics to see if she is right. I get "all het up"  
over the immigration problem. Oh if only we could have at least ten years rest  
from the immigration of all races save the Anglo-Saxon who have the same ideals  
as we have--just long enough to clean house and look around us and see what is  
taking place. Why any housekeeper could tell the government that after a siege  
of company--strangers especially--there must come a time of cleaning up--of read-  
justment before one can take in another lot. Just a little breathing space--just  
to get acquainted with our own family. Bootlegging is all in the hands of foreign-  
ers--almost all of the crimes are of foreigners--the unrest is largely brought  
about by foreigners--and they are taking our government over almost entirely.  
Good gracious I am proud that not one drop of foreign blood is in my body. We are  
all United Kingdom blood. But there dear---yes--I will quiet down and go and  
change my dress for it is high time being four o'clock in the afternoon.

I don't believe I shall get any regular Christmas letter written. I sent off  
a box of sugared walnuts for your Christmas dinner. Hope you get it safely and in  
time.

With a heart full of love-

Mother



Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
December 19 1923

Dear Helen "ad Wilder:

You will have received the telegram telling you of the coming of Jehn Stuart last Friday morning, and you will, I know, be wanting to hear some of the particulars. It was about 12.30 that I heard Ruth at my door calling "mother." It was not very long before Dr Canby came and soon after Jack came with the nurse. The pains were coming--not hard but regularly every four minutes. Then they became scattering, often fifteen minutes apart and seemingly very ineffective. We sat up with her all night. About six o'clock Dr went into Addie's room to take a nap. About a quarter to seven Jack went home to shave and start breakfast. Said he would go to school and get things arranged and come home as soon as he could. The pains began coming with something of a grip to them. Five minutes to seven she went into my room and got into bed--called to the nurse to come quick the waters had broken----She called the Dr. Ruth kept calling "quick"---Mrs N. got the gloves that had been sterilized handed the dish to Addie and told her to help Dr. Told me to light the fire in the bathroom -it had not been out but a short time--to fix the lysol--to get the lard---- Br. could not get on his gloves--never did get one on-- He kept saying--"Wait a minute"---Ruth grasping the pillars of the bed kept saying I can't". And Baby was born--five minutes after the first call for help. She had five minutes of real labor--no more. I wanted to get word to Jack as soon as possible--Faith was just leaving her room in the annex--"Tell Daddy we have a fine boy over here." It took her all the time of getting over to their house to sense that I did not mean David----Jack shouted "impossible" and came a running. Hands up, eyes sticking out--"It cannot be"---but it was. He says Ruth has handed

him many surprises but this beats them all. Dr was the most tickled man--just in the next room after sitting up all night visiting and he almost missed the end. Addie had never seen anything of the kind--had never even seen a new baby undressed. Dr had been telling her he would put her through. There she stood at the foot of the bed holding his gloves--and everything that was to be seen she saw. It was right funny. Well, why cannot all births be like that? Having had no terrible strain on her strength she is making a beautiful recovery. Afterpains a few but very light. No fever--no exhaustion. But we are trying to be mighty careful of her just the same for fear--and in hopes that she will be better in health after this is over.

Now---what we want to know is --could it have been the effect of the aluminol that she has been taking? She has been so nervous she has taken it regularly and fairly often towards the last especially. She jerks now with nervousness but has not had that uncanny jerking that she has had so much of. If it is the aluminol I should think it might be that a remedy could be found for all pregnant women.

He is a nice child--of course -No matter how many come each one is a mystery and a delight. He has interfered without plans---but we forgive him. His grandmother seems to be having some little trouble to get into the working harness again. I knew I had been anxious all these months but I guess I did not know how nervous--for the reaction is still present.

I am trying to get some Christmas greetings written but I do not seem to accomplish much. Faith has been here for two days with a hard cold, but is better today. Elizabeth has been doing very well indeed as housekeeper. Margaret is trying to keep her mind on current events in the home not always succeeding--she never forgets the tennis game however. Jack is spending the whole week in Los Angeles--teachers' institute. Leaves before seven in the morning and home not much before midnight.

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
December 10 1923

Dear Children:

I thought I should not write you again until I had some real news to tell you. Of course the news we are all anxiously wanting to tell is that Ruth has greeted her sixth baby. But there is nothing doing as yet. She depends a great deal on aluminol these days. She had to take it three times yesterday but slept quietly all night because of it, perhaps. Her nights have been very jerky and nervous.

Helen dear that beautiful bed jacket came today it is lovely. Ruth is so pleased--and as for Elizabeth she is wild over it. I vowed that I would not send money to you this year---but I shall have to do so. I have not been able to think ahead or plan for much of anything. The only thing that I am quite sure of doing aside from some sweaters I have knitted for some of the boys-- John, Billy, Bobs and David---is having my teaset that was a wedding present from father and mother Penfield re-plated for Herbert and Mame. Mame has no one to give her anything like that and she does love such things and entertains quite a little. It is marked with a "P" too. I shall give it to them with the understanding that it is to go to Jean eventually. I shall give Ruth some napkins that I bought in Oxford.

I am almost afraid that any Christmas dinner will be out of the question. I think Cottie will be delighted with the Ladies Home Journal.. I am glad you wrote about it for Ruth was thinking of doing the same thing. Her address is Miss Sarah L. Scott.

The Hollenbeck Home  
Boyle Heights- Los Angeles.

Ruth, Jack, Faith and I have been to see Pola Negri in the Spanish Gypsy this evening. It is the same story---altho very differently portrayed--as Rosita. Pola is a good gypsey--but oh Mary Pickford is so much better. The acting in Rosita is quite wonderful I think. You saw h er while Mrs K. was with you?

Will you take this check and buy yourself and the children some little thing? Something that will tell you often how much your mother loves you? Such a busy, delightful, dear Christmas as you will have. I am so glad that you told me what you are to do. I shall love to be thinking of you. It sounds like old times when my children were little.

Am I coming to see you after Christmas? I hope before many months are past I shall see you--but how can I tell? Just now there is only the dread of Ruth's sickness and how it will fare with her later. It does not seem as if I could bear another of her attacks--I guess I would better stop thinking about it. Aunt Addie is busy at Christmas work at the table behind me--it is bed time and if the wind has stopped blowing tomorrow morning--it will be wash day. We have had three full days of terrible wind. I have never seen such wind here. Jack does not like me to say that and reminds me of the winds of Wisconsin in Winter. Of course it is different--it is dust here and snow and ice there.

I love you--

Mother

world because that is so.

I am enclosing a picture of Uncle Tom's daughter. The exclamation from Herbert, when I showed it to him was--"She looks just like your girl pictures, Mother I wonder if you will see it. Ruth did not place the likeness but said--"How familiar she looks." There must be something of the Jefferson in her looks, probably Her mother is living with her third husband and Virginia seems to take on the new names. She is a very sweet, christian girl.

I can make no Christmas plans until Ruth is sick. I hope this week will be the end of the waiting for her. I went in town with Jack last Friday. Addie was with us, too. But as a shopping expedition it was not very successful. We were late in getting into the stores, I had some business to attend to first--and the crowds tired me so that I got out of it as soon as possible. Just as soon as the party is over I shall make another attempt. I am glad the children like the magazine. Mame says Fred and Deacon enjoy it too. She wanted me to continue it for them. I subscribed for World's Work for George--I imagine it was not just what he would have chosen for himself---but it is time that the boy began to think along political lines. Herbert has promised to do what he can to interest him in it. But "we live a hectic life at our house" Herbert says. George is never at home. He comes to Van Nuys to school--Leaves home with a sandwich in his hand and catches the 7.15 etc. car. He is on the athletic field, here until late--reaching home in time to snatch something else in his hand and catch the car back to Van Nuys, for something getting home often after they are in bed. Not right? most certainly not--but not altogether bad. For the first time in his life he is getting good marks in school. He is very much in love with the school and surroundings. He has his first girl and she is a very nice girl too, I am told. So--he is working out his own life I suppose and perhaps he will do as well with it as if he had more home restrictions. Wilder is the same happy-go-lucky, careless handsome fellow as ever. He enjoys his

school and popularity in Hollywood High. Just how he is really doing in classes and in morals--I do not really know. I do not think any one really knows, perhaps. Jean--longing for beauty, grace and popularity--is still doing her best in music and school. If she could only forget how wonderful it would be to have those qualities and get down to really enjoying life as a little girl student, she would be happier--I imagine. Pat? Pretty, graceful flapper--willing to smoke her father's cigarettes when she has the opportunity--willing to be loved by any and every boy, or man--Well--I am old-fashioned I suppose but she seems quite beyond my comprehension. Do they realize it? I do not think they see anything but the signs of the times in her for they are proud of her <sup>attractiveness</sup> attractiveness. Of course, when one really thinks back, girls have not changed so very much, either. The girls of to-day are very out-spoken the girls of may day would not even acknowledge to themselves what the girls of now flaunt to the whole world. I really can recall how I used to enjoy things too. The boys meant a lot to me--but I would not say so, you know. So I imagine things are not as bad as they look on the surface, sometimes.

But I have gossiped long enough for one morning. Wilder dear--your research work is going well--I know. Of course you always plan more than you can do--I suppose every one who accomplishes things does that. But I know success will come to you in your work. And God bless you and Helen and the dear babies.

Mother.

But I forgot--Herbert has been elected president of the Kiwanis club--Every ballot for nominations that came in had his name for president--so it looks as though he was the unanimous choice. Jack has also had another honor thrust upon him. He is the head of all the Boy Scout clubs in the San Fernando Valley.

*How I enjoyed the  
account of your Sunday*

Fox 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
December 6 1923

Dear Children:

I almost begin to feel that I am the one who is expecting a little party--as well as Ruth. I am in such a fever to get things finished and out of the way. Not her things but mine. I am absolutely feverish in my hurry when I begin to see the end of a task. My latest one is the fixing up of that blue sweater that I made for Margaret in Oxford. I don't suppose you recall what a beautiful blue it was? The contrasting color was a light yellow. It has descended to Faith and is such a favorite that she cannot bear to give it up. So the sleeves have been made elbow length--the cuffs fitted on again and all weak places strengthened. Today I hope to get some mending out of the way. Some of mine that has been hanging on and Ruth's stockings.

Elizabeth is feeling a little less tired on the whole, I think. She is doing good work in the house. By good work I mean she has the desire to save her mother everything possible. But Elizabeth, while being a quick worker and having a good idea of how things should go is not a thorough worker and the sink is never left absolutely as it should be etc. But I have been pleased at the way she insists on doing things. She insists that not so much ironing be sent out---that she will do this and that--and sometimes she insists on doing more than she has the time and the strength to finish.

Ruth is not able to do much, she is heavy and nervous and looks very tired at times. If their house were in better condition there would not be so much work to be done. The rugs are worn out---her stove is worn out--the linoleum is worn out--They have just one comfortable chair in the house--The floors need doing over--

Well--it looks mighty discouraging at the best of times. During the summer the girls slept outside under the arbor. Since it became cold Margaret and Faith are in my annex room. It makes it a little awkward for them to be so far away. Ruth cannot keep tab on when they go to bed and the rascals are usually up when I go to bed after ten o'clock.

I am reading The Little Minister aloud to Faith and Aunt Addie. She comes over for an hour after the dishes are washed at night. She wanted to read it but could not get much out of it--not understanding the Scotch words used, nor--perhaps--the quaint humor. She expressed the wish that I would read it to her--her mother said I was too busy-- but I was not.

What do you think dear Mary Andersen did? She wrote Ruth she had been thinking so much about her--and for the first time in her life she had a fairly good-sized balance in the bank and she sent her a check for \$100. hoping she would spend it absolutely on her self and in some way make the coming month a little easier for her. Ruth is to be sick here--of course. She says Jack will have to pay the nurse and the Dr. That money she means to keep a little while and have the fun of spending it over and over. She laughs at how all the family are trying to spend it for her. Indeed it is funny. Aunt Addie, especially--you know her nickname given by Jamie, is "Miss Fix-it." I did call her to order by saying--Now Addie you and I must be careful and not try to spend that money for Ruth. It is her money." I do not think she has made any suggestions since. I do not often get annoyed, because it is rather funny and I have the game of waiting to hear her suggestions when any plan is suggested. For instance--I, perhaps, speak of some clothes I need--or a dinner menu--she hesitates a bit--then "I think--so and so.--- I do not mean she is hateful about it, she just naturally wants to help you plan and the only way to help is to differ a little--oh not too much, you know. And then if one gets really sure of what one wants--she pitches in and helps all she can and makes no harsh criticisms. We are all rather peculiar people aren't we? And it is a much more interesting

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
September 3 1923

Dear Children:

I have just come over from Ruth's where we had such a wonderful dinner. Chicken--Potatoes mashed and seasoned by Jack--delicious string beans from their garden-- A jello made by Faith that was garnished with sliced figs, also from their garden, and cream to make it delicious--a sour cream cake that was the best ever-- Ruth has a pretty good reputation here for good cake, and she deserves it. Then there were radishes and peach pickles--both from the garden too.

Right in the midst of that sentence last evening Ruth came over and wanted to know if I wanted to go to the Movies--I do not really like that name for the pictures--Jack was going down to a meeting of some sort--so I went, and now it is evening again.

You read the Atlantic--I believe, and of course you will read Women and Civilization by Ramsay Traquar-- I shouted my approval when I had finished it. How many queer things his viewpoint explains. And evidently King Solomon in the last chapter of Proverbs would have given his approval too. The perfect woman was an organizer all right and her business ability made it possible for her husband to take his seat with the honored ones at the gate of the city. Many good business men have said that whenever they trusted to their wives' intuition? they made good.

September Atlantic seems full of good things I have read and enjoyed every article down to the Army as a Career--I am in the middle of that now. I wonder if Jack would not enjoy that article--He never does like the things I like in the magazines so I do not often ask him to read what pleases me.

I have had a most wonderful treat in a visit with Louise Clark at Hermosa. I went down there Tuesday morning and returned Saturday evening. We were entirely alone. We ate, slept visited and drove in her coach-sedan car just when we pleased and as long as we pleased. She is most stimulating. Clever, well-read and provocative. She is most daring in speech and actions at times--fairly takes your breath away. She is one of the directors of the Y.W. and often makes speeches before audiences for them. She is president of the Home Mission department of the Congregational Union of California--Presides at big meetings and is deep in the knowledge of the work. She has just been elected on the school board of Los Angeles and is serving on several committees for the Chamber of Commerce. She polled votes way ahead of her ticket this Spring and the school board election was hotly contested as it has come to a sort of crisis in some ways. You would, both of you, enjoy visiting with her. You know she was born in my home when I was thirteen years old--and we have always sort of "belonged" to each other.

I know I have a lot of things to write about-- I want to tell you about the funny neighborhood of children that we have here, but I do not feel like writing tonight. So I am just going to say that I love you dearly--and good-night.

Mother

September 26 - 1923 -

Dear Chiehm:

Does it not seem impossible that the summer is really too gone? - It gives me a sort of pang to write the date. I have not accomplished half that I had planned for the summer -

The blouse came safely, Helma dear, and I do thank you so much - It is lovely and how I am going to enjoy it! - No, I do not recognize it - should I? - And now you are back home Wilder says he is in "perfect health" and I hope that is true of all of you. Ready for another year of work. And now the Bayetts are gone and Mother K. is there and how you are visiting! And how she is enjoying you dear Chiehm! My Typewriter is not doing good work and is set aside until I can have it looked over at the office so I shall try to say as much as possible in very few words.

Aunt-Addie came out last-Saturday and  
what-a glorious week "Dady" is having - He is  
here during the most of his waking hours -  
Jack and Ruth were here last-Night - a beefsteak  
dinner. And I hope Herbert - + Mame with Jack  
and Ruth will be with us for Herbert's birthday  
dinner on Friday. Louisa Clark the III - that

means Cousin Louisa daughter who is Elizabeth's  
great-grand, I hope will be here Friday afternoon.  
She will sleep here and have her meals with Elizabeth.  
Saturday evening I expect to have the girls entertain  
their friends here. Not for dinner but - I will furnish  
the house - the welcome - the cocoa, cake and sandwiches  
and they will do the rest - So you see we are having  
a busy week. The weather is glorious - and the  
mocking birds are singing their dew heads off - then  
are enough grapes for us all - so we are all happy.

The postman will soon be here - God bless you every  
one and enjoy Mother H. just as much as possible  
and know that I am so glad for you that she  
can be with you -  
Mother.

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
September 16, 1923

Dear Children:

Vacation is over and the schools are all running again. Elizabeth has taken up her work at Hollywood, her course may have to be changed a little as there seems to be some friction. She is trying to get--Auditorium speaking and Debating--Civics--English Dramatics--if she can get Kachel for teacher - Sewing and gymnastics. It leaves her no study period during the day. She has been such an entity in the Van Nuys High School and knows no one in Hollywood, the girls look different and she sees no charm in them and she is so disappointed that "Dad" is not there that that she is not really in love with her work. Jack has the whole school patting him on the back. The teachers are delighted he is so cordial, so sympathetic and helpful. The young people think they have a man who will back them in everything they want to do. Dancing has not been allowed in Van Nuys High--But of course, there will be a change now--for Mr Inglis is himself a dancing man----The presidents of the student body approached him on the subject and Jack told him that when the time came that the students were ready to ask for a dancing party, to come to him and ~~XXXXXX~~ he would talk it over with them. Until then he had nothing ~~XXXXXX~~ to say. He has his plans made--dancing with proper restrictions by the school but not in the school house. In the Woman's club--chaperoned by the club, limited to certain hours, and no one permitted to leave the rooms until a certain hour that shall be known by the parents who will know how long it should take for the youngsters to get home.

Jack opened the first meeting of pupils with principal with a wonderful little talk and a heart felt prayer that was a surprise to his daughters who did

not know that Daddy could pray without his prayer book. I know it was not easy for Jack to do--but it has endeared him to many of the parents. Jack is going to make a success of his work here- I am quite sure. And I am so glad that he has been given the opportunity to show what he has in him. A salary of \$3800 will make things come more easily.

Ruth is feeling pretty well--but it is Aluminol that is keeping her well. She does not take it all of the time, but the blankness and twitching will send her back to it. As this noon--Jack had a caller and she was carving the roast. Her hand cramped, her head twisted to one side, and there was a definite cessation of everything for an instant. She went to her drug and soon came back to the table apparently all right.

Margaret is putting up her hair-- but every one is urging her to bob it and I presume she will. Elizabeth says that she is the only girl in the sewing class who has long hair---I suppose she will join the short haired sister-hood too before long. Faith's hair is short now but the other day she bobbed it in front by herself--and then put vaseline on to make it stay where she wanted it--- How she did look---every one at school told her she looked like Prince John in Robin Hood--which did not please her one bit.

We went to Lankershim this afternoon, Margaret and David going with us. David did not know Uncle Herbert and would not speak to him--And Margaret had not seen Wilder William since he was out here at Christmas. It seems a shame for the two families to see so little of each other.

George thinks he will enjoy his work in Van Nuys, and to make it easier for him some of the Lankershim boys are coming here because of George's coming and because they liked Jack so well in Hollywood. Lankershim has no High School and they can go to Hollywood, Man Nuys, or Burbank. The schools are overcrowded everywhere in spite of the fact that many new buildings have been built this past year. The growth is something marvellous, as shown by the home building and the

schools.

How long will you be at Riverdale camp, I wonder? I thought you had but a month's vacation? Or do you take two weeks of Research at this time?

Helen dear---the idea that with all you have to do you should try to make me a blouse---still, I am waiting for the coming with much pleasure. It is dear of you to make it, and I do appreciate your loving thought and work.

How I did enjoy your letter about the children. You can never tell me too much

of them. Mame had been outfitting the children for school. George earned \$200 this summer and he and his mother went shopping and George spent \$180 of for his wardrobe---overcoat, suit, jersey, underwear, shoes, socks etc. I do not know what happened about Wilder's wardrobe but Jean and Pat each have a new coat and hat, shoes, stockings, and dresses.

Wilder and Jean went to a party at Encina Hot Springs---Wilder wore a pair of his father's white shoes---a pair of white serge trousers that were a bit tight for Herbert and etc. "Looked like a million dollars when he went away"---About twelve o'clock Herbert heard the car and heard Wilder come in very softly in the back door but did not hear Jean come in. So finally he got up to investigate--

Wilder was just crawling into bed. "Where is Jean?" " Oh she has not come home yet"

"Why not? Why did you come without her"? "Well, Well, you see, I fell in the lake"

"What, with those clothes on"? Yes--but the trousers wont shrink Dad, for I have fastened the shoes to the bottom of the legs and hung them up to dry". He had.

Two of the boys had wrapped a blanket around him and brought him home and then had gone back after Jean who could not come then as they were just about to eat.

I forgot to say that Faith looks better--her mother cut her hair over and she washed out the vaseline and she looks quite civilized again.

The girls --Margaret and Faith--moved back into my annex room yesterday. I have taken Addie's room for my writing and reading.

Did you ever see what a time I am having with my writing tonight----

I do not like to keep my things of this kind in the living room and this room is so very pleasant and I can get up and do things in the night, if I like, and I could not if I had to unlock the door and go out in the big room. You see, at night, I lock the door leading into the other part of the house and that leaves me quite cosy where I do not have so many windows and doors to watch during the night. I am not afraid here alone, but I like to draw into a small place, you know.

Art has been at work for three weeks, has gained six pounds--weighs 126 now, but has taken a little cold and is coughing again. Addie is quite tired out again. The work gets a little bit harder all of the time for her. She is coming out next Saturday to spend a week and get rested up a little bit.

Such a birthday riot as we have had. Last Saturday, Sunday and Monday, were Addie's, Will's and Bob's birthdays. and this Friday, Saturday and today were Deek's, Fred's and Pat's birthdays. six within a week in one family.-----When it came to Will's I just wrote him a letter. Gave money to all of the others except Bobs and I gave him a party.

I have not written half I want to write but I am going to say goodnight. I wonder if Mrs K. will be with you when you get this letter? I am so glad for her that she could go--for I suppose she has gone, although we have not heard.

Kiss the dear babies for me--and love each other for me, too.

Mother

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
October 15 1923

Dear Children:

Now look at that date--October half gone and soon it will be Christmas again. Ruth's time is getting short and she has not begun her sewing-- Oh yes, she has started on her first little dress, but the getting ready is not the anxious thing that it used to be for one can go to the stores and outfit in a hurry, if necessary. She feels the weight so much now that she will sew instead of can and jam etc. as she has been doing all Summer.

But let me see, I have a lot to tell you now. Uncle Tom is here in Los Angeles. He and Dolly have a bungalow in a bungalow court on Catalina St. I do not know just where it is but Mother K. may know. However it is not very big, but big enough. He has bought a blue bodied Packard and he and Dollie are learning to drive it. They do not go out together, but he has the car and "shefer" who is the teacher--one day and Dollie takes it the next. When he has his day out she usually meets some of her numerous relatives for the day. When she has her day out he goes to some hotel and has a shave or manicure or something and "looks out of the window". But they always meet at home for dinner and then "I am dragged out to the Movies or something." Well he has spent two mornings here with me when he is supposed to be driving, and the man has patiently waited outside. He came today at eleven o'clock and we were surprised when it was two. He would not let me get lunch for him, because he had to "feed" the man.

Well, I guess he has made the go in the North all right, altho not in just the way he wanted it. He could have sold his interests up there many times but he wanted to keep the upper hand and do the operating himself. But it looks

now as though the Guggenheims would take over the hill of gold and he will get enough out of it to make him comfortable all right and he still has the coal and copper to dispose of as he may desire.

How long he will stay here he does not know but we will have some good visits. He has not been going to New York very much these past years, but the next time he will find you. He thought you were in Baltimore--but he has not been in touch with any of us for so long. Not since Mother went away.

Yesterday afternoon Will Hall and his wife came out on the 4.30. Elizabeth and I met them at the car and then took a ride up to San Fernando etc. I had lunch as near ready as possible so that when we came home about six it did not take long before I was ready to serve. We had a most delightful visit. He seems like the old Will I knew years and years ago. You know we were like brother and sister up to the time we married--some one else. Much to the disappointment of Aunt Mary, at least, who had fondly hoped I should be her real daughter some day. Well, after we were married we did not have many very good visits because his wife did not like to have us very warm friends. Then came the break down of his whole life. He had been a fine character and so when he broke he went all to smash. I dreaded the visit with him because the smash would obtrude itself and blot out the life of our youth. Probably that would not have been so had I known him better right up to the smash--but at any rate, I did dread his coming with this new third wife. I enjoyed it, so did they, and a pleasant memory now will make all of the memories pleasant again.

Another change is coming too. Aunt Addie stayed with me two weeks. Elanche felt that she was happier out here than in there, and talking it over with Herbert and Mame they said they did not think "Mother should be left alone." So, Mrs Hutchcroft went back to them and when Addie came back to them last Monday she was there. I had a letter from Addie that was rather pitiful. She would

rather be here but she knew that I had made plans for the time when Ruth should be sick and plans that did not include a room for her. She knew that I was enjoying the being alone by myself. She knew that Arthur would not keep well with Mrs Hutchcroft in the house, and she knew that the children were better off with her than with their grandmother, and that Blanche herself would rather have her there. Blanche never worries about the children with Addie to look after them and Mrs. H. indulges Jane and is not fair to Billy and oh well-----things are terribly complicated. I wrote her ~~her~~ to come back that there was not a plan in the world that could not be changed if it seemed best etc. I have not heard from her since, and just where she is and what doing etc. I do not know. But I am expecting her each day.

Instead of one knee bothering me two knees are giving me trouble and I am afraid that strangers looking at me walk will get the impression that I am a feeble old woman. Dreadful if any one should think that?

Perhaps I should not

*have until this*

We have had three days of dust storm. Fires are causing great damage. <sup>Canyons</sup> 12 acres in the Verdugo and Sycamore canyons have been burned and Glendale and Eagle Rock barely escaped by the dying down of the wind. This evening the wind has started up again. I hope the fires are under full control. The paper said this morning--"All danger is past if the wind does not come up again." But they have had some hours since then to get it all right, and without a doubt it will be all right now. You would better not read that part aloud to Mother K. for she might worry.

I am glad to have heard about the Halls. The picture of Helen and Mrs Hall sitting beside each other in the light of the fire was interesting. How very different they are in temperament.

Herbert and Mame were out for a few minutes yesterday afternoon. Mame has a bad looking neck. Ever since she was ill with the Grippe last Spring she has

felt dumpish--The gland in her neck right under the left ear has swollen to the size of a hen's egg. The Dr. is having her gargle now -If that does not do the work he will try electricity--if that does not do he will operate on it. She certainly has a lot of pep for a little woman with so much to do. The more tired she is the more she likes excitement.

I wore my new blouse in town the other day and I tell you I felt dressed up and very well satisfied with myself. I thank you again Helen dear.

With love for you all--

Mother

Van Nuys, California  
Box 169 Route 1  
October 29 1923

Dear Children:

Since I wrote you it seems as if several things have happened--but the days go by so quickly I can hardly tell, as I look back, just what each one has brought to us. But I think I will just talk about us all this morning, and if I repeat some things, perhaps you will not mind? I will begin with Uncle Tom. I have had three long visits with him. He has bought a blue-bodied Packard and looks very "swell" with his chauffer--who is really his teacher in driving. I don't think he is a very bright pupil, at least it seems to take him a long time to become very sure of himself--but perhaps the years have brought caution--at least he does not think Dolly is cautious enough and I judge she has more confidence at least. However, he has the car and driver one day and she the next. I have not seen her. They promise to come out together when he can run the car. Only two can ride in that car at one and the same time, and he is putting off the evil day for he knows there will be nothing but trouble in the family when they do begin going out together. "She is such a fool driver" and "she thinks I am too slow". Probably they are wise to each go by himself. He is the same Uncle Tom--mighty good company.

The Lankershim Penfields are as busy with their interests as ever. How different these two households are. Both of them very interesting. Herbert and Mame have so many friends and take such an interested part in all of the social affairs of the little village of Lankershim that has such ambitions to be real "Four Hundred" folks--if you know what I mean. The Ingli live out of town--in the rambling town of Van Nuys that is much bigger than Lankershim but with so

many varied interests. Lankershim has a Community church--Van Nuys has some nine or ten or more churches. Perhaps that will explain much--The Woman's Club is the great social center of Van Nuys, it is an incident in Lankershim. Lankershim has no High School and the older students go to Van Nuys or Hollywood. Jack is in almost everything active in Van Nuys--That is, He represents the High School--he is interested in the Boy Scouts--He has a large class of high school boys in the Sunday School and leads the singing there. He is an active member of the American Legion--He is on some important committee of the Chamber of Commerce--and anything that is educational in any society looks to Jack to talk etc. He is very busy and is seldom at home from early morning until quite late at night--often. Herbert is very busy with outside interests too. They seldom attend church--the children "steward" etc. are in Sunday School--sort of casual, you know--- Mame still gets a lot of work done has pretty clothes, dresses the children right up to the mark, and goes out with Herbert whenever possible. She is a wonder in the things she accomplishes. She is systematic and capable, and gets a lot of help from her children. I certainly do admire her ability--for instance. George goes to Van Nuys High School--Wilder to Hollywood High and Jean to Le Conte High. Three different centers of interest--three different sets of school demands. They have to take the 7.20 car in the morning. George feeds the chickens, does any other chores outside, and makes the beds for the four boys. Wilder gets the breakfasts--and he is some coffee maker, too. Jean makes her bed and practices a half hour-- Pat dresses the two little boys, makes her bed and after the other three are gone she and Mame do the dishes. That gives Mame an extra hour in bed in the morning which she feels helps her through the day. By 8.30 all six of the children are off to school and she has the whole morning for housework. The two little boys are home at noon. Pat takes her lunch. Then in the afternoon Jean comes home about four<sup>30</sup>'clock-- comes right in and takes off her school dress and immediately goes to the kitchen to prepare

*done*

She takes charge--and if Mame does not feel like it she does nothing about the dinner. I do not know about the dishes after dinner but Mame does not do them. Ruth has not that ability of making things go through on time. Her home is run more for the children and mother gets the worst of it. I do not know which is the better way--I rather think that Mame's is the better.

Well--Ruth seems very well. The weight bothers her a good bit and she is trying hard to get the Winter clothes in shape for these three big girls of hers. My goodness but three do take a lot of clothes and a lot of planning when one has nothing but pennies to put into the wardrobes. She has a lot of things to make over--good materials but you know how long it takes and how short a time they last often. The girls are well dressed--and oh so pretty--Margaret has changed the most in the past few months--Last June she fought growing up--would not have her dresses lengthened--would not put up her hair--but she is a Junior now and October finds her with her hair up and everything in dresses and petticoats being lengthened. Jean is right up to the latest in clothes, and how she loves them---Faith has no wrist watch--her bangles are of the cheapest, and her clothes are more of a hodge-podge--but she is still a pretty girl--Jean is better looking than she was--but still a little awkward in spite of dancing lessons, altho they did help. She wants to be popular with the boys, but if she did not have two good brothers she would often be left a wall flower--Mame says-- But that will right itself when she gets a little older. At present Faith runs around and will not look at the boys. Indeed when George came to Van Nuys she did not only not stop to speak with him but flew past him whenever they met in the halls like a young partridge--until he made a fuss about it. He was really hurt. "But Margaret came clear across the field to speak to me." And Margaret did welcome him as if she were a boy herself. It is annoying and a bit humiliating to both George and Wilder to have Margaret in the Junior class. George is Sophomore with one Junior and one Freshman study and Wilder is a soph.

too. George regrets the wasted years, but he is taking hold with a vim now that is very hopeful. He has found himself. Pat--well, there is no doubt about Pat's popularity with the boys--and she always will be, I imagine. She will if she has anything to do about it. Graceful, lively, and will be very pretty, I expect. Margaret is still boyish with very little sentiment about her.-----

Put I want to talk a little about Jack. He is doing such worth while things. He is so beloved of the pupils, he has such a wonderful way of meeting all problems and getting at the heart of things, especially with the boys. The leaders in impure stories are induced to see what it means to them--and are put to work to stamp it out in the school. The profane boys are induced to try and keep others from swearing--and feel the dignity and importance of their work. Wherever a boy is annoying--as one who has been a leader in disturbances in class--that boy is put to work to keep down disturbances. Teachers who have become tired of class work--who have begun to think of the young people as ty pes--groups--etc. Are being urged to take a different view of their work. Being shown the interest that comes to them when they take each pupil as an individual. And their interest is being roused in the boys and girls that seemed uninteresting or unpleasant before. He has accomplished a great deal since the opening of school and he has but begun. He is so interested and happy in the work too.

Your letters of the 1st. have just come. Oh Wilder dear--I do hope and pray that your interest and your work in the research of cure for Hydrocephalus may be blessed. That you may be able to help these poor parents with sick babies. I glory in your high hopes, and I know that some day you will achieve results.

Elizabeth is out of school altogether. Dr Canby said there was no hope for getting through the year. She had overworked her ability to take responsibility and that nothing but complete rest for a year would save her from Saint Vitus' Dance and a complete nervous break down. He told me that the best thing would be for me to take her to New York with me and get her away from home. "Your son will know more about the case than I do--but that is my diagnosis." Well--I would like to take her with me. She is stronger than Ruth, and without meaning it or knowing it, she makes Ruth nervous. I do not know if it can be managed. I could not bring her to your home -for that would be too much. The only way would be for me to take a small apartment as near you as possible and we to keep house together. To get her into different surroundings, among different people, and if possible with girls of her own age and ability--where she could not dominate but would be able to enter into worthwhile things--as she could have done in the Hollywood High could she have stayed there--would be a great thing for Elizabeth. If there were opportunity for her to study dramatics, public speaking debating etc. She would become interested and love it. Jack does not think it possible to do it. But I wish you would make some inquiries as to the rent of a small apartment-- Two beds and a place to cook and eat. How much would commutation tickets into New York cost? Could she get work in the Pratt Institute? Or would some other place be better for a High School senior? It troubles her because of her being out of the regular routine of school work--not able to graduate with her class--and her intention is to rest only until February and then go in and dig and graduate. But you see she is not out of the rut. Like all young people a year's time taken out of the regular course is a tragedy. But if she were away from things here she might get a broader scheme even though it took two years to do it. Now if you were only going to England again and we could go with you---but New York would be a wonderful thing for us--especially if we could have three months in Washington----and I would like to be where I could know your babies--well, there would be so many advantages for us both. I suppose that Mrs.K. will be home this week. I hope to see her very soon. Dr. promised that he would come over and see us while she was gone---but of course, we knew he would not come. With so very much love--for you all

Mother

How I do love this big ocean that is right out here  
as our very door. The power of it - the immensity

immensity of it. It overwhelms me - and these quiet  
own - our little troubles are really not worth thinking  
about - are they? -

I suppose Jack & Ruth are at Laguna. They are  
to go down in their cousin's car to her cottage - yesterday  
to stay until Sunday, I believe. Myrtle thinks she will

sell the cottage so this may be their last chance - I felt  
as though I should have been at home - but they did  
not think it necessary. Herbert & Maude - I suppose -

came home yesterday from a two days' trip to  
Lake Tahoe. He did not know they were going - or had  
gone until we went to see them Sunday. Miles &

Jean were keeping home for the two little boys. Pat was  
at the beach with Grandmother Hutchings - and I think  
Arthur went back again out - after five days' work

had to be again. I telephoned Aunt Addie a week ago  
yesterday - she had been in bed, too, for 3 days - Oh dear  
me. There are so many heavy hearts & tired bodies

in this world!! -  
Keep the children - or one - I am glad you  
like one of the pictures - to tell the truth I do not know  
which one of them is smiling. They both seem to

have a grin that won't come off.  
I love you -  
Mother -

Mrs Kemmott will tell  
you of the two little  
girls we have had  
lately. I repeat.

How I do love this big ocean that is right out-  
 as our very door - the power of it -  
 immensity of its - and then quite  
 our little troubles are really not - thinking

I suppose Jack & Ruth are at Laguna. They left  
 to go down in their cousin's car to her cottage - yesterday  
 to stay until Sunday, I believe. Myrtle thinks she will  
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 at the beach with Grandmother Hutchings - and she

Arthur went back again out - after five days' work  
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 today - she had been in bed, too, for 3 days - Oh dear  
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I love you -  
 Mrs Kemmott will tell  
 you of the two little  
 ones we have had  
 lately. I repeat.  
 Mother -



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Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 30 - 1923.

Harmond Beach -

Dear children:

I came down to Cousin Louie Clark's here at Harmond last Tuesday morning and will be here until Saturday afternoon. Louie has gone to town this afternoon to attend a Board meeting and will not be home until 8:30 this evening. I sort of planned to go on the trolley to Santa Monica and hear their band concert - but it seemed a little late when I could get around with - so I think I will not do it.

Louie has her car - an enclosed one and quite luxurious is the feeling I have when I enter it. Tuesday evening we drove - after spending the afternoon at Redondo Beach - yesterday we finished breakfast - about eleven o'clock and visited all afternoon - then we drove for an hour or two ending up with the cinema - This morning we went to Palos Verde - a mud track that is being put on the market - four miles from here - Frank Sandberg owned the track - and is still keeping an estate of 35 acres - It is being beautifully laid out - and the vines

are wonderful. A very nice young fellow sat  
in his car from the Sales office and we spent a  
wonderful morning. I would try to describe it to  
you - but when you come out here I will show  
you the beauties that are all present in perfect  
a piece of land that God has already made most  
beautiful.

You are enjoying your camping, I know. I hope  
Alice is proving a good camper too.  
What you said about Harding being an ordinary  
man who had been pushed into a high plane of great  
responsibility rather set me to thinking. Well yes - I  
guess he was an ordinary man in mental ability -  
But no one has ever questioned his honesty of purpose,  
his great desire to fulfill his obligations to his country?  
I presume a question might arise in one's mind as to  
what sort of a man can best carry out the wishes of  
a nation. A man who is mentally ahead of his generation,  
perhaps even far ahead of his advisors, a man who insists  
on carrying out his own ideals - alone and <sup>thus</sup> opposed by the  
majority of the nation - or a man who feels in himself his  
own lack of knowledge but who is willing to look about  
him and choose the best minds in the country for his  
advisers and who then, willing to take their advice, makes  
up his mind what is best and sticks to it. Would not  
such a man, reflecting the minds of his cabinet, each  
one of whom is a student along a certain line, be a  
better administrator in a democratic government? -  
Idealists are necessary to educate the masses - but it

waiting for their milk.

What a wonderful time you are having out camping. Will you learn to swim?

Well I tell you what your Daddy used to do when we used to go camping when he

was a little boy. It was a long, long time before he learned to swim. Every

one in camp wanted to insist on his learning but I knew he would have to wait

until he really wanted to learn. So I tried to keep him from being teased about

it. Finally he made a raft that seemed pretty solid and used to push out on

that way from the crowd of swimmers. Away out into the lake he would go and

strangers would say "Why how dare you let that child go out like that? He cannot

swim yet." Some times my heart would be in my mouth when I watched him out so

far from land, but I knew he was as safe as the others were who were near shore.

Because, I could trust him. He would never take any one with him to get to playing

and upset themselves. Then he was very careful and just paddled about, and had

try to play smart as some of the children would have done. We had talked it

over and he had promised me to be very careful, and I knew he would because he was

the best boy to obey that you ever saw. So I could let him go and have a good

time and feel sure he was quite safe. But he was a good deal like Wilber Junior

I think, so Ruth may perhaps you may know what kind of a boy your Daddy was?

Perhaps you will kiss him for me! And then kiss your mother and tell her

that one of the nicest things that your Daddy ever did was to give me a dear

daughter!

I love you both very dearly,

Mother

waiting for their milk.

What a wonderful time you are having out camping. Will you learn to swim? Shall I tell you what your Daddy used to do when we used to go camping when he was a little boy? It was a long, long time before he learned to swim. Every one in camp wanted to insist on his learning but I knew he would have to wait until he really wanted to learn. So I tried to keep him from being teased about it. Finally he made a raft that seemed pretty solid and used to push out on that away from the crowd of swimmers. Away out into the lake he would go and strangers would say "Why how dare you let that child go out like that? He cannot swim yet." Some times my heart would be in my mouth when I watched him out so far from land, but I knew he was as safe as the others were who were near shore. Because, I could trust him. He would never take any one with him to get to playing and upset themselves. Then he was very careful and just paddled about, did not try to play smart as some of the children would have done. We had talked it over and he had promised me to be very careful, and I knew he would because he was the best boy to obey that you ever saw. So I could let him go and have a good time and feel sure he was quite safe. But he was a good deal like Wilder Junior I think, so Ruth Mary perhaps you may know what kind of a boy your Daddy was?

Perhaps you will kiss him for me? And then kiss your mother and tell her that one of the nicest things that your Daddy ever did was to give me a dear daughter?

I love you both very dearly,  
Naneen

and they dodged about among the pieces of cloth and still found grapes.

~~Yesterday~~ Whenever I appeared I was scolded. One of them I am sure made faces at me. At least he opened his bill wide and wider and squawked fairly ~~much~~ at me. They know I had suddenly become their enemy.

Yesterday noon I was at lunch and do you know one of those impudent birds would pick a grape and hold it in his bill until he knew I saw him and then swallow it and with a flick of his tail he would fly down for another one and do the same thing again? Then I went out and picked all of the good bunches leaving some of the little ones for the birds and took off the cloths. The vine has been full of mockers today, I do not believe there is a grape left, but they have not forgiven me yet--they still pick and scold. <sup>2</sup> They think the only remedy for me is to plant some more vines--but perhaps more birds would come. Uncle Jack has no love for the birds at all because they pick into a peach, an apricot or fig and then leave it and pick into another one. Then the bees and wasps and ants come and finish it up. But they waste so much fruit in that way. Still we must have the birds, we need them and we must pay them for their work.

David likes to come over here when I eat breakfast. Usually I eat before he does, but sometimes I am later and then he loves to come for toast. I make it so thin and crisp and Auntie Ruth cannot make that kind for their big family and in their oven. I have been making a great deal of lemonade, too, this Summer. Last evening I was at dinner and he came in with his most engaging grin-- "I want some toast." "I have no toast tonight, dear" "I want some lemonade" "I have no lemonade either" "Well, but I want some." and he could not see why if he wanted it I should not provide it. I had to send him home.

I heard David laughing and laughing out on the walk. I could not go to see what was the matter, at first, but when I did--such a looking walk as I saw. He had been picking up clods of earth and throwing them at the kittens who were

August 15 1923

Dear Wilder and Ruth Mary:

You have sent me several letters and I think it is about time you had an answer from your Naneen. I have a little story of some mocking birds that may amuse you. They amuse me very much although they are annoying too.

We love the mocking birds for they are such sweet singers but they do love fruit. I suppose they are so busy keeping the bugs and worms off the fruit vines and trees that they feel they are entitled to have all they want to eat and that is what I say to myself, too--but still, I wish they were more generous and would divide with me more fairly, because, after all I planted the vines and water them so I work for the fruit too.

I did not know the Catawba grapes were ripe until Monday and then I saw that the little bunches were being eaten very fast by the birds. Some one said "put an apron, a napkin, anything in the way of a cloth on the vines and the birds will stay away all right." I was giving a tea-party for some of my neighbors that afternoon so I picked a dish of grapes to decorate the table and put two good sized pieces of cloth over the vine. In a few minutes I heard a great connection among the birds. I went out to see and there <sup>was</sup> a long line of birds on the electric wire that is just over the vine. They were chattering away like mad. Linnets, little canaries and one mocking bird. He seemed to be the special spokesman, and turned his attention to me and scolded me in fine shape. I could not understand the language he used but I am sure it was very harsh and he was very angry. Well, that was the last I saw of the linnets and canaries. They accepted my protest and left the strange pieces of cloth.

But not so the mocking bird. He went away and came back with other mockers

I am not knowing where to send mail to you now. Have rather been expecting to be told in each letter--but if it is sent to the regular address it will doubtless be forwarded to you.

Mame had a card party and luncheon last Friday. Forty guests. She and Herbert came over last evening to return some silver and dishes and she was certainly one tired little girl. She had been washing and ironing all of the linen and it added much to her regular work. It is the first time they have had any big company since they lived there, and she felt that it was an absolute necessity to work off some indebtedness. She had one party about a year ago but that was given with Mrs Bauerman and at Mrs Bauerman's house and she felt that some people did not appreciate the fact that it was her party too.

It made me think of some of the entertaining that I used to do. Perhaps one of the greatest of the novelties that we put over was when six of us who were camping at Loon Lake---well, only four of us were in camp the other two were in town and managed things from that end. We chartered a train--an engine and two cars--and brought the guests out to Loon Lake. We had an orchestra for dancing to come with them. We had the Loon Lake pavilion decorated--Chinese lanterns--candles not electric lights for they were not as common then as now--hung from station to pavilion. The pavilion was lighted with lamps and lanterns. The icecream--salad sandwiches and cake were sent out by a caterer. The coffee was made there. Dishes had to be brought out too as well as silver--tablecloths etc. We worked hard and it was the "talk of the town." A great success--I do not recall how much it cost us all but enough. Probably not much more than a big dancing party given at home each by each. They were lump sums, you know. Then I did enjoy doing something different. The first "German" given in Spokane Mrs John L. Wilson, wife of senator Wilson, and I gave. The guests were received and

our  
dancing was in the loft of the new barn. The roof was not quite finished and  
the stars shone in the blue sky overhead. We could hear Pet stamping about once  
in a while in her box stall below, but everything was sweet and clean. Lanterns  
and ribbons and flowers hung from the rafters. The table of favors was gay with  
color. The music was fine and it was all such a novelty that every one was gay  
and happy.

Then I gave the first private musical that had been given in town. That was  
a housewarming in the new home on the hill. Our house was one of the first new  
big houses. It looks small enough now in comparison beside some of the palaces  
of Spokane now. But then every body was anxious to see the house. And the  
musical program was very good, and it was all very delightful. As I look back  
over the past I smile at all of my efforts to be original--I doubt if I ever  
entertained in any way without something a little different from the rest of  
the parties-----and what good did all of that effort do? Who is the better for  
it? And now, I can see myself settling down into a commonplace old woman with  
not a thought beyond the "daily dozen" of the regular routine of living while  
waiting for the call to go on to other scenes. I believe it is that that is  
"biting me". I hate to give up---and I have not the mental and physical strength  
to do and dare something different. I have got to accept my limitations--and it  
grinds. Quite a confession, is it not? My everlasting obligations will be due  
to the one who can suggest a "different" way of spending old age. You know Los  
Angeles is full of widows who are living easily and comfortably in a small apart-  
ment, just dawdling along. And the ones who do it amiably and happily are the ones  
who are not unpleasant to meet.

Well, any way, I am coming to visit you once more before I  
really settle down to old age and a contented smiling and accepting. Now that  
sounds as if I dreaded old age--I do not, if I can adjust myself as I should--but  
should I accept it all in the ordinary way at sixty-five? That may be older than  
I think it is. Laugh at and with me at my foolishness, children dear. There is  
a big laugh due, all right.

Your Mother

call your attention especially to some of the psalms written when David was young. It might be you would like just these few to teach the children?

For instance---Psalm 8--the Psalm of the Starry Night. Man is so little and foolish yet God has made him but a little lower than Himself and has made him king over all creation--made to have "dominion"--yet he finds it so hard to have dominion over himself.

The Psalm 19 The Song of the Sun. The first six verses tell of the glory of the heavens. When one thinks of the fact that sun worship was common in those days--how far above sun-worship and the sun-god Baal, is this conception.

"Never in literature shall we find a more sublime interpretation of the heavens than this." Then the glory of the moral law. It adds, I think, to put

Jehovah instead of Lord--especially as that was what David said. Jehovah was the God of the Israelites--a greater God than the gods of other nations.

Psalm 29 is the Hymn of the Thunderstorm. The first verse -the Gloria in Excelsis

the call to the angels--Give unto Jehovah, oh ye sons of the mighty, give unto

Jehovah glory and strength. Then come the voices of the seven thunders. The

10th and 11th verses written after the tempest. "The finest specimen of elab-

orate composition and careful attention to the details of structure to be found

among the early psalms." The prelude "unrivalled for splendor and dignity; it

comes to us out of the solemn silence before the storm breaks in its glory."

Then cannot you hear the mutterings--then the first great crash of the storm,

the bending, lashing, cracking of the trees, the flames of fire, the majesty and

awe that comes to one in a big storm?

The 23rd. it seems to me was written--partly any way--when he was a boy but was

used over and over again in his experience--at Engedi--during the Absalom rebell-

ion at least.

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
August 8 1923

This is Elizabeth's and John MacQuarrie's birthday. 17 and 13 years old. Margaret went to Catalina to visit Elizabeth yesterday and they have celebrated together. Elizabeth had an experience last Thursday night that she will never forget. Mr. Curtis--of the Curtis Pub. Co. was in Avalon to make arrangements for our president to go there for a short rest. At the concert he spoke and eulogised Mr Harding and spoke encouragingly of his recovery. Then he asked the orchestra to play The End of a Perfect Day as that was a favorite of both Mr and Mrs Harding. While they were looking up the music the telegram came that told of his going. Mr Curtis read it and with tears rolling down his cheeks showed by his words how much he personally loved the man. Then the audience rose while the End of a Perfect Day was played and they thought of the end of a Perfect Life.

Every one is saddened--without doubt the administration has fallen into capable hands and Coolidge will make a strong president, but no one can fill Mrs Harding's life, and we are deeply grieving with her. I am so glad that Samuel Blythe wrote his article on Harding in the Post before his going. There will be many appreciative articles written now, but it means more to say it while the man is alive.

Elizabeth feels happier since the visit from her mother. She seems to really appreciate her mother more than she ever did and it makes Ruth very happy, of course. It has been delightful to have a characterization of the children. Dear little Ruth Mary. How different the two children must be. And that is a good thing for both of them.

In studying the Psalms I have wondered if you would care to have me

scouts in the Valley. He was working his arms for the benefit of a Van Nuys boy. He looked puzzled and finally came to him and said "What was that you were saying to me?" "I asked you if you knew Mr. J.P. Inglis in Van Nuys?" "Why of course I do, he is my Sunday School teacher." Jack's class numbers 17. It seems queer that little fly-away Faith who never seems to stop to do very much real thinking is the only one of them all who knows exactly what she wants to do after school and before marriage--all of the girls mean to marry and have a home, of course. She means to take up school music. Is directing her attention towards that end already.

But I must leave you and get to some other letters before I have to stop entirely.

Loving you and hoping you will tell me more about those four poor hydrocephalus babies and that all the ache is out of arms and backs in the family--and that you will keep well and happy as always--

Mother

his mirror when studying a part. He wears no masks or wigs it must all be brought out in the lines and expressions. He studies each character so carefully that he feels he gets into the soul of the character and I am sure he believes that in every man there is something of good that could be developed. And his deep reverence for the Bible and real Christianity is brought out in such delicate touches that it must make a little impression on even the most thoughtless altho, I imagine, it might be left as a sub-conscious impression. If you have never seen him--I hope you will, some day, and really study the man in his character work.

Helen dear, I think I shall finish your sweater today---and I am not perfectly satisfied. I had just enough silk to finish the plain knitting and the head of the department at Robinson's urged me to crochet the front finish with wite---Almost every one thinks it lovely, but I don't know how you will like it. It will be easily raveled, and if you prefer the black send it back to me and I will finish it to suit you. I can do it while you are camping. I hope to finish Ruth MacQuarries this week. And then I start on a sleeveless sweater for Jean to go with her ~~xxxxxxx~~ camelshair skirt for school. She goes into Hollywood next year as she enters High School and she and Mame know just what the other girl's wear and she is most anxious that her things should be impeccable---now is not that a nice word?--- She wants the fancy front and plain back, of course. To keep up with the very latest in sweaters one needs a new one every three months. I hope you like this krinkly silk.

We had the nicest time last night. Dinner at seven and they stayed until 12.30--much to their surprise when they consulted the clock. Wilder is camping with the Boy Scouts. He is teacher of the semaphore for all of the

down here to see Barthelmass and Dorothy Gish in The Bright Shawl. A good bit of Cuban history in the early fifties. I am very fond of both stars especially Barthelmass. Tuesday morning Ruth and I went in town to "Buy some corsets"----- Of course it did not take all day to do that so we made a day of it in the Cinemas. First we saw Human Wreckage--Mrs Wallace Reid's great attempt to help in the fight against drugs. To me it seems a really great attempt and with such a producer as Thomas Ince who is most earnest in trying to do really helpful things, and C. Gardner Sullivan as the scenario writer, good directing and her own earnestness it ought to be of real value. Sullivan is the most artistic, heart stirring scenario writer of them all--the highest paid too---only gets 104,000 dollars a year----- Later we went to see Lon Chaney in The Shock which is the earthquake of San Francisco. I do not know if you know Lon Chaney? To me he is the very greatest of the character actors. He does not encourage personal publicity, is devoted to his life work. His idea of Fagin in Oliver Twist is that Fagin was not wholly bad--that his real love for Oliver was his saving grace. He was greatly disappointed that in the cutting they left out his attempt to put that thought over to the audience in Fagin's death scene. But even if that was cut, the thoughtful one in the audience must have felt a pity for Fagin and not hatred of him because of Chaney's work. He is so thoroughly the character he portrays, does not minimize the badness but gives a gleam of possibilities. It was so in the cripple in The Shock, while in the character of the Chinaman in Shadows---I shall never forget the sweetness and beauty brought out in that character. I am wondering what he will do with Quasimodo in the Hunchback of Notre Dame. It takes him hours to make up for that character and he can only work for threequarters of an hour because of the strain on muscles in his deformity. They say he spends hours each day before

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
July 23 1923

Dear Children:

I felt the most real shock of earthquake last night that I have ever felt. I had been asleep and wakened with my regular dose of burning and itching in my poor old legs, and was sitting up in bed. I heard a queer rumble that sounded not quite like an auto or the train and then a most decided shaking that absolutely left me dizzy. Pictures joggled and other things rattled--oh it was quite thrilling--and the Inglis family never knew a thing about it. Had it been a cyclone they would have known--wouldn't they?

The 18th. was the Inglis anniversary and the first of August will be Herbert's and Mame's anniversary. Ruth invited them out there for the evening but I have stolen her thunder and have invited the four to have dinner with me on Wednesday. Ruth will cook my meat for me in her fireless and will make the cake she had intended making and I shall plan the rest of the dinner with the minimum amount of stove heat. The only thing will be potatoes and Coffee that will be hot. And the potatoes will be creamed---you know I think I can beat most people making creamed potatoes----and they will be fixed early in the day so the oven will be needed but a few minutes. The days are pretty hot here now but always one can find a good breeze if one can be in the shade. Oh how different our hot days are from your hot days and nights. How different the the air is from the hot summer air of the East. Mame said the other night--"Oh don't you love California when you remember the Wisconsin Summers Interrupted there and now it is two days later---

I was writing on Monday morning and as that was wash day, because we wanted Tuesday. free-- I did not get back to the typewriter. That evening we went

My garden is a glory of color. I do so love to look out over it. The bees and humming birds love it all too. It is a riot that some day I will try and curb down into greater symmetry of line--perhaps, at least I will give individuals a little more chance to show their greatest beauty.

I must get to work now. Ruth is showing her condition so that questions are being asked. May God's richest blessing be yours---  
Mother.

Oh, by the way. I sent the bedding. I did not have as much as I thought for I had sent a bundle of bedding to Arthur with a bed and mattress--but this will help out, I hope.

The two pamphlets came---thank you. Marmie says "Goodness, does he know all of those dreadful words?"

No, George does not want to go to college. I think Wilder hopes to do so.

I went in town yesterday and met Blanche and Aunt Addie for lunch. Blanche has a permanent position now and that will help out in getting things to eat. And she can keep it just as long as Aunt Addie stays there. But, Aunt Addie is miserable. The children are nerve racking although they are just as dear as children can be and she loves them as she does all children. But she has lost the elasticity of youth and besides that the trouble in her head this Dr. says is a return of her old trouble contracted from her brute of a husband. He says if she does not take this severe treatment again--cost \$120. she will soon not be able to do anything. She has not the money and he has offered to do it for nothing. She has refused, but I have urged her to accept it, for in some way it will be paid. I think she will, for she must keep well if possible. Our finite knowledge cannot explain why she should have been such a sufferer for all of these years, it is one of the things we must accept and just do the best we can to alleviate it. She is so horribly homesick and has a feeling that I am a "strong rock in a thirsty land" to her. I am glad that she has some one she can lean on. But I do not feel like a very strong person--almost too rocky at times.

To speak of something more pleasant. Jack has received the position of principal of the Van Nuys High School. It will mean so much to him, although now that it is decided the responsibility seems to weigh him down today. I wrote Helen that Ruth seemed pretty well--but the past week she has been very nervous again. Twitching of the head, numbness of hands followed, sometimes by the drawing up of the hands. She went to see Dr. Canby again. She has been taking the remedy you suggested and did not know how much she should take. He had been looking it up and is impressed with its virtue. Gave her direction for the use--three tablets a day for three days--two tablets a day for three days--one tablet a day for three days and a rest of three days--beginning again with the three tablets etc.

the gopher holes get the water. We had so little rain last season that water must be conserved and as irrigation must have it they are taking it out on the domestic water and the price has been advanced considerably so I do not want to waste it.

I thought I had told you about Arthur. Last February he had flu following whooping cough taken from the children. He has never fully recovered. He went to work too soon-twice. But he does not earn much and there were five in the family and paying \$50. a month towards the payment on the house. Blanche took not take a position on account of the children for the moment that her mother had to do any work she was ill. No, not really ill, she has some heart trouble but every Dr. she has consulted had said she was perfectly able to do the work about the house. She will not even make her own bed. She hates Billy and loves Jane. Blanche dared not leave the children with her for very long to say nothing of the work. Arthur has Bright's disease and T.B.. His teeth have been taken out and he cannot afford to get others and does not want to try to do so until he finds out if he is to get well. Dr. said there was no hope for him to get well, but did not tell him so. He is fifty percent better this past week. But just how long that will last I do not know. He is planning to go back to work next week, however. He looks seventy or eighty years old. His scalp is drawn down so tight over his skull--truly I am ashamed but it makes me sick to look at him and when he kisses me ---I never want to see him again. Unkind and silly, but a fact. He was so irritable that he put his foot down about Mrs. Hutchcroft so that she is now with Sadie. She came home for over Sunday and a ruction followed. Addie told Arthur she was willing to work for him and Blanche and the children but she would not wait on Mrs Hutchcroft as she is better able to do it than Addie. But Blanche had the work to do when Aunt Addie went off to church

Van Nuys, California  
Box 169 Route 1  
July 18 1923

Dear Children:

I have just written a letter to Elizabeth--I am in a hurry--my machine needs cleaning, a more thorough one than just brushing, and a new ribbon,--and it is getting hot again. So--well, I want to talk powerfully bad, but what kind of a letter I shall write remains to be seen.

I told you about "my gardener"? I want to say that word as often as possible because I cannot think it will last long. He does not want to begin his own work as it is between seasons and so says he is willing to "take care of" my place. He "does not like to be idle" that sounds reasonable and he "loves his work"--I am glad of that but I do wonder what he does with all of his spare time. He does not work fast--he is sixty-five years old. He does not work for long at a time--of course I could not claim so very much time each day--but I just wonder. He watered around the cellar so thoroughly that he flooded it and the trunks down there were saturated. They were full of all sorts of things--old keepsakes etc. They had to be unpacked and the trunks brought up in the sun. Everything was taken into Aunt Addie's room to be looked over and sorted as though I never expected to see them again which will mean tabbed and explained--and I will try and burn some things. Of course--unpacking and repacking those trunks means going through some others in order to re-arrange, you know. I want to file your letters too. So I think I have my Summer work cut out for me. The commotion is not a pleasant sight to any who may come to the house so I really must get at it immediately. But I am relieved of some of the garden work. It really does take a lot of time to just do the watering. I have the hose on the roots of the berries now and have to watch it carefully to see that the roots instead of

I wish I knew just where you are going--You do not happen to have an extra map of the country you will pass through and to which you are going?

Tell me more of the child on whom Wilder operated. I laughed at all of the work and reading you ~~xxxx~~ provided for the really short wait. I have done the same thing so many times. Only I often did not open a book nor do any sewing--just dreamed--perhaps.

The tents sound very exciting. Three tents--flies etc. Yes we have studied Montgomery's catalog in the same way--and in that way one is not apt to forget many things. Pack as many things in cans as possible so that you can use them there. Salt cans, sugar cans, etc. Better kept from dampness and insects and mice. Also have paste or glue so that the children can make use of it and so that you can mark all of those cans. In some way plan for boards for shelves for the groceries and other eatables. Wilder will remember many of the convenient things we had in camp that will mean so much for comfort. You will recall Mr Wright used to go up and spend a day before we went up, or on the day we went up and get us in very shipshape condition. The more real comfort--even of a rough kind-- you plan for the more good the vacation will do you. Yes, I do wish I were to be with you. But you know I must not even think of it. Mother

I can stand myself and my own work seems to fill my time pretty well.

Add speaking of my own work reminds me that I have cause for rejoicing-  
or I think I have. I have a man. Does not that sound interesting?

Mr Yerkes-(brother of the grocery men of Minneapolis) who has "bached" for  
eighteen years is now "baching" close behind Jack's hen house under a big  
walnut tree. He is pitching his tent today. He wants an acre of ground for  
nursery stock. I have about an acre pretty well covered with wild morning  
glory that has been worrying me for some time. Jack pulled most of it up  
last Saturday but it will need cultivating every week to keep it down and  
root it out. With the nursery stock Mr. Yerkes can get it out without any  
extra trouble, for he will cultivate constantly anyway. For the use of the  
acre I asked for eight hours a week labor on my place. He says "I will Take  
care of your place for the acre." Well, he has many plans he would like to  
see put through to beautify my home half acre, and will take care of the walnut  
trees if I can get them in the winter. He expects to stay for three years.  
I can hardly believe it to be true. Too much good fortune for me to really  
comprehend. However, if it seems to be working all right I shall take the house  
off the market and expend my energy in making the place so attractive and  
valuable that people will come and beg me to sell to them.

I will try and get off the package with a comfortable for camping-this x  
week, certainly. I have been waiting to have you say if you wanted anything in  
bedding. Now I shall fly to send what I may be able to find. I sent a bed,  
mattress, comfort and some other things in to Arthur as he is to sleep in a  
tent in the yard until such time as they know what to do.

I have written a long letter to Busybee--pulled weeds read the paper  
through etc. etc. and now I am going to see about getting lunch and do some  
knitting. Loving you and wanting to hear more about the camping.

habits. Little Billy is suffering because of too much nagging etc.

Arthur loves the children dearly, but he does not know much about the management of them and is very nervous and irritable and he whips them unmercifully sometimes. Oh dear--I do think Blanch has had such a hard, hard time. She is too good-natured and lets everyone impose on her. But where Arthur is to be taken care of --and if there is some place where he could earn his board while waiting for death---And where the mother is to be placed where she will interfere with no one's children and still be comfortable--Oh such an unhappy tangle. When the proper thread is found it will all work out well. To our finite vision it looks as if Arthur and Mrs Hutchcroft ought to be called home immediately and give a chance for the others who have life before them to make their plans--but we do not have the deciding--nor have we the knowledge that could help us decide what is best.

Helen dear, you ask about Ruth's health. She is very, very much better of her nervous trouble. She really looks very well. She gets tired easily and is apt to work beyond her strength. She is not of a nature that insists on order in the midst of chaos and the noisy, irresponsible family really are too much for her. She gets along better when they are all in school for the day. But the long summer is coming and she is rather helpless against all of the necessary commotion. However, she is coming over to my annex room every day--or plans to do so---and be by herself for some hours. She is sitting now on the other side of my big desk while I am writing. We are not supposed to speak a word to each other and so far are doing pretty well. I wish she had a larger house and that she could have some more furnishings, and a house-keeper. She would still be busy enough with the children and sewing etc. I cannot do much for her in that line--I do hire the ironing done and that is some help--but "I am something of a pet myself" and confusion is more than

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
July 11 1923

Dear Helen and Wilder and the two dear children:

Letters from Elizabeth show her to be a very homesick little girl, and through some misadventance she had not a single letter from any one the whole first week. Do we not all know what a tragical thing that was? Of course she has had letters and packages by now--but a whole week, and that the first week of being away from home. Added to that she has a roommate to reduce expenses--a woman about forty years old--divorced--complaining all of the time about everything that happens or may happen and she talks every minute--"and never says anything". She wants bran rolls instead of cinnamon rolls and does not see that there may be a compromise. If Elizabeth wants to walk fast she wants to walk slow--etc. etc. And there is not another person in all of Avalon to whom Elizabeth can speak excepting the people in the store. Of course we know these conditions are but temporary and all of that--but they are new and unpleasant experiences right now. If Elizabeth felt right well it would be a little more bearable. But she wont feel any better until something comes into her life that will shake herself out of the rut she has fallen into ever since things began to go wrong. She was allowed to work too hard right after and during the "flu" and she never has returned to mental and physical health. I think this being away from home will be beneficial eventually however.

The Hutchcroft relatives are trying to work out some workable plan for Blanche and the mother too. Blanche must get some permanent work. She must keep her children with her and away from the relatives that seem to think they are responsible for the correction of the children's morals and

Friday morning-- We went to Lankershim last night--our third attempt to see the Penfields. Herbert was at some meeting and Mame had gone to the Movies--after washing and ironing all day. We visited with the three Penfield Juniors. Wilder had been to a meeting of the Boy Scouts. He is the handsomest one of them all with the manners--ease and knowledge of how to speak to you with the greatest deference--of a man of the world. I do not wonder that the girls are crazy over him and that in spite of his heedlessness they are beginning to be proud of him at home. He must leave Le Conte school and go to Hollywood High--much to his grief--on account of lack of room for the 10th grade. Jean graduated into Le Conte and she is happy. For graduation presents she had a wrist watch--a lovely new dress, silk stockings bangles etc. She is growing better looking and is quite a flapper with all of the graces of a girl of 18. Faith was just as delighted with her graduation honors without a gift of any kind and a dress made over from some one's else finery. And she is not nearly as sophisticated as Jean. Jean plays the piano very nicely, taking lessons and working hard. I do wish Margaret and Faith could take lessons. Margaret works so hard over her horn having had lessons only in the use of the lip and handling the stops. She is doing good work in the orchestra by sheer determination and taking advantage of every hint of help that she can pick up. I wish you could see all of these neices and nephews of yours.

Mother

It is almost seven o'clock now. God keep you safe and happy, dear ones.  
But I must get to work--There are several things I must do before bedtime and many flowers. Bless him, I would miss him should anything happen to him.  
In the spray of the sprinkler I held and on the amount of honey he gets out of my to my face and then I saw he was catching gnats. On another day he took a bath front of me and clicking his little bill unbelievably fast. He once dove right close in my garden. The other day he sounded like a tiny, delicate air-plane flying in Tell Wilder Junior and Ruth Mary that I have the dearest little humming bird begun Helen's sleeveless sweater--a new crinkly silk thread.  
of the continued heat. Tell me more of your plans for the camping trip. I have you enduring this dreadfully hot weather? I do feel so sorry for you when I read I am very anxious to hear about what Dr. Ryder is to do for Helen. Oh how are some way that morning glory is to be eradicated.  
us for there must be more jobs than men in this country. And yet--I know that in there may be more men than jobs in Germany and I believe the Germans are envying to rent out the land for a fall crop--"If you can get rid of the weed." Well, I have wild morning glory in a piece of my five acres and now have a chance

she can stand it about so long and then she gets so homesick she just must come home. Says it seems as it used to seem when she would be away and come home to her sister--Mother Penfield. That is a really nice thing for her to say to me, don't you think so? To be able to give her that feeling of having a real home is a great joy and comfort.

But-poor Arthur. He is making a great fight for his life, but the doctor says he does not see how it is possible for him to live. He and Blanche do not know it yet. He talked with Addie. He has tuberculosis which might be cured but on account of his kidneys which are in very bad condition he cannot stand the proper treatment for T.B. Little Billy has been very annoying but no one knew the reason until Addie said "Billy is not right, he must go to the doctor" and he has St Vitus' dance. Oh dear, dear and no money and paying for the house and Arthur forbidden to work any more ---some of us do not know what trouble is, after all. Addie will stay with them for the present until some different arrangements are made, so that Blanche can work. The doctor said Arthur might live six months, or a year or much less time. If he must go it would be better could he go quickly.

And Mrs Hutchcroft? well, she has three daughters and not one of them wants her. That is the saddest thing--think of it. Mame has built her house planned so that there is not one single place in the house for her mother to spend the night with her. Arthur has definitely said she cannot stay there any more---and he is right for she was driving him distracted and loving Jane and Hating Billy was doing harm to the children. Sadie has a house all alone by herself but until Arthur put his foot down every time Mrs.H.went to Sadie to stay a while she would be brought back to Blanche before bedtime. I am not blaming the girls, they have their own lives and the lives of their families to consider--Mrs Hutchcroft is certainly a calamity. I do not think she can be quite normal sometimes.

we have ever hinted any thing on the subject to each other. Times do change, and candor does seem to be in the air now-a-days, but it still staggers me when a woman will say to almost a stranger "Withdrawal, humph--my father withdrew all his married life and he had eight children." How came she to know so much about her father's very private affairs? I suppose it is all right--but I don't like it just the same. And I cannot get used to the idea of general birth control. I note your argument, and I accept it as I do many other things of today. And I am sort of glad that I am not responsible for having any opinions on the subject. This new generation will work it out all right, I am sure. No, Jack and Ruth do not want any more children--not even this little one that is coming. And yet--it does seem sometimes as if the ones that are really not quite welcome are often the ones that later bring the greatest comfort.

At present Jack is most busy interviewing people. Nathan Smith the Principal of the Van Nuys High School has suddenly resigned. Even his own teachers had no idea of his intention. Jack immediately began to work for the place. It seems as if he was to have much backing from Van Nuys--Woman's Club--Chamber of Commerce--Kiwanis--Merchant's and Manufacturers organization--American Legion--churches etc. besides some private individuals who are writing letters to the Superintendent. Besides some in Los Angeles and Hollywood who may have influence with the board and Superintendent. It will pay \$3800. a year, I believe. That will be better than \$2500. Jack has a lot of good friends. We went down to see Herbert last Tuesday evening but he and Mame had gone to the opening of the Monroe and Moving Picture Industry Exposition. I have not seen them since but it must have been most interesting for all of the Movie people were there that night. They will be much in evidence all through the five weeks, of course as they are the ones who are honoring Monroe and his Doctrine.

Aunt Addie came out last Thursday and stayed until Sunday evening. She says

Fox 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
July 5 1923

Dear, dear Children:

The "glorious Fourth" has come and gone again. It was the first that David has really known. We were to go to the Austins for fireworks and David was telling me about what was to happen--"" And fire, bright, shooting fire--Oh Baby Boy" "Oh over to Austins". This morning I worked in the garden first and was late with my breakfast and he came over to share the toast and jelly with me. They have singing grace over there. When I bowed my head I leaned it on my hand. He did the same, and kept still until he felt me move then he looked up at me with a smile--"I went to sleep too."

Elizabeth has been in Catalina for a week. Has a place as clerk in a curio store. Works but eight hours a day and at different hours. Perhaps from eight to twelve and four to <sup>eight</sup> ~~nigt~~ or one to five or as it may seem to help the most. She works on Sunday but has some one week day off. She was told that she would not be expected to sell much the first week until she became familiar with the stock but after spending the first day studying stock she sold the second day \$19.50 while the other experienced one sold but \$9. Of course that pleased her. Her bed is so bumpy she could not sleep were she not so tired--and the room is infested with ants--but she will make a change. She is going to like it I am sure. The only friend she has made, the one she goes to breakfast with and to the concerts and swimming is a woman of forty. But that will not hurt for a while. It will all right itself and the tone of her letter is very cheerful.

It was lovely of you to write as you did about birth control, dear Wilder. I gave the letter to Ruth rather than to Jack. Would not have done so had we not been talking quite freely on the subject a few days before. The first time

to their door. Thus speaks the grandmother, and she would better keep still for she cannot make her words good now.

Aunt Addie is still with Arthur but I have not heard from her since I came home and so do not know what the situation is developing there. Mame had not heard either. Faith wants to entertain a friend who is going East to live soon after school closes and she asked me if I would be willing she should have her party at my home---Of course I am willing. So some day soon we are to have a party.

If Ruth was sick last March 3rd, she should not show her condition very much now---but she does, and she feels as if there had been motion for two weeks. So, as usual, we do not know what to think. You were half willing that I should tell her about ypu, Helen, and I told you I would not--but I did tell her the other day just to bolster her up a little. I think it did help for the while. She felt so sorry to hear it and wishes you could have her hopes and she could have the loss you regret. She will get over that feeling after a while, however. But it does look sort of hopeless to her now. She has not told Herbert and Mame yet--but they will soon know.

I do hope you are feeling strong again---Tell me more about Dr. Ryder's intended help for you. Oh Helen dear, I wish I could be of some help and comfort but my hands seem tied now. Indeed I do wish I could see Wilder Junior--I guess I know I would like him and his sister Ruth Mary. God bless you four dear ones,  
I love you--Mother

quoth

Bard P.

Hemostats

Silk

Dickens Loh.

I love you-Mother

to see how proud George is over Wilder's school life. He is doing well and taking much interest and responsibility in the school doings. He did not go to Hollywood High but to a Junior High in Hollywood and fears he must enter the High this year. But he will go in with a class and will have a standing from the first and will probably do all right. Queer how Mame has always felt that George was all right and Wilder was to blame for everything wrong--and I think we all feel that Fred is very much like George. Now, the fact of the matter is that I am very fond of George and do not think he is as much to blame for the state of affairs as perhaps circumstances may be blamed. You know George was with me for a year and I think I know his weaknesses and his strong points too. He is not a bad boy---but it is so much easier for him to do the easy thing because it is easy. Of course I have had some pretty hard battles with George, but the rascal is a darling too. You must not blame him too much---for there is something to be said in extenuation for his foolishness.

Elizabeth leaves for Catalina a week from today--when school closes--to go into a curio shop for the summer. Ruth and I ~~am~~ a little troubled about it all--but Jack seems to think Elizabeth is capable of taking care of herself and thinks it all right to send her off on her own without anyone with her to make new friends and find a proper place to live in--etc. Ruth says Elizabeth will not get enough to eat because she wants to save money so much. However, there are some nice girls here who also hope to get something to do there and if they succeed they will make some arrangements to live together somehow. Catalina is a resort pure and simple--very few homes and nothing but the dance hall and swimming. If I could--I would go over and make the basis of a home for her--but I cannot seem to see that it is possible. There is a great deal said about the young people of today--but I think the parents of the young people are a queer thinking generation and I don't believe the youngsters are to blame for all that is laid

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
June 22 1923

Dear Children:

I have been trying each day this week to think I could go in town for I want to go to the library and want to get the material for Helen's sweater vest. But each day it has been so cool that I have felt I must get caught up on my work in house and garden. So---it will be next week before I go.

So cool and lovely here and so terribly hot in Ohio, New York etc. Oh I do feel so sorry for you. When I wash the dishes I keep thinking how hard that work after getting a hot meal must be for you, Helen. I hope it is cool at the hospital--and you say it is cool in your home-- Cool, comparatively--that is, for it cannot be really cool anywhere when so many are being overcome with the heat. I told Ruth last night that it seemed perfectly ridiculous for me ever to complain of the work in the garden when I do so enjoy the fruits of that work. Each day I can gather enough berries for about two people and once in a while I can jam a pint. Raspberries I mean, red ones. Strawberries are given to the birds, mostly.

I do not seem to have much to write about. Last Sunday George was down from his work and he and Mame came over here for a few minutes' visit. He is the color of walnut and is as hard as nails. Expects to come back to school in September, however. You ask why he left school--It was on the advice--very decidedly given--of the principal of the school. He has not done good work in school since he came to California. And something he said made the principal think that he did not care. Smoking and the pool table are really to blame, I think. And it was a long time before Herbert could realize it. They have been very unhappy and at their wits end to know what to do. But the funny thing is

seen to have a very tender feeling towards you as some of the rest of us have. Herbert has sold his ranche.---A syndicate had bought across the road from the ran ranch and opened up a cheap subdivision and that made Herbert feel willing to sell when they wanted to take his land. Besides he had said he would sell when he could get \$40,000 for it and he did. He has no money for it as yet, but will be free of paying interest and will be getting interest instead. They assumed the \$12,000 mortgage. He feels very happy about it and Mame said "I felt so relieved I sent a half dozen more pieces to the laundry this week." George has been down for over Sunday and is more and more in love with his work. His hands are as hard as the table and his face is about the color of the table, they say.

Sunday morning I did not go to church--for I slept late again--and besides I needed time on my Bible lesson. I went to dinner at Ruth's and later Cottie and Miss Josie came out. I had to leave them but they visited with Ruth and when I came back I got supper for them and they left on the 10.13 car.

Monday morning I thought I would straighten out the new "study" for I could not find anything, spent more time looking for things--I told you the desk was a catchall--but when one attempts to make a little change there seems to follow a general stirring up--and--when I began to stir up some things in the laundry I found my day's work laid out for me. The cat and her kittens had made a general dumping ground in the laundry and it was not an inviting place at all. I told you she was a good hunter of gophers? Well, she certainly has been one busy mother for gopher heads and claws and bones were a sight to behold. So boxes were moved and the broom and hose were put to work. I did not get settled and was more upset than before. The express came all right, thank you.

This morning I was up by five o'clock and hurried through breakfast and went at the washing. There was a big one too. It was four o'clock before the day's work was over--then I washed my hair and had dinner at Ruth's and mowed the lawn--six big barrow loads of grass cuttings--don't you think it need cutting?

The living room looks rather empty. Some months ago a teacher in domestic took a class of girls around to see some of the homes. They came here and the teacher was greatly taken with my home and some of the pieces of furniture. The Senior class in the High school are to put on a play thursday and Friday and they were very particular about the furniture they wanted in the setting. Some one suggested-"Elizabeth's grand mother" for that is the name I am known by here in Van Nuys-Faith says "they never say my grandmother it is always Elizabeth's"--- Well, anyway, the room is empty because they came and took four chairs and a table that they thot they wanted.

Have you transplanted all of your seedlings Winifred? I have a lot that shriek at me so that I hear them in the night watches--but they will have to wait their turn. Tomorrow morning I am to wash bed blankets -and I hope straighten out my desk.

I did have so good a visit with you dear ones, and do so appreciate your coming after me. I feel shaken out of my worn rut and really expect to do some work even though it is the summer time that is coming rather than the winter. God bless you all and may you see the shining of His countenance.

Mother Jean

Box 169 Route 1  
Van Nuys, California  
June 12 1923

Dear Will, Winifred--and the rest of the family:

Now, before I forget it- Billy Bobby is in four B. I cannot seem to keep it in my mind for very long at a time. And Ruth, Bobby said "thank you" for the pictures you cut out for him. I don't believe John wanted to know anything very particularly, did you John?

Yes, I was taught that one must write a "bread and butter" letter just as soon as possible--and truly I am doing so, I do believe. Would you like to know what I have been doing since coming home? Strange how many things one finds that seem very necessary to do immediately.

I had a pleasant trip down. They would not let me in the Observation car unless I left my baggage in the other car. The porter and I differed about the calling my Boston bag "baggage" so I deprived him of the pleasure of my society. The cars were full to overflowing but I nabbed the very last seat and made myself comfortable. Right over the wheels? surely--but it was a smaller seat than the others--consequently I was allowed to have it alone. It was not on the right hand side of the car, but the views were wonderful on the land side and I could look across my opposite neighbors laps and see the sea too. I did not talk to any one but I had a lot to think a bout and was busy with my knitting work.

Jack and Aunt Addie and Blanche were at the train to meet me. I ovelly of them? It was a real comfort not to take the home trip from L.A. alone. Arthur has gone back to work. So thin the skin is drawn too tight over his head for beauty. They certainly learned to appreciate him while he was gone. It took two men to do his work and then they could not keep up the orders. They have given him a room to himself with a desk of his own and he will not have to walk the miles a day that he did before because he is head of that special department. The first day he was there he sent in a big order and the clerk in the order department who took it said "Well, I guess Penfield must be back." Blanche's mother Johnson wants to see her she will pay the expenses. If she goes Addie will stay and keep house for Arthur. She will be there for an indefinite time now while Blanche is at work. It has been pretty hard scrambling for them while he has been sick.

When we got home Ruth had the tea things out ready for us. Mrs. McGahn had cleaned the house and it did look pretty nice, especially as Jack had moved the big desk out into the Annex. The diningroom is improved without it--for it was always in disorder--the catchall and sewing table for every one who came to the house. The Saturday night party had been called off because being the end of the school year every one was too busy.

Saturday morning I did not get a very early start as I had not slept well the night before--my poor old head could not stand the excitement of getting home, you know.-- Everything in the garden has grown out of all expectation. Faith and Ruth had the vases all filled with flowers----and I began watering and pulling weeds and picking up around immediately. That afternoon it was hot----Ruth brought over her mending and I took my comfortable place on the floor and read aloud. If I live to be a hundred I suppose I shall still rest myself by lying on the floor even if it does not look very dignified.

Herbert and Mame came in the evening. Wanted to hear all about you. They