the spasms were beginning again
I felt - he had been loyal
enough. The Drs. have been
doing all they know how.
The spasms often choked again,
but her brain has been clouded
filled with beautiful visions
etc. And then trouble in the
gland - the same one that gives
as the ~~mu~~ mumps. Dr Cosby opened
it & put - in a tube to drain it on
Sunday eve. Last eve he took a
surgeon over from Lockerbie
and they opened a larger
plan. Her general condition
is strong - She is perfectly con-
scious, has been since Friday
no depression as is usual. And I
knowing "the truth" in spite of what
has happened. There is much I could
say - but time & space are lacking

Tuesday Morning

Dear children

It was a rack all last night - just as I was getting into bed that I was called to come to Sauniys immediately. Elizabeth drove me in. It was so foggy that - mostly the time we could not see the road. I said "keep along" and it seemed as if she did until my eyes looked at the pace we were really taking seldom less than 30 miles an hour. We made it in about 1½ hours. A terrible rack. We had a Scotch Practitioner. She had never seen such a case before and was frightened as I discovered towards the last. Jack had promised Ruth not to call a Dr. but after he had endured it for 24 hours - and

Rose was better & after this

Mother

Give a greeting to Alice-

Box 169 Route 1
Van Nuys California
July 9 1925

Dear Helen, Wilder and Wilder Junior and Ruth Mary--

Surely I would like to know how you are and what you are doing, and all the things that would be good to know.

I know that I promised to write immediately all of the first impressions--and I did mean to keep my promise, but for over a week I was without my typewriter, and oh, there have been so many things----------

But I believe that I have been able to hold first impressions in a fair way, and this morning, sitting in the house all alone, looking out over the garden picture framed by the open casement windows with beyond the Feijoia on the right--towards the street and the arbor covered with the Cecile Brunner on the left towards the back garden, I can see the little grape-fruit tree with two of the fruits, saved for my eating, the low, bright colored border of verbenas in front-- leading out to the street the row of gay dahlias, back of that a mass of tall white Shastas--that never grew so tall before and brings a suspicion that possibly their roots have penetrated the big pipe that leads out from the cesspool, and so are to blame for some trouble that waits investigation--back of the Shastas are more dahlias and back of them the dwarf pear trees with tall hollyhocks between--such a riotous, gay mass of color. Beyond is the field of tomatoes and beyond a field of corn and a mass of trees and clouds, masking the blue sky. All of this from my east window.

Alone in the house--for Mr and Mrs Lewis have gone to Santa Monica to fill another position with more money in it for them. He as gardener and she as cook-- A choice place for both of them. They left last Monday night. Addie went back to Beverly on Sunday to be with the Burgess's for another two weeks when she will probably come back to me for an indefinite time.

I had sent word for them not to try and get in to meet me, but I would get my breakfast at the station and wait until a more desirable hour--as I was due here at 7.30. I did sort of think that Will would be at the train and take me home to breakfast and the folks would gather there later in the morning--and so it might have happened--or I mean Will and Winifred would probably have been at the station but Will had promised to take John out to a Y.M.C.A camp and the call came for four o'clock that morning.

The first one I saw was dear Ruth- and we were no more unclasped than Mame took her place--and then there was ~~big~~ tall handsome Wilder Bill--and in a minute came Jack who had stationed himself farther down the line of cars, so as not to miss me. Jack went on to the city where he had business, and Wilder drove us out to Lankershim where the rest of the family--except Herbert were ready for us. Mame was having new paper put on the front room and the diningroom getting ready to be painted so we had breakfast in her pretty kitchen which had been freshly done over and looked "swank". Coffee, toast and strawberries tasted mighty good--and the children? Well, they looked mighty good. Jean has not changed so much--but Patricia? bless me she has shot up like a weed, and is growing so pretty. I did not ask her if she could, or would, stand on her head as she did the last time I saw her--but she put on quite an air of dignity when she told me she was ready for La Conte high school in September. And Wilder is ready for senior work in high school and Fred passed--and Deak wanted to say the same thing but mother had to explain that he passed, but with a condition that must be worked off this summer--that was because he had been sick during the winter and when he went back he seemed so weak his teacher would not consent to his catching up in everything. But he would be ready for passing in September. The little house under the walnut trees was very sweet--and the garden full of flowers--although the gophers had been at work in the dahlias and some needed tying up and the trap set--and Mame and Wilder and the two little boys were

we stopped at the machinery
here spelling on the hay cut-
ter in the Palatin.

busy for a time. Although Fred took time before we left to whisper to his mother, disappear for a few minutes, and re-appear with his new long trousers, on to be admired and wondered over. Deak has them too--but he only puts his on when he has to do so to get really dressed up. Mame looks much better in health--and they were all dressed so well--Lankershim is more of a city than it is out in the Van Nuys country where we live and where David's favorite seat is in the dust under the apricot tree.

After breakfast Wilder and Mame and the little boys brought Ruth and me out home. The three girls and their three brothers gave me an enthusiastic welcome--Stuart loved me right away, but I soon discovered that it was only because I was sitting in the car --and he had hopes. He will have nothing to do with me now--except as he plays games with me from the shelter of Elizabeth's arms. He lost confidence in me, I guess. Stuart is a dear, and a very good-locker, but David is my boy still. Handsome as can be--even though his eyes do not match as to shape. Bright and alert, but rather tempermental, almost more than mother can handle. Very much as his sister Margaret used to be as to hysterics when thwarted--and something like his Uncle Wilder, in some ways.

Bobs has the face of the little boy still, but his legs have grown so long that it looks more awkward than ever. He is wild to do some athletics--but it is suspected that the several costumes that go with athletics have more of a drawing power than the actual work that should come first. The boys at school call him "Steam-roller" When asked why? He grinned and said, "Oh I guess because I am so slow and awkward." He and Jack were running a race, and Jack said all he could hear was "plunk, plunk, plunk," like an old horse coming down the track--he "can't even run", but he is long and growing fast, and a dear boy. He is backward with his reading and spelling, and so he and I are getting acquainted. He comes over here right after dinner at night, and he reads aloud- from the jungle book and we talk over the

words he does not know--but there are not so many words that he does not know the meaning, even if he does not recognize them at sight. His greatest trouble is that he sees carelessly--is apt to read it as he would say it rather than as the author does say it. Not "outside the house" but outside of the house--etc.

I have been long in coming to the three girls--those blessed girls. They are so very attractive and so very unlike each other. Elizabeth is so proud of Margaret and all that she has accomplished this past year. Margaret is so pretty, so smart, so popular--and to hear Elizabeth tell about how surprised she is to see how Margaret has changed and how people love her --how she can talk, can play, etc etc--in her own peculiar and interesting drawl--is most entertaining. And Margaret giggles and lets it roll off her consciousness---seemingly. And Faith? well she can sing, and she is pretty and bright and sweet----Not as tall as the other two---"No, you are not little, Faith, but you are so short"--says sister Elizabeth. And that first evening we had some music---David sang first--some that he has been taught--but the most interesting ones were the ones he had picked up from hearing the operetta sung day after day at home--and his own words were given with spirit--words that seemed to him to be the ones sung. The tune is carried perfectly and his voice is true and strong. Then Bobs sang some of his school songs -without accompaniment.

Then Elizabeth played for Maragret with the horn and Faith with the violin--and it was all good music. They tolerate no jazz--they just naturally like real music better. Margaret gets some mighty good tones on her "trumpet" ~~and~~ as her instrument is called --not a cornet-- And she plays some very nice solos. And Faith sang--her own accompaniment and one without the piano. When one realizes that Faith has never had but six piano lessons--when Cousin Florence was here two years ago---and then hears the difficult accompaniments she is able to play -one wonders how she does it--and then Margaret has had so little help with her instrument--- Jack said one day to Ruth, with a tremble in his voice--"Do you know Ruth we really have a musical family?" Bless his heart a musical family is what he so

much wanted. He is looking much better than he did a year ago. He has worked all of the hours possible this year---but he has been able to see that he was doing good work, and that has made it easier. Last year he was worried and feeling his way along, not being absolutely certain if he were wholly on the right track--for he differed in many things from the former principal, who had a big following. But now he knows parents, teachers, superintendent, and school board are with him.

Ruth has no more fear of past agonies--but the year has told on her heavily. She looks older--the lines have deepened------and she has absolutely nothing to wear. Just one dress--a lavender gingham? I guess it is a gingham. It has to do service for everything--but she accepts it all easily. She really is a wonderful woman. She is quite certain that she is going to work out her problem with her large family, her small house and income, and that all lack will disappear. The insufficient income and the small house really do make her problems greater than they might be under some other circumstances-----but she has the greatest of all things in the world--lots of love. It is a very happy family. More about them must wait until another letter, for I want to tell you about the trip to Upland that we had yesterday.

Of course I was indebted to Jack for that. Ruth asked Mame to go with us but she and Herbert were going to a dinner dance and she knew she would be too tired-and it was lucky for we did not get home much before nine o'clock. The poor old car is still doing good service I do not see how it holds together for so much work.

We left here about ten-thirty yesterday morning. I had had a letter from Mrs K. begging me to write for the San Diego Kermotts were to be with them for about two weeks and she did not know when she could get down here. I wrote her that we would be there either Wednesday or Thursday--and it was good that I did for Dr. and the guests went to Mt. Baldy and Mrs. K. stayed at home for fear we would come. I am glad we did not disappoint her, too. The house is so pretty and every little convenience one can think of has been put in. Your mother looked very well,

Ruth has suddenly lost the shining Auburn locks & her eyes look-worn & troubled. Poor child.

and your father looks better than I have seen him for a long time. He is gaining in flesh again. I wore the pretty new dress, the latest one, and your mother wanted to put her hands on it because you had made it. She asked all sorts of questions-and we flew around the circle touching this point and that but finishing up none. Jack said he realized that it would take some hours for me to tell all she wanted to hear and when your father goes to Hudson as he intends doing soon, he will take me up there again. We went to the Claremont Inn for lunch on our way to Upland and there inquired about Mrs Kingman. We were directed to her house, but they had taken another house for the month as they had a chance to rent hers for some long time. We found Max there, however, very busy in packing up Mrs Kingman's things. He went with us to see his wife and mother. Mrs Kingman looked very attractive and Edith was more so than ever I thought. Jack and Ruth enjoyed meeting them all. They still think there will be no trouble in their sailing as planned. We were talking of the mischief that little children can think up to do, and Edith told of a few of the things Patty did while they were viviting in Ridgewood, where they wanted to make a very good impression, naturally. One night she was put to bed, and after dinner was found with the soles of her feet well inked. How much she spilled, was not told. The next night she got hold of some green dye her mother had been using--she had dyed a fine handkerchief and five hand towels and her nightdress. Another night she had taken some cold cream and rubbed it into all of the shoes that were to be found--inside and out--and then had blacked the most of them with brown shoe polish. Fortunately Edith's best pair were brown, and look pretty well although still one is a darker brown than the other. They stopped five days in Chicago for a visit--"But we never let her out of our sight." Yet the child had done nothing wrong. She was doing, as nearly as she could what she had seen others doing, and she had no playmates. We did not see her, as she was napping. Your mother was determined that we should stay for dinner, but we expected the MacQuarries out and felt we must not--we did miss them after all--- So she made coffee and put bread and butter and cookies and cake and jelly and jam and cheese--I guess I have named them all--on the diningtable in the kitchen alcove and we ate so much we did not need any dinner when we reached home. I find so much to do, yet it is rather lonely here all alone too.

Where in the world is Wilder's picture? I could have sworn that I packed it--but I do not find it--I am so sorry--that will give you another thing to pack--and I left my napkin ring too--

But I love you, and want to hear from you soon. No, the earth quake did not touch us nor frighten us, though some clocks were stopped in L.A

May 1, 1925

You need not-better wrap the napkin ring - the pot - with Dennie & Ann.

I guess if the truth were known, it is the people who love youth who love it out here. "Miles and miles of bungalows" there are but they are such pretty bungalows, in the main, and the ones living in them are happy-in the main.

Loving you all- Mother.

Tell me about yourself, Helen, and about the children-

Indeed I have asked several people why we who love California do so. I have received several answers from the one who said "Why it is the air." to the alertness of the people, the climate, the energy--etc. One said, and by the way that was Rowley Clarke, Wilder, "Oh I like the people--look at the way they put through that harbor- They had to have one even though it was 20 miles away--They got what they could from the government--and every man of them went down into his pocket for the rest. It was done by the people, not by the rich."

Box 169 Route 1
Van Nuys, California
July 19 1925

Dear Children:

I know I am not writing very often, three postals on the train, and this only my second letter since I came home. And yet---I have not frittered away any time except the time I have spent in my nightdress trying to be as comfortable as circumstances--over which I have no control--will allow me.

Helen said "Sometime I will go out to Los Angeles and I will see if all you have said is true"---- well, I am glad that you did not come home with me this summer for you would have found that some things I said about the cool nights were not true. Never have I seen hot nights before in California--but some nights we have only been able to endure more than the sheet over us. Hot days we have had in the San Fernando valley--but the nights have alsways been delightful. Of course it is cooler in the city than it is out here in the valley. Then to add to our physical discomfort--a week ago yesterday they began ploughing up Valerio street preparatory to grading, and the dust--well, the dust is a fright. Ruth says it is like child-birth--the agony that precedes the joy that a man is born to the world, so we are being full of courage in the thinking of the joy that will be ours when we have a paved street to live on. But pessimistic Elizabeth says--"Yes, and then we will be worrying about the babies, for with no traffic laws out here, and nothing in the way--how they will speed--"

I have spoken of Eliot Austen with whom David plays? He is six years old and is most active--not a thinker, you understand, I never knew of his sitting down quietly and playing by himself, he is into something every minute of the day--and his day begins very early, he seems to require less sleep than is normal for a child of his age. He "runs in circles all around David" as Ruth puts it. He is too old for David and too active for David's mother. However

he lives across the street and brother Charles--a different temperament, and of Bob's age--is busy helping his father when he is not in school, Eliot has only David to work off his energy on. Mrs Austin is a dear and tries to help Ruth through Eliot, but she cannot conceive of his lying---and, well, Ruth cannot agree with her. If David is called home the advice he receives is "Don't answer" If they want a cookie--"Don't ask, she wont see you, go and get it". They have a kitten and a pup over to the house, and a stray kitten just the size of their own came to them. They did not want the kitten, did not like it, it was not attractive, but it was nearly starved, and of course Ruth cared for it. One day at dinner she said "Why wonder where the stray kitten is? I called it for breakfast and it did not come and I have not seen it all day." Triumphantly and happily David spoke up--"Oh I know where it is Eliot hanged it." and he had---- But what I started to say is that right out in front of my driveway--so no one could drive in, is a furrow of dust fully two feet high--and that is where Eliot and David wallow-- actually, as though they were swimming in the sea. I sent them away from there--but they went over on the Austin side and Eliot grinned at me, and they kept on wallowing. I wondered what Helen would do to Wilder--at four-- should she have that to contend with. Ruth groans, and waits until he has to come in the house and then dumps him into the tub--but he hates to have his ears and head scrubbed, and it is a very inconvenient time just as they are ready to sit down to dinner.

I may have a mild heliotrope? Do we "wallow" in the sea?

And that reminds me--I was going to tell you about the girl's plans for the summer. There was such a rush for work at Boos' Cafeteria at Catalina, although the girls had been engaged, they did not get the places. There were at least thirty boys and girls--high school and college-- went over there and camped at the doors. They agreed to work for nothing if they might have their meals and beds furnished them. John Lamott said there were more applicants than tourists.

There is a very good trade school in Los Angeles and Jack proposed that they go in and learn the beauty parlor work that they might have one more thing to offer in order to pay their way while at Pomona. It would be pleasanted, perhaps, and more remunerative than waiting on table etc. So they are going in on the 6.30 in the morning and coming back at two. Then from the car Elizabeth goes to the Crystal Plunge. About two years ago Mr Caldwell, who was a business man here in Van Nuys, and whose daughter was a friend of Elizabeth's opened the Chystal Plunge-- It has been very popular here and other nearby places, because the whole Caldwell family are doing the work and it seems most respectable and homey. When Katherine graduated she went to work there in order to earn money to take her to Berkeley- for the Plunge is open the year around- Berkeley is open now and she suggested that Elizabeth take her place for the summer. Three until nine or ten P.M. Forty cents an hour. She could not resist the money lure, although it makes a very long hard day, as she is on her feet all of the time.

Faith sleeps fairly late in the morning but when she does get up she takes the plann ng of meals and the preparing of things to put in the lunch baxes, in fact takes charge of the kitchen. Of course--the cleaning-children-sewing she is not responsible for--nor washing and ironing. Ruth looks after that. Margaret gets the dinner at night--following Faith's plans. Margaret does the marketing too- for Faith hates to do that.

Have you finished Daniel Deronda? I have, and am now advised to "read, and read, and read, all of the best modern fiction that I have time for. Naturally, if I hope to write for the reading public I need to know what the reading public like to read. In sending in my first assignment to the new course-English Expression- I did not know that it was really a test that I was passing. According to tests made in all parts of the country--here and in England--it has been found that the vocabulary of the average adult contains 11.000 words. The vocabulary of adults of

superior intelligence contains 13.000 words. My test showed that I had a vocabulary of over 15.000 words. But I am more amazed than I can say to see how careless I have grown in pronunciation, and grammar. I positively don't know so many things, as well as being careless. The work is most fascinating and suggestive. Since I came home I have sent off two assignments to the main course and have finished three assignments in English Expression. I could spend the whole time at it, but I do have to spend some hours in just housework. If I get up at six it is nine before I can get breakfast--and the necessary motions of keeping house off my hands. Lunch is salad and bread and butter--and then it has been too hot for much work. A cold bath makes me ready for things about 4.30--but the hotter it is the more the garden needs watering --and there is no one but me to do it. I am slaughtering a lot of the plants so as to make it all a little easier but by the time dinner is over Bobs is here for the reading. We read--he reads a half hour--and he insists on getting that half hour of work done, too--and then I read. He must go home by nine o'clock---and then I undress and read a little, and go to bed. I see no one--but that is all right--only there is no one time in the day when I can put on my best clothes. I do not enjoy the dirty work in the evening after my bath. But on the other hand--I have a concert given by the mocking birds two or three times a day--and I love it.

Speaking of baths--I made up my mind there was no sense in not being abbe to get in and out of the tub--Well, I do it, but it is funny how I do it. The other day I said, aloud, "Well, how do people sit down in the tub, anyway." I had tried so many different motions--as I spoke the words my foot slipped--and I sat down, but I did not really like that way of doing it.

On the way to Upland, Ruth and I saw Jack's shoulders shaking--"Did you see that sign?" It read "Masterpiece fertilizer here." But that did not strike me as being as ludicrous as "Gas Shoppe" on a gas station. But oh the "Gas shoppe" or gas stations are a joy. I did tell the truth there Helen. Shining windows, paint, counters, everything spick and span and the men dressed in white--no trouble about dirty money coming from their hands. And another thing that struck me particularly, was the jolly manner of the traffic cops. They were willing to joke with you even if they were obliged to warn you of some infraction of the law. I am telling the truth there too. Of course, you might object to the dust and the brown-lock of many spots--but before I become weary of that--there will be a wonderful green spot to look at--and there are no waste papers lying around to make one disgusted with city housekeeping--and there again I told the truth.

Sunday--July 25 1926

Dear Children:

I am so glad that you have been up in Maine where is cool weather during this hot time in the East--- At least, I suppose it is always cool there? It has been warm enough here--but when the cool breeze blows on us we sigh and say--"what a country--Who would live anywhere else?" --- And oh the garden fairly shrieks with color--The zinnias and dahlias are a wonder to see. Of course--one must pay for it in continual watering and cultivating--but it is a small price to pay, after all.

We had a wonderful drive and visit on Friday. The four Macs-came out about ten o'clock--I had the table all set for the evening and we were ready forthem. Aunt Addie did not go with us, so we were but six--and changed about some riding in my car with Elizabeth as driver and others with Will in his car. They all agreed that Elizabeth was a wonderful driver.---- We went directly to the Mission Inn at Riverside-and it was so different from anything any one of them expected to see that it was a real joy. I cannot describe it to you--I want you to be impressed in the same way--when you come out. Although--even if I could tel you all about it, you would have no idea -really-until you saw it. It is just "different" from anything else.

Then I wanted them to see Smily Heights--and again a great

surprise, that was sort of funny, too. Years ago--when Wilder was but a year old--I took the drive through Redlands and Riverside etc. The great drawing card for Riverside was Magnolia Drive--The Mission Inn was not in existence at the time.-- The drive was a wonder to me--miles of magnolias-palms and acacia trees on each side of the road. So, when the clerk at the Inn told me that the things to see were Magnolia Drive and mount Rubideau I spoke for the Drive--as the hill looked rather bleak to me. Well--we found the Drive--I suppose--at least the signs said Magnolia Drive--but its splendor had vanished--and after three or four miles of just ordinary street driving we turned about rather disgusted and made for Redlands and Smily Heights---so, I think, they all thought it was another ordinary view--but, it was not--and oh it was so beautiful and you know how enthusiastic Winifred is over something quite wonderfully beautiful in nature?--I was quite satisfied with the result. Then around by San Bernardino. It was getting quite late so we did not see the town--for I suppose there is one--but the boys were greatly impressed with the immense plant of the Santa Fe R.R.. "The Gate City" San Bernardino is called--and is the headquarters of that road.

We reached home about seven--and had a delightfully simple, but good, supper, and they left for home about ten o'clock having a wonderful moonlight drive ahead of them. They were all enchanted with the day--and it will leave a pleasant memory in the minds of us all. So much better than just a dinner of several courses in the same old humdrum way we have entertained for years.

And now--the next thing on the program will be the trip to San

Diego,which we will probably take this week. Aside from Elizabeth and John Mac.I am not sure of my party. Aunt Addie has not said what she feels she can do. I think I wrote you that I told her that I would love to have her go with us on all of our trips but that I could not pay the extra expense of meals etc.? I wish I could----but I cannot,for this is the girl's hour--and my purse will not stretch very far. So--she will make her choice of what she feels she can do. John will pay his own hotel bills--and be tickled to death to do it.

The great thing for John is that he needs to learn how to do things with pepple. He is shy--he is awkward--sixteen years old on the eigth- and has no older sister to tell him how--and the girls can direct him and develop him with much less heart burning than any older person can do. And the girls are all very fond of him. Billy is almost impossible--and Ruth is quite so. Winifred has no idea of what she can do to make Ruth less noisy and impertinent in her claiming the lime light for her own, and it makes her very embarrassed and unhappy--but you take such vital characters as Ruth and Billy and I guess they have to work out the thing for themselves by hard knocks-perhaps. It will be all right with them after a few years--but in the meantime,it will be John whom we will cultivate,of course.

Tell me how you succeed with Flexner -and,by the way,when you people go abroad again--would you care to have another party join you and sort of hang on your coat tails until they learned to walk alone? I am thinking it would be fine--if when you are ready to go the girls and

I could be ready to go. Say in three years' time? Surely, I am planning a year abroad about that time--perhaps with as many as five or six girls. Am I crazy?---well, perhaps so. But I notice if one never plans big, lovly things they never get big, lovely things. Is not that so? Of course--I am hoping that Jack and Herbert will be able to help out on the expense. For, unless I have a windfall--I do not really see how I could do it alone. But--one never can tell.

But I must stop now--for it is almost time to get ready to leave for Pomona for church. Lizabeth is always so willing to take us to church and Wednesday evening service--and as it means nothing to her--I appreciate her willingness, very much.

Loving you and sending many messages to you during each day--

Mother.

covered books? Bless her heart--so do I. I have begged a paper from Herbert to copy off for you, for I know that you will be glad to read it, Wilder dear--God bless you both and kiss each other and the children for me. Remember me to Alice--and to any of the friends who ask for me. Mother.

Box 169 Route 1
Van Nuys, California
July 29 1925

Dear Children:

I surely am late this week in writing my letter--unless we call it early in writing this week's letter, but----- Yes, Ruth has been ill again. She worked herself to death--that was all. She thinks she must prove the power of God to keep her safe from illness no matter what she does--and so she does too much. You know what Jesus said when the devil asked him to prove that he was the Son of God by throwing himself off the roof of the temple? "It is written thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." I tell Ruth that is what she is doing, for even a strong person who had never been ill could scarcely do all she has tried to do.

The 18th. was their anniversary and they went in town for dinner and to see White Collars. The theater is small and rather warm and Ruth had a turn of "petit mal"? is that what you call it?-- Jack got her out and after a time she thought she could go back and sit in the back seat, but another attack --and they left. Jack wanted to go to a hospital--to a Dr. but she did not and then he asked if she would like to go to Miss Mc Craken--she did and they went--and later Jack confessed that he felt so easy when he knew she was with Miss Mc Craken that he went to sleep and slept all through the traatment. She was in bed much of Sunday, but Monday was a hard day and when he came home at ten o'clock that evening--she was having considerable trouble, and the little attacks were coming oftener. He felt it was a critical night--he moved their bed over here and telephoned Miss McCraken again. She went through the night beautifully, but it was a hard week and we had to keep in touch with Miss McCraken every day. Saturday she felt stronger and Jack took her down to Winifred's for a visit over Sunday and Monday. He stayed with her the first night, although I have not found out yet where he slept, and he said she slept wonderfully that night too. He came home in time for breakfast and went

back in the afternoon, although he came home to sleep.

Ruth had made an appointment a week before with the high mogul of the bobbed hair shears--and it was to be on this Monday--so Monday evening Jack brought her home bobbed and marcelled--and she looks better than I would have believed possible. The change? The bobbed hair? or Miss McCraken?----at any rate she is like the old-time Ruth again, and has gone back home bed and all.

I had sent over for Aunt Addie to come and she came on Wednesday. I thought she would helpmFaith with the work over there, but she thought better to stay here and take charge of the cooking---but oh dear, my studying has been slashed to bits.

I have not told you what Jack is doing--he is still working for the Board of Education, but in the capacity of common laborer--a painter. He gets seven dollars a day--leaves here at 6.30 in the morning and comes home at night so tired he can scarcely speak. The anxiety of last week did not make him feel any better. He also keeps office hours at the school two evenings each week.

Then I must tell you about Will's promotion.--- There are four grades of teachers instructors--assisstant professore--that is what he was last year--associate professors and full professors. He expected to be raised to associate and would have been perfectly satisfied. He has been made full professor and is Director of the Metropolitan College of the University of Southern Calofornia--which is the same rank as Dean. He has all of the administration work under his supervision. It is a very hard position to fill as it must pay its own expenses and is so new a proposition. There are only three more such schools in the country. One in New York, one in Boston and one in Chicago. He is very pleased and Winifred is very proud--as she has a right to be. Mrs Dorsey--the superintendent of the L.A. schools in speaking of Jack to Will said "Oh he is fine--he is a jewel"-- She has so much of jealousy and friction of many kinds that when she finds a competent executive who will co-operate with her she appreciates it.

On Saturday I am going to celebrate the anniversary of Herbert and Mame. I tried once before when Dr.Bickford was here to have it down town--I could not have anything on Ruth's anniversary--and now I have this one--here on Saturday at 5.30. I shall make it as simple as possible,I call it supper instead of dinner-Cold roast-creamed potatoes-peas-rolls--celery and the little fixings like jelly, olives,gherkins- Coffee----- Ice cream and cake--candied orange peel and Ginger. Besides the Ingli and Penfields the MacQuarries and Louise Clark. Nine of us. So again my studying will be mutilated--I think I shall have to go off to the mountains and bury myself---well you know,of course,it is all right,but you know too,the vow I made? That nothing should stand in my way? Funny,isn't it?

I do not see that there is much chance of your getting a picture from me very soon,Helen dear--I have lost no weight so far.

Oh I hope that you are feeling all right,I suppese that you are out of bed again,and being very quiet and hopeful. Burglars--of all things. I am glad thay did no more harm than they did. Your trip must have been delightful and restful for you all. And Alice enjoyed it too--good.

The children evidently did not go to the CoanS -And they will be coming back soon,I suppose. Let me hear all about the work at the hospital as well as all of the home news. Kiss the dear children for me. Tell Wilder Junior that while I was reading Treasure Island to Bobs this evening he picked something out of his mouth-and I said "What was that,a tooth?" and he smiled and said"yes I have been working at it for some days." It brought back to me the hard time Wilder had with his tooth that would not come for him.

I came in here to go to bed and found this letter half written and thought I would sleep better if I should finish it--but I must go to bed now. I get up at six,but it is nearly ten,usually before the necessary work is over and I get

to work here. I do not know how long Aunt Addie will stay--she is determined to get some position so that she can get some debts paid and a little bit ahead, and then she will hope things will come about so that she can have a settled income. Oh dear, she should not be obliged to work at her time of life--and she has always done so much for all of her relatives, instead of making her own bank account larger. Well, I must not worry about it--doe it not seem sometimes that every friend ones has needs sympathy for one reason or another?

Last Sunday Addie and I determined to go in townto church--and other things. We missed the 9.23 car and waited in the station until 10.23--reached the church at 11.45. Thought it best not to disturb the worshippers and so sat in the pretty parlor until service was over. Then Addie stood at one door and I at the other and looked over the whole congregation--The MacQuarries were not there--they had gone to Hermosa to church, taking Ruth with the, Elizabeth Freeman was not there--she had written me and I had not answered--and did not want to ask her to come out here just now--so thought I would ask her to have dinner with us--and Miss McCraken was not there and we had some questions we wanted to ask her. Thus far the day had not been very successful, but the rest of the day was better. We had dinner at the hotel and were so long about that we had no time to sit in the lobby upstairs and watch people for a while, so we went right out to see Cottie--for that was really the main plan for the day. She was in the hospital had been there for three weeks and was anxious to get back to her own room. She looked weak and sick--has her hair bobbed too, because it was easier for them or herself to take care of it, and positively she looks well with it too. We stayed there for some time and then went on to Lankershim as we had made arrangements to do. We had supper there and Herbert and Mame brought us home dead tired and ready for bed. Wilder is at Del Monte in camp for a month. Pat goes to camp for ten days with the Camp Fire girls on Friday and next Friday Jean goes for ten days. The little boys are dearer than ever. How I do wish they could be with Wilder Junior-- Some day, perhaps. So dear little Ruth likes leather

Taken from a luncheon notice to the Lankershim Kiwanians July 16 1925

The library speaker was not forth-coming last week so Herb's report was slipped over,and Oh,Boy,what a kick the Club got out of it. The meeting all the way through was good. Good music,good pep,and good talks.

A heart-throb on our wonderful Herb. A jazzy treat of exquisite pleasure was given the club when our Herb.gave us a hypodermic of the Elixir of Kiwanis--his convention report. Never before has just such a kick been slipped over in the Club that got so completely under the skin of the members,presenting as it did all the glories of the Kiwanis movement. It was just the dose needed at this particular time. It took effect immediately and has done untold good to the Lankershim Club. It was so keenly put over in Herb's quiet "gentile" manner, straight from his heart,that it deliciously soaked in and came out in a genuine burst of enthusiasm from the membership---and is now the talk of the town.

That message has defined Herb as one of the Kiwanis leaders of California, and believe me,his ability is recognized outside of his own Club too. Kiwanis seeks its leaders. Herb has attracted attention and greater service is to be demanded of him from the higher Kiwanis circles. Herb today stands out as Lankershim's greatest Kiwanian.

Healer Herb's Hypodermic of Elixer of Kiwanis.

Selection of members: Quality not quantity stressed at convention.
Men who really know Kiwanis do not drop out.
A strong Club is one which has some men fully sold on Kiwanis and who are leaders.
The more men sold the stronger the Club.
A Club that"gives,is strong. One that only "takes" is weak.
Clubs need to work along Methodist lines. They must have revivals.
You can do as much in Kiwanis as you have brains to do.
Club members must be enthusiastic or the club can get nowhere.
Some of this enthusiasm takes the wrong course,but don't try to curb it-----
Direct it,instead.

It was stated that the motto of the Kiwanis Club should be "It cannot be done, therefore we will do it."

Taken from a luncheon notice to the Bakersfield Kiwanians July 16 1925

The library speaker was not forth-coming last week so Herb's report was slipped over, and Oh, Boy, what a kick the Club got out of it. The meeting all the way through was good. Good music, good pep, and good talks.

A heart-throb on our wonderful Herb. A jazzy treat of exquisite pleasure was given the club when our Herb gave us a hypodermic of the Elixir of Kiwanis--his convention report. Never before has just such a kick been slipped over in the Club that got so completely under the skin of the members, presenting as it did all the glories of the Kiwanis movement. It was just the dose needed at this particular time. It took effect immediately and has done untold good to the Bakersfield Club. It was so keenly put over in Herb's quiet "gentle" manner, straight from his heart, that it deliciously soaked in and came out in a genuine burst of enthusiasm from the membership---and is now the talk of the town.

That message has defined Herb as one of the Kiwanis leaders of California, and believe me, his ability is recognized outside of his own Club too. Kiwanis needs its leaders. Herb has attracted attention and greater service is to be demanded of him from the higher Kiwanis circles. Herb today stands out as Bakersfield's greatest Kiwanian.

Healer Herb's Hypodermic of Elixir of Kiwanis.

Selection of members: Quality not quantity stressed at convention.
Men who really know Kiwanis do not drop out.
A strong Club is one which has some men fully sold on Kiwanis and who are leaders.
The more men sold the stronger the Club.
A Club that "gives" is strong. One that only "takes" is weak.
Clubs need to work along Methodist lines. They must have revivals.
You can do as much in Kiwanis as you have brains to do.
Club members must be enthusiastic or the club can get nowhere.
Some of this enthusiasm takes the wrong course, but don't try to curb it-----
Direct it, instead.

It was stated that the motto of the Kiwanis Club should be "It cannot be done, therefore we will do it."

Los Angeles
119 South Vendome
August 14 1925

Dear Children:

I know it has been dreadful the way I have not written, and the worst of it is that I cannot point to any one thing and say "That is the reason for my delinquency" -- There seem to be so many ~~important~~ unimportant reasons all mixed together--but none of them smack of any lack of love for you. I have thought of you every day and wished I could talk with you--but I have not even done a bit of knitting until yesterday afternoon when I vowed that I would not put it off another minute. I know Ruth Mary is wanting her ~~xxx~~ socks.

If you notice the heading of this letter you will see that I am writing from the MacQuarrie home. Addie and I have exchanged houses with them for two weeks. They are living in Van Nuys and we are living here. It was Winifred's idea. They wanted a vacation--The children were wild to be with the Ingli -especially were Bobs and Billy anxious to be together--They could not afford a beach cottage, there were reasons why it would be quite convenient for me to be in town and it seemed a very sensible way to do. Naturally there was cleaning and re-arranging to do, and I have not done much of that kind of work for some time and my legs did rebel sometimes, and it took me so long to do what should have been done in a few hours, and Aunt Addie is no quicker than I am.

We came in Wednesday evening. Addie had gone to Beverley Hills to stay over night with the Burgess' and did not get here until after six o'clock. They had taken her to see The Gold Rush and to dinnner

down town, so I had the getting settled here pretty well under way. Yesterday--Thursday--Aunt Elizabeth spent the day with us. She is going to Minneapolis on Sunday, and dreads the visit, the first since her sister's death. I never saw a person so changed--she has gone definitely into Christian Science, after flirting with it for some time, and is getting softer and more lovable than she has been heretofore.

About five o'clock Addie and I went down town with her and we went to see Milton Sills in The Making of O'Malley, and went we came out of the theater it was five minutes of nine o'clock. We came home and had bread and milk and read a little while and went to bed dead tired.

Today I am to begin regular treatment with a practitioner--that is the main reason for my wanting to come in town, for I have not been feeling up to snuff lately -probably that is the main reason I have not written, for everything has seemed such a burden to me-------. But I am expecting to "renew my youth like the eagle", I think that is quoted properly, and shall from now on do my duty and my pleasure each day as it comes to me.

My study, my reading and everything else has been quite upset as well as my correspondence.

Ray expects to sail on the Leviathan September 5th. although he can not make it seem real that they are going away for the year. I have not written him since I came home, so you see I have many apologies to make.

Last Saturday we had a picnic with the Galahad boys at my home. We had supper under the rose arbor--and it was a lovely place for the long table. I had not slept one wink the night before, so I was not as nimble as a hostess might expect to be, but it went off beautifully. Chauncey

Medberry and his wife and two little boys seven and nine years old---
She is a little deaf, but a charming, inteeligent woman- -- Harold Perkins
(Si) and his little four years old boy--a darling child--his wife had a
severe headache and could not come. (Harold had a bad experience with
double pneumonia in the war, was on one of the terrible trains that went
bumpity bump because of bad wheels, that was carrying the sick soldiers
to the hospital. He became certain he was to die anyway, the agony seemed mor
than he could bear, he got up and crawlwd to the door and was about to
throw himself off went the man in charge caught him, they stopped the train,
and took him off and he went the rest of the way on a stretcher, and that
action probably saved his life after some long time in hospital. He looks
very white and delicate--is xout here in the real estate business.
Horace Day and his wife who is about as small as they make them -weighing
less than one hundred pounds while you may recall him as being six feet
or more and braad in proportion. Married five years they have no children.
He was gassed--and out of commission for a long time--is now loading
freight cars with sash and door materials--his wife looks like a youngster,
of course but attractive. Chauncey Pierpont was, of course, the leading
spirit--and he certainly has improved wonderfully and is a man whom one woul
naturally trust on sight.

There are other Galahad boys out here, but we failed to get in touch
wity them, and felt this was a very good beginning of what we hope to be an
annual affair. It was on Elizabeth's birthday. Of course the MacQuarrie
and Inglis families were there, and Faith took full charge of the children
with Margaret to help her at supper time. Oh those girls are darlings.

Elizabeth got home from her work at the Plunge just as they were leaving.

But I have some other news that may interest you more than the account of the Galahad picnic. It is quite possible that the two places may be sold to one man. He is a retired farmer who is homesick for the soil. He likes my house and Jack's walnut trees, His wife did not like the idea of coming to Van Nuys, for they used to live in the Owens River valley and the fight between L.A. and the farmers of that valley over the water made her feel that she did not want to use the aqueduct water--and she wanted to go to Whittier. The daughter is an organist and plays in the First Pres. church in Hollywood and naturally prefers Van Nuys. The mother and daughter came out with him on Monday to see the place, and I know she was pleased with everything inside and outside of the house and liked the owners of the property as well. She went up to the dahlias and patted them as if they were babies, She asked questions about all the other flowers, she looked with gloating eyes on the grapes, exclaimed over the grape arbor and patted the rose vines over the rose arbor. She loved the little cellar, she admired all of the little conveniences in the house and she and her daughter planned how things could be arranged etc. I felt they were sold all right, and if arrangements can be made satisfactorily I think the places will be sold. Herbert is to look up his standing--and he and the agent who is making the sale and trade will settle on terms. For it is to be a trade as well as sale.

He has a six room bungalow in Hollywood near the University, and in the next block to a big Jewish hospital that is being built now. It is right in the neighborhood of big apartment houses, and the prospects

for a speedy sale- and possibly at a profit--are very good. He holds the property for $15.000 and I guess it is a fair valuation,although when one looks at the house and lot which is larger than the majority of city lots, and compares it with my five acres and prettier home and lovely garden, with its openview of sky,mountains,trees.its birds and its freedom,it seems like a small end of the trade. Still,values are in the city,I do suppose,especially if one is not in position to take care of those five acre and they seem a burden. Then he has $10.000 in good mortgage stock that pay a good per cent and which he is ready to use in buying the places. His city place is clear,while I carry a $3500 mortgage and Jack carries a a $3.000 mortgage which he will assume.

Now,if it were to sell my place alone I would not think of a trade, not for a moment,for I would gain nothing by that. If I am to own a home I want that home next door to Ruth. But if it will sell Jack's place too, that is a different proposition. The most necessary thing for Ruth seems to be to get into a more convenient house where her work will be lightened. Jack loves the walnut trees and has planned to have them for a nest egg for old age,but he cannot take proper care of them,and he is swamped with indebtedness,and is too far away from his work. He holds his place at $13.000. Ten thousand aside from the mortgage. That would help him out wonderfully. Not make him clear,of course,although nearly so--and "Then we could begin all over again" he tells Ruth. He owes the estate something more than ten thousand. But if he could reduce it and buy a lot in town he could get the Bu ilding Association to put up a house for him and his monthly rent,while it would be high,would gradually pay for it.

I suppose I would have to come in town and live, and Addie would have to come with me, for I would not want to be alone, of course. Mrs Burgess wants her to consider their home hers, and she certainly has a better time there in many ways, as they have a car and concert tickets etc. But while I want to go to the beach, alome, for a time to see if I cannot get time to do some work, it will probably be best to move my things into the city house until it can be sold. ----That is planning before the sale is made however, I suppose.

Ruth is feeling fine, so bouyant in spirits. Margaret finished her school this noon. She is very tired, and wants to sleep, sleep, sleep. So she is coming in here tomorrow morning and go to bed and stay there as long as she pleases. Herbert and Mame are going to Reno for a few days the latter part of next week and Margaret will stay with the family there--Pat and the two boys--while they are gone. After Margaret leaves here Faith is coming in for a change and rest from housework and Margaret will help Ruth until school at Pomona begins. There seems to be a lot of sewing being planned for them all, and Elizabeth is making a dress for herself in the mornings, although she is sleeping late--for the first time in her life-- in order to get into proper condition before school begins.

With so many to think of and plan with etc. Do you not see how my regular work goes to pieces? Such a dear letter from Wilder boy. Kiss them for me. The dear children. I am so interested in the working out of your plans at the lab. Keep me in touch with what you are doing, Wilder. And Helen dear, I will try and have those letters copied so I can send them to you before you are in prison again.

Tomorrow evening we are to have Mr and Mrs Burgess here for dinner. But if Addie will stick to the plans it will not be a hard dinner to prepare but she is apt to plan too much, so much more than she can carry out easily. You speak of the weather in New York--I wish you could sample some of our we weather here. I am sure you would rejoice in it.

I love you--Mother

I shall be here another week, at least.

8 Vendome Street
Los Angeles
August 22 1925

Dear Children:

As I understand this month will be the last one in which Helen has to spend a week in bed?-----And I have not sent the letters from Spain as you desired. I am mighty sorry, but I declare it has seemed impossible to do it. I have been at work on them since coming here but they seem to go so slowly. Besides, I have some of them mixed and all of the letters that were written in May are evidently in another packet which I left at home, and I cannot ask any one to hunt for them. I have been copying some of the others, of course, so as not to delay it longer than necessary, but had I had them I would have sent them on to you as I finished them.

Margaret had three days with us, Faith had two and Elizabeth spent one night with us, coming in late after an evening at the beach, and going back early in the morning. Mrs Ross has spent an afternoon with us, and Addie does love to go out and see things so much that I have been down town more than I should have been had I been alone.

I am reading "The Kingdom of the Heavens" by Charles Nordmann, a French astronomer, and if you want to read something really delightful get it from the library and enjoy yourself. He tries to make it not at all technical, but even so I cannot understand it all. It is written in such a delightful style and shows so much humor with all of his practical learning that I have immensely enjoyed all I could understand. It is not so much the technical terms he uses, but it is the

immesity of his subject that appals me, and makes me feel so incapable of understanding.

This week's work has been most interesting. "Childhood memories" have made me wonder if other people would be overwhelmed in the same way. Memories that have stayed with me, almost all show the character or tendencies that have made me what I have been and am. For instance--Tom used to boast that he could make me cry any time by beginning to talk about the negroes or Indians, because I felt so bitterly the injustice that had been shown them. Do you know that hatred of injustice shows way back when I was four years old? The hatred I had for grandfather Jefferson and uncle Alva had its foundation in their injustice towards mother. And then I began to look for the reason why that hatred had not warped my nature more. Why, in the face of those strong feelings I am rather tolerant. Other memories gave me the reason. Remember these are memories not the reasoning of today. Father and I were chums, they were his family, and I began early to question why people did as they did, and I could see what made him different--born a Jefferson though he was. Then grandmother and grandfather Graves brought in a real gospel of love that meant much in my development. Then the Ladies' Library was burned out and from eleven to thirteen I read novels. Living in a small western town, and living in our own back yard, altogether, I had very little opportunity of knowing and comparing people. These novels, some good, some not so good, none really bad, gave me a knowledge of people that was worth much to me as to toleration. I was young, but even so I was more often the one to give out the books to the subscribers than was the

regular librarian, and books that I did not read, I handled and knew there were such books and something of their contents.--- -Yes, it has been most interesting. The trouble is to know how to classify the memories for the teachers.

Monday afternoon.

I have just had a telephone message from Mame saying that Uncle Tom died last night in Seattle, and that Dolly was going North on the first train tonight. I telephoned San Gabriel and she had just left. Mrs Sanborn said that he had been failing for a year or more. Has been with Virginia much of the time since April. Has suffered from lapses of memory not knowing one minute what he said the minute before. They have known very little for Dolly and he have not been together since he was here, but Mrs Sanborn thinks this has been coming on for some time and that was the reason "for his acting as he did." Of course I do not know how he has been acting. But I do feel a little sad at the news. I shall not miss his presence, for we have not been together, but I feel sort of lonely, I am the only one left of our generation.

I was going to write more, but I believe I wont until another day. I hope to see Dlly as soon as she returns. I will let you know more about it then. Her address is care of R.E. Sanborn, San Gabriel. California.

With much love for you all

Mother

not know that he is being actually dishonest in his treatment of her. But she knows, and it hurts her. She has done so much for every one of that family, and they seem only to care for her when she has something to give them. Oh we are a funny, funny people, we mortals.
Anyway I love you all,
Mother

Sunday August 16 1925
Vendome St. Los Angeles.

Dear Children:

We came home from church and hurried with dinner so as to be ready when some of the folks should come but it is five o'clock and no one has come yet. Margaret was to come yesterdaymorning, but when we wanted to go to a concert last evening she had not come so we telephoned and heard that she was to come "right after Sunday School" this morning---- It is tiresome waiting for expected guests. I have read a bit and dozed a lot all of the afternoon, yet had to keep dressed up, you know.

Aunt Elizabeth had --here they come--

It was Ruth, Jack and Margaret. Margaret will stay until Wednesday. Jack will bring Faith in Wednesday morning and we three will see the Gold Rush and Jack will meet Margaret there and take her home, Faith staying here for a few days with us.

To continue about Aunt Elizabeth--she spent the day with us Thursday--but I must have written you that before. Friday we did not leave the house but Saturday Mr and Mrs Burgess had dinner with us and then took us to the Bowl to the concert. Visiting Orchestra leaders are with us for one or two weeks-- Sir Henry Wood two weeks ago--Rockwell last night. The Bowl is wonderful, more so than ever. I asked them if any one could describe it so that one who had not seen it could understand--and we decided that it could not be done except by an artist in that line.

Its beauty is in its simplicity and its fine acoustics. Man has not tried to destroy the natural beauty, simply to even it up a little. And on the hill a little beyond glows the lighted cross of the Pilgramage Play, and over there, as we listen to the beautiful music of the orchestra, we know there is an immense audience being swayed, impressed by the life of the Christ as acted by good actors who live on the place and study the parts all through the summer. The Bowl can seat thirty thousand and I suppose at every concert, three times a week for six weeks, there are between 18.000 and 20.000 people there.

Mr and Mrs Burgess gave us four extra tickets and we are to take Margaret Tuesday night, and take Faith another night.

Mr and Mrs Burgess are going to Portland--by auto--to be gone three weeks and going a week from tomorrow. They are very anxious that Addie and I should consent to taking their house for that time so that they need not close the house. Addie wants to do it---but I would rather go home to my own things.

I do not think our trade-sale is going through, for Herbert has been investigating a little and some things do not look good to him. Addie does love to have things happening, so much so that I shall have to make a plunge someway before it will be possible for me to get down to real work, I fear. I can manage the English Expression study work but the actual writing seems to need more quiet and seclusion that I can seem to manage. What do you suppose we are soon to be asked to do in this English Expression course? The first composition was a description of an ideal character--the next will be childhood impressions- ---

Aunt Addie has made friends with a young girl next door and has invited her over to meet Margaret and they are laughing and talking out on the porch. Making plans for swimming in the Bimini Baths that are not far from here.

Poor Aunt Addie is still talking about earning money. You know she has not recovered fully from her sickness last Spring, she is very frail, but goodness me, she thinks she can do all that she used to do. I said to her today--"Now Adams dear, I wish you would give up that idea of working for your living--You cannot do it, you have not the physical strength." "But I am going to have, Jean." "Well, just wait until you do have it, and then we will see." And then I said -"We will have to have a little home some where and try and find a young woman--perhaps with a child to educate and with enough money to care for themselves, provided they have shelter and food provided them, who will do the housework for us and drive our car." "But I am going to drive the car."---Adams, don't you know that every one says a person cannot safely run a car if they have not learned before they are sixty?" Her face fell--"Well I am more than sixty." (I had been afraid to say as much before for fear of hurting her feelings.) Then nothing was said for a long while--and then in a very soft voice she said--"Oh Jean dear, I had never thought before of its being possible to have a home and not work for it. How lovely that seems, to have a home and just enjoy it." You know, it seemed most pitiful to me--she is seventy years old and has been still planning to work, and work beyond her strength. So you see, I have definitely committeed myself now. I think I should not have been so long in doing it but for Herbert. He was thinking of the added burden on me and it should be Jamie's pleasure. Yet Jamie does

And the next one will be--To think of the two You's that is in every one- The inside You that you know of yourself, and the outside You that other people know--then--"Look out of your window and observe closely the first person you see, as impartially as if you were the man in the moon. Then sit down and write such a description of yourself." I am to fill a page and a half and forget it until the next day--Then, for fear of being too serious about it, I am to "Go to the mirror, look at yourself, and laugh at yourself; laugh as hard and long as you can; laugh aloud, not "hee-hee-hee"- but a broad, open-hearted, "Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha -" ------ -"Now that you have laughed at yourself, sit down and write the part you would want to play in a movie or in a stage play (don't choose the star part yet, be content with a "character-bit") and describe how you would dress for the part." "We do not promise to tell you whether your characterization is good or not, but we will correct your English, and you will have some fun writing it. Fill both pages with it. The more you write, the easier it becomes." Would you call that an easy thing to do? I am wondering what I shall do with it. The course is fine for the reviewing of grammar, rhetoric, etc. And it is certainly good practice, and one soon discovers how limited one is in many ways.

Jack stops work this week and on Saturday afternoon he and Bobs are to take the little Ford and go off for a camping trip over Sunday. He had a telegram from his father yesterday saying that his older brother (living) had died. He has not seen him for thirty-two years and knows nothing about him. It does seem too bad for families to know so little of each other, but it does happen often.

We are still having the most wonderful weather. I met a Mrs Bartlett in church this morning, a friend of Aunt Elizabeth's. She and her son took Aunt E. out to Van Nuys yesterday, for a drive and a call on the family. "And I brought home some of your beautiful dahlias", she told me.

September 6 1925

Dear Children:

We came home last Monday and a big washing and ironing, getting settled back into the old rut and getting the things put away back in place- some canning etc.has filled the days full.

You have seen Ray and Sarah and have bidden them good speed on their journey,and things are moving fast with you,I know. Elizabeth and Margaret leve for Pomona college next Sunday. Ruth is on her last lap of getting them ready. They have some pretty dresses that Ruth has made for them,and they are too excited for words. It is a fine college,beautiful grounds,fine teachers a high standing and a wonderful college spirit. Margaret as a freshman is to register on Mondsy--while Elizabeth does not need to register until Thursday but she is going with Margaret so as to get a little acquainted and hoping to get into some of the fun that is being prepared for "Freshmen only." Each girl has an "older sister" who has written to her. Ruth says the two letters are just as different as are Margaret and Elizabeth. What fun it is to be youn and full of thrills.

Oh well, thrills are not altogether lacking even when one is not young--"Such an interesting composition,mrs Penfield,and such a wonderful background for literary work"--- coming from Paul Hugon gave me a thrill this week--that came-with other pleasant things--in answer to "Childhood memories." Also some commendatory words from the teachers in the main course. You think I should not bother so

much about that work:--I have over a hundred dollars invested--I have a huge ambition--and I enjoy it more than I can say--why should I not botner about it and perhaps feel bothered when I am prevented from putting in full time on it:

Wilder dear--if you should see Ruth, I am sure you would be glad that she has bobbed hair. She looks so bright, so pretty and young, and full of enthusiasm. She seems to have shed something somber and troublesome with her hair. Even conservative Elizabeth is beginning to think it was a good move. Because very conservative Riverdale has not yet approved of the style does not change the style out here, nor prove that it is altogether to be condemned. There are a lot of things our forefathers and mothers thought and did, that are not being done now---and I do not think the world is is going backwards. You see, women are beginning to think for themselves, and are saying many queer things--as, for instance, "Paris shall not tell American women what they shall and shall not wear." The independence that is being assumed everywhere is most interesting to watch--and who shall dare to say it is not leading to good? They--the bobbed hair women--all say "It is so much more comfortable. Ruth came in from a ride with her hat off and said "Oh the joy of taking off one's hat and feeling the wind ~~brkew~~ blow through y our hair." What kindly man would deny her a pleasure that he has known all of his life and so cannot appreciate what it means to a woman!

Oh yes, there have been other thrills this week. Again we may have sold the house--This time no trade is involved. It may be a false alarm, of course. And if it goes through, I find that the girls are hoping

that I may go to Clairmont and rent a house so that they may have a room with me. "Oh we will keep your house clean to pay for the room, Nanean." They would not board with me, for they will serve at table for their meals. They serve an hour for each meal, and no one thinks the less of them. One girl--one who is assisstant dean this year--said "The girls always envy the ones who get their meals in that way." Putting two girls through and another to follow in two years' time will be a load for Jack to carry. There are many things that would be pleasant for me at Clairmont. Purely a college town--nothing else there besides the college and the congregational church. No Christian church nor Movie theater--would have to go to Pomona for those things--just across the street, as it were. I do not know what I ~~should~~ shall do--if I ~~should~~ sell. They would probably not pay any more down, than would clear the mortgage, if that much. In this deal I would sell 100 ft. by 400 ft. Including the house. Just ¼ of the property.

I thought before I wrote you again I would answer the dear children letters, but I will try and do that in a day or two. The birthdays are coming thick and fast this month. Poor Addie had five dollars stolen from her while we were in town--Oh I guess I told you.-- pardon me.
I bought three bath towels three face towels and three washcloths for each of the girls to take with them--Elizabeth's with orange and Margaret's with blue. Had to have my finger in the pie in some way. I am also knitting Elizabeth a needed sweater. Green with tan and brown stripes--it will be very effective, we think. She now wants a tan skirt to wear with it. But if she can afford it is a question. Although she has her own money to use. Margaret hates to "call on Dad" for her things so wins Elizabeth

Why do the girls do such menial work? Oh I know how you feel about it--I do too--but after all, what else could they do? The Easterners come in so fast that there are no places such as you suggest--besides when one has been studying for ten months--a change of work is perhaps beneficial--and there are many college boys and girls doing it. I would like to give them real vacations--but it would not be right, even were I able to do so.

We are reveling in the most delicious grapes--and the best tomatoes you ever tasted. Addie is too good a house wife not to want to can and bottle them--and though I begrudge the time I am forced to help, for she bites off more than she can take care of--every day. She is looking fine and feeling fine--when she does not go too far. I am also feeling fine too.

I cannot see any more --unless I turn on the lights, but I believe I will say goodby to you both and tell you how much I love you and Helen--I wish I might see my way clear to helping you a little later--God bless you both and your dear children. Give my love to Alice, and remember me to all of the Riverdaleites who were so kind to me last winter.

Mother.

I am sending samples of the yarn used for E's sweater - 4 rows green - 2 of tan - 2 of elk - make up the pattern - Stockinette stitch

Box 169 Route 1
Van Nuys, California
September 17 1925

Dear Wilder and Ruth Mary:

I was so very glad to have your letters, although it does seem as though I have been a long time in telling you so.

To make up for that long time I will tell you two secrets--one for each of you. The first one is that Uncle Jack and Auntie Ruth have sold their house and will have to get ready to leave it by the middle of October. I have not sold mine however.

The other one is---perhaps, if you would like the idea, if I can either sell--or rent my house I may come to spend another Christmas with you. Would you like that? Do you suppose mother and Daddy would like that? I would not stay as long a time as I did last winter, but I would be there for Christmas, and Daddy's birthday, anyway.

You know, perhaps, that Aunt Addie and I went in town to stay nearly three weeks and Auntie Waywee and Uncle Billy and their three children came out here to stay in my house. John is fifteen years old and Billy is thirteen and Ruth is ten years old. They had more fun, they think, than ever before in all their lives. One of the neighbor boys has a mule that the boys could ride and drive to a cart they made of a long board nailed to two sets of cart wheels--just as if you had another cart like the one you have now and nailed them to the two ends of a board and should hitch a mule to the board and all of your friends and you should sit on the board and the mule would take you where you

wanted to go. Sometimes the mule would object to the boys riding him on his back and then he would kick up and throw them. The boys seem to think that was the most fun of all,and no one was very much hurt. Bobs and Clarence--the owner of the mule--are still having fun with him,after school hours,but they miss John and Billy. Bobs had a birthday a few days ago and now he is twelve years old. He is such a nice boy,I love him very much--but he would rather play any day than work. A strange boy,don't you think? He has a puppy he calls Binkey and how he does love that dog. Bobs sleeps on a cot out under the grape arbor during the summer months when we have no rain out here,and always Binkey sleeps with him. Auntie Ruth does not like it very well for she thinks Binkey is too dusty for the bed clothes,but Bobs washes him very often and is certain that Binkey is as clean as can be. I suppose he is,but being as "clean as can be" is not very clean for a dog out here. But Binkey is not the only bedfellow Bobs has sometimes,for David's kitten likes to crawl in with them too.

When Ruth was out here--that does not mean Auntie Ruth,nor Ruth Mary but Ruth MacQuarrie,John's and Billy's sister---- she played all day with David and Stuart. Now you will remember who they are? David is four years old and Stuart is not two years old yet. He is the one with the red hair,and is a dear baby. Ruth has red hair,too,and is a very lively little girl. Another thing they all did while they were out here and that was to eat grapes. Such great bunches of beautiful grapes hang down in the grape arbor over the driveway. There are so many of them,that,although eight or ten children ate all they could

hold for about a week after they were ripe,we are still eating all we can eat and Auntie Ruth and Aunt Addie are making jelly and grape juice.

Are you studying every day now? Have the leaves begun to show red and yellow on the trees? Are there as many squirrels running around as there were last ~~september~~ year? Did you have a lovely time this summer? Did you learn to swim?

Elizabeth and Margaret are in school now at Claremont and that is only a little way from where your other grandmother lives. Uncle Jack saw her last Sunday when he took the girls to college,and he says he cannot remember of ever seeing her look in better health. She seems less "nervous" than she used to look. Now you do not really know the meaning of that word,but Daddy and mother will know what he meant. I may go up there to see her for a day or two. She sent word that she was expecting me for a week--but a week is a long time when one is very busy,and some days people come to look over the house and I like to be at home then.

Will you kiss each other for me every night just after you have said your prayer? I would like to feel that you did that.

And I am sending you many kisses and so very much love .

Your Nanean.

September 20 1925

Dear Children:

I wonder what you thought of the letter I wrote the little folks a few days ago? Perhaps you do not care for a guest by the month so soon? Well--just say the word and she will wait another year without being hurt or bothered in any way.

The situation is this. Jack has sold their house and will be building. They will have to rent some place in the meantime. I shall take my house off the market for the present,and they will rent it until they can move into their own home--He thinks they will be in their own home by Christmas,which is quite ridiculous for they have not bought the lot as yet. They hope to buy a lot near the school and there are some very nice lots for sale there too. They have not the furniture for another house--I have some odds and ends of furniture and rugs that will not be harmed by a family of children coming in to use. I will pack away what they do not need and will go to the beach for a couple of months to be alone by myself to see what I can do with my work. I want to make the experiment of living near the ocean,living in an apartment and living alone--I am hoping Addie will go to the Burgesses. They want her to do so,but she cannot get rid o f the idea that she must go to work. She cannot do it, and I hesitated for a time about going off by myself alone. I may be able to get an apartment for the two of us--but it is apt to be more than I can pay now. I can get a one room apartmen-disappearing bed and kitchenette--everything very

attractive and comfortable for $50.a month--I cannot pay more than that, I might be able to get a house for that--at this season of the year--and take her with me---but the thing I want most,to do my work,will be frustrated much as it is here. The dear woman has not the physical strength to do the work of a small house--how can she hope to fill a position. Of course,if she were earning she would feel more contented--but even so,I cannot see how she can do it.

Yesterday morning Will and Winifred and the children came out. Will picked the tomatoes---Winifred made Chile sauce--Then he picked a lug box of grapes for her to put up tomorrow. Jack and Ruth and their children came over for lunch--thirteen of us all told having lunch under the rose arbor. I made everything as simple and easy as possible. Every one had a wonderful time and a good visit.

I expected to wash curtains and have some painting done on the inside of the house,but have decided to do nothing of that kind until the Ingli are through with it. So,just as soon as they move into their house,I shall put paintedr etc.to work and fix the place up as fine as new clothes will make it look and sell it. But I will stay in it until I get what I want for it. But I am to have a young man come this week to dig out and re-arrange the garden so that Ruth will have the minimum of work and responsibility in regard to it. During the winter there will not be so much need of watering.

God bless you all--Mother

that I could not possibly go to Beverly,and would not have done so had I not promised. I have been doing some heavy work in packing away things and it does take so long to re-arrange and sort. We have managed to get all of Addie's things into three barrels,two trunks and some boxes. One trunk she leaves at Beverly. I have more to say, but time is up.

October 6 1925

Dear Children:

So many things have been happening,and so much work has been done; so many plans have been made,and changed,and worked over. It has been a bit bewildering at times,and yet each change or new happening has seemed to be for the improvement of the whole----I wonder if I can tell you all about it. Sometimes I feel as though I were standing looking on a stage seeing new things as the curtain slowly folded back from the center of things. To Christian Science understanding,believing,as we do, that we are living in a spiritual world over which God is the supreme rulerand of which we are a part,the unfoldment of events has been very wonderful.

The selling of Jack's home--while he did not get,as much, quite as he had asked,was a much better sale for him than he had expected,for he is getting more ready money than he had hoped. He is in close conference with a contractor and builder whom he knows well as they have been on the board of trustees for the Presbyterian church for some years together. He has not bought his lot yet,but there are several near the school that are being offered. The agent who bought his house is to put in some money to fix up the house and walnut orchard and make it more attractive. He confessed that the house was in such bad shape that he could not sell the place. He will make a good thing out of it,but as Jack had not the money to make the improvements,he could not have made it.

They will move into my house. Things are much more convenient and it will be easier moving than if they went down town and had to re-furnish and fix up another house while they were building. I will leave rugs, and furniture so that what they do not need may be packed and unpacked only once instead of twice. They can take their time ~~to~~ moving and packing things instead of doing it in a hurry.

Our going in town in Winifred's house showed me some things that have been helpful. I wanted to go to the Beach all alone to work out my own special problems, butthe curtain folded back a little farther and I saw very clearly that Aunt Addie needed to go with me.

You have heard us speak of Mr and Mrs Burgess--her mother was "raised" by grandfather Penfield when her mother died--and her father deserted the family. So that she was Mother Penfield's best friend when they were children. They have kept somewhat in touch during the years and Addie and Mrs Burgess knew each other well through family traditions. When they came out here from Wisconsin they looked Addie up and have been very nice to her. Last winter when I was away, Addie was sick and they took her home with them, and it was many weeks before she was able to do much for herself. They have often expressed a wish that Addie should stay with them---but, when the opportunity came for them to make the offer definite--as when I was going away and Addie needed a place, they said nothing, except to invite her to come and see them when she could. Well, that left her high and dry and I made other arrangements. She insisted that I should not, that she would find some place--but what could she do with little strength and no money? I made her understand that we were

2

both God's children, and His plans for us evidently included us together. Later, she said--"Why Jean, if I did not firmly believe that God would take care of me I should go mad, don't you know I would?" And surely that is so. Will and Winifred took me down to Hermosa last Sunday, and we were to spend the afternoon in looking for apartments. We had lunch on the pier at one of the tables, and then went down in the old familiar neighborhood and pitched their bathing tent so that the children could go in bathing. While there we thought we would look at the old Herondo apartments. That was where Winifred went when she first came to Hermosa--and she has been there once since then. It is two doors from Louise Clark and five doors from where I went when I first went to Hermosa, in August 1918.

The building looks very run down, but the rooms are right pleasant, and clean. The new, cheery landlady offered me the upstairs apartment--overlooking the ocean for $55. for two months. I could get nothing as cheap and as convenient and pleasant anywhere else, I knew. It seemed like going home--and I decided to take it without looking farther.

I shall have the front room, good sized--a good closet, a balcony half of which is inclosed with glass--a davenport bed, of which I am a little wary, but she has promised me another mattrass--a mantle and fire-place which is also fitted with a gas stove--etc. Coming up the stairs the bathroom is directly ahead--the door to the front room at the left and the door into the diningroom on the right. So that I need never be disturbed, no matter what is going on, neither will I disturb Addie no matter when I get up in themorning, for I shall have an electric stove and my coffee-pot right there beside me.

The diningroom is also a bedroom, in that it has a disappearing bed-- which is really a mighty good bed-- a good sized closet--two windows with a fine view of the ocean down towards the point and over to Catalina-- A sideboard with fair dishes--a whole set, you know, not a mixture of all sorts--a round table etc. Off the diningroom is the little kitchen convenient and well-equipped. Off the kitchen the laundry room that is often used for a bedroom and has a single bed there that we shall probably put on the balcony and fit up as a couch. Addie will probably cover the one tub and put in a dresser and use it as her dressing room, and sleep in the diningroom. We shall probably have but one meal in the diningroom, and that will be dinner.

She will take full care of the house--I shall be able to get a woman to do any of the heavy work I want done, and Addie will have time to sew etc. I am going down there to really study and I mean to be ruthless in demanding my time in the morning, at least.

Then I felt that you would be happier if I came to New York when Helen was sick and away from home. And if you did want me I wanted to go. Yesterday I went to Beverly Hills to lunch with Mrs Burgess. Addie had gone in on Thursday and I was to meet her there. Mrs Burgess and I had a long talk together while Addie was packing up some of her things. They think a great deal of Addie--They want her often to visit them-- But---- they do not want to tie themselves down by having her there all of t the time. ~~She~~ Mrs B. was more anxious to invite her there while I was in New York after we had finished our talk than she was at first. And that was perfectly natural and absolutely all right. I asked her plainly if she

Would be willing to have her there for the time I should be gone-- She hesitated at first. Then she said "Where is Addie to make her home? What is she going to do? She cannot work, who is to be responsible for her?" With perfectly plain questions like that it is easy to deal. It is where one beats about the bush and one cannot tell what is back of the words, that makes it hard to know what to say or think. I said "Addie is to make her home with me. Wherever she goes it is only as a visitor. My home is her home." Then she said--"I am glad that is so, but Mrs Penfield it should not be your care. You are not responsible for her, or should not be." "No, I told her, "I do not feel that I owe the Penfiled family anything--but to love them. And Addie has no one else." Then she said she would be glad to have Addie spend Christmas with her, and until I came home in February or the first of March.

As I came home last evening I was puzzled as to the right thing to do. Three months seemed none to short for me to spend with you, but it did seem too long for Addie to spend with them. Your letter written from "The Home" was waiting me here. And there was my answer-- You do not need me--I can take Addie with me and we will stay at the Beach until Jack's house is ready for them. Instead of two short months to do my studying, I shall be able to put in the rest of the year that is left me in this course. I did not exactly know how I was to manage financially, it is an expensive trip and not alone the trip--I would need more clothes than at the Beach--and I feel that I should put in some walnut trees and re-decorate the house inside before putting it on the market again. As one man said-"if you say a place is planted to walnuts the buyer is keen no matter how young the

trees may be." And the house has not been re-finished since I came in five years ago next April.

Another problem has been the garden -and that has been solved. The man who rented the land this year has a son who knows about trees and things. I could not expect Ruth to have the garden on her mind--and Byron will come every week and look after the lawn, and water, and prune and trim etc. I want the garden to look well for the spring--and I have had Byron here to take up--cut out--transplant and cultivate so that we look quite clean and prim now. Not as many blooms as if I were to be here--but looking forward to the coming time of offering for sale.

Another lovely thing has come too. Six years ago Jack bought a Dodge car that had been used two years--He sold it yesterday for $70. and ordered a Tudor Ford sedan--1926 model.

Yes, dear children, I wanted to comr to you if you needed me, but on many accounts I would rather wait another year. By that time I shall know if my ambition is in a fair way to be realized, or if I am to make another plan for my life. Either way will be all right--but I shall know the outcome. By that time I shall know if I am to sell or not. By that time I shall begin to know more where I want to make my home, and how I want to live. Some things that are now unsettled, may be settled for Aunt Addie and Ruth will be in her own home, and so many things settled for her--and oh, it would be better a year from now. And the new baby will be ready for loving too. Bless your dear hearts, how things work out for you too. So the children are to go to the Hackett school? Fine. Does that mean for the rest of the year, or for while Helen is out of commission as a teacher?

The girls are so well settled at College, and are in a fair way to do much work and learn many things about life. I hope to be able to make the trip up there to see them and to see Mrs K. She sent word by Jack that she expected me up there for a week, but nothing definite was said, and you know how things get put off when one is busy. It seemed yesterday morning

Hermosa California
October 26 1925

Dear, dear children:

The beds are unmade, blankets out for airing--but the laundry is about ready, even if the room does look in confusion. It is ten o'clock--I have turned my back to everything unpleasant and mean to write this letter if nothing happens to prevernt, for the eleven o'clock mail. If the blankets were not in my way, hanging on the porch outside my window, I could see Aunt Addie and Mrs Rawsaon in the waves for a swim--David also in the water but close to shore. Who would imagine Aunt Addie to be seventy years old? "Agile Addie" I call her very often, although she warns me against it as she has met with a mishap when I have emphasized that thought. I cannot climb chairs or get into dark corners on my knees--what does it mean to her? and she looks like a girl down there in the water. Isn't it fine?

The Ingli--four of them, Jack, Ruth, Bobs and Stuart, were here yesterday. And so were the five MacQuarries--six, perhaps I should say, for the pup-dog was a very active member of the family, and so afraid of the water that it was quite a comedy. Jack brought down my cook-stove. Ruth has a beautiful stove, and naturally did not want to take mine for the winter--The stove in the apartment is not much good--rusty, of course, and the -oh the things you turn to put on of off the gas--stop-cocks? are so loose that passing by the stove, sometimes, our dresses catch

enough to turn them,and one never knows,without close and constant watching,wheter the gas is on or off. So,it was not hard to persuade me that the proper thing to do was to have mine brought down here. Now I shall have a bill for the putting in and taking out of the stoves at both ends of our stay. But then,what are bills in a house-holder's life? Too common to think about.

Will is "too busy" he says. Also if one wants to know what they are trying to do there read "Augustus Bagster,Thought Broker" in the October Atlantic Monthly. They will take in(in tuitions,I understood,) something more than $100.000 this year,without doubt.

Winifred is well and as dear as ever. It was very pleasant to have the Galahad family together again. We do enjoy these infrequent visits together. The children had their supper down on the beach and we six,with baby Stuart,had ours in the diningroom. That was better as regards confusion and work and there was not enough room at the table nor enough chairs to do otherwise. The remains of the Saturday roast was the base of our supper and frankfurters filled up the children.

I have not written you since coming down here,have I? A burning shame,but--well -I don't know as I have any excuse except that I have done very little per schedule. Queer how one's plans are forever being upset. In a few words,this is the situation. Planning to come here alone to get down to hard work in my two study courses-- I am here with a family,and not able to do a stroke of work. Reasons? After a talk with Mrs Burgess I saw it was wiser for me to have Aunt Addie with me. So a larger apartment was taken. Thenit was quite the

only thing to do to bring David with us. It was Addie's suggestion, at first, to bring both David and Stuart. I did put my foot down on that, good and hard, reminding her that I was coming here for study. David needed the change. In a very nervous state, he needed to get away from the confusion of the family and his dear little friend Eliot. He was suffering from all kinds of terrors, he had no appetite, he cried continually, and hung on Ruth like a limpet. Now--he is overcoming all kinds of fear--the stairs, the water, the dark, the being with strangers--(went to Sunday school and loved it yesterday while I was on the strand waiting for him)--and as for his appetite, we cannot fill him up. He eats more than Addie and I together at meals and has two or three lunches in between. He has not entirely recovered from the art of crying, but he is better--Yesterday the excitement of the family was more than his newly-found calm could endure and it was a hard day. I was sorry, for we had been telling how he had improved. I am afraid Jack thought we had been making it too easy for him. But then, failures show you how better to do it the next time. He is terribly afraid, when they come down here, that they mean to take him home with them.

I do not want you to think that I have been terribly sweet and lovely about giving up my original plan--that would be giving you a wrong impression entirely. I am not able to work because of lack of time altogether. It has been a case of "Disposition"--I fear me. Why is it that the "flesh, the world and the devil" make such a fight against the spirit? I would not have it any other way than that I should make life richer for Aunt Addie--I would not have it any other

way than that I should be able to make this crisis in David's life better for him and for Ruth--and yet--and yet.

Of course, when we came here, Addie said "Now remember, you are to have nothing to do with the running of the house, and I can take care of David all right." I was to come to my room immediately after breakfast and stay here until three o'clock in the afternoon. Well, David sleeps in my room. His nights are, or have been, very restless. He wets the bed, or has, (he is getting better of all these things, slowly) some half dozen times during the night--I can tell when it comes by the wave of odor--And he talks, and sings, almost continually, some nights. He is not talking, as people usually talk in their sleep--It is more like delirium--He carries on whole conversations, & will sing one of his songs clear through. tune and words as distinct as if he were awake. His songs? Oh "Ukele Lady" The Animal Fair, One Misty, Moisty Morning, and Who's Got my Kitty, Who's got my Cat" etc. You know I am something of a restless individual myself when it comes to sleeping--and so, there have been nights down here when I have not slept at all. Then in the morning, his bath, my bath and the taking care of the bed--and I get breakfast-- I come to my room by ten o'clock, perhaps, and am in no condition to do any thinking.--- Then Addie has not been well, and many things she had planned to do, she has been unable to do. She wont buy a loaf of bread without talking it over---oh well, the fact is my brain has been woozy instead of clear--and the worst of it is that old fight between the W.F. and the D. and the creature I call Jean--has taken all of the joy out of living. But Jean has won--I believe, and W.F.D and Co. have been downed for a while, I think. Now we will see what happens. My first duty,

and pleasure, is the making of the home pleasant and profitable for my little family. And then, if there is any time, or any energy, or any ability left for the study--good: ~~if~~ if not, good, too.

I am so glad that things are coming out so beautifully with you. I am as proud as a peacock that the children are in the third grade. I do believe that Calvert system-carried out as faithfully as you have--really gives them a much better foundation than the regular school. It is hard on mother, but fine for the children. And now, they are getting the contact with other children as you desired. Are they to attend dancing school too?

Elizabeth and Margaret surprised the family by coming in to dinner and for the night Saturday. they took them to the Pomona train on their way down here. I am sending an article about Pomona College that may help you to get in touch with the plans there.

Time is more than up--missed the mail--but there are other things, such as beds---- I hope the package of letters has reached you all right. I have copied some of them, but not all. Hold them for future advice in regard to them.--The things I would like Santa to bring me? A Piano for Addie to thrum on-- A dictionary stand with places for a few other books----or else a long narrow table that can be used for dining table if necessary--that will carry the typewriter at one end, the writing pad at the other and the dictionary in the middle -Does not that sound enticing? I have a notion to look in at Barker's and see if they have one---Oh by the way, I have an idea. You know that my bookcases-the Globe-Wernicke--are golden oak. so is my little writing desk--

Mrs Burgess has a most exquisite diningroom set of furniture of a blue stain and waxed--Her golden oak set done over-- It seems golden oak takes the new stain better than any other wood. Just wait until I get settled and see what I do with my bookcases etc.

I want a new dress--some new shoes--I did get a new corset last week--I want a fine dictionary--I want some books--Well, I'll tell you, just send me a pink Teddy---or some white hair ~~next~~ ~~netsor~~ net-or--say what do they do with all of those lovely handkerchiefs that come in long strips to be cut out and used? Aren't they lovely? I want to get some and use them, someway. Oh Helen dear, I don't know--it seems as if the only things I really want are things that are very expensive, or things that not one can give me because they are things I must acquire myself--such as more love and patience and brains etc.

Dear children--I love you so very much, and I do get homesick to see you sometim s-- Oh yes, I meant to say that, of course, David is under Christian Science treatment. This wetting of the bed has been a family failing--each one of the children, excepting Elizabeth, has had years of medical treatment----~~to~~ with no good results. Margaret dared not stay away from home over night until about three years ago. Faith is none too sure of herself--or was not a year ago-- A weakness that, try as they would, and with the help of several different doctors, has ~~been a great trial~~ lasted for years. Bobs overcame it sooner than the girls.

But, if he is cured, you will be glad--and so will we.

Mother

November 1 1925
Dear Children:

I know there is very much that I should like to write you this beautiful afternoon, but I do not seem to have an idea in my head. I took David to Sunday school this morning, going up in the bus, and walking back about nineteen blocks without counting the long walk out to the end of the pier and back. And that was queer, too. The last fear has been overcome in him now, I am sure. He has been deadly afraid of the pier--afraid to be above the water and looking down on it. This morning as we came near the pier he said "Nanean, I have never been out to the end of the pier, will you go with me?" and Nanean was only too glad. I think he almost enjoyed it. He is looking so much better, and while he still frets more than I wish he would do, yet the old long, hysterical crying spells are overcome.

We are trying to teach him that if we are glad to do things for him he must also be glad to do things for us. Last night he wanted something and I started to get it for him. Aunt Addie said, "Wait, I will get it" I protested and David piped up "Oh let Aunt Addie get it, Nanean, she wants to do that for me." And so Aunt Addie did it.

It is Mame's birthady today--and I have something for her and forgot to send it. Did you ever see such stupidity? But I have been able to do a little work this week, I have one article almost ready to send off--in the Engl sh Expression. The last lessons were sent to

me this week--There have been twenty-four of them,and it made me feel right homesick to think how near through with the course I am. I am finishing the seventeenth one. I hope to get the story due in the main course, off this week. It does take me so long to write such a short article. I was advised,in the course,to re-read David Copperfield among other things,and was somewhat encouraged to read that it took Dickens two whole years to write it. And more encouraged to realize how much more the book means to me now than it ever did before.

Oh this ocean is a constant joy. The most impressive thing about it are the sudden silences that come once in a while. And the settingsun--we face the West-- The glory of the morning,the noon,and the moonlighted nights---- There is so little to see,that everything is of exciting interest--as when the fishing boat comes in a little closer than usual--the birds feeding as the tide goes out,--the daily frolic of the neighbor's dog with the little sandpipers,the throwing out food to the gulls--the ducks,the pelicans--etc.etc. And the other day as I was at work at my table near the window a big air-plane swooped down between me and the sea and then another followed,--if I had been on the porch I am sure I could have waved a greeting to the pilot. David saw it,too,and such an excited little boy as he was,to be sure.

No one has come to see us today. Jack needed a day of rest,and the long drives are not restful,you know. Margaret was eighteen years old yesterday. I am going to tell you how much I love you and stop for this time. I am tired,in fact Addie and I have come to the conclusion that this is the strangest place in that we get so tired towards evening every day.

Lovingly,Mother

November 10 1925

Wilder dear:

I am thinking of Helen with much love this beautiful morning, wondering if she is in bed or if her last enforced inactivity is over--(inactivity applied to Helen--imagine) but this letter is written to you,my darling boy--just a heart to heart talk. Such a talk as we used to have,rather often, but such a talk as we do not have now. Why? Who is to blame for the change?No one,neither you nor I,is to blame. Our letters, our talks,are not as they were when you were in Princeton,that is most true,but dear,it is not due to my "change of interest,activity,and home" nor because your"profession" and my "religion" head in different directions---it is back of all that,and it is on the surface,not to be avoided--under the circumstances. It is not of the heart,for we love each other,and respect each other,just as much as we ever did.

Did you ever think that the reason that we loved each other so deeply--and perhaps in a little different way from the majority of sons and their mothers was because we respected each others individuality so much? But can we be to each other what we once were,when you had no one but me who was vitally interested in all that you were doing and thinking, and I had only you who depended upon me more than,any one on else? After Herbert and Ruth were married,I had no one but you,you know,and what a comfort you always were to me,God alone knows.

Then you were married--and I rejoiced with you,but,after all

is said and done, it is not easy for a mother to give her beloved son up to another woman. The old saying "Your son is your son till he gets him a wife, but your daughter's your daughter for all of her life" has some truth in it. Men never grow up, in some ways; they keep the little boy's heart that needs must turn to some woman for heart comfort--and when he is married, and married to the right kind of a girl, he turns to her for all that mother used to give him. And that is as it should be, I would not have it otherwise, but--at the same time, do not imagine that his turning to his wife instead of his mother does not carry a heart-ache.

Let me give you a concrete example. One day, when we first went to England; Helen and I had a foolish controversy over the subject of sugar, and we both grew rather heated, which was still more foolish. She contended that beet sugar and cane sugar were exactly alike, there was no difference---well, while I was willing to grant they were equally good for sugaring your tea, I contended that beet sugar was not as good for jelly,---she looked at the subject from the labaratory point of view, I looked at it from the experience of housekeepers, for we had proved that failures often came with beet sugar, and it was so recognized by the grocers so that they often asked if one wanted the sugar for jelly--and gave the cane sugar for that purpose---and now, the trade has fully recognized it and we are using certo so as to be sure the jelly "jells". It is much like the diamond--men can make a stone out of the same component parts as the diamond that has become one through a long process in the ground---and it is just as good, Many experts are fooled-but the most expert of them--like the fruit, can tell the difference--

The whole controversy was foolish--as I said, but here is the point--
You turned to me saying "But Mother, Helen knows" It is far better that you should think that "Helen knows" than to say to her--"Mother knows"- but, while mother never laid it up against either one of you, do not think, for one moment, that it did not hurt.

I can write or say things to you, or to Herbert, that you will understand, but Helen and Mary may not understand, for they do not know me so well, nor understand the point of view we have been brought up with. Many times, since you and Herbert have been married I have been warned to be careful--for "Helen knows, and "Mary knows"--and while I am very certain that Helen and Mary would neither one of them hurt me in any way, for the world--I am very certain of their love, and yet, they must understand what I mean, for there are things they can say to their own mothers that they cannot say to me for fear I might mis-understand.

How is different with Ruth?--well, mothers and daughters ~~af~~ are of the same sex--and if they understand each other, it is the very closest relationship in all the world--in some ways. Mothers can understand some things that no man can understand--even the most devoted and beloved husband--just because man and woman are different. It is not always true mothers and daughters are-en rapport- my mother understood grandfather, and ~~hexhexx~~ he understood her more than grandmother--while grandmother and I, and mother and I were as close in understanding as was possible for us to be.

Why should my religion and your profession head in different directions? I know that you feel it to be so, but may it not be that you

have not been quite fair with me in seeking to know my point of view? Do you know that you have never once said "What has Christian Science for you that your old way of looking at things did not have--Or what is it you are thinking now? If I were interested in any material science, no matter how little you knew about it, you would be interested in knowing what interested me--but because your profession is material, and my new interest is simply another form of the spiritual from the one you have known, you hide your feeling of separation from me by making fun of it, treating it as lightly as possible. And yet---you, yourself, have not found, in the orthodox religion what your heart craves--and still less has Helen.

All three of us are seeking Truth---I feel that I have found it, like Paul--"Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: but I follow after---------forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

All of Christian Science does not li e in the healing--and, more than that, I have never lost interest in your profession--for, as long as you hold to your former attitude of mind--the seeking of Truth wherever it may be found, and as long as I know that you have the courage to follow that Truth wherever it may lead you---I am content. The world needs just such Christian surgeons as you, my son, are--and I am not troubled but that God will lead you in the way He has marked out for you, just so long as you listen to Him and obey His voice.

Other things I want to write about--I will leave to another day. God bless and keep you and dear Helen--and may you always be able to say "Helen knows"--and be sure that she is still able to say "Wide knows". For I tell you, Son, a woman does like to be able to say that to herself. In the small things she wants her way all right, but in the big things that count, she wants to be able to say "Wide knows".

Kiss the dear children for me--I am proud of them

Mother

Thanksgiving Morning: 1925

Dear Children:

Just a word to you all before getting ready to go to Van Nuys. Just to tell you I love you and am so thankful that I have you four-(plus) to love and write to.

This morning, much to David's delight, as he knows the first three verses, I read the 103rd. psalm. Do you recall, Wilder dear, that psalm as being your mother's special psalm? There are many others that mean much to me, but this one as been of so much comfort so many times. Ruth's favorite is the 91st. That was the psalm that she lived with while Jack was in France, and David knows a verse of that too. Elizabeth and Margaret taught him the Lord's prayer, so that he knows that with no hesitations. Another sentence he says every day is "If ye love me keep my commandments.". He was so impressed with the idea that Jesus really said those words, and he is trying to learn that love means more than just saying "I love you" it means obedience.

The morning is so bright, so beautiful, I wonder what the temperature is with you. I wonder if you have guests today, and who they are and what you are thinking and talking about. I hope you will feel very kindly and lovingly towards the mother so many miles away from you out on the pacific coast. I wish I could look in on the other mother that you have out here this day of thanksgiving. We seem very far away. Oh, but I think David must have been at this paper. I did

not see these marks before.

By the way--I asked about the children's Christmas, but I think I will not try and make the bath robes, I find that work that cannot be put off is piling up faster than I expected. Christmas--only four weeks ahead.--What fun it will be for us all in spite of the fact that there are separations.

God bless you all, a greeting to Alice and all the friends who are kind enough to inquire--and to the dear little children a big hug and many kisses. I do love them so much.

Mother

Send all mail to the Hermosa address, for there is no knowing how long I shall be here. Until summer rates come in, without doubt. Jack has not bought his lot yet. If there were a place for Aunt Addie I am sure I should be planning a summer trip to New York.

November 21 1925

Dear Children:

While David is over on the porch next door talking to his (Some other boys') grandmother friend, I will get this letter written. He is pretty tired this morning, for we had a big day yesterday. Mr and Mrs Lewis, whom you may remember were in my house last year, are living in Ocean Park--both working for a family there. The family are away from home, and they, having their own house, wanted us to come to visit them yesterday. We took the bus here--and went. There are ten dogs-$300 and $400. dollar dogs who have a special man to care for them and the gold fish and canaries. There were some Mallard ducks and their tiny babies. The air-plane station was not far away, and Mr. Lewis, whom David adores, knew many little things to tell about the planes. Oh it was a gorgeous day--and then after leaving their house in the city bus, we missed our Hermosa bus and had to wait for more than two hours. But we were on the pier--and oh dear there were so many things to see. It was not only a tired little boy, but two tired big people who reached home at 7.15.

Will Wilder and Ruth Mary be interested in knowing that David simply adores--oh he adored Mr Lewis--I guess I will say that he simply eats up "When We Were Very Young". He knows several of the poems--Such as--"I met a man, When I went walking--We got talking, Man and I--" and then we have our own version of meeting Daddy and mother and Bobs and Stuart. Also "I Never did, I never did--" etc. Oh and others too.

It is a library book and must go back today -He will miss it.

Now, Helen dear--a bit about Christmas. Would the children care for some bath-robes? I am going to make David one. Or what would you like me to send them? I had planned The Life of Osler for Wilder--but he said that he was reading it when he went to Rochester--and I wonder if he may not already have it.

I know so many things that I would like to get for every one, but---- well, there are personal reasons why I must call a halt on some of my plans. Possibly you may guess. I think I must be careful and give to the ones who need it the most---and as the whole family--more than twenty of them, there are, seem to need a good many things, it makes mother gasp and do some tall thinking.

I did enjoy the letter telling of Hudson--and Wilder, having had an experience of my own there, I could appreciate just what you felt. Poor William--what is he doing, could you find out? Is there nothing left of the Webster family of which they may feel proud? Stephen? Oh I do wish you could have seen him--to make the comparison between him and Fred. Looking back to the time when the Andersens had nothing and Stephen had so much and comparing the two men now--is worth living to see. I know just how you enjoyed ~~in~~ seeing Fred and Isabel. Wilder, it does not make much difference about a person's environment, after all-If one has the real thing in him it is bound to come out. Life is there to be lived-well, I suppose, even in Hudson. Still, one notices that the ones who have much to give to the world are obliged to leave Hudson in order to have the opportunity to give. The Andersens were willing to give to Hudson,

you know, as well as to Bayport--but, say, one cannot hammer good gifts into the consciousness of the Hudsonians. They might have had so many things, if they would.

But I want to know more of what you gained in Rochester and in Chicago and Cleveland as well.

Ruth is beginning to want David back home--she does miss him so much, but I think it would be a bad thing for him to go back to the confusion of the big family at present. He is improving in his mental attitude, but not established as yet. I never saw any one--unless it is Jack--who hates to be told to do anything. -- Oh please read that as I mean it. Just as I would say "Herbert loves to do what people want him to do. Both qualities good--if not carried too far--but David does certainly carry it too far, and you know--I never have had very much patience with children who would not mind, especially if you could not reason with them. So--grandmother is having the training, at this late date, that she had thirty or more years ago. It wont hurt her--perhaps she needs the training as much as her young grandson. And we are both getting it. He does not lose me any the less for it.

We have been here six weeks tomorrow, and I still know that I am happier--no, more contented-- near the water. And where one can watch the sunsets with nothing between me and the vast expanse of horizon. We make quite a ceremony of the sunsets, and if anything happens to prevent our watching them, it is a loss felt by David as well as his grandmother.

I do hope that the time will come when you dear ones will see all that I love out here. You may not, ever, have the same feeling towards this country that I have, but I would like it to come so that you could try to have it.

With a heart full of love for you all

Mother

Did you receive the letters that I wrote while you were in Spain?

Hermosa Beach
December 2 1925

Dear Children:

The past week has been full of unusual things, and unusual things always need so much setting to rights afterwards. This whole morning has been used up by getting straightened out. After several days of fog, followed by a fine downpour of rain, last night, the house smells as the camp used to smell after a rainy two or three days--remember? But the sun is pouring into everything now, and the wind is fresh and sweet, and things are airing--and I have finished going over my accounts--etc. So think of me as placidly sitting here in the south window, David talking and singing to himself in the sand below, and everything as peaceful and lovely as one needs, to make a perfect day.

Sunday Father MacQuarrie was here for dinner with us. Poor man, he too, feels the defection in his family. He has not been to see me since he knew definitely, that I was a--what did you call me? a renegade? heretic? what was it?--at any rate, that is the way he feels too. He felt very unreconciled when with Winifred, and while he tried to hold in, and on, to himself, he would boil over once in a while. Now he is in Santa Monica with Lawson and Eve and they, being more thoughtless, are not as careful, of what they say before him, ~~And~~ Lawson being as enthusiastic and as happy as Eve--~~and~~ while Will, is not so strong in his views----- he has jumped

from the "frying pan into the fire,"as it were and life seems a little hard at times. Very reproachfully,it seemed to me,he said "I am still going to the Bible Institute"---then he hurried to change the subject, for fear he would say something he should not--for we used,always,to talk over religious things. For the first time since I knew him he will be "glad when it is all over." Poor man,he is lonesome,and I was mighty sorry that I could not give him comfort.

You remember how sick I was after the Washington trip? I had another attack Thursday night after being with the family at Van Nuys. I felt fairly rocky when Aunt Elizabeth came to spend the day with us on Friday--but was all right again on Saturday. I must tell you how happy Ruth was on Thanksgiving. Jack laughs at her a deal,because of it. It seemed the most marvellous thing to her to have David and the girls home again,and she showed how happy she was. In all the confusion and the extra work of the dinner and other things,she came through with it so wonderfully that Jack is filled with amazement. I was out there again yesterday,and with tears in her eyes,and lips trembling,she said "Of course,you know, Thanksgiving day was the most beautiful day in all my experience."

Monday I went in town,and even in Robinson's--a store that, like Field's in St.Paul,never seems crowded,one could scarcely move about. I came home feeling I did not want to go to the city again for a long time,but took the 8.30 car the next morning for another try. I shopped until 11.20--and then went to Lankershim,saw Herbert for a few moments business and to talk over some Christmas matters,took me there. Herbert had a business appointment in Hollywood at one o'clock and another in

Lankershim at two o'clock--so I talked fast while I had the time, had a tete-tete lunch with Mame at the tiny little table in the kitchen, and then went on to Van Nuys. Had a heart-to-heart talk with Ruth and saw the rest of the family. Herbert and Mame came after me about six o'clock and took me to the Hollywood athletic club for dinner. The high points at that dinner were --aside from the visit--the wonderful beefsteak, and the orchestra of violins. ~~Two~~ Four girls who have played there for a long time. Piano, two violins and schello. Their rendering of Schubert's serenade filled me with joy, that was not wiped out by the weather. They intended bringing me back to the beach, but it was pouring, and I refused--for which they were duly grateful, I know. They took me to the down town station in Los Angeles where I had to wait for three-quarters of an hour for my train. Going from the car to the station soaked my feet etc, and my coat and new dress--yes, indeed, I have a new dress that I wore for the first time yesterday---are a mass of wrinkles this morning.

The streets were rivers of water, and everyone who boarded the car along the way was soaked and dripping, but every one came in with a laugh. A wash-out beyond Manhatton that forced us back quite a distance and on the upper rails, seemed funny and exciting too. But it had stopped raining when we reached Hermosa at ten-thirty, and it was only my shoes that got a fresh wetting after I left the car, I could not keep clear of the puddles.

I must tell you how well George is doing in his studying. His marks are all in--the six of them, from Washington--reading like this--

92---94---96---98--100--100. The girls were so glad to see him last week when they were down, think he is the handsomest boy they know--his manners the finest--etc. And he is as enthusiastic about them. He is with the fleet at San Pedro--and hopes to see you in New York in the spring. I know you will both be glad to become acquainted with him. Herbert, George and Wilder are having great times with golf when George is at home.

While Mame was at the Sanatorium--last spring, Herbert went to see her, and heard himself described as "That fine-looking gray haired "husband of Mrs Penfield's. A short time ago he was asked if Mame was one of his daughters."You know Mary does look like a kid when she gets all dolled up." So you see, the years are telling on the family, honey boy, and you and Helen must get out here and see them all before you forget how they used to look.

Oh please, Mame has asked me so many times to ask if you received the bound copy of John Martin's book that she sent the children last year? I could not recall that you had--and I was sure you would have written her, so many things go wrong in the mails. Mame suggests that I take a house in Lankershim for a few months so as to allow her children to get better acquainted with their grandmother. She feels that I know the Ingli and the younger Penfields families so much better than I know them.
With a heart full of love for you all--

Mother

The package came through all right Helen dear--and I was so thankful to get that photograpg of Wilder. It is hanging up over the mantel, in the most conspicuous place I could find, and other things are cleared away so as to make his face stand out clearly. I do not see how I came to leave it.

When I was studying "art" years ago at school, for some reason, this statue of Moses was a great favorite, and whenever I have seen pictures of it since, I have been thrilled--to let you know that we think of other art as well as Movie art--I send this.

Hermosa Beach
December 8 1925

Dear Children:

Your letters in regard to Christmas came to Van Nuys on Saturday and when David and I appeared there yesterday, Monday, morning, Ruth went to the post box and took them out, but this is the first opportunity I have had of answering, for our mail here will not go out before eleven o'clock. Time would certainly be saved, you see, if you would direct your letters here.

I am glad that you wrote about the Book of Knowledge. You know I gave a set to Ruth's Children, and a set to Herbert's children, and I have always intended giving a set to your children---but there has always seemed to be so many, many other things to come between. If that second-hand set is a good one, and it evidently is, from what you say--I am so glad to give the whole set to the family, without any of your money in it. I do not think I ould handle a perfectly new set, just now. Certainly, the children are going to fare well this year--as always--a phonograph for the nursery sound mighty good to me.

I cannot write more just now, as other things are pressing--There are some questions trying hard to be settled, and a business letter must be written to Herbert before the next mail--

Loving you heaps, and heaps--It is good of Bob Field to want me to read those articles.----

Mother

December 21 1925

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Such busy times-- David is counting the days until he shall go home for Christmas. "Well, if I don't get any Christmas presents I am coming back here", is whathe says, and adds--"And if I do get some Christmas presents, I am coming back." And looks at me very suspiciously when I say--"Perhaps, we'll see." I doubt if he does ~~not~~ come back--not right away, certainly.

Ruth and Bobs came down a week ago Saturday and stayed all night, Mrs Rawson kindly giving us the loan of another apartment for the night. They brought their own bedding, so there was not much else but the rooms that we needed. Jack brought them down and came after them on Sunday. Just for a few hours of rest and change for Ruth.

It takes three good hours to come and another three hours to drive back, means quite a trip. Things are brewing--steaming--boiling-- I went to Lankershim on Friday to talk things over with Herbert--the second time I have done that. I think I am the most wondefully blest woman in the world, in my children. All three of you are so "understanding." I just know, no matter what I say, you will look at the matter from my standpoint and talk it over with me--not always agreeing, of course, but understanding what I mean. And so--now. If Jack builds, he will be in debt $16.000. He is no financier--he is a supreme success in his own line of work, and is doing really big things in that he is influencing, in the right way, so many young people. His temperament is like your father's in that he

always tries to find the easiest way out--not because he is a coward, but because he does not know how to meet problems outside of his own line of thought. So everything slides until he comes up against a stone wall and then he throws up his hands and givea up the fight. He could no more handle that debt--on his salary--he has no idea of budgeting, you know--and if he did, he could no more than pay his interest, and with no extras coming in, and his years for work growing shorter, it would simply hamper him in his own good work and accomplish nothing. He does not know how to talk out his worries with any one else--so he goes into the city, when they overwhelm him, and walks the streets and watches the people, way into the middle of the night. You recall how he used to do the same thing in St Paul when we were at Galahad?

Well, I have made two or three propositions, but they never satisfied me for they did not go far enough. I could help over the rough places, but I could not seem to get down far enough to smooth out the bottom of things so there would not be so many rough places, and things looked blacker, and Jack was worrying over the building--etc. They have a most beautiful plan for a house, and Ruth has set her heart on it--but she will have to give it up.

Herbert and Mame--I suppose--went out there yesterday, first, "to sell Ruth to the idea of its being impossible for them to build" as Herbert expressed it. Then to make a proposition to them both. I will give them my house, which is too large for me, and too small for them, together with a piece of land 100 ft. by 300 ft. and enough money--

This is the place where I wrote to them, you understand - they may not accept - you know.

(I hope not more than $600.) to put it in good repair and make some additions that will give them more room. They, to give what money they have left from the selling of the house to reduce the debt to the estate, which is something over $11.000 now. They are to budget their income--Ruth being responsible for the success or failure of the house debts--and to make provision for the paying of the estate interest in monthly payments. Let me put that a little more clearly--Jack is to set aside $50. each month out of which he will pay the interest on the remaining estate debt and the rest to be put to the credit of the two college girls for their education. (I will, without doubt, give to them the interest that comes to me from him. They can manage very well, then, for they have a scholarship--and are working for their room and board.) Another condition is that the girls do not work during vacation, but put in their time giving their mother a vacation and doing more of their own sewing.

They need things now, I can give them what I have--but can advance no money, for I have not got it. I told Herbert that I knew you boys would not mind if I tried to make things easy for Ruth, for you were both able to take care of your own, and did not need what she needs right now. There is another thing to be said for Jack. You know how sensitive he alway was to hurting things? He could not kill an animal of any kind, before the war. Do we realize what a terrible experience his was during the war? He is getting over it, but it was hard for him to settle down under new conditions with a family on his hands. He has endured much, He is not to be blamed for the position he finds

hinself in now.

I am anxious to hear the outcome of Herbert's talk with them. Of course, it will be a disappointment, for my house is not what they would choose to build for themselves. Theirneeds are different from mine. But it will mean more freedom for them. The back interest that I will get---~~after paying up what is~~ when Jack straightens things up will be some where about $1200-- (The money I borrowed to build with, was paid up from interest I did not get, two years ago.) That money will give me the opportunity to get things in shape for them, and plant the whole place to walnuts and some orchard fruits, and get a landscape architect to make out a planting plan of the whole five acres so that it will be a really artistic looking place and so be more salable when I want to sell off any more. I have to make arrangements for the mortgage of $3500, too. So the $1200 will be ~~more than enough~~. not enough for all that I must do.

They will have to have a la rger garage--for they have two cars. A Ford sedan and a second-hand Dodge run-about. I think we have planned it so that every dollar will be doing its best to ease things up where it is most needed--I hope so. You see, I am not much of a financier--and Herbert and I cannot get together very often, and it has taken some time and thought to work this very simple proposition out. I can only wonder why it was not thought of before.

And now I have filled the pages--and have said nothing about the pink scarf I am to have--I shall be so glad of it, Helen dear, nor a dozen other things that I have so much wanted to write about.

I love you----Mother

I want to tell you that during all of this controversy Mame has "stood by" like a darling, and has helped us along with her sympathy.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all.

Helen dear, may you enjoy reading the book about the Queen, as much ~~and~~ as Aunt Addie and I have, and Wilder may you enjoy the book about the heavens, as I did. Also, when you are reading the weekly magazine, Time, after each number say--"Mother loves me."

I hope the children will enjoy John Martin's book, again, and that you <u>all</u> will find pleasure in the Book of Knowledge.

I sent the necklace to Alice, because I liked it myself, and it is a little different from the usual kind.

I love you very dearly, and am thankful for you all.

Mother

suppose they are entirely cured, for it is hard to straighten one leg absolutely straight, yet--but no one tells me now--"You must stand up straighter". I can walk 30 blocks without stopping, or feeling any bad effects later- I can walk with a little spring, too, and I go up and down stairs one foot after the other just as you do, and holding onto nothing. Would you call that nearly a cure? And more than that--the religion is the most beautiful thing in the world, and absolutely scriptural. You are glad that I know it, even if you do not want it for yourself? God bless you all, Alice too--

Mother.

Hermosa Beach
December 27 1925

The Aftermath--
Dear Children:

I opened your package on Christmas Eve, and I thank you so very much for the dear remembrances. I think I will speak of Ruth Mary's gift, first--for I carried it on Christmas day when Aunt Addie and I went out to the family dinner at Van Nuys. It is lovely--and I hope to keep it fresh until such time as I buy me another gown and then I will try to match it in color, it is the color I love so well.

Wilder Jr--I just chuckled over your gift--she is a darling and is right here beside me as I write on the round table in the corner of the room that has a door on to the porch at my right hand, and the open window on my left hand---for we have no fires out here in this Christmas weather. The sun is shining, the waves of the sea are pounding merrily away on the sand, and two big boys with their trousers rolled up to their knees are out in the surf fishing.

Helen dear, I said a Teddy--and you have sent me two slips that are more in quantity, and better in style--to suit me, at least, than any Teddy that was ever made. They are lovely, and thank you. And Wilder, dear, thank you very much for the book--as you know I am supposed to be making a study of short stories--and I am so glad to have this volume.

And would you like to hear about our Christmas out here on the Pacific coast? The only thing lacking to make it a perfect day, was your presence. Oh if you could have only been with us--- Now that means more than that we--your mother, especially--missed you -it was that you missed something that I would like to bring out clearly in this hurried letter--for all my letters are hurried, aren't they?

That quality -shall I call it?--of perfection, was in the happiness that each one felt in being together. The closeness of family ties and the joy of family affection was felt by all--except the very youngest of the children--Probably the five younger boys were only conscious of the fun they were having.

An unbroken family--three families--there were sitting around the tree, with Aunt Addie and I of a still older generation. Mame and I were talking of them--and she said "And how good-looking they all are. Of course, Billy and Ruth Mac. are not really handsome--but they are attractive and will grow into more beauty as they grow older.

George was home, and he has so improved that every one rejoiced in him. Jack spoke particularly of his sincere love for his mother that shows every time he looks towards her. One pretty picture was Faith, Pat and Margaret playing on the Uke--and the others trying the ~~Charlest~~ Charleston. Jean is pretty good at it, as is Wilder William--George has

fun over it--but I think Elizabeth was busy in the kitchen at that time. No work gets away from that most conscientious of girls. And how pretty she is--- George and she have never been the very best of friends--have not approved of each other--but now, they are "keen" on each other--beauty, manners, etc. Wilder William is abut as thick through as a match, and tall--and loving to kiss as much as ever. One of the funny sights, was seeing him "fussing" practical Margaret as they stood in the middle of the floor. He insisted on kissing her as he held one hand--first on one side of their noses, and then on the other then a straight kiss and then with his head in some other position-- She was blushing, and half reluctant--and he was as gracefully gallant---as Herbert would have been at his age. He looks so like Herbert, too. Herbert and Mame are very proud of their two big boys--as they should be-- and when George is home the two bpys and Herbert are inseparable -spending the most of their time on the golf links. These kodaks Mame asked me to send to you. She would have sent them before--but gave them to me, intending to have them enlarged for my Christmas, and not wanting me to suspect that was why they were holding them out on me.

Herbert said he "slipped on over on Mame" Christmas morning--and I agreed with him--for he had surprised her with a new wedding ring of diamonds set in platinum---but that was not what he meant. We were to have dinner at twelve, and Mame furnished and cooked the turkey. Herbert and the boys went to the golf links right after breakfast--and did not get home to dress until it was time to be starting. He knew she would be crazy if he said an thing about shaving--so he slipped his shaving outfit in his pocket without any fuss, and when he reached Ruth's he retired to the bathroom--and Mame could say nothing.

We had dinner about one o'clock--and a mighty good one, too. Those girls are dandies--and the MacQuarries came out about three. After a visit and playtime--we had the tree. The MacQuarries were going to another tree, and must leave early, and the boys had engagements, and Ruth Bickford was obliged to get back to the hospital where she is in her junior year in the nursing school. Everything was lovely--not a hitch--not a thing one would have had different.

Mame shed a few tears on Herbert's shoulder, during the distributing of the gifts, but that was excess of emotion when she found that Ruth had given her a dozen bread and butter plates that had been among her wedding gifts--"And you always loved these plates, so much" - She did love them, but Mame entertains a great deal and Ruth does not--and Mame has been very kind in so many ways--and Ruth could not give her any new thing that she would have appreciated more.

I cannot mention all of the gifts--but will speak of the ones I was the more intimately connected with. I gave Herbert and Mame a half dozen knives and forks of the Community silver-- Jack a silver steak set with good steel blades. Ruth a string of very good red beads--I mean not one of the cheapest kind but good lookers. A Line-a-Day book to George--which he seemed to like. "The Choir Invisible" to Wilder W. because it is so full of beautiful descriptions--and he does love beauty in all form. Ray loved the book so much, I thought it might strike Wilder the same way--and he appreciated the note I wrote explaining why.

Jean seemed to be very happy with the volume of"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"that I gave her. She says she is going to be a writer of stories--and this book has so many illustrations of the use of emphasis by the different positions,that I wrote a bit of explanation for her that will give her a lot of reading to do and a lot of studying with a goal before her. Of course that was all copied from Bliss Perry and Clayton Hamilton.

Jean had said that the thing she most wanted for Christmas was a permanent wave--Pat said all that she wanted was a Bible and a pair of gloves. So I gave her the Bible. Her Christmas had been almost spoiled when she did not get it in her stocking--but her mother said she could look forward to her birthday for that. Jean had her permanent wave,and was dressed in a red dress that was very becoming,and she looked very pretty. Mame said she preferred young girls with a bob that was made fluffy by soap and water--but Jean's hair is oily,and she hates to wash it,and she has something of an inferiority complex---Pat is so pretty and popular--and Jean is not--and it hurts her. Pat is so graceful--quite tall, very slight,easy in manner,full control of her arms and legs--Jean is a dreamer--Pat is on thw alert every minute. Jean hates housework and Pat is a natural-born house-wife. In fact Pat is a darling--so is Jean,but one needs to know Jean before they can appreciate her--and how she adores George--"Why should I not love him? He has always fought my battles for me."

Of course,Pat is a Christian Science girl--and her Bible was to go with the Science and Health that her other grandmother had given her "because she was not using it any more." And Bobs is another one--He wanted,more than anything else a Science and Health to go with the Bible he already had--and I gave that to him. I gave Elizabeth Strachy's"Queen Victoria" "Oh Nanean--you know I would rather have a book than anything else in the world,and this is the only one given to me this year--"
To Margaret I gave a box of writing paper and a pair of silk stockings.
To Faith a very good Kodak book to keep the pictures of the High school class,so they will not get lost.
To To Fred and Deacon,besides the John Martin Book,a belt-which "made a great hit" so Mame said. A sweater and sox for Stuart--note the spelling of his name----- and to David a pair of slippers and a bath-robe.
To Addie--five dollars to be spent during the sales this week.

I love that picture of the children and Tuck--only,I never saw Ruth Mary look so solemn,before. I must tell you of the wonder-working postal service out here. I asked the postman how on earth he knew it was coming here. He laughed and said"Oh well,I get to know people pretty well." There was not a scrap of paper around it,not a scrap of an address. The only thing we can think of--for he would not tell me any more than that---is that it was in a cover that had David's name on--and he and David are pretty good friends. But I may have the picture of you and Wilder in it? Oh Wilder---Jack and Herbert exclaimed over that picture and studied and studied it--then they told me to tell you that if you wanted any one to think you were the younger brother you would have to

wear your hat. But I would not listen to their talk and assured tham that you did not look older than they did. They felt they had the evidence before them--and would not look in the mirror.

Jack and Ruth gave me an electric toaster-- Herbert and Mame gave me a beautiful copy of Kate Douglas Wiggen's autobiography ---You know I am something like Elizabeth and like books for Christmas presents--pretty well, so, as I usually give myself something from Mother--ever since she left me-- I bought a set of Joseph Conrad's works. Addie gave me some boudoir slippers-- Earnest and Mary gave me a leather needle case--mighty nice needles in it, too. Winifred and Will gave me "Betty Understood" by Dorothy Canfield. And Mrs Price sent me a beautiful string of real-honest-to-goodness crystal beads.--then there were kodak pictures, handkerchiefs--calendars, candies--and so many of the dear little things one loves to have.

It was a perfect day from every point of view. The weather was like a warm spring day. Jack and the two little boys met us on Western Ave--so as to avoid the down town traffic-----and that reminds me of a story Ruth told-- a man was boasting of how quickly he made the trip from Los Angeles to San Francisco--"Yes sir, it took me just six hours." "Is that so? why what kind of car did you have, that could go that fast?" "Oh well, you know, of course, it took us two days to get out of the city traffic."-----

Jack ~~had~~ and Ruth had come down to the beach after us on Thursday, and took us around to deliver gifts to Cottie, and Aunt Elizabeth, and Miss "Craken" as David calls Miss McCraken, the practitioner, whom he devotedly loves. Then when they--with David--went home, Addie and I saw Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish in "The beautiful City"-and Anna Q Nelson in "The One Way Street" --and I liked that better than the first-- Then in the morning Jack came to Los Angeles after us and brought us back there in the evening.

It was Tuesday before Herbert was able to see Jack and Ruth about the gift of the house. I was anxious to know what they thought--but when they came down on Thursday, not a word was said--We had lunch before going back to the city--and we must have been half way there before a word was said about the house. I was sitting in front with Jack, and Ruth leaned forward and said-- "We have changed our minds about building" "What are you going to do, camp out?" "No, better than that, we don't have to build, thanks to our fairy god-mother." Jack said never a word. Ruth did not say much either----but they did not need to-- Jack was scared to death whenever he thought of building--and when Herbert out-lined to him my proposition--he could not speak--just sat there with the tears running down his face. So--I know how they feel. And I know Jack, he cannot bear to talk about anything until he has slowly digested the thought and knows how he stands with himself about it. He needs time to think about the needed changes and repairs, too. Ruth expects to come down here on Thursday of this week to stay until Sunday--to have a little rest and change while the two girls are at home, and we will talk it over then.

When that picture was taken that Winifred sent to you, I weighed ten pounds less, Helen dear. I lost 12 pounds and the last time I was weighed I had gained two pounds back--but hope to lose still more. Do you recognize the green dress? Did it not take well? I wonder if you can tell the different ones. Aunt Addie is on the bench with Stuart--and David's hand is in mine. Will, Jack, Ruth, Bob and the MacQuarrie children you will recognize, I am sure.

Do you recall, Wilder, that you said "Let them cure your knees"? I do not

Instead of a blessing--or silent grace--at Ruth's suggestion we sang a verse of "Joy to the World, the Lord has come. It was very effective and good.

Hermosa Beach

Happy New Year to each and every one of you dear ones:

Ruth came down yesterday to stay until Sunday to get a little rest and change before the girls go back to Pomona. She has gone up town now to mail a letter for me to Elizabeth Freeman, for it must go out as soon as possible.

As usual, I have some new news to write you.--At least, it does seem as if there was always some change in the family affairs to report. It is Aunt Addie, this time. David left last week and they, very evidently, do not intend to let me have him again. On Sunday Aunt Addie leaves me for a home of her own, and the care of a man and a seven-year-old boy. Does not that sound interesting?

A practioner in Los Angeles has brought them together, and, as it comes through Science, Aunt Addie thinks it will be the thing she wants. But, to explain-----Mr Hames, a man about forty, in the Bond business and making money was separated from his wife some years ago. He is in Science, and she did not care to go on with it--as I understand it. The small boy was given to her, and her mother has had most of the care of him. But now she wants to marry again and is willing to give up the boy. Mr Hames has been living at the club, but has kept in close touch with the boy--more than his mother has, perhaps--as every morning on his way to business he has stopped to see him, and many afternoons he has spent with him--somewhere.

He cannot have a young housekeeper for the pretty home he has rented--so was looking for age and experience and good sense. Some one to make a home for him and the boy, and he has fallen in love with the idea of having Addie. Indeed he is making plans for them to go on keeping house even if it should happen that he could not keep the boy. His whole heart is set on the boy, however, and I trust the present arrangement will prove a permanent one. If he does his part, as he seems to want to do, I am sure it will be wonderful for Addie. She is so happy in the thought of being able to lay aside some money while she is able to do things, and she will be fine with the boy, and will make a happy home for them both. He has been in Science for thirteen years, but has been doing some real studying for the past seven years, and has, probably, a pretty good understanding of it. And that will mean much to Addie who is just beginning.

You may not understand all that it will mean to her--but you will be glad that she has found a home where she can be independent. Of course, she is planning that I should be near her and "take your dinners with us." I say, very decidedly -"No"-- Mixing of families would be worse than mixed drinks? She will be in Hollywood and only a block from Jack's two cousins--so we know it is in a mighty nice neighborhood, for Cada is rather particular that way. Oh how very different she is from Myrta, whom you will remember. She has lost two husbands by death and a third by divorce--and a very nice looking man was out to Van Nuys with her and Myrta on Christmas day--and I know he was not Myrta's man. Again!???? All right, for I do think some women cannot be happy without a man belonging to them.

The weather is so glorious--The sun is shining in at the open window beside which I am sitting, I have just had to pull down the shade a little it is too warm on my face.

Ruth has brought down a ton--more or less--of darning, and she and I mean to tackle it later in the day. Addie is singing as she cleans up in the kitchen getting ready to do some baking. I keep insisting on her not doing this, that, and the other, but to get to work on her nightgowns so I can do the featherstitching and button holes before she goes--but she is so determined to leave everything just right.

I do not know what I shall do--probably stay here for a few weeks, and then take an apartment in Hollywood as near to the Van Nuys line as possible, where they can easily reach me, and I can easily reach the family. Also near a car line-or bus-- that will take me near Addie, for we will want to go out together in afternoons or evenings. It will be nice to be near her, for we like the same kind of thing. And it will be nice to be here alone, for a while, so that I can really get down to steady work. I would like to stay here, but it is too far away from the rest of the family and costs too much to go back and forth, in both time ad money. Almost $2. for the round trip.

I am looking forward to hearing about your Christmas--Wilder, Ruth loved your birthday letter, and she actually makes love to your picture that is hanging up in my room here.

Will said there are plans making for a medical school in the U.S.C. and is hoping that it will be you who will be the main spring

in its success. "It will take a politician,all right. Do you think Wilder could pxtxx pull wires?" he asked me. I said "I don't know how much of a wire-puller you would call him,but he certainly has managed to get everything he has gone after,so far." "You bet he has,yes----he has managed to get everything he wantd so far,and I bet he could do it here." And oh how we all wish that could be the thing you would want to do,and that it would work out so that you could have the opportunity. Would it be worth trying for? Would you pull wires from that end of the line if Will pulled them from this end?

It would be so good to have you out here,and Mrs K.would so love it too. There is much here of real interest besides the movies and the climate-There is youth,energy and brains--there is much building up of a new community,there is much of educational activity--and you would be doing it yourself,rather than taking advantage of what others with big money have don for you.

You might not make as much money in salary--but the salary would go farther. The same clothes summer and winter--no coal to buy,no furnace to tend,no snow to shovel,no thunder storms,cyclones etc.----and all of the people are not Christain Scientists--you would not feel strange or out of place. The beauties of nature are so varied,you could find so much to admire--and all of our play houses are not movie palaces--nor all of our music,jazz. We have good schools,good preachers,and some good culture.

Helen dear,I am living along with you these days--and hope to hear good things--Wilder says,a boy--is that the desire? Tell Wilder Jr. I would love to see him kick the football? And does Ruth Mary do it too?

God bless you all. Mother

Hermosa Beach
January 25 1926

Dear Children:

Tomorrow is Wilder's birthday, and I am wondering if Helen is still with him, of if she is separated by a few miles, and doctors and nurses, etc. It seems a long time for the two mothers out here in California to wait for the coming of "the great Miracle", Wilder dear. Mrs Kermott says every time the phone rings she wonders if it is the message telling her of another grandchild. I am not listening for the phone call, for there is none here in my rooms, but I am waiting, very tensely, for the message to come to me from some one, some where.

Yes, now that Aunt Addie is not with me, I am looking for another place of residence. Where, I do not know, but I hope it will be where I can get my things about me and settle down to the feeling of a permanent home. The other day--a week ago yesterday--I suddenly realized that I was only thinking of myself, in this looking about for a home, and was not thinking, or asking, to be shown the place where I could be of the most service. Not many hours later, Louise Clark came down from Los Angeles. She urged me quite strongly to rent one of her new flats. She has made over her own big house on Constance Street into four very pleasant flats. The one she thought I would like was a lower floor, facing the East, with the sun all day. One good-sized room, with the small dining room back, really being one room, and a fireplace in the diningroom. Two places for floor lamps, two cocks for gas stoves and two ~~fixing~~ disappearings bed. An automatic

hotwater heater in the tiny little kitchen. Two good closets. No furniture of any kind. But the great inducement was this--"It is only four blocks frm me,and,Jeffin,we could go about together and have such good times--you know we never have had a chance for that before."

I have known,for some time,that she was passing through a very lonely, unhappy,and perhaps,dangerous time and seemed to need just such a friend as I--one associated in her mind with her father and mother,and knowing that I loved her for herself,alone.

I went to see the flat--An old neighborhood,nice old trees,neighbors who love flowers etc. Near carlines--quiet -the apartment pleasant. The other three flats rented to nice,quiet working-people. A neighborhood of decent,quiet,working people. A long distance from the Van Nuys-Lankershim line. A long distance from Addie--from Winifred, Amongst people I do not know--a neighborhood that galls Louise on Winfield Street. The flat is pleasant--but I would have to buy many things to fix it up--curtains, rigs etc. There is not any where near room enough for my dishes--And when the books were in--with new bookcases to buy,for there are no built-ins for them and my papers and magazines etc--there would be little room for other things,like my bug green willow rocker that Father and then Mother, and now I,loved to sit in.

I went to see Miss McCraken--the dear practitioner who is,certainly the most un-selfed,spiritual person whom I have ever known--and put the case to her,saying,in my old way of thinking I should have taken this offering for a home as an answer to prayer--is it? She listened quietly-- After a bit she said--Aside from wanting to be of service to your friend

is there any other reason why you would like that place? Do you feel that is where you want to live?" No--no other reason, unless it be the cheap rent--$35. a month. "Then, Mrs Penfiled, I do not believe that is where you should go. You are thinking of giving material help to your friend, but, don't you see, what she needs is spiritual help? Your duty, to her and to others, is to put yourself in the right surroundings that will help you to grow spiritually so that you will reflect Love, Truth, Life, and so draw all men to you." Do you understand what she meant? Do you understand the attitude of the Christian Scientist? They do not try to force their opinions on others, and so make them believe what they know would help them. They try to so understand God that He is reflected in their lives, so that men may catch a glimpse of the Truth and so want to follow the Light that shines through them.

And so, reading about your wonderful success with the boy who "had degenerated into a sort of vegetable with almost constant convulsions", and feeling thankful that you could be of such service to him, it hurt, a little, to read "From the point of view of the Science that was a ghastly farce I suppose when he could have been brought out by faith."

How can I explain? If you wanted the reason--the truth of Christian Science--you would naturally go to the text-book to find out the line of reasoning. The only illustration I can, of myself, think of is this--imagine life in this world as a troubled sea. Think of Christ as walking on this sea and saying--"This is the way, the Truth, the Life"--Think of his long robe trailing over the troubled waters--and some reaching out and

touching the robe and finding a firm resting place under their feet. But over there, are men and women sinking beneath the waves, the ones who have found peace, safety, call out to them to come this way--but they do not hear, they do not see the ~~beckoning~~ beckoning hands, and their frightened struggles are taking their strength. what would the safe ones do? would they turn up their safe noses, and shrug their dry shoulders, and say--"This is the only way?" No, they would turn to the life-guard whose business it is to save all who have not found the Way--and call with all their might to them to save the sinking swimmer, and be glad that the immediate ~~danger~~ danger is over for them. But, they would keep their hands on the robe of Truth, and raise the lamp of Truth and light the way to all who will seek the way of safety.

Here is what Mrs Eddy says- in our text book. It isjust to say that generally the cultured class of medical practitioners are grand men and women, therefore they are more scientific than are false claimants to Christian Science--- Much yet remains to be said and done before all mankind is saved and all the mental microbes of sin and diseased thought-germs are exterminated." And again--"Until the advancing age admits the efficacy and supremacy of Mind, it is better for Christian Scientists to leave surgery and the adjustment of broken bones and dislocations to the fingers of a surgeon, while the mental healer confines himself chiefly to mental reconstruction and to the prevention of inflammation."

"Christian Science is always the most skilful surgeon, but surgery is the branch of its healing which will be last acknowledged." She says that no one can demonstrate what they cannot understand--and so in several

places--which I cannot turn to now-- she speaks well of the honest physician and surgeon who has a great work to do while humanity is learning to know man is not material but spiritual, because he is the image and likeness of Spirit.

So, dear boy,--dearer to me, now that I am learning more of God who is Love-- Please do not feel that I am not interested in your great work in trying to save mankind from material death--Nor am I trying to force my new understanding of Truth upon you. You love God--your life has shown that you desire Truth--and when the time comes when your work of giving material aid, is finished --God, Himself, will show you the way He wants you to go--as He did me--no human being could have turned me into this Way--and I am not troubled for your everlasting soul. You know how to love--you have a higher thought in life than just your own will--and your experiences and work now are simply experiences and work that are yours for today, and when you want anything more--you will seek and find it in the proper time and way. Life is eternal--there is no such thing as time in eternity--and you have eternity in which to work out your own salvation. Just keep close to your highest understanding of Truth and remember that you are made in God's likeness and so are reflecting Him who is Love. And pour out as much of that love on your mother as you can---she wants to feel it warm her and feel that you still need her love. That you still need her sympathy, and know that you have it.

But--I want this letter to go in the mail--and that postman will soon be here- God bless you all every one--

Mother

Did you get the package ? I hope it is whar you want.

places--which I am not turn to now-- she speaks well of the honest physician and surgeon who has a great work to do while humanity is learning to know man in not material but spiritual, because he is the image and likeness of God it.

So, dear boy,--nearer to me, now that I am learning more of God who is love-- Please do not feel that I am not interested in your great work in trying to save mankind from material death--nor am I trying to force my new understanding of truth upon you. You love God--your life has shown that you desire truth--and when the time comes when your work of giving material aid, is finished --God, himself, will show you the way He wants you to go--as He did me--no human being could have turned me into this way--and I am not troubled for your everlasting soul. You know now to love--you have a higher thought in life than just your own will--and your experiences and work now are simply experiences and work that are yours for today, and when you want anything more--you will seek and find it in the proper time and way. Life is eternal--there is no such thing as time in eternity--and you have eternity xx in which to work out your own salvation. Just keep close to your highest understanding of truth and remember that you are made in God's likeness and so are reflecting His who is love. And pour out as much of that love on your mother as you can---she wants to feel it warm her and feel that you still need her love. that you still need her sympathy, and know that you have it.

But--I want this letter to go in the mail--and that postman will soon be here- God bless you all every one--

Mother

Did you get the package ? I hope it is what you want.

Hermosa Beach
Sunday-January 31 1926

Dear Children:

And is Helen at home, or is she away from home? Dear, dear, I wish I knew how things were with you all today. It is the second rainy day we have had this week, and the white-capped waves are coming in high and beautiful as we can see them between showers. During the showers they are but a blur because the wind blows so hard.

I am trying to take in all the beauty of the sea, storing up, as it were, for the famine-time ahead of me. I left an order for a place somewhere in North Hollywood to be filled as soon as found. But I have withdrawn it, for the girls have made a plea that I shall go to Claremont. At first--that is, the first of their going there--there was some talk of my going with them, but Ruth and Jack thought then that it would be a good experience for the girls to live in some other home and fight their own battles all by themselves for a while. But now, they are very glad that I have decided to go.

Tuesday I went to town to see Cottie. Usually I go to shop, intending to go and see Cottie if possible, and I get rushed or tired, and do not do it. This time I went to see her, and did my shopping as I had the time. She looks well, but her mind wont stay put. She starts to say something, or do something, and forgets in the middle of it. But she is in good hands, has many nice friends, and almost all of the ladies who are there are real ladies, you know.

Wednesday, I had a letter from Ruth, saying the girls wanted me there, and also telling me that there was an offer -a tentative one, you understand--for the whole five acres, including the house. So, on Thursday I went to Van Nuys, to see about it. Jack and Ruth felt that if the whole place could be sold it might be as well, and they could take the money for the house and build what they wanted rather than add to this house. The people came to see it and seemed very pleased--whether they take it or not, is a question.

But, at any rate, I must get my things out, and if possible, would like to move them but once. So I wrote Elizabeth and Margaret that if they would make some inquiries and would let me know I would come up there as soon as possible and look for a house. Of course, in the middle of the year I may not be able to find a house. But it might be possible to get a line on something I could have after school closes this year, and possibly could get my things stored, and perhaps get a room for myself that would straighten out the plans somewhat. You see, I must know if I am to have a furnished, unfurnished, or partly furnished place before I begin to pack up. Furnished?---then I shall cut out things in great swaths. Unfurnished? I shall need all I have and much more. Partly furnished? I will get rid of all I do not care particularly for, and only take what I need to have for comfort and pleasure.

But the books, pictures and dishes--take up a lot of room. And, under any circumstances, they are the things I want to keep. Elizabeth said, in her letter asking me come--Margaret will do all of your

cleaning for you, and I will do all of the cooking. And I do so miss your books, and I would so love to study Literature with you, and you would so enjoy the lectures and the music we have- etc.

And, of course, it would be a wonderful thing for me to be in touch with young people, and still not have much responsibility. Elizabeth graduates in '28. Margaret in '29--Faith--and Jean, if she should decide to go there instead of to the Souther Branch of the U. of C--and perhaps she would if I were there, will graduate in '31. That would make quite a program for me, and would ensure a fairly permanent address for five years. Then, I would be about six miles, I think, from Upland, and that would not hurt my feelings in the least.

I would have to have at least three bedrooms, so that the girls could spread out and each have a room to herself--a thing they have never had, as yet. They could double up--I might be able to have two beds in their rooms--when they had guests. Then, in the summers-when you New York Penfields come to visit us all, I would have plenty of room for you and you could see the K's. during the day. Of course, it is hot up there in the summer, but people do live through it, and the temperature is never as bad as some we have all experienced in Wisconsin - in Baltimore--and perhaps, in New York.

I wrote Elizabeth that if the rent was not too high we would have a car. Of course, we would need a piano, and I mean to have a big radio right away, any-way. I have promised Herbert that I would see one of his friends as soon as I felt that I could buy one, and it would be lots of company to me when living alone. I can get what I want for about

$140. and pay for it in monthly payments. It is not hard for me to convince myself that I actually need it.

So, it looks as if I might count on a fairly busy week ahead of me. Do not understand that I expect to have the girls with me right away, for I presume that they would need to finish out the year as they have been doing. But, if I am to move, the sooner the better for my getting in a settled routine of living.

I did one thing towards getting settled this week--I bought some marked down goods for five big sofa pillows and two small ones, and six 72 X99 sheets. Three-quartes, but I planned that if I had single beds they would not be much too large, and if I had double beds, they would not be much too narrow, and I am shy on sheets of both sizes. Indeed I have only one double one, I guess. It seemed such a pity not to take advantage of the sales.

There is no church in Claremont that I could attend, but there is one in Pomona and one in Ontario,--six miles either way, I believe. It would take about the same time for me to go to Van Nuys from Claremont as from here. About the same time to get to Los Angeles as from here.. Although it takes longer to drive from Van Nuys to Pomona for it is 50 miles, while we can cut across the triangle and make it 35 miles in coming from Van Nuys down here.

Do you not think it a very good plan for me to live with young people? I could start a number of good times for them--and they would do the work of carrying them through. I could have a car--with some one to drive it for me--and indeed there are many trips I would like to take. With oceans of love for you all-- Mother

Dearest: the city of Rajpipla! I wonder if it will be what I said a little after I left you—you need not relent—it—
Did you see the birth of Paul & Helen?

Hermosa Beach
February 8 1926

Dear Helen, and Wilder--and the three Children--especially Priscilla----

I am so glad that she has come, at last, and is she more the type of Ruth Mary, or of Wilder Junior? And are the children wildly excited over the new sister? You know, I am always a little bit jealous when I am not on hand when the babies come.

Sister K. telephoned me about nine o'clock yesterday morning, and it was all I could do to get ready for church--I would seem to go off in a dream and forget what I was doing. And when I came out of church I said to one woman, whom I know fairly well, "For mercy's sake please congratulate me-I have a new granddaughter just come to the New York children, and I have not a soul here to say--I am glad for you--" So she gave me her congratulations--and I felt better.

I telephoned Ruth this morning----This week will be a regular dissipation--Tomorrow I am going to Claremont, as the girls telephoned me to come up tomorrow--I will get over to Upland for a few minutes----- if there is time, but I fear there wont be-- On Wednesday, Ruth, Mame and I are to meet Mrs Andersen and her cousin at Winifred's for lunch-- and I am going home with Ruth, and spend the rest of the week packing. I do not know just what I am going to pack, or rather just how I am going to pack--but I may know more about it after my trip to Claremont.

You know, at first, it rather irked me to get the meals for myself alone--it seemed so stupid to spend so much time in cooking and washing dishes just for one person--But it is quite fun, and I am surprised to

find how quickly I can get a meal ready, by planning ahead a little. I do no baking--what is the use? But I always have three courses for dinner. I omit the soup, but have the meat (or its equivalent) salad and dessert course. Of course, breakfast is always the same--Coffee, toast, fruit, friedcakes or cookies--That is at seven-- At three, or thereabouts I have dinner. Just the two meals. Once in a while, an apple before going to bed, more often, nothing. I wash the dishes for both meals after dinner, as it hardly pays to heat water for the breakfast things, only. Then I change my dress, and knit and read and play solitaire--

To tell the truth, after dinner is the time when I am not so much lonely, as a little stale--I want to do something different. But I am going to have a big radio--a really good one. "Why not"?-as Herbert said when talking to me about it.

I do not seem to have very much to say, this evening--the fact of the matter is, I am deep in a love story that I am trying to get out of my system and on to paper, and if I talk very much I may begin to talk about my characters, and what they have said and done, and you would wonder who on earth they were--- I sleep with them, wake with them, eat with them and talk with them. But I have not been able to get into any kind of work until since a week ago today, so I am soaking myself with their atmosphere, as it were. Perhaps the rest of the week being devoted to actual things will be a good change.

With much love for all of you--and hoping the time at the hospital will be spent very pleasantly, and that Alice and the children get along easily and happily--and hoping that Wilder will write me all about it,

Mother

Hermosa Beach
February 20 1926
After March 15 Address will be 1237 Dartmouth Ave.
Claremont California

Dear Children:

Yesterday Jack took Mrs Andersen, Ruth and me to Claremont and Upland. Mrs K. had a delicious lunch all ready for us--of course. David is here with me again, and a little harder to assimilate in the family life than he was when here before. Of course, Aunt Addie is not here, and we are more dependent on each other than if she were--also, he has not been very well since he went home, and is of a very insistent disposition, and Ruth having her hands rather full, has taken the easiest course with him, very often, and he has not much of an idea of any one else having the right to things--if he wants them. Nanean thinks she "is something of a pet, herself"--and the battle is on oftener than I wish it were. You see, he has almost forgotten what I had a great time in teaching him last fall--that yea means yea--and nay means nay when his Nanean says it. He is a darling when he is ready to say "I am happy now, Nanean." This morning it was a little hard for both of us, for yesterday tired him. I took him with me to Los Angeles. Jack and Ruth and Bobs met us at Western Ave. and we took the two boys to spend the day with the MacQuarries. At Claremont, Margaret was practicing her music, so we took Elizabeth and went up to 1237 to look over the prospects of the house and garden.

the family and Kermen-

Men were at work -but Elizabeth and I were very pleased to show them what was to be "our home." Then we went back and had a little visit with

Margaret--and then on to Upland. Dr.is looking very much better than when we saw him last. He has grown quite gray,however,and I think you would say that he has aged--but oh he looks so much better that,to us, he looked fine. Mrs K.looked very well,and was as good to visit with as she always is. Mary looked well and seems happy with them.

After lunch Dr.said "Come on Jack,lets go and talk it over-" So they went off by themselves and we had a good visit together. Helen's letter was read and we enjoyed being let in on her visit with her mother. The cat--a little beauty--received full amonnt of attention. Then Dr took Mrs A.and Jack and me for a ride through and around Upland and Ontario. It is much more interesting to take a trip around with one who loves it and is able to tell us all about it. Altho.Sister K.warned us that perhaps he did not know as much about things as he would have us believe. At any rate,the ride was through wonderful country and will be similar to my environment for the --probably --next five years.

It all seemed rather odd,however--for the last time I saw Dr.he was more enthusiastic over the Wisconsin landscape and climate and houses than over California. But now he is a veritable "native son." I guess California gets us all to loving her,in time.

Their home is very pretty and convenient--but for sale. Their hearts trouble them,and now they are talking of Santa Monica. Probably they will not be there long for me to enjoy. Sister K.is planning the New York trip to see"that dear redheaded baby." Perhaps next spring I may be planning a visit for the same purpose. I seem to be wanting to plan for quite a fair-sized income. But---did you misunderstand me

about the car and chauffeur? A Ford--of course--and the two girls the chauffeur--or should I have said a Ford and driver? I do not know if I can manage it, I hope so, for a car is almost a necessity here in this country where the roads are so good, there is so much to see and enjoy, for twelve months in the year. A roundtrip from Claremont to Van Nuys will cost $2.50--for three of us it will mean 7.50--and that will help pay for the gas, anyway. How easy it is to make one's self believe the thing one wants is quite necessary?

I am enclosing a little circular that may give you some ~~wh~~ idea of Claremont and its relation to other places. There are said to be 51 retired ministers and 141 widows leaving there.

You know it gave me something of a thrill to read that if Priscilla had been a boy his name would have been Amos Jefferson. That would have been nice, dear. "Ancient curse?" how we all have laughed about that--but never mind, it wont be long before you think it the most beautiful color that ever was. Ruth used to feel so sorry for Winifred because of Billy's coloring--now she thinks red is a lovely color.

I wish you would make some things a little clearer--At what hour was Priscilla born? Helen said she was in labor for 36 hours. You say you went to the theater Friday evening--went to the hospital ~~and that~~ and that from 2 A.M. Sat. until 4.45 P.M. "she struggled with her task" etc. After that she slept until you woke her at 3. on Monday afternoon. She says she slept for twenty-four hours--Now then--Was Priscilla born Saturday afternoon at 4.45-- and Helen did not get to sleep until Sunday afternoon at three--to make the twenty-four hours of sleep--My figures wont make it

come right. Thirty-six hours from 2 A.M.Saturday would bring it to 2 P.M. Sunday--and then the twenty-four hour sleep would be all right---but I received the phone call telling about her coming about 9.30 Sunday morning, which would have been 12.30 with you in New York.

Now another explanation,please.You say you have been down into New Jersey twice to see a rich Jap--adding "This month's receipts are increasing" saying farther that for the past year your private patient income just equalled the amount the hospital paid you the year before. Now that means that your practice is increasing so that you are getting ahead of the game? I am so glad. Evidently your head is getting above water so that people around you are beginning to know that Wilder Penfield is in sight and worth watching.

David is beginning to howl for something to eat--It has been less than two hours since Ifinished the dinner dishes. But his tummy is absolutely empty--guess I will fill it and put him to bed as soon as possible.

With so much of love to you all---Mother.

You like the idea of my going to Claremont--good. You think I will be able to "write to my heart's content"? Well,I think so--if that proves to be "my job"--I wonder if it is. The next month will be full of other things, as usual. I hope my time will come to work at it until I find out what I can do--but I am not worrying about it as I did .

How lovely of the Cones--I hope Helen enjoys the radio as much as I do mine--for I imagine they are the same thing. Portable,she says--and portable,said the agent--but I cannot transport it an inch from the table. It is powerful heavy--like a trunk.

Hermosa Beach
March 1 1926

Dear Children:

Oh I wonder if Helen is at home again, and how Priscilla takes to her new home and the attentions of her adoring brother and sister--for that they are adoring, by this time, I am quite sure.--I rather envy the other grandmother because she will probably see her so very soon.

And, by the way, is it not funny how Dr. is planning now to go to Santa Monica, just as I am going to be a near neighbor? I think he is afraid that it is becoming a little crowded up there with so many friends near by.

I leave here on the 10th. The truck comes to take my things that afternoon back to Van Nuys, and will re-pack there into a larger truck and get an early start for Claremont the morning of the 11th. I will go to Van Nuys the morning of the tenth and have a boy there to take up dahlias--chrysanthemums--cannas--iris--sparaxis--Baby's Breath-coreopsis--hollyhocks--etc. to plant in the garden at Claremont.

I am terribly disappointed in that I cannot get your birthday gift done in time, Helen dear. I had no pattern--it is a little different from anything I have ever done--the directions were not complete-several times I have planned to go to L.A. and have been prevented because of David's being here. It has been quite hot--he is very nervous and I do not like to take trips that will tire him too much. I did take him out to Addie's for lunch last Thursday, intending then to stop off at Robinson's

but Mrs Rawsan took us in her car. Then I thought I would come home by trolley and let her come home alone--but David was tired, and perhaps his Nanean was tired too--for the ride in the auto looked very alluring, so I did not get my directions. Then another day I was all ready to go in the early morning and David had not slept very well and woke up so cantankerou that I gave up trying. But on the morning of the eighth--just think of me as loving you very dearly and wishing that my box was there to greet you, even though it may not have yet had a good start from here.

Ruth is getting ambitious--is to have two afternoon parties this week. On Friday the neighbors on Valerio Street and on Saturday Hudson friends with Aunts Elizabeth and Addie. Both days she entertains them by giving them sewing to do. With teams working against each other, and prizes a t the end. A comfort to tie---buttonholes to be made--etc.etc. Her invitations promised to be very entertaining--I have no copy to send you, but I will get one.

So David and I go to Van Nays on Friday morning, I expect--and I shall stay over night and come home Saturday evening, leaving him there. That will give me Sunday, Monday and Tuesday to pack and straighten out things here. But---I shall not be able to get to Robinson's to see Miss Johnson about the work until I go up on Wednesday morning.----Then I shall be fairly busy for a while.

I have an idea that I may take my dinners, at least, at the Claremont Inn for a little time, not because I would rather not get my own dinners while getting settled, but because quite a number of Claremont

people do that, thinking it easier than getting the heavy meal at home. As I am going there quite a stranger I thought I might, in that way, meet some of those fifty-one retired clergymen and one-hundred-and forty-one widows, and become acquainted with people I might like to know.

The Inn is quite an institution, right on the campus, very pretty and attractive and served by college girls. The atmosphere is quite homelike and cosy, and nice looking people are sitting around and resting and talking and enjoying themselves. Elderly people, especially. And you know, I may find it a little hard to become well known there, for there are not many Christian Scientists there--they have only one church, and it has been a church school, you know.--Congregational---

Did I tell you that Herb rt and Mame had joined their one church in Lankershim? A Community Ch rch--a Methodist--so Herbert told me that if I noticed anything at all queer about them now, I could lay it to their religion, as they laid anything queer about me to my religion. Do you not think my two sons might be a little more respectful to their mother?

Such a pleasant surprise--Will and Winifred and the children were here for over Sunday. They telephoned down to engage the apartment down stairs for the night. They came down Saturday afternoon--bringing a picnic supper. The elec ric lights were not on--so they used candles, and, by a mistake, the gas had not been turned on--so what they needed in hot things for supper and for breakfast they heated up on my stove. Then for dinner yesterday, we combined forces. They had a chicken--I had roast beef--I set the table up here--and on their lettuce I put cold caulifower and

salad dressing. It was Ruth's birthday--eleven years old--and they had a birthday cake and I had some canned quinces--etc.etc. We had a delicious dinner,and such a good,good,visit.

You recall that Will had a "test" that he worked out for his thesis at Stanford? It was published,and is being called for by schools all over the country. Reports that come in are very encouraging as to its real value. It was a test as to the mechanical ability of a student,and had never been worked out satisfactorially. He is very happy over it,and is receiving many words of approval. He is very happy in his work at the University,too. He is certainly putting in long hours,and seems to be appreciated.

The morning has gone--and I have not finished all the work of cleaning up,as yet. I shall hate to leave the sea--David says,every day--in some form--"Oh Nanean,I wish I could stay here forever,don't you?" Forever is a long time--and I have not yet brought myself to the point of agreeing with him entirely. I have had to be very diplomatic in talking of his going home--at first,he resented the idea of his ever going away from the beach--although he would be a little homesick when Ruth would go and leave him here--it was always "Oh I wish Mother did not h to go-" but I have been talking of the joys of home--and he is now saying "Oh,I know Saundy is getting homesick for me." Mrs Foster and her three young lady daughters are very fond of him,and he feels they are good playmates. He resents my putting "Miss" before their names--for they are "girls" they are not young ladies.

With so much of love for you all--

Nanean

Hermosa Beach
March 7 1926

Dear Helen and Wilder.

Such a dear birthday letter as I did receive from you, yesterday, Wilder dear. It came to Van Nuys while I was there attending the two very successful and very pleasant sewing parties. The package had not come, of coures, but will be there to greet me when I go out Wednesday.

David and I went out there Friday morning, and from then on it was a busy time. We did not get there until almost one, and the people were due at two. We had lunch--and I made the sandwiches while Ruth put Stuart to bed and dressed. David's coming home, naturally delayed matters a little for they were so glad to see him, and he was just as glad to see them. For Helen's benefit--she had three kinds of sandwiches--delicious nut-bread that she had made herself, cut wafer thin and buttered. White bread lettuce sandwiches--and ~~seem~~ some delicious Jevne milk bran bread spread with grape jelly and pimento cheese. I do not care for jelly sandwiches, but the pimento cheese made them scrumptious.--Two kinds of cake--olives-chocolate candies and coffee--and all very nice. Here is a copy of her invitations--written in long hand.

In days of old, when "help" was scarce
And work, undone, a sin;
A house-wife did not sigh, or cry,
But called the neighbors in.

These days, our neighbors we don't know
'Cause we are far too busy,
For to the "movies" we must go
Or take a ride in Lizzie.

As I would like to work for you
I know that you'll help me,
So come and laugh, and talk, and sew
And drink a cup of tea.

She offered them tea--but
they all preferred coffee.

An S.O.S., thru megaphone
I send, both clear and loud-----
Instead of mending all alone,
I'll share it with the crowd.

Of the Hudson people who were there on Saturday--Mrs Bell, Mrs James Walker, Mrs Day, Winifred, Mame--Aunt Addie and Aunt Elizabeth, by courtesy. Unfortunately, Mrs Andersen and her cousin had a luncheon party of their own and could not come. Barter came after his mother--and sent his love to you, Wilder. He has not forgotten his early devotion to you, and would like to see you again. Mrs Bell has bobbed her hair--No--not so very becoming to her, I think if it were curled it would be more so. Aunt Elizabeth said "Oh Jean, I hope you wont bob your hair"--I said "No, Wilder would not like it, I am afraid."

What lovely thing do you think Ray has done. I wrote him that I made a copy of that first installment of the Journal--and I had a letter from his secretary, in Minneapolis saying that he had asked that a separate copy of the whole journal be made for my library. Is not that dear?

Helen, you asked how Aunt Addie likes her new home----Well---it is a long story. Mr Hames--is nothing but a youngster, himself. He means to do all right, but he does not know anything about bringing up the boy--He does not know what should be required of a woman in Aunt Addie's place--He never ~~mmmmmm~~, had a home--took care of himself after he was twelve, He knows, for instance, that a man should seat a lady at the table, and he tries to do it, but it is new work, he is not accustomed to it. He is a very nervous, exciteable boy. He loves his boy devotedly, and has the idea

deeply in his mind that the home must be run wholly for the boy. He starts out to make him mind, and when Bobby calls him "an old fool," and he wont do what he ~~asks~~--he nags and threatens--and yields---and does not know that he does. He tells Addie that she must be very firm with him--and rather thinks she should be responsible for his better behavior---

They both think a great deal of Aunt Addie, and when she is about ready to give up the fight, Mr Hames is frightened and begs her not to leave them.

Well, on the other side---Aunt Addie has a hard place to fill, and no one could do it better than she---if she would forget herself, and look at things from his point of view. But----Aunt Addie is not young, she wants to do things right, but, oh dear, how shall I say? She has tried to live with so many people -and they have all treated her wickedly, and she has never been to blame. Do you understand? She is such good company, she is so kind-hearted, she loves to do things for people but she wants to be in the lime-light and fully appreciated for all that she does, and when her running-partner feels herself "something of a pet" too--there is trouble. Even Mrs Burgess--who took her in and took care of her when she was so sick while I was with you, when she began to treat Addie as one who could return favors--met her share of criticism--Oh dear--I am not going to say any more--it sounds horrid and very dis-loyal--yet Mr Hames is a good man, is doing the best he knows how, but as Aunt Addie can only see where he fails, and not the many ways in which he makes good, I am afraid she will not be happy there--and she feels that I am going too far away--and she wants to go with me. Well, she wants to earn money--believes

Plu can--but wants an easy place where she can come and go as she pleases. She is the most social creature in the world, and she never could stand the daily grind of life. As a milliner she did not have to--it was a continual change and that is what she needs to be happy. I would not have said so much, but if she is not able to go through with this, I cannot see that there will be any other place for her but with me. I do not try to shine along the lines where she shines. I am willing that she should be the better cook--the better entertainer--the better loved by any one she learns to know. I am not jealous when the grandchildren love to play with her--And I have so much to make me happy and she has so little that it seems only right to share it with her--but, I was in hopes that this thing would work out for a while. Poor Adams--she does not understand what is the trouble, although she is trying to do so, and it seemed, to several of us here, that it would be better for both of us to be separated for a while.

I expect I have said too much--she is a darling, after all, and she makes a lot of people happy with her bright ways, and pert remarks.

The truck comes down for my things here, on Wednesday afternoon. I go to Van Nuys Wednesday morning--A young man will be on hand to take up plants and so on, that afternoon. The big truck will leave Van Nuys, with all of my things, on Thursday morning. I will also leave that morning and be in Claremont by the time the things reach there. Then will come a time of getting settled etc. Abusy month ahead. You know the girls will not be with me this term, for they cannot leave the Jaquas. It is possible that I may be able to get a young man to room at the house. Four hours' work a week is expected to pay for a room, and that four hours, put into the garden would help me out wonderfully. Of course, right in the middle of the term one cannot always find the help that could be found the beginning of the year.

Loving you all--Mother

Keep me posted--as much as you can about the progress in the Lab. work. I am glad you have the Chicago invitation, and hope you can take care of the man sent by Bazett---By the way--I know what R.S.V.P. means but what, in the world, is F.S.S.V.P.?

Claremont California
March 18 1926

Dear Children:

It is dreadful to be so long delayed in thanking you for my birthday gifts. But why should they have been so many, you dear children? Let me tell you how sure I felt that your love was with me on the ninth.

On Saturday--the sixth -I was in Van Nuys and received your letter, Wilder dear, sending love and birthday wishes and saying that a package would go out in the same mail. On Tuesday, just about an hour before I was leaving Hermosa for Van Nuys, your special delivery letter came, with five dollars to buy "a plant for the new garden." Also the note from Helen saying that she had not been able to finish my shawl in time. But what of that? I did not finish her sweater coat either---but I did not send on anything else in its place, except the love that is always with you. And then, to top it all three days ago I received, from Lord and Taylor a beautiful rose bearing your names. You cannot love me too much, you know, but you must not send me so many things--I am not worth all that.

The rose is lovely, and I have wanted one, too. Thank you very much. I know I shall love the shawl, dear Helen, but do not hurry about it--for it will be just as gratefully received when you have the time to finish it, and I know that you are one busy girl now. As for the plant? Well--that would mean something pretty big and wonderful at that price---and I would have to leave it when I moved again--although I told Mr Rich--the owner of the house--that I feared he would have hard work in getting me out of the house, if I ever got settled, for, not only did the house please me, but I never wanted to think of moving again. He only laughed--made me no promises, whatever. But this is what I think I shall do with your gift. I want a really pretty window box. There is a beautiful wide stone shelf around the front porch that would accommodate a wonderful number of flowers. So, as a prominent note I would like a pretty container for some lovely flowers, to be called by the name of the New York Penfields.

But I am very rich in birthday gifts. Tuesday morning a letter came from Florence containing another five dollars for me to get something for the new home. That evening, when I reached Van Nuys I found a birthday greeting from Ray--was it not wonderful that it should have reached me on my birthday? Of course he did not send me five dollars--that was a parenthesis coming in before I speak of another five dollars--To finish up the greetings that came on Tuesday--Florence's in the morning, Yours in the afternoon, Ray's in the evening--Ruth and Jack did not forget, either. As I was calling Ruth to say that I would be out there in time for dinner, and would they meet me at the car -She was calling me, to say that she and Jack would be down to Hermosa that evening to take me out to a fish dinner--something we had been planning ever since I went down there. But my plan was better--I would have a good night's rest before the final

packing on Wednesday. Well--they had a delicious birthday dinner ready for me--Chicken--etc--and a birthday cake with six candles. She asked Herbert and Mame up for the evening but they had another engagement on for that evening---Mame had the date in mind up to the point of making this engagement--"When I absolutely forgot,Mother,and I was so sorry." However,Ruth,Jack and Faith went in to see the Student Prince the next evening,and Herbert and Mame came out and spent it with me. Herbert said "I have given you several roses at different birthday seasons, but I do not know if that is what you want this year. However,I want you to get what you want for yourself." So I had anothe five dollars.

Don't you think it would be a good plan to get two window boxes, buying different plants,but equally good in health and quality,give them equal care,and equal love and tell them to go to it and prove how much they love me? Well,perhaps I don't mean that quite seriously,but would it not be rather fun to have two window boxes to be called by the name of Penfield-representing my two sons and their wives?

The house is lovely--a real home,and we think of giving it a name. "Our-House" is a good one don't you think? That is what we call it--we three. Or should it be written Our-house--or Ourhouse ? It speaks for real hospitality too,for any guest coming,or speaking of going,toOurhouse would just naturally have a warm feeling of welcome,of being at home,you see. Then the name could be tacked up beside the number of the house--and,if we moved to another house,the name could be carried with us,for it would seem to mean the house and not the place. The home of the people living there,rather than the material house,and would be just as fitting put up over the door of any house where we lived. The girls are planning to have it a real ly hospitable home,and they are the happiest things you ever saw.

Margaret is here very little,as yet. She is the one the Jaquas depend on for the real work--keeping the house clean,helping with lunch and dinner and children. Elizabeth gets the breakfast and helps Margaret with the ironing--for her breakfast and room. But she stays here at night,and is here,sometimes,for a while in the afternoon.

Today is "Snow Day," and all of the College are supposed to go to the mountains and have fun in the snow. Our girls wanted to go powerfully, but it meant high boots and two dollars for expenses,and they felt it would be better to put that money into something else. Elizabeth had an invitation to go and her expenses would be paid--but she thou ght it would be better not--this year. So she will be up later to help hang pictures etc.

It has been a long,hard siege to pack and unpack-etc. But I am making a rather thorough thing of it--some things that have not been gone over for years are having a hauling over and sifting out. And I am going to use all the things I have or get rid of them. Just think--I packed all of my dishes and oictures--and not one was broken. Mr Bates charged me $50. for the trucking--and said he was ashamed to tell me how much it was--but his face lightened when I told him that was what I told my son I was sure

it would be. Herbert said."Oh no." when I said $50. but you see,I knew how many boxes and trunks etc.there were to be handled. Then He went to Hermosa for a load,bringing it to Van Nuys and packing the truck and traile on Thursday. Herbert came up to get me Thursday morning about 9.30-- and took me to Hollywood. I took the car there into Los Angeles,and took the Claremont car,reaching here about 1.30--Then there was a long wait with Elizabeth to keep me company and making plans where things should be placed,until about 4.30 the truck came. It was nearly six o'clock before they got away,but a plumber was good enough to come right up and put up the cook stove--Mr Bates placed the beds for me,I knew right where all of the necessities were,and,cheered by the music on the Radio we got our dinner,and had a good time--for both the Sheldons and the Jaquas excused the girls so that they could help me that afternoon. It was as good as a fine play to watch the girls and hear them talk.

Every time Margaret comes up Elizabeth takes her all around and shows her all that has been done and tells all of the things that are being planned--even to the minutest thing. Night before last she brought in Muriel Sheldon "to study literature together." But it was to show the house---I had a fire in the grate--a big one filled with refuse wood that must be burned--(Mr Rich had a lot cut up and put in the garage for us to burn,although I am picking up the chips and pieces on the outside, first--and I have his permission to take down a fence that is something of an eyesore and burn that--)and the girls sat at the table in front of it and did some real studying--after the house was looked over and explained a

and admired. Then last night she brought Muriel and Miss Jean Sheldon to look at the house and hear the Radio. "The Sheldons" are three in number. Miss Sheldon is supervisor of some department in one of the Pomona schools. Her sister, Miss Jean, has been out of school for some three years on account of the belief of weak lungs, but being better, Miss Sheldon has her and her cousin Miss Muriel here at Claremont. It is for them that Elizabeth gets dinner and in them she has found warm friends. And both girls simply adore Mrs Jaqua.

But I am spending so much time with you, and there are so many letters to be written, and this is the first time I have been at the typewriter in about two weeks.

Oh I have so much more I want to say--but it must wait until next time--God bless you all from you and Helen down through the three dear babies, Alice and Tuck---and give my greetings to all who may be asking about me, among our friends there.

Mother.

Claremont
March 25 1926

Dear Children:

Two weeks to-day since I moved into the house--and surely they have been busy,happy,weeks. It seems as if everything and every one is so lovely. Now I do not mean that the few neighbors whom I have met are beautiful,you know,but they are so kindly--they do not wait for a formal introduction--although they are waiting until I get settled before "embarrassing"me by calling--except as they call a"goodmorning"from the street. There are a lot of birds,the air is full of delightful odours, the lawn is coming on beautifully--some of the transplanted things show signs of growth--and the house is very pretty and comfortable. All of the windows are not washed yet,growing things need first attention,you know--and no pictures are hung yet,oh there are lots of things to do--but I am spending afternoons and evenings in making covers for the pillows--they have not been renewed for a long time and they surely needed attention.

Elizabeth faithfully comes up to spend the nights with me, although sometimes she does not get here until late. Margaret seldom gets up here for she is powerfully busy and has to stay with the children so often at the Jaquas. But her heart is all right. Last Sunday Jack and Ruth and the three boys came for a while. They were delighted with everything,and so pleased to see how well settled things really look. I put everything that needs to be done into one room and shut the door

until I go in and take out the next thing to be overhauled. This afternoon I spent in re-arranging the books. Elizabeth and I simply piled them into the bookcases in order to get them out of the way--and I could not find anything. One of the students who has been helping me with the cleaning said--"You have so many books if you should lose a few you would never know it." I said "That is true,until I should want the book--" And today I missed one,and it annoys me,for books are so like old friends--they are living things to us who love them,aren't they?

Well,you see,I have no Priscilla to talk about--but my interests seem to be very much alive,after all. I am alone all day--Elizabeth leaves at six o'clock in the morning,before I am up--usually before I am awake--And I do not see any one--except an occasional workman or a call to a neighbor--until nine-thirty in the evening,usually--Sometimes later and sometimes a little earlier--and yet--I am not lonely,the days are so full of such wonderful things. Yesterday I worked in the garden--digging,and transplanting etc. until noon--and I was not tired at all I felt as bouyant as if I had been having a sit-down visit with some happy person. Today,I did not stay out as long,for the day has been foggy,and misty,and I had plenty of things to do in the house.

Tomorrow the girls and I go to Los Angeles etc. Faith will be all in a flutter. Last week,one day she felt that she had taken a cold--"flu" is the fashion here,too----And she was frightened--Ruth said she took a dose of castor oil,almost took a bath in menthalatum,and went to bed without her dinner--but she felt better in the morning--but it did seem funny

Oh Helen, you must have had a hard time when the children were ill, House-keeping--home-keeping, motherhood--etc. cannot be made a business, very well can it? It is a great big, whopping big, job, that trips up all organized plans, and forces one to neglect here--and fill in there, and keep on smiling and look placid and efficient no matter what is going wrong. Yet it is the most satisfactory way of living, after all. It may seem to take the very life out of one--yet it adds to one's life, too.

I hope the children are all right by now--and Alice too--but I know both wishes are realized.

I have a nice student to help me in the garden--he does not know very much about it, and may tramp on a valuable shrub at any moment--but he is strong, and willing, and a dear. He is much interested in Wilder's years of education--and some things I said about your work seemed to encourage him. He is only a freshman--and you know how many dreams of a freshman get knocked out during that first hard year. "I thought I was going to be a writer--I had so many things I wanted to write about--but since coming here, I have found that I do not know anything about writing." I don't know what I shall do, or what course is best for me." Poor youngster--how much there is for him to learn, like all the rest of us.---Oh by the way--Keep that book of Princeton life as long as you please. I have not yet gone on with the copying, but I am going to do so. Why yes, my Atlantics have been coming right along--but I was surprised to have them write me the other day reminding me that my subscription for this year had not been paid--but as Ray subscribes for me--I do not have

to pay it, and wrote them to that effect--but if they are sending a copy to New York for me---there is where the trouble is. Has it been coming ever since I left there last summer?

But I must get at my pillow--and get my plans made for the trip to the city. Such a lot is to be done Friday and Saturday. But I will write about the results when I return--

Loving you, oh so much, and wishing I could see you,

Mother

Oh I hope Priscilla keeps her red hair — Bless her — how she's growing — I wish I could transplant — some of our spring weather on Wyman.

not seen the light of day for years--and am throwing out and sorting etc. You may receive the old family Bible--Grandfather Jefferson's--some years old now--and has some of the family birth and death entries in it. I wonder if you would like his and grandmother Jefferson's pictures--framed in the old-fashioned oval gilt frames--not much gilt left, probably, I have not unwrapped them for some time.--But I must see to getting dinner--

Claremont
April 4 1926

Loving you all--I have not said half that I wanted to say. I wanted to tell the children about the two little birds that took a bath while I was sprinkling the lawn this morning. One came a took a bath under the spray while I

Dear Children:

When Jack came out Friday to get the girls to take them home for the vacation week, Aunt Elizabeth came out with him. She is now sitting near by sewing on the curtains and listening to the Radio--Yes, I know it is Sunday, but we have had our regular service radio-cast from the Third Church, the one Aunt Elizabeth attends, and we will have some of the articles read from the Journal a little later, and she thinks she is entitled to the privilege of sewing now.----I would rather she waited until I could sew too, for she is to take half the curtains and I the other half. There are twelve curtains and two valances in these front rooms, and they are to be made of this "gold lace" of which I am sending you a sample--rather pretty don't you think?

I went in town last Friday with the girls--while they went their own way I went mine, and bought a new dress, a dark blue Georgette made over a polka-dot silk--dark blue on white-- a pair of shoes, and pinkish-tan stockings, etc. Then I bought some flowers for Faith and had dinner and went on to Van Nuys. Herbert and Mame, Jean and Pat, Aunt Addie, Jack and Ruth and I--with Elizabeth, Margaret and Muriel and their three young men--all had seats in the same block, and good seats too--and Faith was the sweetest thing one would want to see. She was Josephine--the Captain's daughter in Pinafore--every minute she was on the stage--and a very girlish, natural

Josephine, she did not seem to be acting at all--she was Josephine, as Faith, herself, conceived her. Her voice is very sweet and clear and true, but light- Miss Wernlund will not allow the younger singets to sing loud--so that no matter how much they use their voices I do not think there will be any danger of their straining them. He thinks Faith has a wonderful voice in the making.

One of the gowns she wore was one that Corinne Griffith wore in Black Oxen. Both gowns were beautiful. The whole opera was vwery well rendered, and mighty pretty as to costumes. The chorus furnished their own white, serge skirts--parts of costumes they had had before--and the sewing class made them bright red jackets and red broad-brimmed hats--they looked so bright and pretty. Another thing that struck me as rather unusual--the manual training class put up little booths one for each girl--with a wide board for a dressing table, with hooks to hang all of their belongins on--and the sewing class hung white draperies over the frames and each girl had her own dressing room and a sewing class girl to look after things and give her any help she needed. No confusion anywhere, for that was in a big room a floor below the auditorium, and reached by back stairs.

Really the Van Nuys High school is something to be proud of. And the School Board recognize it as taking first honors in its music work. Yes, Jack is some proud--of the school and its teachers etc--but especially of his daughter--his daughters I should say. He has a right to be proud.

Mame was going to shop with me the next day, but Mame is not very well these days, and it was the day of the Hudson picnic at Sycomore Grove, and they felt that some of the family should be there--Jack and Ruth could

Ed. Very steadily - then hurrying and came back with his mouth as straight a little longer & upper lip curled into a half pout. Shelland by the dress until-rolling the dressing one pair of her boots hung through the hotel, at least - with her - mother.

not go--neither could I--so I shopped alone.

I went in town with Aunt Addie that night--Herbert and Mame took us in after the opera -I stayed with her that night,and left the house about nine the next morning. I went directly to Barkers -and that store is one of the sights we will take pleasure in showing you when you come to vis it us. A new building built especially for them--and they have great ambitions in becoming a Los Angeles show place. Well--I told them I wanted to buy a rug--some curtians,a firescheen and some upholstering work--and it was for a rented house and I did not want to pay more than a hundred dollars,and I wanted some one to take me in charge and show me the things that could be bought for that amount. They gave me the head of the carpet and drapery department and he stayed right with me until one o'clock,and was lovely. I bought a 9X12 Axminster rug with a smaller one to match---Much of bright blue--a very certain tone of mauve with gray effects the figures set figures that I never thought I would want to have in a carpet. I bought it to go in the front room using the old grayish-green--pink-roses Brussels carpet that had been left in the house for the dining room. But the new rug dominated everything so that I was in despair and hated it until I thought of putting it in the diningroom and the more refined,retiring old one in the front room,and it balances most beautifully and looks just right. Then I bought these curtains,and some blue and white dotted marquisette for my bedroom and a white with pink dots for Elizabeth's room. Then I told him that I would have to go to May's for the kitchen and breakfast room curtains--for he had none cheap enough- So I bought a $13. fire screen instead of a $7.50--and the bill came to

$104. Oh I forgot the piece of tapestry that I bought as a cover for the bed you made me, instead of having it upholstered as I wanted to do. It is a beautiful piece of tapestry--a quiet mixture of blue--mauve, mahogony and gold-- I was was quite satisfied with the morning's work. Then I did a few more errands- had a sandwich and cup of coffee and met Addie at two o'clock--and bought a twenty-five dollar hat a beauty with all the colors of the rainbow in it but giving the tone of mauve that would go with the bag that Helen gave me, and still tone into my dark blues or black

Then we went to see the Sea-Beast--the story of Moby Dick made to star John Barrymore--and what an actor he is-- Naturally the personal story and the love storywas made first and the killing of whales in general was secondary. Certainly Moby Dick tore that leg off right before your eyes and the blacksmith seared it right there in order to save his life--a little grewsome for a minute or two--but wonderfully realistic, might have been ridiculous with a less able actor, I should say.

We had dinner down town and then went home with Addie gain. In the morning Mr Hames took us to church with him--and just as we finished dinner Jack and Ruth came to take me home on their way to San Diego--a little out of their way--but lovely for me.

They had a fine trip--stayed that night in Santa Ana in the St Anne hotel that is built on the site of the old Dr. Bailey place--then they walked around the old camping ground that was once so familiar to Ruth- and reached San Diego that next noon. Jack's brother Irvine's widow lives there and he wanted to see her--she had never seen any of Irvine's family- They found her very pleasant--the next morning they started for home-- Stopping at La Holla and seeing the beauties there--and going to Laguna and spending that night at Myrta Herbert's cottage with her.

The girls will be gone ten days. Aunt Elizabeth will stay until Thursday and then Mrs Ross will come and stay until Monday. So I shall not be alone.

Friday morning I went, with Elizabeth, to hear the Chapel Choir give "The Seven Last Words of Christ." It was well given--the Chapel is very beautiful--not pretentious at all--and the Dr. Dickenson who read the "Words" that were afterwards sung is the "best Professor in College" and read them beautifully. He is the Dr. of Philosophy here. I was rather glad that my first introduction to the college activities was just that.

I am so sorry that Wilder had a relapse, I do hope you are all as fit as can be by now. But such weather as the Mid-West and East are having, It has been cloudy here for a few days, and some little rain has fallen, but we are promised a right smart drenching this week. I wish I had some way of taking Aunt Elizabeth out and around--but she cannot walk to the car--and twenty-five dollar hats and rugs and things do not make me feel like hiring taxis, you see.

Shall I ever get settled? I wonder--I am never going to move so many things again, and I am going very carefully through things that have

Kiss little Priscilla for me as well as the two dear children whom I know. I wish I could see you all.

Lovingly--Mother

Claremont
April 11 1926

Dear Children:

Before I for get it----- I sent you a little book some weeks or months ago. You have never mentioned it--did you not like it? The title was "Teachers are People." I thought you and some of your teacher friends would see the heart interest in it and perhaps get a few laughs out of it.

As I wrote you last Sunday, the girls went home with Jack as he brought Aunt Elizabeth out on Friday. Elizabeth went right to bed as soon as she got home and slept the best part of two days. Sme infection developed on her legs--it was raining so that Dr Canby could not get out there but by the description given him over the phone he said it might be "hives or small-pox." When he could see it he thought it might be infection due to her cold. The next day he went out and pronounced it something else--I could not get it over the phone---and told her she must not leave the house during her vacation and must rest. Well, she cannot walk, so when she returns on Monday she will come right to me and stay until she is better.

Sunday morning Jack received a telegram from Agnes--you recall the neice of Mother Inglis' who used to leave with them?--saying that father Inglis had passed away that morning and to come at once. Monday morning I received a telegram from Agnes, sent to Elizabeth in my care, saying she had wired her father but had had no answer--

answer---- I sent it on to Jack in Van Nuys--but he had started on the first train, on Sunday. Just why it should have been necessary for him to take that long, expensive trip, I cannot understand. Newton is right there, or near by.

In the meantime Ruth's week has been very full. A dressmaker--getting the three girls ready for another semester. Her voice sounded very cheerful and bright over the phone.

Aunt Eizabeth went home Friday afternoon -Mrs Ross having come in the morning. It rained all the time that Aunt E. was here, and we made curtains etc.--twenty-two of the former, and several of the latter.

She haid such a good time. And really she did look as though she had, when she went away. Mrs Ross and I went to Upland yesterday to see Mrs K. We did not see the Dr. and the talk went so fast while we were there that no one asked or explained where he was. Mr and Mrs Walter K. were there. M ry looked so well and happy. Mrs K. read us the letter Helen wrote telling of Ruth Mary's relapse and Alice's sickness--etc. How she did wish that she had been there, and how much she wishes she knew if she should go right away or wait. It seems that Dr. does not want to sell the place now. We rode over with a friend of Mrs Ross' and came back in the car--The walk up from the car does seem long after one has gone down in a fine Buick. Queer creatures, are we not?

You certainly have had a very trying, hard time. I do hope that you are, every one of you, perfectly well---and may the prophet who prophesys that the flu will begin to grow less and less, in the Fall--be a good prophet. I am sorry to see that Burbank is losing out in his brave fight

for life. Many, here, seem to think that the misunderstanding of what he said in regard to his religious beliefs has had much to do with his illness.

We have had some damage out here from the torrential rains, but more of good will come from them. The burning of the oil tanks is, of course, right serious.

Mrs Ross is interested in making little sales--or I might say buying and selling in a small way--adding a little more to her income as the years go by. She wears short dresses and pretty stockings and shoes has lost flesh, and --if she dared--would bob her hair. The reason she wants to bob it, and the reason she dare not are one and the same. It is thin, uneven, fine, and she has trouble in taking care of it. Because it is thin and fine and soft -would she have more trouble in caring for it to make it becoming? She is trying to keep young like the most of people. She is good company, keeps one humping to disagree with her and still seem not to disagree too much. It is rather interesting to get the different view-points of thinking people, and we all run rather true to form, no matter how much we think we have changed our angle of thought.

She will go home either tonight or tomorrow early. If she stays over it will simply be because she thinks she should not leave me alone, for she had some business to attend to in the morning. The girls will drive the Ford roadster out and keep it here for a while. It is a rather dilapidated vehichle, but it goes. I do not know how long Jack will

be gone. I am having much fun in deciding how I am to spend my birthday money. I brought up a lot of dahlia bulbs--but the underlying rock here is cooling my enthusiasm rapidly. The neighbors are interested in each tall green stake that goes up--they are quite a small forest,already, butare expensive. As I figure it,each stake costs me about twenty,or twenty-five cents in labor. I cannot keep that up much longer,you know. But you see,there are men to work in my neighbors' gardens--men who do not count their labor by the hour when working for their wives,or for their own satisfaction. So -I am considering bir-baths--window boxes------I put my fern out on the orch and the bird-droppings were numerous on it and on the stand--that is cooling my enthusiasm,somewhat,for the window boxes,but I shall get it worked out after a while and in the meantime I am having fun in changing my mind.

Mrs Ross has only two meals a day--as do I--but her hours differ from mine,so I am trying her way of not having breakfast until eleven and having dinner at six. Yesterday I had a cup of coffee and a cookie and worked out in the garage until eleven,moving boxes and trunks and rearranging the packing etc. Did not feel tired or hungry at all. This morning I have eaten an apple,only,did not want to make the coffee--and unless I get my mind on something very exciting and stirring I am afraid I shall want breakfast earier. However,we hope to get a service over the radio and that begins at eleven--so I think I shall sneak the breakfast in rather closer to ten that eleven o'clock.

Tell the children that I have a lovely little Christmas lady made of white handkerchiefs standing on my dresser--She smiles at me in the most winning manner. I have not had her up before--for lack of room.

Kiss the children for me--especially "fat,happy,Priscilla".

Eizabeth wants more than ever to know you all. You are her ideals in every thing. Shall I buy a big car and plan to drive East some summer with the girls? The summer after they graduate---Would it not be fun for you to get to know each other. Mame says--"Why we would not be able to talk their language."Well--your lives are rather different. Wilder William is having great success in a golf tournement that is attracting some attention among the school people here. He is capain of the Hollywood High School team,and is making some good shots.

Claremont Loving you--

April 24 1926 Mother

How Many Mistakes I have made

Dear Children:

I was determined to get off a letter to you this morning without fail-- I was up at 6.30--and have been pegging away ever since--it is past 10.30 now,I am just out of the kitchen--there seemed to be so many things that must be done,there-- and it is time for the postman this very minute. By the way--please put street and number on my letters--for we have the most particular post-office department I ever encountered--for instance,sending a letter in to Los Angeles without putting California on it,is a crime. I have been spoken to both times your letters have come directed to Claremont-California. Of course,to a big city like New York and Chicago,it does not make so much difference--they know everyone there.

Well--"Curtain hanging,gardening and gadding" is right--so is the "good health and good spirits"- and I am keeping them up. Making the curtains for the breakfast room and kitchen now--a sort of a cross between an apricot and orange in color. Japanese crepe for the curtains and Indian head of the same color for the napkins and table doylies. I do not know when I shall finish them---

For the gardening--I bought six roses at Armstrongs for 50¢ each. I asked for good roses that had been well known for years and could be bought for less than the newer varieties-- They were rather low as to stock,so he put in three $1.50 roses to make up the six.One of them being the Los Angeles that I have been wanting for so long a time.Then I bought 4 Foxgloves--a dozen verbenas,half a dozen Statice, something more than a dozen violets,--at another florists,a heliotrope,three Delphiniums,and half a dozen Columbines.Then she gave me fifteen great bulbs of

Callas-- They are well planted, and I have ordered $2. worth of flower seeds to fuss with. The ground is rich but rocky and it took my boy two hours to plant the six roses. But they are well planted. One afternoon this week I had two boys at work--one splitting fire wood for the grate out of old boards about the yard, the other digging etc. They both come again on Monday when I hope to get things in some better shape. The grounds are looking better, and my neighbors look on and cheer me to greater effort--to please them as well as myself.

As for gadding-- I expect Mrs K. told you about the luncheon and fashion show at Mrs Andersen's luncheon last Friday--so I will speak of Cottie's party, which was just as lovely and rather more unique.

The setting for the party was quite beautiful. The Woman's Athletic Club, which numbers 2500 members, have recently built a new building in the heart of the city. The moment you enter the door you forget you are in a city, and especially when you go up to the "Lounge" as they call it (I should say "reception rooms" with several other smaller reception rooms opening off) and look out on the beautiful Italian garden with its big olive trees, Oleanders, lillies etc. etc. The garden is built on the roof of some stores that open on the street below. Little staircases go up from the garden, that lead into dear little balconies with potted flowers or palms, so that there are several quiet nooks looking out on the garden and where one can listen to the music that is often played there.

The reception itself is designed by an artist, and is one great picture without a single detail that could be left out or added to make it more delightful. It is really beautiful, and there is not very much in it, either. A certain old style solid mahogany table had on it a large bronze bowl filled with delphiniums of the different shades of mauve--never saw such coloring--and it so blended in with everything else, that it seemed as if it must always be there. Yet they must fade, in time. There is the setting--as we saw it first. Josephine in a beautiful blue gown with a broad hat that went with it, came to greet us, preceded by her sister-in-law

I went back with them, and Sunday morning I went in town and met Aunt Addie at the Church--where Will and Winifred met us and insisted on our going home to dinner with them. Addie went home and Will, Winifred and John brought me home. Jack, Ruth and the four children had driven out here ahead of us, so they had a good family visit with the two girls before we came.

Elizabeth is still on the sick list. Infection from the throat--it is said. And as Drs. and others seem to think it quite serious, at last she has given up and is trying not to force things in getting back to work. She does not get up in the morning much before noon, and lies on the couch much of the time during the day. The radio is her best friend. She tries to study or sew or write for a few minutes at a time then turns on the radio and shuts her eyes and rests.

But I am not through with the "gadding"--Yesterday I entered society in Claremont for the first. I went to a luncheon at the church where the three church societies united in giving the lunch and an entertainment. I went under the patronage of one of my neighbors--Mrs Hilton--it is her husband who is writing the Life of Cajol, with the assisstance of a Prof. P--dont know the name--who is a Spainard who is anti-Catholic and anti-something else and cannot stay in Spain because of the danger to his life-----Mrs Hilteon had the charge of somethings, so could not stay with me, but introduced me to others who undertook to introduce me some more and find my level.

At lunch I sat beside a Miss Thomas who knows Max and Edith very well. Thinks Patty adorable, and planned to come home from China on the same steamer with them in order to see more of Patty. She is a red-headed, decided individual who, I hope, will see fit to know more of me. We were talking about peace and the spirit of war-She is a pessimist about the German war spi rit--I am an optimist and really think the Germans much like the rest of us - Finally--"Well that sounds very lovely, -but I don't believe it." I shouted, and said, I certainly admire your frankness, Miss Thomas" Without an answering smile she said--"Are you a Christian Scientist, Mrs Penfield?" "Yes", "Well that accounts for it." As we separated I said -"I hope you will love just the same even if I am a scientist"--again, without a smile--That makes no difference, I am braod-minded even if I am a member of an orthodox church."

It was Miss Thomas who read the riot act to Mrs Hilton about the duty of keeping a home absolutely clean--"But if one cannot afford to hire the proper help and one is not very strong?""You should have married a rich man" But what if one falls in love with a man who is not rich?" "You have no right to marry a poor man unless you have the proper amount of muscle." Now is not that rich?

I met some very pleasant people among them a Mrs Mason whose home has always been in Boston. She came out here two years ago, fell and broke her hip on the way out and has never gone back. Her husband is connected with the college in some way, I do not know how -and one daughter works in the Registrar's office, and I hope, and expect we will be great friends.

But now, I think I will do some more gadding about the house---Oh, but say, I cut this little bit from our Harry Carr about bobbed hair to send you. Yesterday it was in my mind as I sat watching the ladies about me. Mrs Taylor with her lovely white bob fluffed about her this face and little neck was lovely--did she know how to do her hair before it was cut? Another dear woman--so homely, her hair drawn back from her poor face that brought that prominent nose into such notice--if her hair was bobbed and fluffed would she be better looking? I think so, for her eyes and expression were soft and attractive. Elizabeth is a Phillistine, too, she does not like bobbed hair--wants hers to grow again, and does not like her Mother's bob--but she is the only one who does not. For Ruth never did her long hair very well, I think. Mrs Hilton is so this she wold look better with a bob--but her husband says if she ever begins to use a make-up he will begin to smoke--so I suppose he would object to the bob, too--would probably desert her. Oh we are all funny people, aren't we? And what a long, gossipy letter--wonder if it will tire Wilder?

But I do hope Alice and the whole family are well by n w and that Helen is getting rested.

pretty little Gertrude whose husband died a few years ago. Gertrude in white--but we did not see her gown and hat for the pleasure of looking into her eyes and hearing her soft sweet voice. Cottie? well what shall I say? Would you have know her? Her bobbed hair had been freshly dressed and curled and formed a soft white crown around her delicate, rather aristocratic face. She was so happy, and received all the guests and her little gifts in a very sweet way. One lady who was there, she had not seen since she was fourteen years old, but they had been inseperable as little girls. They were both quite excited over the meeting. The guests were all well dressed and appreciative.

We went out to one of the tearooms for refreshments--The table was placed so as to look out on the garden, and was beautifully decorated with Cecile Brunners, mostly, great sprays of them. We had several kinds of sandwiches, olives, candies and coffee and tea. The Ice was mint--a beautiful green--and the birthday cake was the prettiest I ever saw. I wish you could have seen Cottie's face when it was placed before her to cut the first slice. It was covered with candied Cecile Brunners and tiny sprays of forget-me-nots, and the tiny pink candles were placed on the plate surrounding the cake. Then Josephine took all who cared to go, all through the building. If anything was overlooked that would be for the enjoyment of the members I did not see it. It was artistic and efficient and cosy and comfy, everywhere. Josephine, when she is worn out, or does not fill up to the mark, likes to go there and get a bath, or a swim, go to bed, and thave her breakfast at a small table near to the garden and go back to work refreshed. How many working women would have gone to all that expense and trouble for an old aunt of 83?

I stayed Friday night with Ruth, and Saturday morning we came in and did some shopping, went to Winifred's for lunch and then to Cottie's party. Jack met us and took us and Aunt Addie to the Forum--and I hope you will see that rather unique screen play-house, some day-- to see Stella Dallas.

such things could be said, and so many people say "Amen" to it. I thought you would both like to see it. I do hope that everything is going smoothly with you now, and that Helen is getting rested, and getting caught up in other ways, and that Priscilla continues to gain. Loving you--

Mother.

Claremont
May 2 1926

Dear Children:

It is well on the way towards ten o'clock and my "family" are not stirring as yet. The family has been increased--for today, at least. Aunt Addie is here--bag and baggage--but Elizabeth will go back to the Jaquas' tomorrow.

Of course, you will not be especially surprised, for changes come fast and bring great upheavals in my surroundings. Here is the history to date. Aunt Addie was not strong enough to do all of the work that Mr Hames wanted done. She finally perceived that such was the case, and told him some weeks ago he must get some one else. He could not be reconciled to her going, and Bobby made a great ruction over it, but she was firm. Now, he has a woman forty-four years old and over six feet tall and broad in proportion who knows the business of house-keeping. Addie stayed a day or two after she came, and told Mr Hames that he had found, she was sure, the right kind of a woman--"But she wont have the pup around, and she can't watch over Bobby as you will want her to do." He said that he could see now, as he had not seen before, that Addie was trying to do the work of two women, and that as a housekeeper she was not in the place for which she was fitted. Then he went on to say that he was going to try and have a home for Bobby big enough for both housekeeper and

mother, and he wanted her to promise that she would come and preside over that home, for no one had ever done for Bobby what she had done. So---- Then I insisted that she come here and get rested. She insisted that my work was with the girls, and that she would not be a "hanger on" any longer. That she would get a room somewhere and look for something else to do. It took the combined efforts of both Elizabeth and me to convince her that E. felt she should not leave Mrs J. before the end of the school year, that Mrs J. did not feel comfortable to have her sleep here and try and do her part there--and that I did not feel comfortable to have E. feel that she must take the long walk at night and in the morning trying to do her part in two places. Now, Elizabeth will do at the Jaquas what she did before I came up---will only spend the hours in the afternoon in study and listening to the radio up here----when she feels like doing so.

Of course, my coming, did complicate matters, but I had to do it in orde to get my things out of Ruth's way so that she could get settled. There are many reasons, too, why it is better that I did come when I did. Addie is here as a guest, until the close of school---but she will go through all of her things--sort out etc. and try and find herself--getsome of her sewing done--etc. etc. and we will see what the summer will do. She will be here until she finds what seems to be her plce, and if this seems to be her place, she will stay here indefinitely. For, until Faith is ready to come the two girls can sleep on the sleeping porch.

That subject made clear--I will tell of the house-warming I had yesterday. I have been working every minute all this week to get the house in proper order--I do not say cleanliness, for there are still windows and

electric lights to be washed--etc. But Many things have been placed in their proper environment, curtains made, and hung etc. May Day is a great day in all colleges, I suppose, and here they crowned the Queen of the May and gave a May-masque--a pantomime of Hansel and Gretal--in the Greek Theatre. That was given at four o'clock. Herbert and Mame brought Cottie and her ~~xxxxx~~ niece, and Jack and Ruth brought Addie, Faith and Katherine Cornwall--a friend of Elizabeth's and the daughter of the man who ~~xxxx the~~ owns the "Crystal Plunge" where Elizabeth worked last summer- - out for lunch. We had lunch somewhere between 1.30 and twp o'clock and visited etc. Then while they went to the Masque--~~xxxxxx~~ Cottie and I visited over the grate fire. It has been cloudy all the week and the open fire was not only cheerful looking but it was sort of comfortable, too. The house looked very pretty and cosy, and every one admired and congratulated us on finding such a convenient, pretty home to reat. Then when they came back we had tea and they went home. Elizabeth had made me promise that she and Peg could be responsible for taking up and serving everything--and that I should have no thought for anyhing but the ~~xxxxxx~~ visting with the guests. And afterwards I was only allowed to put away the extra dishes after they were washed and dried. It was all very pleasant, and the girls are very capable.

But Lizabeth's white face is sort of heart-breaking to us, too. She and Addie are both resting now, however. And I hope they will both look a little more like people when they get up.

But I want to tell you the two latest "funnys" about Deacon.

He and Jean were having a disturbanc--"Well,you can't make me" said Deak. "No,you are already made,and a mighty poor job it is,too." said Jean. With a horrified look and much emphasis Deak said--"Why Jean Penfield,you are talking agains God."
The other---Deak and little Johnny were fighting some little distance from home and a friend of Mame's said to Jornny--after Deak and gone home,"But how did you and Deak come to be fighting way down here by the Forsythes?" Said Johnny--"well you see,I could not run any farther than this."

Now look at the pictured face of Deacon with his enticing smile--and know the lad.

Herbert took your picture,Wilder,the last time he was here and went off by the window to look at it. You did not seem natural to him,he could not see,in that picture of the man who is doing things,the little brother he used to love to dearly. He sort of saddened him,in a way. Yesterday he said,apropos of some thing that Jack saidabout how brothers would become strangers if separated,and that it could not be helped---"Why Mother,you are the only ~~kinkx~~ thing that holds Wide and me together,now." After some strenuous remarks on my part,he said "Do you think Wide would be willing to sleep with me now and have me put my arm around him as I used to do?"
It seemed to be the united opinion of the family that there were just as many brains to be healed out here on the Pacific coast as in New York.
Add,I think it was Herbert who quoted something from Tennyson to the effect that men would go through impenetrable forests--etc.in order to get to the man who had something they needed. I agreed,but- when the Mayos were cited again--I said "Just give him a chance to get his name fully established, and perhaps he will come out here,for neither one of them like New York as a home." Then Mame--"Well,I don't know,if Wide's only brother and sister, as well as his mother,and Helen's brothers and father and mother cannot ~~brin~~ bring them out here for a vacation visit--will they ever come out here to live?" And again she expressed the belief that you did ot talk the same language,and that difference would continue to widen the gulf. And again, her face softened as she spoke of the last time she saw Wide--when she walked arm in arm with you down the stairs just before the marriege ceremony I assured them--that as they loved you two--so did you love them,and that some day the distance between them would lessen and again they would enjoy companionship--for love does not die,in spite of changes in environment.
So you see,you were here with us,in our thoughts,even though we could not see you and touch your hands. You know it is quite a sight to see Ruth with her three girls about her. She looks as young and pretty as any of ~~the~~ them,and Jack is so proud of them.

Wilder William is winning many honors in golf--and has two more cups this past two weeks--The older members of the Lakeside Gold Club are very much interested in his work and feel that he will be their representative amongst the younger exponents of the clubs. Of course,Herbert --well,I ~~cann~~ can't say"grows fat" when he sits by and hears them talk about "the kid" but he does swell with pride,so to speak.

But it is almost church time,and I am to hear the service over the radio. I want to copy an "Appreciation" of Father Inglis--It is not well written--but the thought is there--and it is a fine thing to so live that

The choir sang "Valley of Eden" Thursday afternoon for Bob Inglis' funeral in Bayfield, just as they, or others before them, had sung that song, at his request, for the past 35 years at every memorial program; a formal Knights Templar escort of 19 Ashland business men, who left their places of business at noon; every store in Bayfield closed from 1.30 to 3; Odd Fellows for he was 60 years an Odd Fellow, and was the organizer of the Harbor City lodge--and Blue lodge Masons--(48 years a brother masonO from round Chequamegon bay--paid their ~~respectex~~ last tribute to the grand old man of the peninsula-Bob Inglis, 84, loved by all who knew him.

He died, as he wanted to die-quietly, his heart just stopping its beat. Last Armistice day he, with one G.A.R. brother of Washburn, Mr Thibbideau, planted the Legion tree. Miss Jessie Smith, Bayfield county superintendent, paid tribute to the man who made the first schools possible in Bayfield; Lon Wilkinson, formerly of Bayfield, now internal revenue commissioner at Milwaukee, presided over the Masonic funeral at the grave, as Bob Inglis had desired, and the Masonic trio- Dr. F. Bigelow, Dr Fawcett, J. M. Black, sang.

Little children, old folks in all walks of life, knew him as he was each day, a friend to man. His library, with its rows of books-the prized Stefansson volumes, autographed by the great explorer, the rows of badges on the wall, emblams of the various conventios he had attended -home folks of all faiths--the rooms were filled with loving friends.

And at the grave on the hill, across the vast stretches of north woods pines now laden with spring's belated predecessor, across the waters of the great lake by whose side he lived and whose local custom revenues he collected-in the hush of the late afternoon sunshine, the Legion squad fired its tribute-the reveille--sounded Taps--calling Bob Ingle Home.

1237 Dartmouth Ave

Claremont
May 9 1926

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Mother's Day---and my such good children. What a grateful, happy mother this mother is to have such dear children to send greetings to her. That fact was so impressed on my mind this morning, just after the coming of your telegram, by the coming over of my next-door neighbor with a great bunch of Coreopsis and yellow Marguerites that seemed like a very bit of real sunshine, "Here is a greeting to a mother--as I have no children to send me greetings I would like to add a message to one who has." She has never had any children, but her face was as bright as her flowers as she gave to me her message. Now was not that lovely? Herbert sent me a Mother's Day box of "Artstyle Chocolates--and I think I will retaliate by sending her a little dish of my sweets.----But I shall finish this le tter first--for I find if I stop to do other things, very often the one great thing is left undone.

I wish I could have a warm embrace from all of my children this beautiful morning, but their thoughts are warm with love for me, and mine for them---and what is distance to thought, anyway?

The time is drawing near for Mrs Kermott to be starting on her journey to you--and there again, I shall wish that my presence could go along with her---yet again I shall have need to assure myself that actual

presence is not necessary where people love each other.----It is a good deal like having money,isn't it? Money is the least of all the blessings in life---but it does seem to fill a big part of our satisfaction in life, and presence is the least of the joy of loving,but it does seem to be well worth trying to achieve.

Kiss the dear babies for me--and do it every night when they go to bed--and every morning too,if there seems to be the time in the rushing of getting ready for the day's work.

And that day's work---oh deary me,I have no little children to get off to school,to mend for,make for,and entertain---but still,every day seems so full of little things to do that I cannot find time for the big things I ought to have the time for. I do not seem to fritter away much time in useless things either---and I certainly am not idle -there must be a big leak somewhere--or I would have time for the writing of letters, reading and study. Of course,when Aunt Addie is here,it seems as if she needed me many times when I might be doing other things---perhaps that is my work--the doing of little things to make the homse and garden clean and sweet,the talking to this one--reading to that one--etc.etc.etc.

Elizabeth is feeling better,and I wish you could know her as Aunt Addie is learning to know her and as I have always known her. She is the very sweetest thing--Oh no,no more so than Margaret and Faith are,but she is right here with us now and the others are more in the shadow.

Here she comes now with a friend who is to be here to dinner with her.

Having greeted the girls and sent them on their way of entertaining themselves, I resume my gossip.

Last night--as the guests of Elizabeth and Margaret--although we did not go with them, they having other arrangements--Margaret going with a crowd of girls and Elizabeth going with one of the Glee-Club boys, Aunt Addie and I spent a wonderful evening listening to the Glee Club Home Concert. They have been off on a tour--and will enter the GleeClub contest of Southern California next Saturday--and it seems to me if they do not win in the contest, the winner will be ready for professional work. They were fine--and all seemed to have good voices and well-trained voices and certainly their chorus work was fine.

Each of the Glee-club boys invited a girl and had a certain part of the Chapel reserved for the seats of the girls. I have not yet heard where where they went, or what they did together after the performance--but I can see that they had a wonderful time.

Betty and Elizabeth are going off in the Ford Roadster that Jack has left here to look up a good place for digging some more ferns, and later, when Elizabeth has the time---after finals, I suppose, she will take aunt Addie there with trowel and shovel to get more of them for our fern bed already started by Mrs Rich. I have torn out all of the ivy that covered the front porch and was choking out a Cecil Brunner rose and ferns, and will plant that around the garage and over the stone wall that I shall make a little higher by piling up some loose stones that are in my way. I am making several changes, that seem to be necessary--and am hoping my birthday money will yet go into a bird bath. I want to know a little

more about the technique of building one before I make the attempt, but I am preparing a place for it--gradually.

I have two nice students to help me with the harder part of the work--and they think it great fun--although they are learning rather than imparting knowledge. I shall have to break away this week, however, and go into Los Angeles and make Ruth a visit, have dinner with the Penfields and, perhaps, with Winifred and see some others---if I can stay away long enough. Aunt Addie is getting somewhat rested, although she is not quite up to mark as yet. I hope she will get at her sewing soon, butthe garden calls her, too. She wants me to say that if you want to send her a frame that fits you, Helen dear, she will be glad to make your hat for you. So, if it is not made, by now, and how could it be with all of the things you have had to think about and do, perhaps that would be a good thing to do. I am ashamed that I have not finished your sweater-coat, but hope to finish it and get it to you before your vacation. Where are you going this year? To Boston again? I know there will be a call to go there as you did last year. How is Priscilla and her baby? For she must have one by now? I think you have not mentioned it

ButI must go and see about dinner--for while Aunt Addie wants to feel that she is getting it, I find there is much that she likes to have me do, too. She says she is continually surprised to learn how much she depends on me. Am I to blame? Should I let her go on alone? But she seems so frail--and yet, she is more competent in many ways than I am. However--that will work out all right, too. God bless my dear ones in New York--and whereever they may be, and in all of their thoughts and hopes.

Mother.

Claremont
May 23 1926

Dear Helen and Wilder:

My ribbon is in shreds--or getting there--and I shall have a divided mind while writing this--one half on the letter and one-half on the ribbon-Then if the paper is soiled you will know what is the trouble -I have just written a letter to Ruth, and had to wash my hands before beginning this.

So you have not fully decided about where and how the vacation is to be spent? I hope it will be a good long one and a real one, free from all bothersome duties and responsibilities for both of you.

Mrs K. told me that you had bought a new car, and now--please give me the benefit of your personal experience. You have had the Ford sedan--and now the Dodge sedan--how much better--if any--is the Dodge to the Ford? Would you advise me to buy a Ford or a Dodge? Remember, I want a car to do good work--I am not proud, a Ford is a good looking, and, it seems to me, a good-riding car--but-- would I be justified in buying a Dodge? I can buy the Ford, all right, I think--I might be able to stretch a point and get a Dodge. Does the Dodge ride so much more easily? Is it so much more of an aristocrat, to pay the difference? Does it use more gas? I know it is a good car--it is reliable and I like it--but, the Ford is not bad--and would it not take us to the Eastern coast as well as the Dodge? Mrs Hilton ad I were talking--I said I was to buy a car--probably a Ford. She said they were to buy a car, too--but not a Ford-speaking

quite decidedly--"Then you want to be able to speak of your car rather than of your Ford--is that it?" I asked--"Well, you see we have a position to keep up--and it does not seem to me that it looks well for the head of a department to drive a Ford when his subordinates drive big cars." I laughed as I raised my hands above my head, and swept the horison with my thought and said--Tank goodness I have no position to keep up--I am as free as air, accountable to no one--now do you not really think it would be better for me to have a Ford?" By that time it had come to her what she had said--and she laughed--"Well, if you get your Ford before we get our car I will come and ride with you."

Mrs Hilton does say the most impulsive things--"Our neighbor Mr Barthman thinks you are a wonderful woman--I told him that we were all crazy about Mrs Penfield--but he thinks you are wonderful because you are making your garden pretty--I just want you to understand, Mrs Penfield, that it is not you, alone, that makes your neighbors like you."---" I always expect some remark from her to laugh over afterwards -she is so unconscious of having said anything funny."Well, we think you are a fool to put so much time in a garden--Mr Hilton and I are interested in people-- I said--"Oh the liking to work in a garden comes with age--some call it a sign of old age you know." Then in a few days she was here again-"Well, perhaps when I get old, I will like to work out outdoors--but in the East--ladies did not do garden work--Oh I know they do here" Then again--every morning we look over here to see what more you have done in the garden."--So, as she apologizes every time for the wreck of a garden that they have to show--I know she like to see a pretty garden

All things considered--even now she thinks she is responsible for Margaret's good health and good times--"I am older than she is,Nanean." While Margaret,unconsciously,has always known how to protect herself--by going to bed,if possible--or at least getting off by herself,when she became over-tired. Or letting it off with a good cry--While Elizabeth has a lways kept things to herself--only lettng out her feelings that no one has understood by an increased activity--and feeling sorry for herself, without knowing that was her feeling.

Oh but these three girls are all so different and so dear. Faith is almost seventeen--still a little girl--and so full of thrills over everything,that it will make Elizabeth young to be with her for a while. Elizabeth has not known her younger sisters very well--until this year. She and Margaret adore each other now--but Margaret has always roomed with Faith,and they have been little girls while Elizabeth has felt older than either her father or mother.

But--there are other things to gossip about as well as my dear girls. And what lovely thing do you suppose has happened? I wrote you that Ray had asked his secretary to send me an especial copy of the Journal to kepp? She has sent me--a fresh copy of all that has come in,bound in a loose-leaf cover to go on the library bookshelves with other books. Now is not that a wonderful thing for her to do? I am sure that Ray did not think she would go to so much trouble. But I am delighted.

I hope you got over your cold in short order,Wilder. I wish I coul see the dear new baby. Did you mean to infer that Mrs Baldwin was not ~~gix~~ giving entire satisfaction in the primary school? I would not think that she had humor enough to manage a school--She seems so very serious in her taking of responsibility,someway.

With oceans--Atlantic and Pacific combined--of love for all of you--Is Alice perfectly well again?--

Mother

Whom does Priscilla resemble? _ Wilder or Ruth Mary?

more than she cares to acknowledge. She has two little girls--does her own work--is deep in church socila work,and entertains a great deal. Sometimes students,sometimes teachers,sometimes,and more often--bridge etc. So,I do not see where she would get the time for gardening--and she does not need to--but she feels conscience-stricken,or why apologize so much? Are we not funny,complex,creatures?

Elizabeth still looks so white and under-nourished. She is working very hard to make up all that she missed,and sits up late at night and is up at 5.30 in the morning. One cannot say anything to her--she is a good deal like Jack,resents any interference,you knew---but oh she is the dearest girl--I am thankful for them both that school is so near its close. Margaret,too,is worn out. She has a good deal to do--Mrs Jaqua has four children--is expecting another--and is a very delicate little woman,with a most nervous and exacting husband to look after. They are both lovely to the girls,however. But next year it will be different--I hope.

Elizabeth will,probably,come back for summer school on the 21st. of June. She would rather get a place at the Plunge,as she did last year- "For I want a little more money than Dad can let me have--" But it would be better for her to do some extra work this summer and so have a light course next year so that she can take advantage of extra things--reading etc. without being pushed. She has never had things easy in all of heer life. She confessed that she was frightened to death whenever she was left alone with her mother,for fear something would happen--and has never shown her fear,but has carried the responsibility with a brave face.

out in that direction. I am glad Mrs K. is having a joy-time with you. and I feel sometimes that I shall want to go East before the girls are through here--but I must not dwell on that now. Know that I love you all very dearly--

Mother

Claremont
June 3 1926

Dear Children:

The house needs cleaning--it missed the weekly cleaning last Saturday--and it is time to get dinner--but Elizabeth has kicked over the traces- "Have studied so much I am numb, and need some exercise"--and has induced Margaret to leave her studying and go swimming with her, and Aunt Addie is in town--and no one cares how the house looks, after all, so I am going to write this delayed greeting, come what may.

"What's the matter?"-----Well, I don't know--Aunt Addie and I went in town last ~~Wednesday~~ Thursday and then went out to Ruth's. The next day Addie went to Hermosa to stay a few days with Mrs Rawson--the manager of the apartment where we were last winter, and I stayed with Ruth until Saturday morning--getting home about noon. Then I flew around and prepared dinner for some young people. Ruth Kerr, a friend of Margaret's came out to go to the Senior dance--and to stay over night with Margaret. So, there was dinner to get--the bed to prepare, a little dusting etc. etc. Then the next morning I got my own breakfast and left the girls to their own devices. The three stayed here all night--then Elizabeth went to the Jaqua's and prepared their breakfast--Margaret and Ruth took a ride--and all were here for a ten-thirty breakfast with me--and Ruth went home on the 11.30 train. The two girls and I sort of fiddled away the rest of the day. Some studying for them--and some watering of the garden--for me.

Other girls came in in the evening and a picnic was planned for Monday. Jean Sheldon insisited on my going with them--and as she and her cousin furnished the car--I furnished the lunch--and that kept me quite busy all Monday morning--with some more watering in the garden---for I had neglected that for several days, being away from home.

Monday afternoon and evening was the picnic---and Tuesday I planted and ~~trx~~ transplanted and hoed and watered etc. in preparation of going to town again on Wednesday--yesterday. I needed to have a long talk with Aunt Elizabeth--and bring Addie home on my ticket. So all day yesterday was lost. Then this morning Addie went in town again--and I mowed the lawn, and watered and transplanted some more. These lovely foggy mornings must not be wasted--we will not always have them.---But things are growing. And the garden at Ruth's showed that somebody once upon a time did some work there. It is ablaze with color---and things have grown into a jungle in some places. She cannot take care of it--so it will be hoed, and dug out and pushed back, and lawn added etc.

A garde n is an immense amount of work, to be sure---but I guess it pays. Only--when it is being started, at least, there seems no time for any thing else. However, by the time the summer is over I shall have become settled, adapted, or whatever is the right word--organized, perhaps.

I think I told you that Aunt Elizabeth was quite determined that I take her to board? She is sick and lonely and thinks Addie and I are having too good a time here--she wants to be in on it. I told her very plainly that I could not do it. This house was for The girls and me--and I did not think it was treating them fairly to fill it up with older

people--it was for them. that I was out here and away from Ruth. That it was quite necessary now that Addie should have a room here, and she knew the extent of the rooms---I could not take more from the girls. Yes, she knew it--she appreciated the situation---but she did not want to be alone--and she did want to be with me--etc. Well, I would like to make her happy--I would like to give her comfort--but, after all, I cannot distribute myself too much--and my hands seem ~~fairly~~ fairly full as things are now.

How do you like Herbert's picture. We had some fun over it--I had been teazing him to have a picture taken for me--for I did not have a decent one of him that I could show to anyone--The camera men were taking a pictur of the "Penfield-Forsythe building, and insisted on Herbert's having his picture taken--The sun was in his eyes--and they have rubbed out all of the lines that have accumulated in his face---However, when I said "Thank you, I am glad to have this"--he and Mame shouted--for they thought it a great joke---Then Ruth came in and said"Oh what a horrid picture" Later, Jack saw it and liked it----I brought it home--and Elizabeth hated it and Margaret liked it--and Addie scorns it. Every one says yes or no-the minute they look at it--there seems to be no argument about it in any one's mind.

We had quite a "talk-fest" about my buying a car---Herbert argued against it. "Do you know how much the upkeep will be?""Can you afford it?" and so on---Finally I flared out with something like this--- I know that I am seeking trouble when I get a car--but I want a car. Jack has been dear in taking me about with them, often leaving some of the family at home that I might go with them--and I want a car of my own. I want to take trips

about the country and I don't want to be carried about by Jack any longer. I want to be independent. I expect I do not realize how much a car costs to run--but I do not see why I cannot pay the cost as well as other people. Others with many more in the family, many more to dress and feed than I have, and having no more of an income than I have, can keep a car--why can I not do so? Elizabeth is coming out here for summer school, and I not only want a car--but I want it now. I don't care if it is a Ford or Dodge, or whatever you think best for me to have--but I want a car.

Herbert raised his hands--and said--"Well, if you had talked like that in the first place, there would have been no argument." --Now, Why? I did not find out. Only this--Herbert said most emphatically--But if you do get a car, remember this--you are not to learn to drive it. That was an easy thing to promise--I do not intend to drive it--neither do I intend that Addie shall learn to drive it, although she wants to do so.

Also there was a great discussion about the girls and my driving to New York in the car after they finish college work. Until Mame said--"Herbert, never mind that now, there is time to talk that over later." Then he asked me to wait a little while until he had had the time to look over the field a little. I shall wait a few days--and then go in town and out to Lankershim, I think.

I have not written you much of anything but family gossip--but perhaps you will be well enough pleased to be let in on the daily discussions. I do not usually mind getting my dinner--but there is so much of confusion out there in the kitchen and in the cupboards and corners that it does not appeal to me, although my appetite begins to draw my attention

"tow-hee"--spelled as pronounced, I do not know the name--is the most inveterate bather I ever saw. He goes into the water and sits down and soaks. Another bird coming along has to wait until he is willing to leave--and sometimes he sullenly and slowlygets out and hops on the grass and waits unt l the second bird gets through and then goes back to his soaking. The tow-hees are quite numerous and very friendly and tame--but it is said that it is impossible for a cat to catch them. I must get me a book on California birds, and make the bath still more interesting.

Claremont
June 13 1928

Love to Mrs K.---to the children and you. Tell Alice that I hope she wont love Priscilla too much.

Dear Children:

Your Mother

I am sorry that I did not send this letter back the last time I wrote---hope it is not too late, for you to answer her---inviting her to spend some weeks with you?-- What -No? But as I recall you became very warm friends, after I left Oxford--No?--- But then, she has evidently forgotten any little annoyances that happened in Oxford, and would you deprive her of having a good, free visit in the great city of New York? You have two cars now, and Helen could devote herself to her entertainment this coming hot summer. You know there are many things they would love to see, and Donald could help you by conversing with you in French--Still, as I read over Helen's short note in regard to the letter, I seem to read in it a sort of hint that Mrs Blencoe is not going to have an invitation to New York--strange--but I think I am not mistaken in my understanding of your words, my dear?---------But for goodness' sake what use is it to keep American boarders if you can not make use of them when you are having the time of your life in seeing new sights?-I amd afraid you will be ranked as among the "quaint people" of America. Let us hope that she will find some more modern friends who will be glad to help her on in her very laudable ambition of seeing the world.

Now that is what I think of the letter--and I will let her rest in peace, as far as I am concerned--unless you hear from her again.

I have entered the running--I have entertained my neighbors. I gave a little tea yesterday, and found it very pleasant. Aunt Elizabeth was here--I had gone in town last Thursday and brought her back with me--and there were seven of us--two could not cmme, at the last moment, and we visited, became better acquainted, and then I had them draw their chairs close around the small diningroom table which was very pretty with silver, linen and pretty dishes, and I served sandwiches--shall I tell you about the filling? We all want to know of anything new, and this filling developed as I went along. The milk-bran bread I had ordered did not come and the bread that did come seemed too strong for the chopped-nut, cheese and mayonnaise that I had planned---- I had some tomato jam that seemed to fit it better so I buttered the bread, and put on slices of Kraft cheese with the jam--and it was quite perfect. Then in the white bread I had planned cottage cheese and jelly--I did not want two sweet kinds--so I sliced some Dill pickles quite thin and put with the cheese and mayonaise and it was the favorite sandwich. Then we had some of our baker's maccaroons which are very good and different from the ordinary, and a delicious layer cake--with a frosted filling made of white and brown sugar and marshmallowwith the egg whit, that Addie made. Olives--candies, tea and coffee. Everything was good, but a funny thing happened when I tried to pour the coffee. I had been in quite a hurry and when I poured out the hot water I had put into the coffee urn to heat it up, I did not wait for it to run out through the nozzle but poured it out from the top. Therefore, I did not discover something that never happened before--the

coffee absolutely refused to come out except in a tiny little drizzle that made but little impression in the cup. I finally took it to the kitchen, poured out the coffee and tried to work it out--but it was taking time so I triumphantly went back with the pot in which the coffee had been made--it was clean, and white and looked a heap better than the silver one that would not pour--for the coffee was fine. Later, I took my tiny percolator brush and by bending the handle sufficiently managed to push out the obstructing grounds--and such a cleaning out as ensued. I had left the cleaning out to some one else--when it was put away the last time--and yet - that does not account for the grounds being there, either. However, we had some sport over the matter, and I think they all enjoyed their tea better for the laugh.

The really great quest on that was on the tapis -there is always some question to be settled, you know, was just what action I was to take on going into church work. You see, I can--I have -and they know I can, and why not?----- On my side--the "Hathaway" ladies have been kind, I want to become acquainted with Claremont people not alone on my own account, but for the girls' sake. All Claremont is college--and church. No other social life--Oh there is the Woman's Club, but I cannot go into that work. I do not want to do any outside work--I cannot now. I have my hands full. I do not go to church here--I am not connected with the college. Herbert fired up in a very decided way when I spoke to him about it. "You tell them that you have always done church work, that you have done your share and that your children wont stand for your taking it up again"--and

several other remarks. Mrs Mason--the little Boston lady--was here and expecting an answer--she wanted me in her division.

So--finally, when it came in all right, I said--after telling what Herbert had said-- Some of you know that we are Scientists, and so I shall not meet you in church, it is not best for me to get into church work for several reasons--but I do want to know the Claremont ladies--you Hathaway ladies have been kind enough to give me a greeting--will you care enough to know me under the existing circumstances?----- Then it was arranged that I should have my name on Mrs Mason's list---that I would attend the teas--that I would do something towards the giving---but absolutely no work should be required of me. Mrs Mason was satisfied--and they all seemed to think Claremont would accept me, that I should find friends.

And that is over. They know my position--and it is up to them to accept my offer of friendship or leave it.

Aunt Elizabeth will be here this week only--for Elizabeth will be back for work next week. I saw Herbert on Thursday and the buying of a car is in his hands. Whether it will be a Dodge or a Ford--I do not know. No one knows better than he just what my financial standing is--and we talked over all sides of the question. "Will you be satisfied if I should finally send you out a Ford?" Certainly I will--I would like the Dodge on many accounts--but the extra $400. would bind me a little. The next time I write I may know just waht it will be, perhaps I shall be the owner of one or the other by that time.

The bird-bath that I had put in as coming from my two Penfield families -cost $7,05 --Three dollars will go into plants. And nothing that I could have bought could give me the pleasure I am getting from this bath for the birds. How they do enjoy it. A brown bird, called a

Claremont
July 4 1926

Dear Children--and the happy Grandmother who is with you--

I suppose you are well settled in the camp for the next month. I wish I could look in upon you this bright morning. It is almost time for the Sunday morning Radio concert from the First Methodist Church to begin. I turn the Radio on at that time--10.30-and then Aunt Addie and I know that we have a half hour before time for service.

The radio is still a joy that would be greatly missed, should it be taken away. Elizabeth feels that she cannot study properly unless she studies to music. When the talks begin, she used to turn it off, but lately she has determined to learn how to concentrate her attention on her work so that conversation or lectures will not interfere---which reminds me that she is probably related to a young son of mine.

I think I told you that I am copying the letters from Oxford? It wouod be a good thing if Helen could copy hers, too, I should think, for I am continually conscious that there are gaps that must have been filled in as you wrote to her. I am, more than ever, amazed that you could still write to me as fully as you did, when you were writing her the same long letters at the same time. Wilder, dear--you are and have always been, a wonderfully thoughtful and loving son.

One day, after copying for some time, I caught myself feeling a little sad because the seeming closeness of our relationship was not

quite what it had been--and suddenly I laughed--How silly--there is no past nor future- Life is one grand whole--and I have you still,as I have always had you,even though it seems as if our attention to the details of living was being absorbed in separate lines. Our understanding of each other,and our sincere respect for each other has never abated,and never will abate. You are deep in the study of a search for Truth--so am I--and we are giving our daily attention to that search--we are taking separate paths,just now,but we will meet before our search is ended--if we are true to ourselves. Also--Your life has been enriched by wife and children- Mine has been narrowed to other interests,yet are as insistent of my daily care. Separate threads we are weaving in Life -but it all belongs to the same pattern---and our love and understanding can never grow less.

I read the other day--something like this -A man is happiest when he has others depending on him--especially if five or six of them call him Dad.— ?

I hope to have a letter soon telling me all about your camp - I hope you and Helen are both egtting the best kind of a change and rest.

I expected Ruth to come up here for a vacation right after the Fourth--but Jack is so tired and nervous that she is "going to take Jack away for a few days for a rest,first". Just where they are going and when I do not know. It will be a short vacation for he begins work at the Summer night school,in Hollywood,on the 12th. He wants to get some special work--and by taking night work,he can find himself "a job" for daytime. Last summer he worked with a painter in repairing the city schools and found it was not only helpful in paying summer expenses,but

his physical well-being was improved, it was such a complete change. The "boss" told him if he wanted to come on the work again he might do so--and that is probably what he will do.

Earnest and Mary are expected on Wednesday of this week--for a visit of some weeks--they hope. In order to get us all started in seeing them and making plans for entertainment, Winifred had planned a family picnic at Brookside on Friday--but Herbert and Mame took Wilder up to Del Monte for his summer training camp, and had planned to spend two weeks there for their vacation. They wont be back before next Saturday, doubtless, and did not want the picnic to come off while they were gone--so I suppose the picnic will be the first of the week following.

I do not know when I shall see them, for, altho I have a car, I have no chauffeur at present. Elizabeth being in Santa Monica with her friend Gertrude and her new baby. I shall have a full house, I suppose, in August--but with Margaret in the Yosemite and Elizabeth away, it will make July a quiet month. I hope we can get some things done during this month. There are so many things that have been put away waiting for a more convenient season---Galahad history--the making up of kodak books--as well as your letters.

Do you realize how very pro-German you were in the beginning of the war? The idea that such was the case never occurred to you until you were visiting in New Forest---but it was a surprise to me long before that time--as I re-read the letters. Evidently we have forgotten

that the sentiment in America had to be changed completely before they were ready to go into the war.

It is hard to know, sometimes, if parts of the letters should not be left out. I try to copy what may show the development of your character-the impressions on your mind of England and Englishmen--and the names of the people y ou meet--~~but~~ there are other things that I would copy if the letters were for me alone---but they are meant for your children, more than anything else.

I was horrified, yesterday, to realize that I had let Wilder Jr.' birthday slip by without remembering it. I was thinking of how near Ruth Mary's birthday was--and it came over me what I done.~~133~~ I seem to be so detached, up here, and so full of the business of living that many things slip out of my mind, I find. I am awfully sorry. It would be easier if he were older and could understand how it might have happened.

The only thing I can do now--is a very, very little--for my bank account has been brought down to its lowest ebb, and I have not been able to catch up, yet. I am sending a check for two dollars--will you change it into two of the brightest silver dollars that you can find, and put one at each place--on Ruth's birthday, together with two letters that I shall write to them? I will write the individual letters very soon and they are not to open them until on Ruth's birthday ----then they can think of the far-away- grandmother togethr.

I am knitting another baby blanket--this time for Mrs Jaqua--the girls were delighted when I proposed doing it for her. She has been very lovely to them---and is a dear little woman who seems to have the faculty of pulling on one's heart strings.

I suppose it is the thing to do to go in town and see the Minneapolis Macs. very soon, but--well, I guess I am plumb lazy---as well as sort of busy. I wonder why I cannot write and have them drive out here? I shall begin to take advantage of my seniority, pretty soon, and expect the younger generation to do the running--not because I cannot do it, still--but because I have done my share of it and do not want to cheat them out of the opportunity--See?

I love you all very dearly--

Mother

Claremont
July 12 1926

Dear Children:

A beautiful, cool, bright, morning--having had an early fog that was beautiful for transplanting--I took advantage of it to do a little more--and did a little watering and a little reading before breakfast. Then I got breakfast--and read a lot about the Aimee McPherson case--started my irrigateing, did the dishes and made my bed--and it is not yet 10.30--and the irrigating is dividing my time and thought for the coming few houra.

I wonder if you hear much of the McPherson case--I am sure Sister K. will be interested, for Aimee is a power here in Los Angeles--Opinions vary out here, and feeling runs high, between those who do not believe her story and those who do--and those who claim to be neutral. Like many other questions, if one is interested, I do not see how he can be neutral. He must take sides. But here is a woman who has, all alone, without any help from other churches, as evangelists always have, built up a wonderful church of her own--spiritually and materially--for she has, herself, built the big Temple and is building a big Bible school in connection with it. She has been preached against, and talked against--and has made no answering fight, because she "is too busy saving souls"--and she has been doing that, all right, even if she is noisy about it, and says and does things that go against the grain of us conventional souls

who are not capable of getting the results that she has.

There can be no motive--that I can see, in her planning a big kidnapping--or lying about what she did in getting away from her captors. That she has been seen in various places since here first disappearance seems such a silly thing--for she is too smart not to hide herself--if she did not want to be seen--for no one knows better that she, that she cannot step out on the streets and not be recognized--for there is no face, no voice that is as well known as hers. She is too big a personality to hide. She does not need advertising--and that she is perfectly sincere in her work--cannot be doubted for a moment--so it seems to me.

I liked what Harry Carr said about it--"It is astonishing to see the eagerness with which the public seems to hope for the worst in the case of Aimee McPherson"--then he commented on the different attitude of the public in the case of the disreputable hammer murderess, Clara Phillips--a fiend, absolutely, yet flowers and sympathy has been showered on her before, during, and since her sensational trial. Then he contrasted the lives and influence of the two women.

Yesterday Ruth and Jack were here for dinner. Jack has not been feeling well since school closed. A severe attack of his old trouble, indigestion.

So he and Ruth went off for a few days' change of scene. With no plan as to where they should go--just wherever the spirit should move them. On their way home yesterday, they came to Claremont--found the house locked and the car gone. Therefore they concluded that we must have found a driver somewhere and gone to church---yet for some reason they went to Pomona to look us up at the church.

They found us--and found two women who were mighty glad to see them--and their Ford.

~~and their Ford~~ Aunt Addie and I did go to church, but we went in the trolly and were dreading the walk up the hill on our way home.

"But where is the car?"--"In the paint shop". "In the paint shop, why what on earth has happened?"---Only this--The painter came to stain the garage--should have done so months ago. He began his work before I knew he was here--At last it came to him that something might be wrong-and he came in to ask if there was anything of value that the spray would injure--There was---and it had-- The car was all sprayed with a brown ~~spray~~ stain. For the garage is not a tight, trim affair that is impervious to outside conditions. It is an old barn that is not worth a new roof until it is torn down and re-built. Well, the poor man was terribly chagrined--and is willing and anxious to make it perfectly all right---I hope he succeeds.

You think it foolish to buy a Ford since the Dodge prices are so low? And yet, the difference between $1200 and $800. is quite considerable when one has a very limited amount of money. Of course, I am immensely proud of having a Dodge--never did expect anything quite so good and will be glad and more proud when it is all paid for. I borrowed $400. of Aunt Addie. She was getting 4% in the bank--I will give her 6%-and that is better for her.

Things are slow here--nothing doing, but that does not bother me, for I have oceans I want to get done. By the way--I do not believe that I explained to you, Helen, just why I sent that spray for your hair?

I was in Robinson's, along last winter, sometime,--when I expected to have your sweater coat finished in time for March 8th. and saw a pretty girl fitting one to her head. It was so becoming, and I suddenly saw one on your head--I spoke to her--we consulted together--and she bought one and so did I.-- I hope you will find it fit in sometime.

As for the sweater--the same pattern was sold at Robinson's for $25. They have no fastening--left to your own discretion and taste-I judge. I think you will need to do smme catching in order to fit the collar where you want it. I hope you get a lot of pleasure and use in it. I know it is not the shade that I was to use in replacing your old one--but I could not resist this.

Yes, Pomona College has had some money given for a Girl's college--but they are after two million--in order to build a man's college.--So their desires outstrip anything in sight, at present. Mrs Scripps gave 250,000 and a lot of land for a woman's college-- The land is not just where they want to build now-- so they are cutting it up into lots and leasing for a term of years for fine homes, and so providing an income. In the meantime they intend building a woman's dormitories--right opposite the place we are renting, I believe.

Oh I do hope you will all get a good rest and be ready to take up the regular routine of living with renewed energy. I hope Alice has the best kind of a time. How I do want to see you all.

With love--Mother

Florida--but I have not heard from Cousin Florence for months--and do not even know where she is. I had a letter from Cousin Helen Sanford saying winifred's mother was very low-- I must write immediately-I know.

With love--

Mother

Claremont
July 22 1926

Dear Children:

Yes, the Dodge sedan is a nice car--but we find our car is not a very good climber--and that is what I want to have in a car, for there are many hills to climb--in my program for the car. Perhaps it is because it is still stiff in its joints. It may climb better as it has eaten up the miles. How does yours do in that line?

I think there is something I want to get off my mind before I go much farther--it may be that it is because I have been digesting and questioning, rather than because there have seemed to be so many things to take my time, that I have not written until the last of the week. At any rate I have given this much thought.

As you know, I have been copying the letters of 1915 and 16. The time you were in Oxford--and the Sussex.-----You will recall that there was some misunderstanding between us at that time? I did not send you a cable--as almost every one else did--and when you did get a letter --it was the third one I had written and the other two did not come until a later boat? Take it all together you had quite the right to feel that your mother was taking it altogether too easily and quietly.

Of course, the letters could be easily explained--but I have never been satisfied as to why I did not cable--Of course, you thought it was a feeling of jealousy that your cables were sent to Helen--instead

of to me--and I let it go that way, as I could not explain it to myself. I knew that the feeling was hard to meet--that your first thought was of her rather than of your mother---but, at the same time, I knew it was most natural, and it was my own private matter--a matter that every mother is obliged to meet and settle for herself--and I would not have it otherwise even though it was hard for me to learn to adjust myself. Also, I knew that a mean feeling of jealousy would never have kept me from cabling---- if I had thought of doing so. Why I did not think of doing it was the question that has bothered me. So--in reading over your letters, and from them reconstructing my state of mind at that time, I think I have found the correct answer. I know I have never been meanly jealous--so there must have been another reason.

In my trying to puzzle out the answer I have never taken a full look at my own personal condition that spring. So please get the proper setting with me. In the first place-- I had sent telegrams--I had never had occasion to send cables---You seemed beyond my reach, if beyond a telegram. I had not lived with people who sent cables-- I received none to myself-- alone--to make an impression of the possibility of my being in touch with you, personally--- No one about me was sending cables--While Helen was in the midst of the excitement of others' suggestions etc---I was quite alone in a way that would be hard to understand except by one who knew the situatio at Galahad--as you know it.

We were quite isolated--Herbert did not realize that I might need suggestions along that line---- and I was even more isolated in my isolatiom than was usual--for I was sick. In February--the second week--Dr.

Kermott ordered me to bed--to see if the habit of insomnia might not be overcome by absolute rest. He went away, on vacation, and Dr. Livingstone (I think it was ~~the one~~ he who was in charge)--carried out his orders--of keeping me in bed. Seven weeks I was in retirement-- and it was during that time that the Sussex met with disaster. My brain was not working at full power - I was quite self-centered--I did not work in tune with other minds!---After my retirement I began work with Dr. Parker to see if insomnia and extreme nervous tension might be lightened. And then began my long fight with eczema. Dr. Kermott- -and you--Dr Cook and all the doctors of the Twin Cities who thought they knew something about it--had their opportunity to prove it.-- A month in the St Paul hospital in October---insomnia----pain--wretchedness-- and not a little worry. Then came Baltimore--and I went to every oneand followed all instructions that were suggested---------- No, I was not quite myself that spring-nor for many years afterwards. In fact, Helen has never known the real mother Jean--did you every think of that Wilder boy?

Now there is another rift in our entire confidence-- Only it is on the other side now. I am coming into health and peace---and you are feeling a little jealous of the change. You are incapable of a mean feeling of jealousy---therefore, I know that it is simply an adjusting of yourself to the present conditions. You want me to be happy and well--but you can not, yet, reconcile yourself to its coming to me in a way that seems to be against your thought for you and me. If you stop to think of it fairly--you will not feel as you do now--you will not feel, and say, the little stinging

things you do now. For just as you have always been so dear, and your sympathy has been so necessary to me, so it is now. You and I have been peculiarly close in our understanding of each other--I miss it very much now. But I do not blame you that it is so. You do not understand what it is that is doing me so much good--Sometime, you will get over the hurt feeling and will say "Mother--explain this new religion to Helen and me--we want to know what it is that seems so wonderful and true to you--" You would do that about anything else--you would want to understand my viewpoint--even if you did not accept it.

Mrs Eddy was asked "Is healing the sick the whole of Science?" This is her answer----"Healing physical sickness is the smallest part of Christian Science. It is only the bugle-call to thought and action, in the higher range of infinite goodness."------ You do not like the sound of the bugle-call and so do not try to find out what the call is for--Do you see?

There--I hope I have written this so that you will not feel uncomfortable, but will try and not feel that I am not interested in all that interests you. Suppose that you try and forget that there is any difference at all in our view-point of life--and just remember that I am your mother--the same old mother who has loved you so dearly all of these years.-----

I do hope that Ruth Mary is well again--and that you did not have need of Holt for the whooping-cough. I want to know about the birthdays-too.

Earnest and Mary are here. Tuesday the Ingli--the Penfields, the MacQuarries--and the Claremont trio--for Elizabeth came home to drive the car--had a picnic--all day--at Brookside. That is near Pasadena--and with all sorts of things for the children to do. Elizabeth and Jean are both taking swimming to the nth. degree in school and they practiced life-saving all afternoon, to the delight of all the rest of them.

Tomorrow Ernest and Mary and Winifred and Will are coming here and I am to take them to Riverside to the Mission Inn for lunch and a general look around at all the Inn has to show. I expect Mother K. will be able to tell you how much there is to see there. Then they come back here for a visit and supper--and then go home by moonlight.

A week from tomorrow they give Ruth a visit. I am anxious to take Elizabetharound a little so she goes with us tomorrow and I am planning some other trips for her. The last week in August Faith and Jean will spend a week with me---I wonder how I shall entertain them-------- For Elizabeth will be home then. (in Van Nuys)

She and Aunt Addie are playing cards at the table beside me. It has been pretty warm--I would not choose Claremont--any more than Van Nuys, for a summer resort-- But we are getting along all right. We usually have a glorious breeze.

With so very much love for you all--tell Ruth Mary I loved her letter and will answer it some of these days. Do you know I am wondering about the Clagues--I hope they have not been caught in the break in

Claremont California
August 8 1926

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Such a long,long,time since I had any word from Helen---but,it is all right,someway I know just why I have not heard--must have been there,myself. So,while I miss your angle onthe home life,I am still willing to wait until it is easier for you to get the time to write.

I was so shocked to hear of the going of Max Chaplin--When you hear more of the details,and what Edith is going to do--let me know,wont you? It seems quite possible that she and her mother might come back here to Claremont--and yet,one brother is in the Orient--and perhaps not,at present.

Ruth and Margaret have been with us for a full week--coming last week Friday night and going last night,when Jack and Bobs came out for them. Ruth has done some sewing,and more resting and visiting.She is the same dear,sweet girl she always was--but there is more of her than there used to be--you would be surprised,I think,to see how fleshy she has grown.

We agreed that your last letter,Wilder,was about the best you have ever written--because you spoke,for the first time,as though you would really like to come out to visit us--and that you had actually been considering the possibility of making the wish come true.----Well,"You know me,Al"--and know that I had no more than read the letter through before I

began planning,too. Planning how I might rent a big house on the beach,next summer--big enough to accommodate your family and mine--at least,and then how we could have the others down--and how we could go to Lankershim--and Van Nuys--and wherever the Kermotts were--unless they were right there beside us--,for I ceryainly accept your offer of acting as my chauffeur -and I could visualize the wonderful time we would have together---for I must confess that I get very,very homesick to see you, and long to have you come out here where we can all have the joy of a visit with you all.----Keep right on thinking of how it can be worked out.

No,I have a blue-bodied Dodge too.--But you know the express out here makes cars about $100 more than East of the Rockies.--I expect that accounts for the difference in price.

Today is Elizabeth's and John's birthday. So the whole Ingli family are together--for almost the first time this summer. And I expect the MacQuarrie are also celebrating somewhere. Earnest and Mary sail for home via Panama tomorrow. And then Winifred will be deep in the moving--I told you they had bought a new house in Hollywood? They are very happy in the idea of getting settled in an home of their own.--But I don't want you to have one--just yet,you know,for I cannot give up the hope that some day,when the hospital--and Lab. have given you all that you can gain from them that it will seem to be the best thing for you to come out to this wonderful Western country.---Yes,I surely do want to have you nearer me-----

Write a history of Galahad? I did not say just that, did I? Did I not say that the children wanted me to do so?----Tell the exact truth about it, you say--Well, what is the exact truth? Are actual facts truth? Telling the actual thing a man says and does does not give you a true picture of the man, does it? Do not those facts have to be idealized somewha to give you the real man? The hopes, desires, aims of the man give the idea of his character rather than the actual facts--is not that so? And the history of Galahad is woven into so many lives. Was it a failure? I think one would have to know what has come into the lives of all the teachers--and the boys--especially the teachers--as well as to the growth of the three families more closely connected with the venture, to determine that---And when I look at what it meant to just you and me, right at that time, dear boy----No, facts would be deeply colored, could not help being.

However---I shall never wirte it. Ruth urged me quite strongly to put it in the form of a story or stories--- But my time and thought and energy have been mortgaged for the coming few years--and that writing must be given to others, if it is ever done. Ruth would like to do it hersel but it seems to me it would be quite the thing if we had a symposium of stories of different kinds and by different members of the family, given to Ruth's girls and have them write up the stories--as their own and hand in as English work in their school life--and then, if any one of them wanted, later, to bring them out more fully they would have their material collecetd. I have offere to copy into one book all their

stories--and keep for them. I think that would be all I can ever do--I have given up my hopes of story-writing. Certainly, it was a struggle to do so--perhaps no one knows how much of a struggle it has been--but it is done, and I am free from that obsession at last. I know I can be useful here--and that this work I have on hand is the work needed now. The other was always a question, you know.

The radio is giving the Park Board Concert--brpadcast for all the city parks--and so in our homes as well---and it is such mighty good music--I am not sure that I have spelled all of my words right--or finished all my sentences.

Tomorrow we are expecting Faith and Edna Brocksieper--the little maid next door to the Ingli and who is devoted to Faith--out to spend a week with us. The visit with Faith and Jean fell through--and Edna was not planning a vacation, and she is overcome with joy to be invited with Faith. Then next week Faith goes to Sanata Barbara with another chum to visit the third chum.--Then we will be alone, I expect, until school opens, for I have insisted on the girls not planning to be with us any more until then. They want to be all together at home, and should be---although any one of them will be glad to sacrifice herself to make it lovely for their grandmother. I do wish you knew those three girls--they are wonders--and no discounting it.

Loving you all so very, very much--

Mother

Loving you all---Mother

Claremont
August 22 1926

Dear Children:

It was good to get a postal card from you, Helen--and shall be glad when the rush times are over for you and you will have time to write real letters again---but will that time come soon?-- You are going to let Alice go? Oh dear--and yet, I do not doubt but that will be a wise thing to do, too. But it seems hard to find maids who really care for you as human beings---yet Alice is, of course, not the only one in the city that will fill a place with you. But------I am just wondering if it will not mean a house maid and a nurse girl. That is what you will really need. My best hopes are for you.

And Wilder weighs 193 stripped. Well I am mighty glad there is one member of my family who has the good taste to weigh more than his mother. I glory in you, son.

I expect there are many things that I should have written in the attempt at a family biography, and did not. I do recall that I did not tell you of some of the causes of death. Great-Greatfather Jefferson died of dropsy, supposed to have been the result of becoming over-heated in working on a lot he had bought and was clearing of stumps--~~although~~ and the drinking of icewater--although that was in the summer and he died at Christmas time. I do not know the cause of death of his wife.

Your grandfather Jefferson--as you know just went to pieces because he

was worn out-- so Grandmother Jeff rson--and grandmother Graves. I do not know what was called the cause of Grandfathe r Graves death--but he had most distressing hiccoughs for two weeks before his death. Uncle Alva, I do not know--Aunt Helen,or Aunt Nell,as we called her, a chronic bowel trouble. I think I told of all of the others?

I am sending a pretty good map of Los Angeles--showing how Van Nuys and Lankershim lie in the San Fernando valleyShowing where lie the several beaches you have heard of--Hermosa is a mile or two Northof Redondo. To reach Upland and Claremont from Van Nuys one goes to Burbank--Glendale--Pasadena past Sierra Madre--and off the map. That San Fernando Valley is a wonderful valley--none better out here.

Aunt Addie goes in to Van Nuys tomorrow to spend a week with Ruth,while Faith is making her visit in Sanat Barbara. I will enclose Ruth's letter telling of their accident. Miss Martin is a Scientist--Jack says--"What chance have I with a wife,a mother,an assisstant principle,and a secretary all Scientists. But it seems quite a wonder that they were not seriously hurt.

Why have I given up the thought of writing? Just because it has seemed impossible to get time for it---and as long as I wanted so much to do it,I was irritable over the interruptions. And for the sake of the family as well as my own disposition--it seemed best to give it up---In other words,when God shows me to way to be decent and do my duty and write,I will do it--until He does open the way I shall forget that I ever wanted to do it--I hope.As you said to me once,Wilder,"If one has a house to keep must they not keep it?" or words to that effect. And the house to keep is here,and I am the one to keep it,with out a doubt. And I am really mighty thankful that I have one that will house Aunt Addie and the girls. So, until God opens the way that is a closed book. I expect, that deep in my heart there is still a hope that the way will open.

Claremont
August 29 1926

Dear Children:

I do not feel that I have a thing to say--I have been entirely alone for the whole week, and am sort of "ingrown" as far as news or ideas are concerned. One needs to keep their wits sharpened by contact with other people as they need to keep steel knives sharpened by contact with steel, I guess.

Addie went in town last Monday morning to spend the week with Ruth while Faith was in Satan Barbara and she could use her room. I rather expected her back last evening, and when my dear neighbors took me for a ride--as they have done almost every evening,- we went down to the station to meet her. She did not come, so this morning I called them up by phone to see when she was coming--I thought it would be worth thirty cents to have my mind at rest--I do hate to be expecting every moment. Ruth said they were getting a lot of sewing done, and Addie would not be home before Wedne day or Thursday.

I wonder if sister K. is home again. Having no chauffeur I am not making any trips on my own, at present. But it wont be long, now, before the girls are back and we will begin running on schedule, again.

We had some pretty hot days the first of last week, when the heat reminded me of old days east of the mountains. When even the night

did not cool us off. The first experience of heat continuing through the night, I have experienced here in the two short heated spells since coming to California we have had this summer. But on the whole it has not been a bad summer at all.

One of the hot nights I could not sleep at all--not so much the heat, as a little of the old nervous excitement, I think---and it came over me what a wonderful experience I was having--in the house all alone, and not a soul to be disturbed by anything that I was doing.--Not a soul to question--"What's the matter?" So to prove how fine my liberty was I got up and dressed, and had breakfast before 4.30 It was glorious--only I did not feel particularly full of zest during the day--but that was the heat.

Oh I wonder if the children would be interested in the little lizard we love to watch out in the flower bed. His tail is longer than his little body, and he is the quickest thing to move, you ever saw. One morning I stood and watched him eat a green worm. He turned it one way and seemed to chew the end of it a little, then suddenly threw it around and chewed th other end--did that several times when he seemed to feel that it was time for the regular business and began swallowing it whole. After it had disappeared lizard kept perfectly q iet for a minute and you I coild see the little ribs of him sort of wiggle as the worm was being swalloed down, down to his little tummy which must have been near his long tail. Then he darted off to look for more worms.

I met a new neighbor this week and here is what she said--"Do you know what I think of you Mrs Penfield?"---- I think that Mr Rich is most fortunate in having you here to build up his place, and that we

neighbors are to be congratulated on having your garden to look at."
If I am patted on the head like that--naturally I shall go right on and work harder than ever to keep the reputaion they are giving me.
But it wont be so beautiful, I fear, if we have many more such hot spells. The dahlias are, even now, getting past their prime. But the pentstemons are in bud, the cosmos and chrysanthemums should soon be showing---and the bed of pink and blue petunias are lovely with their carpet of white alyssum. And the Zinnias are still brilliant with color--and the hollyhocks are looking well. But my lawn is a failure--so many brown patches--I shall buy more seed a little later and try again.

I understand that Edith Chaplin has gone to her brother's home to ~~saty~~ stay--She and her mother, poor girl, I feel so sorry for her.
I hope to see Mrs K. very soon for I do so want to hear about you all, and especially the new little grand daughter. I cannot visualize her, at all, as yet.

With much of love, and hoping that your search for a new maid has been successful--

Mother

California may interest you. Mary looks very sweet and girlish with her two big boys. She said--"You know, my children used to play nurse-maid for me, but now I find that I am playing nursemaid for them.--or if not nursemaid, exactly ir is general maid--For it is they who are filling the house with company now."

With love and many kisses for the dear children--Mother.

George said--"Tell me about Uncle Wilder's children--How old are they? What do they look like? I would like to know something about them." And I was quite willing to talk about them.

Claremont
September 5 1926

Dear Helen and Wilder:

Bless you, I have company-- Aunt Addie is still away from home, but yesterday about noon, came Mary--as I am trying to learn to call her-- and her four boys. She greeted me with--I thought you had about a surfeit of girls--and I have brought you some boys for a change." Herbert had telephoned me that they were coming, about two hours before, so I had lunch almost ready to serve. I was glad that I had been able to get as much done, for they were right hungry after their long ride, and we all talked so fast it was rather confusing to get things done. I work alone so much I have almost forgotten how ro co-operate with others. But Mary made the coffee the four boys carried things, as prepared, and placed on the table, and opened bottles, jelly, jam, etc.

The radio was turned on for the noon program, and we had a jolly, lively meal. They are certainly four handsome boys. George is always so glad to be at home, and his mother is his only sweetheart, and he surely does adore her. Wilder is the tallest in the family, George a trifle shorter than his father, but weighs the most of the three--and Wilder weighs but a little more than his father. Herbert stands between the boys as to height and weight.

The fleet will be in harbor for four months--and then goes, by Panama, to New York. I think you will get some pleasure from knowing George --The Marine experience has taught him a good deal, and he is fairly level-headed. He seems years older than Wilder, who is the same happy-go-lucky affectionate youngster than he has always been. His former sweetheart has grown away from him--she is known on the screen as Barbara Kent--and is really a sweet, lovable girl. But he is head over

heels in love with Gwendoline-----? now. Mary says she is a dear girl, too. But Wilder needs money to keep up the love-making business, so he expects now to graduate in the February class from high school and go to work. He has been in a garage this summer learning the automobile and hopes to become a good salesman.

The reason they came yesterday was that Wilder was coming to spend the weekend with me. School begins on Tuesday. He knows the Dodge, and he knows a fine lad in Pomona. This same lad is another golf enthusiast, so it is not taxing me very much to entertain Wilder. The fam ly left about 2.30 yesterday---at three he took the Dodge and went to Pomona to find young Moss. Home, per agreement, at six., After golf-- ~~dinnerz~~ a bath and dinner he went off again with the Dodge to attend an American Legion dance in Pomona. This morning as soon as he had finished breakfast he took the Dodge and went to Pomona for golf this morning, and will have lunch at the Chino golf club and spend the afternoon with golf. He promisesthat he will stay at home with me this evening. He has been very nice about it all---would have stayed with me more if I had not been absolutely willing that he should go his own gait.

Then in the morning he goes to Pomona again and will play golf--and come back for me at noon, and I will have a hot lunch ready to take back to Pomona to eat in their lovely park. There will be just us three although I told Wilder to ask young Moss to invite a couple of girls, if he desired. He did not care to do so. After the boys have their swimm, we will have lunch--and then I will go with Wilder as he drives the Dodge home. The car needs to have some overhauling, and it will be taken to the garage in Lankershim, to the dealers who sold it to me.

I cannot come back that night, probably, and I do not just know where I will go--To Van Nuys, probably. Mary has no extra bedroom. There is a big radio show this coming week, and perhaps I may be able to attend it. I would like to do so.

I have not written very much--but a little glimpse of the Penfields of

Claremont
June 27 1926

Dear Children:

It is Sunday morning--I have watered the garden--taken a bath and washed my hair--made the breakfast and eaten it and looked over the latest about Aimee McPherson--and it is not yet 9.30. But while Addie is eating her breakfast I will get this letter written, before I get at the dishes and the general picking-up.

We expected to go to church this morning--but it is powerfully hot and walking down the twelve blocks and back again at noon--is a little more than I care to take.---Where is the car?--but I will proceed with my story.

I do not know where this week has gone--I suppose there have been seven days of twenty-four hours each, since last Sunday--but I cannot prove it--or can I? I will try------ Aunt Elizabeth was here all last week--going in town with me on last week ~~Thursday~~ Wednesday and coming back with me on ~~Friday~~ Thursday. I had gone in to see about the car etc. She and Addie wanted to get my silk dress made over and so she came back for the two days work. All the week she and Addie had been working on Addie's dresses--trying to get something for the poor thing to wear--and still they were not finished--so my dress did not get made. It makes no difference, for Addie needs so much now--and she is slow, and worn out, and finds it hard to get down to anything regular. Well---if you use your imagination a little you will know that last week was given up entirely to doing the work of the house and filling in with reading aloud, and ripping and sewing a little--on my part.

Sunday morning Aunt E. and I went in town--I went to the Third church--Will and Winifred called for me with Harriet Slater of Hudson, and we went to their home for dinner after a little drive. Harriet was obliged to leave early as she is

with a party and was to do some sight-s eing with them before leaving for San Francisco that evening.---After a little visit I had to rush to catch my car that would get me into Van Nuys in time for the Vesper service at the High School--They, the two Glee Clubs sang the Hallelujia chorus--some attempt? but they di pretty well for immature voices--and Faith, as usual, was so thrilled in the singing of it. We have all had that experience?

After the service I went home with them and after a light supper Ruth and the children went to Lankershim with me and there was my car--such a pretty Dodge sedan, and Elizabeth and I loaded our things into it--of course, I had taken advantage of the fact that it was my car, and that there was plenty of room, and I initiated it into the carrying of plants--Two hanging baskets of pretty things that the florist had been getting ready for me ever since the first of March--and some cannas and myrtle.

We left Lankershim about 7.30--much to Herbert's and Mame's horror--to drive the almost fifty miles to Claremont--"after dark and in a new car"--yes, sir--and it went without a hitch after the first few minutes when Elizabeth had a little trouble in getting her memory of the running of a Dodge into working order. We reached home about eleven o'clock--and took Aunt Addie around the block in order that she should realize that we really had a car.

Elizabeth has been feeling very tired and very much in the dumps--and Jack first induced her to take but one course in summer school and then by easy gradations indused her to give up the summer school altogether--as she had, in spite of everything, planned a very stiff course for next year. So, she was coming back here for a couple, or more, weeks for absolute rest--reading, and driving the car for me. Monday, Aunt Addie went in town--and Elizabeth washed sme of her clothes etc. and I picked up some dropped threads of the week before and we did some delayed errands here and in Pomona. Tuesday morning, before she was up, Ruth telephoned

that Mrs Jaqua wanted her to go to Laguna with her for the summer. Jack and Ruth thought she should go. And how the tears flowed----She had a horror of being so closely confined to the four rather tiresome children--and Mrs Jaqua is very miserable,as she expects another one some time this summer. Their cottage is quite a distance out of town,and E.would have no young folks to go anywhere with--not knowing any there,and having no opportunity of meeting any one. But she adores Mrs J.and "would never be able to look her in the face again,if I should refuse"--but I don't want to go. The forty dollars--five dollars a week-- she would earn would not pay for the wretched summer--"And I have had so many wretched summers"."I wish I could talk with mother and Daddy and see why they think I ought to go." So after a faint--very faint--protest from her as to taking me away again,so soon--we took the car and left Claremont at 11.30--reaching Van Nuys at two. Ruth was simply amazed to see us--she had been trying ever since noon to get us over the phone to tell E. of another plan for the summer for her. The friend she loves best--has a brand new baby,and her family asked Elizabeth is she would not go to Los Angels and spend a month with Gertrude until she got right well and strong again. A visit with Gertrude for a whole month? Oh joy the greates---and "Herrmann will drive out to Claremont after you whenever you say you can come."--No--that was the greatest joy of all--for Herrmann is the one boy of all whom she desires to have with her. He has finished his Junior year at So thern Branch--and next year goes to Berkely where he will finish senior year and take a four years' course in medicine--and then he will have to become established somewhere---well,I do not know how much Herrmann is thinking of Elizabeth -he is not thinking much of girls at the present time--he is too busy. But I knew another young medical student who could not think very seriously of girls for some years,but during all of that time,down deep in his heart there was the thought of one girl who married him even before he had become established. Time will show--in the meantime--it was a very happy Elizabeth who

left here on Thursday afternoon.--- Tuesday night we stayed with Ruth--Wednesday noon we went to Lankershim for just a bit of buisness--and then on the the Carthay Circle to see the Volga Boatman--and oh I hope you have the opportunity of seeing it for it surely is the best Cecil DeMille has yet done.--There we met Addie who had been staying the two nights with Winifred,and we three came home that evening. Thursday was a busy one getting some things ready for Elizabeth to take--and some things to finish up after she left.-----Then there has been the garden,too.

The weather has turned very hot,and the garden needs to drink so much,and so many plants are ready to have more room for their coming growth--And I am trying to do something else. Ray's journal has been so interestig,I have never had the time to straighten out and get into real order my English loose-leaf book and now seemed the right time--so I am living over again the year of 1919-20 After that is finished,I hope to go at the diary of of son,again--and finish that up.

Ray sails for home on July 1st.and says he will write you so that they may have the pleasure of seeing you--but--you leave for Portland on June 30--and so you will miss each other again. I am sorry--He says that Sarah will come to California soon--the most of her family are out here--and it is a large family--but he will get down to business right away and have no more vacations for some time.

You have new shrubs? but what kind of shrubs?--and oh you will be away from New York before this reaches you--well,I hope you will have the bestest and realest vacation that you two have ever had. You certainly deserve it,and need it. I am so glad sister K.will be with you,and with Alice,too--oh you should have a restful time. I wonder if the Neuroglia chapter was written--and if the autopsy reports were finished in time--I hope so. Do I understand that you have lost Dr Cone's help? Will his having this work be of any help to you at all? Or will his thought be all for Elsberg? You were certain that Elsberg would be elected chief neoro-surgeon were you not? Was there anything else to be done? If you do not care to be under him--then what?

But I must get at the dishes--etc. I have been a long hour at the typewriter--and perhaps you will be glad to lay this gossip down--until next time. You are resting,you know.

Loving you all--Mother

Tell me about the dog---What happened to Tuck?

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

September 25 1926
Dear Children:

Have you seen the new Corona? I saw it at Jack's this week, but did not have the time to try it. The agent left it there hoping he would buy it, but he says he will bring it up here for me to try out. It is larger, more substantial looking, and with the standard keyboard.

I was glad to get the new pictures--but I am not quite satisfied, you know. Mrs K. showed me some taken a year ago that I had never seen, one of them being that very fine one of Wilder and the two children--I wish Helen had been in it too--but I rather think that the only way that you can make me feel happy will be to have that picture enlarged a bit and send it to me for my Christmas present.

I had not heard a word as to Mrs K. and so one afternoon the girls took me to Upland to find out if she were home -Of course, it was just their dinner hour--but the only time the girls could take me, so we stayed only a very little while. She is looking fine--is better looking than ever--and says you are all well, only Helen is very nervous--tut, tut, my dear, that wont do--get over it. Easily said? She says that Priscilla looks more like her father than either of the other two--Oh dear, I wish I could see her--for after all one cannot tell much about a tiny baby by depending only on a kodak- or any other picture.

"Woods Hole"--queer name--but that means you will always be going there for vacations?--And where will California come in? I suppose I have been just as homesick to see you at other times--but just now it does not seem so. The man who said the United States was divided into three parts--East--West--and California--said a real truth. He might have said--Floods--storms --Heat and cold--and Sunshine. A pretty good place to live in, this California. I have not heard from Cousin Florence since the

Florida ~~fixed~~ hurricane. I told you that the bank in which they both had their money had closed its doors? I suppose this new disaster will not help them to resume, as the bank hoped to do.

I am sending you something about Max. Thought you might like to place it in the Princeton letters as being the end of the chapter of your old friendship. You thought he had changed a great deal--but his brother-in-law did not see it so as he saw him in his daily surroundings.

Ruth telephoned me to come in and go to the luncheon at the Woman's Club which she has joined. I went in last Wednesday, and met her at the Van Nuys Trolley station. They had a fine meal--a fine program, and I met some good friends who gave me welcome. Then I stayed with Ruth over night--telephoned Herbert and Mame to come out, but they had an engagement for the evening. I came back on Thursday. I wanted the girls to go to the Beach with me today and stay over Sunday with Aunts Addie and Elizabeth--but they had so much to do that we have put it off until next Saturday when we hope to go.

The month of birthdays is almost past--~~ZZZZ~~Addie-the 8th -Will the 9th. Bobs-the 10th. The three youngest Penfields the 12th, 13th and 14th. Herbert will celebrate his on Tuesday the 28th. There used to be four in October--but Mother and Tom are gone and Winifred and Margaret hold the month with Mame coming on the first of November.

George is wondering if he is to be cheated out of the New York trip when the fleet go in January--it is feared that the Tennesee will have to spend some time in dry dock. No--Wilder William will never try for college, I am afraid. Bobs has a piccolo--he wants to play the flute in the orchestra later--but the piccolo is used in the band and there is where he will be placed for the coming few years. He is as proud as a peacock of it, and will take lessons of the band leader.

It is about dinner time--I feared if I waited until tomorrow that I should have this message to you crowded out. I am glad that you have two maids--I think you need them--and I hope things will move along very much more easily for you all. Will the Halls and Myers go to Woods Hole too I hope your Nelson's Surgery article will soon unwind itself from your poor neck and that you can feel freee-----until the next one that is to be written. With much of love -for you all Mother

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

October 3 1926

Dear Children:

The girls are just crawling out of bed--but I have had my breakfast etc. because I wanted to get this little visit with you off the docket before we started on our trip to Elsinore. It seems to be the order of Sunday to go off on some trip--but we have gone to church first. This morning we shall not be able to go to church. And here is the reason for the trip.

As you know, Aunt Addie and Aunt Elizabeth went to the Beach for a month. Aunt Elizabeth has not been well--and was taken again with shortness of breath. She has been trying to study Christian Science, but she has not gained a very strong hold on it So when Addie says "You must have help of some kind--either practitioner or Dr. She said she would call a Dr. then, for her people would not like her to do anything else--The Dr. said she must leave the Beach and go to Lake Elsinore--She and Addie are there at the hotel. I do not know what the arrangements are Aunt E. is apt to see only her side of the question, and I am wondering if she is paying Addie's expenses as well. I had a telephone message from Addie begging me to come down there. So--I go. Elsinore is about fifty miles from here, South of Riverside. I am going with an open mind--I hope-and will try and get something settled. Eizabeth must not be alone--but Aunt Addie must not have things so hard that she cannot master them. I presume the way will open for them both without much interference on my part. It is a beautiful day--and the drive is delightful. The girls feel that they should stay at home and study--but one or both of them will go.

Friday evening they had a party here. I waxed the floor and took up the rugs and they could dance or talk or "fool" as they pleased. They were here until 12.30--and seemed to be having a mighty good time.

Yesterday, Jack wanted to take Bobs to the County Fair at Pomona. So they, and Ruth, were here to lunch and Ruth stayed on until they came for her after dinner. They left here about eight, and the girls went directly to bed--Hence the great desire for study today. Ruth did look so sweet and pretty.

We are having weather very like Indian summer-- Hot during the day if one is exercising in the sunshine--cool, almost cold, at night. Hazy and delightfully drowsy in its effect on one's mentality.

The Dahlias in the back garden still attract attention--the Zinnias are still gorgeous, the Cosmos are opening, and have their own delicate beauty--and the chrysanthemums are in full bud. The Pentstemons are doing good work--and the roses are showing the beneficial effect of their six weeks' abstinence from water. And the pink and dark blue Petuhias are delighting my heart, and calling forth admiration from many. Oh yes, gardening pays for all of the hard work--even though my lawn is a disgrace. But I will re-seed, and water and try to make it more presentable, this month.

I hope those "millions of cells" which were clamoring for rest and quiet were satisfied and that the week just past was a full and happy one, Wilder dear. You think I listened to the fight details over the Radio? Well--I should say not. Why should I turn off good music for any old fight--even if Jack does live in Los Angeles? Was it not rather to be expected that he would be defeated? As our Harry Carr said in The Lancer column--No one can be interested in marriage--cinemas--and real estate and win a championship in the ring-- And I guess that is true in all lines---We have to choose what we want the most and rather slight other things. A divided love does not win real success, perhaps.

With a heart full of love for you all--

Mother

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

October 10 1926

Dear Children:

You know, I really do not want you to get in the habit of thinking that I do not mind if you do not write every week. And, while you did seem to feel sorry, Wilder dear, that you neglected it one week--I am wondering if you think I do not notice it when the letters do not come. I am not blaming you for neglect, you understand, for I know you are a very busy lad -but you see, I am not getting many letters from Helen either, these days--and I have not had a visit with Mrs K. at all--and I sort of feel that I am getting out of touch with the daily life of my New York children. Just a word to the wise---you know.

Well--I wrote you just before going down to see Aunt Addie at Elsinore--I should say "up" I guess, for while Esinore is south of us, I think, it is quite a bit higher in the mountains, although in a deep depression in the hills so that it is quite enclosed, and on the banks of a beautiful lake fourteen miles long. Aunt Elizabeth has heart and asthma trouble. The Dr. sent her from the dampness of the beach to the warm dry air of Elsinore. I was shocked to see her, and her breathing is certainly most distressing. She is terribly afraid when the worst spells come on, that she is dying--and Aunt Addie is standing by most loyally. This week she has been in bed all week--and must stay there. The hotel bill is $70. a week for the two--and she is worrying over the expenses, and Addie is giving her attention night and day--and I am fussing at this end over the work that she is doing--She needs a nurse--of course, but Addie is there and pleasanter and----well I am not going to write you very lobg, I am going to qrite Mr Prince, her brother-in-law and husband of the sister who did so much for her--and I don't want to write the letter for it must be made very plain that Addie cannot do the work of a nurse--unless she

has the price of a nurse as compensation--or words to that effect. But life seems to be always handing out problems to us that must be met in the most loving way possible---and the fun of it all is that when met with the proper amount of love -the problems all disappear in thin air,and one wonders what in the worl bothered one so.

Elsinore is fifty miles away,and the girls are too busy to drive for me. Last night we went in to dinner in the MacQuarrie new home. Jack had to go to L.A. in the morning and wanted us to go around by Van Nuys and get Ruth,Faith and Bobs. It made a good long ride--2½ hours it took us to go. But the house is lovely--the dinner was delicious and do you realize that the whole Galahad family--with one exception, Wilder deas, was there. Of course David and Stuart are not of the Galahad family-they are later editions. It was delightful. They are all such dear children, and a mighty nice looking group too. We reached home about twelve--and now I am hurrying to get letters written before going to church.

I have begun knitting again and feel quite like myself,you know. I have the yarn for a sweater for Stuart,David and Peggy Lou. And one for Elizabeth looms fairly evident in the offing.

A letter from Cousin Florence gives her experience in the hurricane storm. She says it seems almost heartless to speak of their experience in the light of what the Atlantic side experienced. But it was no joke for her. Charles was ill and she placed him on a couch in the only room in the house that was entirely dry--the diningroom. For fifteen hours the wind and rain did its work. She thought she knew something of wind storms in Duluth but in comparison it was as a neighborhood quarrel compared to a howling mob. She spent the whole night going from room to room trying to take care of the water that poured in as thru a sieve. Lights were off--and she worked by the light of two candles. But the house is all done over--roof repaired and shrubs and trees trimmed.

Write me all about what you are both doing -and tell me that you love me in the same old way-etc.etc.

Your mother-

Claremont
October 17 1926

Dear Children:

What on earth is the matter at your house? Another week has gone by and no word from you. Is the Nelson Surgery article under full steam? If so, I expect that may account for both of you being too busy to write--I will try and be patient--the postman is most eagerly looked for every day, you may be sure.

Our days are quite at summer heat now. Cooling off after four to be sure, but the house gets fairly near boiling point during the middle of the day.

I hope you noticed that Los Angeles is to the fore again in that our Herbert Wenig won the world's championship in High School oratory? You can't beat us, even if we are young--or perhaps that is the reason that you cannot beat us. We are having a season of opera in Los Angeles--I did want to go, but--it seemed best not. However I heard the whole of the opera of Travietta over the radio last Monday night, and will hear Die Walkerie tomorrow night. I did not enjoy Aida quite as much last night, for two reasons--The radio did not work as well--needed charging, and I could not visualize it as I could Travietta. Some of the music is, of course, familiar--but I am not as familiar with the words and action. I expect to enjoy it tomorrow night--for I have been hoping to hear the music of Die Walkyrie for some time. Have almost written in to the

Nov 4. Thurs. Sept 7 1905

Atwater-Kent Orchestra to ask them to play it in their dinner program.

11.30-7.25
11.45
"

Aunt Addie is still at Esinore with Aunt Elizabeth. We expected to go down after them and take them back to Los Angeles today--but Addie telephoned that Aunt E.was not able to go,yet. I wrote Mr Prince and received a telegram from him saying that he wanted her to have everything she wanted and he would be glad to meet all expenses. So I am armed with authority to meet her feeling of poverty. We went down there again last Sunday--found Aunt E. about the same and Aunt A.very tired. Of course,like all sick people Aunt E. thinks Addie has very little to do--thinks she is never broken of her rest--thinks she is having a very good time with the people in the house-etc.etc.

You do not remember Mary Mariner,Wilder,but you must recall Ruth's speaking of her? Next to Helen Goss,Mary was the girl Ruth liked best in Spokane--she married a navy officer and Ruth had lost track of her--she turned up in Van Nuys a short time ago. They have renewed their friendship-Mary has one son--about Bobs' age-is the thinnest looking individual Ruth ever knew--has left her husband--has no faith in anything-is unhappy etc. Ruth says that the contrast between Mary's poverty-stricken life and hers is appalling--it makes her ashamed to say how rich she is--Mary has money enough-but,after all,what is money compared with other things?

I have heard nothing from Mrs K. I wish I might. My life is a busy one--but very quiet-I am alone much of the time,of course. The people here are friendly and pleasant--but the church and the college make up the interest and I am in neither. I do a little in the outside work of the church-but I feel as alien to it,as they feel alien to me. However--that will work out all right--and I am enjoying life too well to bother about that--Perhaps if it bothered me more--there would be less to bother about?

With love for you all-

Mother

Hotel Westmoore
1004 West Seventh Street
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sunday eve-
October 24-1926

Dear children:

Aunt-Elizabeth passed away before we reached the Sanatorium at-Glendale-

She grew suddenly worse yesterday afternoon- And when Margaret-+ I reached Elsinore she was restless- unconscious- just-barely knowing that-I had come- The Dr. insisted it-was better for her to be moved- so Addie rode in the Ambulance with her + we followed in behind. She was restless much of the way- but-at the last- she reached out-her hand + Addie took + held it-

Hotel Westmoor
1004 West Seventh Street
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sunday Eve.
October 24th - 1926

Dear Willie -
Just thought I would
drop in received the
enclosed - Probably were
expecting it - Just where
we are - Nothing - Stand
pat - Lovely Hotel - Nice
rooms - The Westmoor - 50
dollars per week - Cheaper
Cabins - made on the Mexican
with two + refrigerator in
the rear - Probably the way
out of the land - Are received your
letter + [illegible]

But you will forgive me if I go to bed now

Mother

Hotel Westmore

1004 West Seventh Street

Los Angeles, Calif.

And even she did not know just when she breathed her last. We took her to the undertakers — and wired Mr Prime & her sister in Kansas City — Then I came on here with Addie — leaving Margaret home alone — after she had her dinner — Tomorrow, we know what Mr Prime wants done. Herbert will take us to Glendale and we will do all that is necessary —

I have only my lorgnette with me — no toothbrush — no night gown — no muffin —

The telegram came Friday — I have only read a little of the Capitol — but it seems to me that it is the best thing you have ever written —

Liebe Frau Hofrat!

Herzlichen Dank für Ihren lieben Brief. Es ist mir eine Freude zu wissen, daß Sie sich wohl befinden und daß Sie Ihre Kur so gut vertragen. Wie wird es Ihnen jetzt gehen? Wenn Sie wieder zurückkommen, werden Sie sich wohl erholt haben und wir werden alle glücklich sein. Wir wollen alles tun, um Ihnen das Leben so angenehm wie möglich zu machen. Wir haben Ihnen ein schönes Zimmer reserviert, das Sie nur für sich allein haben werden. Es ist ein Zimmer mit Balkon, Bad und Telefon. Wenn Sie ankommen, werden Sie sich ausruhen müssen und wir werden Ihnen das Essen ins Zimmer bringen. Wenn Sie wieder gesund sind, können Sie Ihre Mahlzeiten mit uns zusammen im Speisesaal einnehmen. Wir werden Ihnen alles Gute bieten, was Sie sich wünschen können. Wenn Sie Ihre Kur beendet haben, werden Sie sich wohl fühlen und wir werden Ihnen helfen, Ihre Gesundheit zu erhalten.

Wir freuen uns sehr darauf, Sie wieder zu sehen.

Herzlichst

Ihre

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

Friday Morning
November 5 1926

Dear Children:

This is not a letter--it is just a note to let you know that I love you, and will write soon. The whole Inglis family were here last Sunday, it being Margaret's birthday--and the week has been full of work.

Aunt Addie is beginning to feel the effects of her work for Aunt Elizabeth, and is trying to get ready to go in town again. A visit to the Beach, and to get the clothes she left there--and a long seance with her dentist. Her new teeth --new about two years ago--have never been satisfactory, so she hopes to take the time now to get them all fixed up. How long she will be gone, I do not know. I am trying to get in a new lawn, too. Everything had seemed to be against my accomplishing a good job there.

Once more---I love you.

Mother

Friday Morning
November 5 1926

Dear Children:

This is not a letter--it is just a note to let you know that I love you, and will write soon. The whole Ingria family were here last Sunday, it being Margaret's birthday--and the week has been full of work.

Aunt Addie is beginning to feel the effects of her work for Aunt Elizabeth, and is trying to get ready to in town again. A visit to the Beach, and to get the clothes she left there--and a long seance with her dentist. Her new teeth --new about two years ago--have never been satisfactory, so she hopes to take the time now to get them all fixed up. How long she will be gone, I do not know. I am trying to get in a new lawn, too. Everything has seemed to be against my accomplishing a good job there.

Once more---I love you.

Mother

Wilder dear, that will disappear, and we will meet again on higher ground, and real Truth will shine before us both. Here is a bit from Henry Van Dyke that we can both study and approve.

"Who seeks for Heaven alone to save his soul May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
While he who walks in love may wander far, Yet God will bring him where the blessed are."

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

November 7 1926 Your loving Mother

This letter does deserve "slowly work."

Dear Children:

The sun is coming in so warm through my open windows I do not know but that I shall have to close them in order to keep out the heat that may grow too intense as it nears the middle of the day. And still I have not been able to plant my grass seed, because I cannot get hold of any barn-yard fertilizer-- A terrible state of affairs?

Dr and Mrs Kermott came to call one day--and for the second time I was not at home, and I am so seldom away from the house. I was so very sorry. I hope they will try it again.

I had a letter from the Palmer Institute of Authorship, in September advising me to resume my labors with them. Their arguments were good, I had been thinking for some time, especially since your letter on the subject, Wilder, and so I wrote them that I hoped to send them a short story in two or three weeks. I had a story so well worked out in my mind, that it seemed to me that I could do it in that time. But, it did not work as smoothly as I had expected--Aunt Elizabeth's illness came, and other things seemed to interrupt. But, at last, it was finished, and instead of 7500 words--the limit for an Institute short story-- I had some 21000 words. I spent a week trying to put it into a more condense form. I thought, longinly, of the "short short stories that are being written by our best authors and printed in the different magazines, but I could not do it. So, yesterday I wrote the Palmer people of what had happened and said that I could see that my problem was how to write a single incident and not to try and compress the development of character that needed the past and present surroundings to explain that development In other words I cannot put a whole life into a short story form. So-- I would try it over again. But you see, I am not built on short story

lines;yet I suppose, that in order to tell a long story well,it is quite important to learn how to put ideas in a compact form. So--if I live long enough,and meet with enough encouragement from my instructors,and every one keeps well and happy about me,it is possible that I may really attempt Abraham again. Ad that "encouragement from my instructors"-I have never met with anything else but encouragement--and my tuition has been paid for more than a year;there is nothing else that they can get out of me,excepting commissions for stories they can sell for me. Therefore it would seem as if their encouragement meant that they really think that I am capable of adding to their income.

So you are trying to get "hack work" out of the way in order to get more time for the real work you are wanting to do,and you feel that you have another line of research to open up in your quest of the cure for hydrocephalus?-- Well,I do suppose,that it often happens that seeming delays in the doing of hack work,is really helpful. That our minds are resting,in a way,and the thought that is really the big thing,is being mulled over and over,unconsciously,and when the opportunity finally comes to developing that thought we find that we have absorbed,from somewhere, newer and better ideas and we really have saved time by taking our vacation. Now,as an illustration,every once in a while I get a new light on Abraham's or Sarah's or Lot's characters that would change something I have already written or thought in regard to their problems. That will not be lost,when my mind has become better drilled in technicalities and I once more undertake the writing. I expect we never do any kind of work well that does not help us in doing big work better. It is only the slovenly work that hinders us. So--think about that,and see if it may not bring a little more patience in doing this other work that seems like hack work.

So Helen has sold her Long Island land--I hope she did as well with it as she had hoped. I am so glad to know that she is feeling so much better since weaning the baby. Wilder's bringing home a boy for over the week-end,sounded rather grown up and I shouted when I read it. Why it wont be long before he is reddy for Princeton--and he will bring other boys home--they wont pull your house down about your ears,in quite the same way--but there are other ways,honey.

I had such a nice letter from Madame Boardman--she said that she had met my "attractive and always happy-looking daughter-in-law" and do you know she thought I was coming east,right away,to put my granddaughters in college- "If this letter reaches you before you start"--and then she wondered how I kept so much energy "have you always conserved your strength so well that you now have pleanty"--and when I thought of the years at Galad,and the years before that---well we do not know very much about each other in this world--do we? Yes--the knitting needles are clicking merrily again--and you are right in your faint memory of Mary Mariner-she lived in the Mosely house,and dressed well--I do not recall how she "smelled" but I can believe that your remembrance is right.And if she made you "feel brave" she did a good work that day.

I am deeply grateful to Mr Stockton for his remark about your "liberal attitude" towards Christian Science. I always knew you were a bigger man than some of your remarks--to me--would indicate--and that those same remarks were not your real attitude but was only the outward expression of your inward disappointment that a seeming small rift had come beteen us in a difference of opinion on a very vital subject. But,

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

November 21 1926

Dear Children:

Again I try the Corona, after taking it to Pomona yesterday to see what was the trouble. Young Man Speaking - "There now, I think that is all right." "But show me what you did that made it right, I may have trouble again." "I have not the faintest idea what I did, nor what was wrong, but it goes all right now." Satisfactory?

Addie went in town last week Friday, yesterday the girls wanted to go to Eagle Rock for the football game between Pomona and Occidental--so I went in with them and took the trolley from Glendale to Los Angeles. Met Adams at the Biltmore, saw Beh Hur--the girls meeting us at six o'clock, had dinner and came home.

Result--- Pomona was beaten--but as California Branch (Southern Branch of California State) it left Pomona the champions of the Southern Conference. Also, I enjoyed Ben Hur immensely. More in retrospect, perhaps, than in the actual seeing of it. Too much questioning at the time.

Did I tell you that I saw "Variety" here at the College Movie? I am very glad that you called my attention to it, for I seldom go down here. I do like Jannings very much. I sawhim in The Loves of Pharaoh some years ago, and have wanted to see him again. Still do.

I, at last, got my story off to the Palmer Institute yesterday. Now I shall be anxious to get it back, but that may be a month. In the meantime I shall be working on another one, and going on with the English Expression course

which I had never finished. I have to fight, all of the time, the old feeling of "How silly for one of your age to undertake such exhaustive work." For mental work is exhausting, isn't it?

I hope things are running well with you both. But oh, Ruth Mary's dear little letter--I will answer soon--I fairly shrieked, all to myself, when I read "I suppose she will die, for she eats the paint off her bed. We are going to cover it with white cloth."

Wednesday the girls go home for Thanksgiving. Adams and I are planning to go in with them. Have dinner, and go to the evening meeting with Miss McCraken--our very dear practitioner--stay over night at a hotel, go to church in the morning, then to Ruth's for dinner, back to L.A. that eve and shop Friday, when one of the girls will bring us home.

Mame --excuse me, Mary--but would you know who Mary is? always has her people on Thanksgiving. Mother, Blanche and two children, Sade and her new husband. Oh again I must say excuse me, for it is not "Sade" any more--it is Eleanor. Blanche is trying to pay for her home and support herself and children on $85. a month. Some close sailing, that. And she is not as good a planner as Mary.

Again Elizabeth tried to work us up by her feeling that she had not done well in her "History Blue Book". Back it came, as usual, with A and written under it, "Very good." Only three in the class got an A. One was Mrs Woods--from Boston--who is educated--and taking this one course. The other a young man who has also had much history. Elizabeth says "That does not mean that my book was good--One question I simply bluffed. It shows how dumb the rest of the class must have been."

Last Sunday they had their picnic and came here for popcorn and toasted marshmallows in the evening. And I am trying my best to get the psychology of the young folks of this generation. It keeps me on the jump, I assure you-that or give it up entirely. They do not differ my from my generation, nor from yours--excepting that they conclusions by a different road--and it is that road that puzzles me. It has so many queer turns in it. Reverence, and politeness are not common names along the different roads, so far as I can tell.

I must try and write a letter to Ray this morning before church time--I have neglected him shamefully, and he is such a dear about it.

I am just plumb homesick to see you all, but I guess I shall have to forget it. Loving you, Mother

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

December 3 1926

Dear Children:

I have time for but a note -- Last Sunday we were motoring. On Wednesday we went in town in the rain. The Girls left Aunt Addie and me in L.A.-- in a cheap hotel where we had a small room but a good clean bed and "right handy" to things. They went on to Van Nuys. We went to dinner with Miss McCraken-- then to church with her--and in the morning we had breakfast at a nice little cafe and went to church and then out to Ruth's for Thanksgiving.

Late that afternoon Jack, Ruth Aunt Addie and I, with my car, started out for a spree. We went to Lankershim and to the Penfields where we saw the whole family- Mrs Hutchcroft is studying Science and so is not complaing any more and looks so happy and so well. Eleanor, and Eldon--her new husband, who has made a great

hit with us all--- and Blanche and the children. Blanche is better looking than ever--So is Eleanor-- Blanche's hair is getting quite white.

Then we came on to Claremont, had a pick-up supper and to bed. Up the next morning very early--after breakfast of coffee and cookies left at five sharp-- going South through the Imperial valley--past the Salton sea and on down to the border. Stayed all night at El Centro--

In the morning we went directly west to San Diego over the most beautiful mountains. Stayed there that night--saw Bertha Clough--and left Sunday for Claremont--leaving us Jack and Ruth went on to Van Nuys, and the girls brot the car back that evening.----- Tuesday Addie and I met Mamy in town and shopped all morning and had lunch-- Mary went home, we did more shopping saw a picture and home. And I am at work now as if my life depended on it.

Helen dear, I sent a package to you from the Broadway-- not to be opened until Christmas. It was a little early but I wanted them to send it--Hope they did it all right. I will send something for the children later.

Again it is raining here--and we are glad.

With lots of love-- Mother

Oh on the way home Sunday we stoppee at Upland a nd had a tiny visit.

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

Almost ten o'clock on Sunday morning. The sky is overcast, gas fires are giving out the needed warmth, Addie and the girls are asleep. The girls were out to a party last night, and to one the night before. Addie has been suffering from a hard cold--and exhaustion probably. She has had her breakfast, and is having another nap. I shall hear the church service over the radio this morning.

Now you have the setting fairly well? To think that Christmas is less than three weeks off----- My plans still call for some work, but not enough to make me hurried or worried. I insist, still, on giving my morning hours to "literary work." Yes, if I did not have the hope of doing the work I want to do with Abraham and others, I would not try to do any-

thing with this writing, for it is real work, and there are many other things that I could fill the days with, to advantage to others, and the house. But I do want to carry out my great ambition, born before I left Spokane-- why it must have reached the age of maturity, by now, for it must be nearly thirty years old.

So Alice has finally gone-- How do you feel in regard to Greta? Is she working in all right? Will you not try to have some one else to help with the children? Here, of course, one would ask, can you not find a student to help you? Something like 60% of boys and girls here at Pomona are helping or carrying themselves through college by working. Some original ways, too. One girl has rented a house, renting out rooms to other girls, and tutoring. Two boys started a filling station, employing other students to help when they needed them, and have made such a

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

success of it that the college is putting up a larger and finer building on some of their land adjacent to their building, and it will become a permanent feature of the college. Other students, in the years to come will be able to pay their way--and more--by this one venture. It is called the Black Doll--Blackwell Smith and Victor Dahl being the originators of it. Smith is now in New York but retains his interest in the business. There are others, of course, but such enterpris is educational, more of it would be better.

Yes, I gave the reprint to Dr. Hilton. He did stop one morning, while I was out sprinkling, long enough to say--"I have enjoyed the re-print. I wish I had been fortunate enough to have met Cajol when I was in Spain." All the time he was still walking on------He is

a queer chap--he and his wife have such a laughable idea of their own importance that seems such very ordinary importance to me. Not a very clear sentence---but perhaps you will be able to understand, for you have met many such people. Of course, it makes one wonder how much he really does know--and how much is bluff--no not that--a misunderstanding of himself, perhaps is better. I will let you know when I hear of anything that is really developing. A Spanish professor is helping him--but I do not know him.

Would not work with you, or in a special gymnasium be good for Wilder? Do you not recall boys at Galahad who grew up long, rather than stocky, who could not keep up in athletics? It is a great handicap to them, for other boys are apt to think them lacking in something. There is a difference in John and Billy--- Wilder William is another one, so he majors in golf---not so good, for the young boys, for many reasons. Yes, keep in touch with the young people---try and see the world from their standpoint. Your generation differed from mine, but the war--and other things--have thrown this younger generation out of the usual order of growth into a chaotic sort of thought that is going to work out, someway, for good--but it does make one hold one's breath until it is accomplished. The nakedness of body and thinkin is startling--Yet, I believe, there is less nastiness than in former generations. That is true in action and thought. They have cut out the old order of convention, and are trying to see through to truth. They will make many mistakes, but they will come through. Here is Elizabeth--- ~~used to~~ be devoted to church and Christian Endeavor Endeavor--- has absolutely no use

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

for them now. Yes, she knows what she believes-

she says-- but it is her own belief, worked out for

herself. That is just it--they are all trying to

work out something for themselves, and some day they will succeed in finding what they need for real growth. At present---she, like the rest of them, is unsettled, unsatisfied. Hating to be fondled, despising kissing--yet craving the company of boys--and acknowledging that "petting parties" are the only successful parties. Frankly owning that she would leave school any time to be married She wants a home and children. Well--when I was a girl we felt the same way--but never owned up--even to ourselves, that we felt that way. It is the nakednoss of it all that is so startling.

I read something about the Hampton play of Caponsacci--wish I could see it--or the film version that is being made. How come--the two seats at the opera every fortnight? Good.

No, Mary is not ill; but she is not strong, and has to be very careful and not overdo. If she goes in town, as with me the other day, she can stay but half a day, and go home and rest before dinner They are socially, rather full of business, and with the regular work of the home--which she knows how to plan better than most of us,-she does not come up to Claremont or Upland. She says Upland is no farther from Lankershim, than L. is from Upland. And that she never knew when Mrs K. came home, until I told her, and there is good telephone service between the two places.

Whis simply means, interpreted, "is all the fault on my side?" for it was not said unkindly.

I have written a huge letter---- and on the new Corona--it certainly runs very smoothly.

I hope Helen is over that wretched cold-that the rest of you are well, and knowing that I love you dearly.

Mother

You say I did not write last week? It was late, but I think you received it finally--most likely. I sent off another little sketch yesterday, to the English Expression course--and am working up another story for the story Dept. I imagine that each one will be a little easier to work out. Always yours--- Mother.

OURHOUSE
1337 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

You know what you said about backgrounds--went right to my heart and understanding--Wilder. I hope Hela's cold has disappeared----------

December 12 1926

Dear Children:

Today Stuart is three years old--of course I forgot all about it, so I think I will not give him his birthday present until on the 14th. of January when I give David his birthday present. Probably two pretty boats to sail on the water of the pool. You know, these birthdays do come very often and very unexpectedly---there are so many of them.

This morning, at 6.30, Margaret atarted off with some girls to the mountains--hoping for a snow fight. It is cold and foggy down here, perhaps they will ge above the fog and into the sunshine--I hope so. The rains here, this past week, have brought a lot of snow on the mountains-clear down to the foothills, giving us some wonderful views, especially at sunset.

Elizabeth has another little triumph to make her happy--She has won a place on the college debating team, and is jubilant--not much more so than her father, either. I am very glad, for she has never found her proper place in college here. Coming in as a sophomore, not being particularly agressive in opening up the way for herself, and being handicapped by work last year, etc. she did not get a good start. But her grading as a student will make things come out all right from now on--I think. Margaret does not particularly want a special place--She is just wholly taken up with her girl friends and all of the little bits of fun that come her way. She has such a happy disposition. Off on a geology trip on Friday, followed by some moving pictures in connection with the Latin class, and refreshments at the home of the Latin professor--what more

could a girl want--from Margaret's standpoint. The one great thing she wants for Christmas is a harmonica--and her Dad got her a fine one yesterday. She adores her work in the orchestra. One great thing that Faith wanted was a journal--not a diary or a Line-a-Day--but a journal to be kept"as Uncle Wide keeps his." So I got it. Pat wanted a koday book with places for clippings,and Jean wanted a Memory Book for this last year in High---- So I got them. But,goodness me,those thaings are so expensive.Rather nice ties for George and Wilder William--John Martin Book and knives for Fred and Deak-- a knife and a book for Billy and Jane--Blanche's children--- Books for John and Billy Mac. Perfume,and pretty handkerchiefs for Ruth Mac. The Atlantic for Will--and Addie and I,together,a pretty turkey platter for Winifred. A vase for dahlias--for Herbert-twoxMinburn Minton tea cups and saucers for Mary---Two pair pajamas--pretty ones--for Jack--A volume of Mrs Eddy's prose writings for Ruth--and a tablecloth for her birthday--That picture of the Rosa Bonhuer horse that used to hand in the house office in Spokane,for Bobs-- a sweater for David and for Stuart--- Silk undies for Elizabeth and Margaret-- A sweater for Cousin Florence--A big bottle of violet bath salts and a flower for her new coat--a handsome one made over from one of Aunt Elizabeth's--for Aunt Addie A book--"Upstream,by Ludwig Lewissohn--for Ray--Oh I guess I am pretty nearly through A pretty sports handkerchief for Ruth Bickford---and a visit to Griswold's for jellies,jams,etc.put up in tiny individual jars for Cottie,Emma Price,and Miss Mc Craken--- I hope to get the last of the packages off tomorrow. Did you receive a package with something for Helen? I will send the old Bible to you-- I renewed the John Martin book for the childre--Send a knife to Wilder--perfume and Hdks.to Ruth Mary--and a little package to Priscilla. I wanted to send more to Wilder and Ruth Mary-- but not this time. I love you all so very dearly.

Yesterday I met Ruth and Jack in town for lunch. We did not shop together--just had linch and visited a little. After I was thru with my shopping I went to a picture,a sweet little thing--Meet the Prince--with Joseph Schildkraft--he and his father do such good ,clean work. Then I bought a bag of fried ca cakes--Van Kamp's--better than any others--and great big,fat ones-- My arms were full of packages,in getting out my ticket in the station,something happened--- I saw fried cakes rolling about on the flour--I had not droppd anything-- but the bag had separated--I was holding but the top of it my hand--and had to turn around twice before I found the rest of the bag on the floor. Every body was busy with his own problems--no one cared about mine--so I did not either--except to regret the loss of a few cakes. I picked up what was left in the bag and went on my way.

By the way--I have discovered something--I guess the man who is doing the most about writing the biography of Cajol is the Spanhard-Pijoan--a very brilliant man,I understand,one of the professors here,and well known in Spain.

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

Merry Christmas to all five of you, and hoping that this will not be read until all of the hurry and fuss of the day is over and you have plenty of time to visit with me.

You will be planning happiness for yourselves and others, and so, I know you will be receiving much happiness on this day of the year that the Christian peoples of the world have set aside for pure happiness.

Sometimes we think the hurry and worry and tiredness that is connected with this day is wrong, or not worth it--but when one looks about and sees the many who have no one to be hurried and worried for--we take it all back. Sometimes, when eighteen—twenty, this year--children look to Nanean for something fairly nice at Christmas time, it is rather breath-taking and somewhat alarming, but oh the joy of having them all--Not one too many, and all so dear . It is a most joyful time.

And this year I have had a most glorious thing happen to me at this time. I want to share it with you, for I know there is no one who will be more glad to have me share it, than you dear ones. I sent off my story--and from the Associate Editor I received the following-----which I copy for you on another sheet of paper. I copy it because on January 2. when Herbert and Mary, Jack and Ruth, Will and Winifred are, I hope, coming out here for dinner, I want to read it to them--and, if they desire it, read the story to them. I cannot copy that for you--but I may loan the official copy to you later, if you so wish.

And as this letter is merely a message of love--and the message of my joy in a re-newed hope, I will write no more but will carry thoughts of you in my heart all of the coming week, and wish that I might see your tree, and hear your voices and look into your eyes on Christmas morning.

Always your loving Mother.

one. Gruelling, and Highbrow--I had forgotten what the other one was. Jack and Will and I were delighted over our find. Mrs Ross brought in a jar of narcissus bulbs for us both. Cousin Florence's package has not come yet. Sunday the older ones of the family come out for dinner.

(our neighbor)

COURTHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

With love for you all, and thanking you again for the gifts, and looking forward anxiously for the "surprise"--Your Mother.

December 31 1926
Dear Children:

So many little things I hope to do today--this last day of 1926, and so many little things I have already done these past few days. Mending--looking over-- planning--bringing accounts up to date--such a busy week as we all have been putting in, haven't we?

They say as goes the first of January--so goes the year--if that is the case, I shall probably be cleaning all the year for that is my plan for tomorrow. The smudging in the citrus orchards has made our house as dirty as the coal soot used to do in Chicago. You cannot keep it out--although one of my neighbors keeps her outside doors stuffed with paper and does not raise windows--I do not know how successful she is, but her house does look fresher than ~~main~~ mine.

We had a very delightful Christmas, of course. Friday we saw enough crowds to last for a long while--and I was struck anew with the wonder of the jollity and kindliness of American crowds. Perhaps the reason that crowds are not so kindly in New York is because New York is not a typical American city--its crowds are mostly foreign. Once on the corner of Broadway--and some other street, a young girl and I were caught in the crowd and pushed, and held, so close together that our faces were not more than a foot apart--- and it was only a joke--neither of us frowned--and all the crowd about us were of the same mind.

Saturday morning Wilder William came in after us-- at 7.20-- We had breakfast with them--the children being

quite willing to wait for us--and then the tree and stockings. The little boys first--- The two girls next--George and Wilder next--and Herbert and Mary--and then Adams and me.
The Penfield gifts were very lovely--Clothes etc. for the young folks--All quite expensive and beautiful. Pat has two very devoted "boy friends" who seem to vie with each other in giving her lovely gifts, and she is so matter-of-fact in her great enjoyment, that it is dear to watch her---and them. Jean said "I have no boy friend to give me anything"---"I suppose you feel dreadfully about that?" With a happy giggle- "No, I don't, I don't care at all. I used to care a lot--but I got all over that, and I don't care if I never have one until after I am through college." Rather philosophical, and how much happier she is, feeling that way.

We stayed there until we went to Van Nuys--about one o'clock. A fine turkey dinner--the only other guest being Mary Mariner Bartolff. My, but she is a talker--and like so many others of her nervous type, she talks about herself and her troubles a great deal, but in a very knowing, society way. Do you know what I mean?-----Her mother, and her fourteen old son, Mariner, went to San Francisco for the holidays, leaving her with a nurse to care for her, and it was a real delight to her to have dinner with the old Spokane friends. She was especially delighted to see Herbert again--"You know I was terribly in love with Herbert--I used to go hot and cold whenever I saw him"---Some way, Mary did not take to her, "She tires me to death" she said--but possible it was because she had something of a headache? Oh these headaches!------

The MacQuarries came out after dinner--and we had a jolly time just visiting. They had no tree, thought that would be a confusion that could be dispensed with. There was a tree there, all trimmed, but no giftes exchanged.

Now, for the gifts I received-- Your package came several days before and we opened it Thursday evening, so as to take in town waht should go there. Helen dear, the flower is lovely, and I am so glad to have it--but Friday morning, when I wanted so to wear it in town, I had to hurry so fast I went off without it--and my Lorgnette, too. I had put them together to have them handy, you know. The book I shall enjoy very much, Wilder dear--and thank you both very much. The telephone index I shall use very often, and it will be such an improvement on the card that I have hung by the telephone, I shall thank dear Wilder for it many times during the year. And Ruth Mary? Why bless her heart, Auntie Mary and Auntie Ruth and her Nanean are just as pleased with her gifts as we can be. They are dear-- Adams will thank you, herself, I know, for the gloves. She does so want to know you all.
Jean and Patricia gave us a fruit cake they had made. Elizabeth gave me her photograph. Margaret and Faith gave me a book by Will Rogers---Oh if it had been a different book--but they thought because I enjoy Will Rogers' quips in the morning papers that I would enjoy a whole book by him--you see. Bless them-- Earnest and Mary Mac. sent me a box of note paper, Ray sent the Atalantic, as usual and Sarah gave me an embroidered tray cloth. Herbert and Mary--Jack and Ruth--and Will and Winifred following my request, gave me a new dictionary. I have wanted it for a long, long time. The only one I have had, since leaving Galahad where I used either Jack's or Will's has been an old, old Standard. One day, recently, I looked in vain for three words in it and could not find them. So the first thing I did was to look two of them up in my new

the week-end vacation I know it must have been good for him.

Elizabeth took me to church this morning, and came in with me. She is quite loyal in feeling that she must not let me go to church all alone. Adams did not go, she had so many other things to do. This afternoon Elizabeth stays home to work and Peg. takes us in to leave aunt Addie. Elizabeth had a new party dress given her for Christmas, Black and so very becoming. Margaret has risen to the point of seeing that to water-wave her hair is well worth the effort in its results--so she is improving.

The day is so marvelous, I wish you were going in town with us this afternoon. The description of Priscilla--the letters of the children, especially when Wilder Jr. said "Please come and see us again"--make me quite homesick---

Yours with all love--

Mother

Claremont
January 9 1927

Dear Children:

I am writing you this morning on the new paper that Earnest and Mary sent me for Christmas--Is it not nice? I suppose my first letter should have been to them, but theirs will be the next one.

Will came out to lunch on Thursday, on his way to San Bernardino, it was good to see him. He had quite a talk with Peg about her course for college, and that, following one that the two girls had with Jack while at home in vacation, has made things quite clear to them, I think. Peg will major in education--and minor in music and something that will develop her story-telling ability. She will take a five year course, and then be prepared to teach---anywhere. Elizabeth has said that she would not teach, but is beginning to see that preparation for teaching, with

some practical work of teaching will lead her to the thing she wants to do. So they both feel a little more settled as to their work. Elizabeth is hard at work on preparation for the debating. Yesterday she took Adams and me in to town. While we shopped and went to see "What Price Glory" she went to the library for work, and later took us out to Van Nuys for dinner. Ruth has overdone, a little, her school girl having left her, and another one not having been found, so Adams is going out there today to stay a week or two. I would go instead, but I can get some one to come in and help her out later with the sewing, that she has to do, but I cannot get any one to come in and help me with my writing----and I must not let anything take me from that, at present. Besides, she is better at entertaining the youngsters and keeping them from pushing Ruth, and better at helping Ruth out with her sewing, than I am. But Ruth is so radiantly happy that she has lost all fear. You know the constant fear that one is losing her mind, would not be a very happy companion----

I am so glad that you really enjoyed the Christmas sent from here. How funny that looks--I mean that I am so glad that I sent the things that you could really enjoy--See what a difference a little wording brings out?

Friday evening the girls had a party here, and had such a wonderful time "The best time our crowd ever had together, I think." There are some other girls who would like me to take a larger house and increase the number of my granddaughters------ Whew--that is something else, you know. Did I say that nothing should interfere with my writing? I was so glad to hear from Wilder Jr. and will write them both, very soon.

The type of this machine is not as ladylike, so to speak, as the other type, do you think? I am so glad that Wilder Sr. had

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

Dear Children:

Jack was out last evening and brot me another Corona but I have not learned how to run it and, someway, this ribbon acts just like the other--does not hit on top of the letter It's a fine looking machine but it is quite different in several ways ,but I hope to get on to the hang of it before long, for I do not like the Remington, and never did. but this ribbon business--Ha-I guess I have it, and if I have, it was Not threaded right when it was brought to me.

Now you have had the monolog on the ribbon question- I will proceed to write my letter, hoping not to bother any

I hate to be beaten like that, but I guess the Remington is pretty good, after all.

Faith and her two friends came out Saturday morning. Margaret went to Laguna with her geology class and did not come back until after six in the evening, but Elizabeth took the girls all about the campus, and took them to the College cafeteria for lunch. Then in the afternoon she made seven pies--the girls peeling the apples for her while they gossiped and giggled. Do you remember what invetrate gigglers high school girls are? All of a sudden one will giggle and they all follow suit. "Well really I do not know what I am laughing at"--Do you know Laura "No, I don't" Neither do I" giggles Virginia. But they have had a wonderful time. After dinner here, they all went to an entertainment at Briggs Hall. In the morning they came straggling into the kitchen- still giggling. And just barely made ready for the picnic at 10.30 I was up, of course, bright and early and Elizabeth and Margaret did what they could, but could not get dressed until the girls were out so they could get their clothes. Then they went up in one ofthe

canyons--some twenty of them--and after lunch and hikes etc. some of them came back here--"And we are going to have a fire in the fireplace-" and followed toasted marshmallows--popcorn-- laughter--not all giggles because these are college folks------ And then came Jack and Bobs to take the girls home. Then Elizabeth" Oh it is lots of fun, but it is hard work too." So it all is--always. Even I was tired and ready for bed. They gave me an invitation to join them on the picnic--but home seemed good enough for me.

Aunt Addie is in town again--and when she comes back is not to be guessed at--although she said as she left--"I may leave my teeth until after Christmas and come home right soon."

You talked to Dr Molloy about "some work on tumors that has gradually come to a head as result of the past month's struggle." Now how am I to understand that sentence?

And as for Dr.Bailey--how nice it would be if you could be together where you could work with congenial ideas. But, perhaps you need Elsberg and he needs Cushing to keep you from too easy sailing?

"Hibben takes too personal an interest in teams to suit me" Does that mean that you think teams are taken too seriously? That they should not be so prominent in college life--or does it mean that Hibben became too personal so near Harvard?

"The Halls have a new home"--does that mean Francis or his mother? You see I am rather dumb over your last letter. I gather that you intended having a meeting of the four families--not five, any more- but that you and Francis were the only ones that made it.

Don't get anxious over the work that piles up so high before you--some way it always comes out all right--It seems to smooth out as one goes on--and the feeling that one is terribly pushed is such a tiring feeling and everything slows up under the anxiety. That is easier said than done--I know by experience, but it is good advice, just the same.

Aunt Elizabeth's trunks are here and we have looked through them hastily picking out only the things that are to be sent to Minneapolis-- I have not sent them yet, for I have some trouble in getting the right packing. How do I know how much those diamonds should be insured for----------

Mr Prince is a prince--without a doubt. Aunt Addie had checks from Aunt E. for $50--he made it $100 and told her to keep the ~~brax~~ wrist watch that Aunt E. gave her at the last. Her will said that everything was to go to Grace--but a few days before her death she put this watch on Addie and told her to keep it--- Butit would not have been right to do so--unless they were willing to waive their claim to it. It is a very fine Tiffany watch given her by Mr Partridge. They have all written and said everything was just right that was done here. That makes us feel good, you know.

With a heart of love----for all five of you--

Mother

Box 437 Route 1 - Van Nuys California

~~The Galahad School~~

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

January 28 - 1927

Dear, dear Wilder -

Another birthday is coming to you this week - and I am sending you just - a little remembrance - Perhaps there is some book this may buy for you? - Only - Medical books are so expensive, perhaps this would - buy even a half of an ex- anything you can do with it - but - know that - it - means much, much love to my baby boy -

Ruth is really getting better her face is discharging quite freely now - Dr - Lankerstin - said it was the hard - cough (meaning the fever) - Would you say that - came from the convulsions or the convulsions came from that? for two days that - is Saturday and Monday until every she had spasms - or drawing of

The Galahad School

HUDSON, WISCONSIN

the head to one side from right to left and the stiffening of the left hand, every few minutes, without losing consciousness. The convulsion ran from right to left as well. Then on Tuesday after the convulsions stopped in the morning and until they began again in the evening. She kept a constant movement of her right hand up and rubbing the eye (right) — down — up — rubbing the eye — if one tried to stop her — as the Dr did — she fought — In the evening of Tuesday she would only stop that movement an instant and then a convulsion would follow {that kept up until Wed a.m. about this writing}

She recalls nothing now that has happened since Christmas. Her Chloroform Scare hope and belief is stronger than ever. She sat up a little while today. Her right eye is open again but the left one keeps winking shut. With much of love to you all

dear boy — Mother

But it is time for me to stop--and do the next thing--
With love for you all--and do get that ghost laid, even though you have to neglect everything else for a few days. It is worrying you, I am sure. Your Mother.

Van Nuys, California
February 6 1927

Dear Children:

The sun is coming in so wonderfully after the fog, and everything looks very lovely. Ruth is getting better each day, although the wound still runs--her jaw is still twisted, and she talks out of one side of her mouth. Her good spirits keep up--as a general thing. Sometimes, after a talk with Jack when he has said "I wish you would not read so much of that stuff" or other words to that effect--or has shown her his hopelessness of a final cure, it takes some time for her to drive out the fear that is her greatest enemy. But after some work, reading, prayer---she comes back to the bouyancy that is never hers until a long time after she is called well.---------- Mrs Nelson has just come in to tell me that she is going to leave, that Dr. has just drawn out the very last of the core and that I can do all that is necessary to be done for her. So you see, it is a bright sunday for us all out here.

Josephine Scott wrote me this week that Cottie was ill and that it would cheer her if I went to see her. So yesterday Faith took me out the Boyle Ave. to the home. They told me that she was not in her right mind--but she roused up for a while when she recognized us. She gave Faith the diamond

ring that she had wanted her to have, because I gave it to her, and because Faith looks so much like my mother. But the most of her talk was about the wreck she had been in and how she had done what she could to help all of the injured ones. I shall go over there again the first part of the week, if possible.

By the way, I do not think I have said anything about how proud I am of the performance of your Dodge the night of the storm. But I have told others of it, with much pride and satisfaction.

I hope the trip to Baltimore was successful in every way, and that Helen was not awakened from sleep before noon, and tha she came home feeling rested.

Oh there are so many things I want to tell you, but I do not recall them all now-- but here is a good one. Scene a Rotarian luncheon--The president sitting at the head of the table and Jack at the extreme other end beside Miss Hinkleman, the teacher whom he had taken out with him to play some accompanimets. Jack and Miss H. talking of how very well cooked the chicken was--suddenly the president called out--"Well what do you think about it Captain?" and instantly Jack made answer "Well I think it is a mighty good chicken ." To his surprise everyone near the president burst out into roars of laughter. It happened that at the upper end of the table they were commenting on how it happened that Jack was monopolizing the only lady at the table. After some bright remarks on both sides, the order was given that next week Jack should sit beside the president and no where else. Jack agreed provided two seats were reserved for him--"For the lady?--certainly." But next week he takes John Sayre with him as accompanist.

Friday night they gave an oldtime minstral show--Jack as one of the end-men. "The whole show" they say of him, and a "Good show." Could any other principal do such a thing without losing dignity? But Jack is Jack-- One of his gags that seemed to amuse many was-----He was wearing two medals one on each side. One was for saving himself from drowning--the other was given him because he had supported his wife for twenty years.

Ruth was so disappointed that she could not go, for she so keenly remembered the one twentyseven years ago, when Jack was the only one she had eyes for. Of course I did not go, either.

Yesterday on our way home we stopped at Winifred's--but they had gone to Santa Monica. By the way--Stuart has not wet the bed for two weeks. Quite a triumph, Winifred feels. Then we stopped at Lankershim. George was home because it was too wet for fumigating. His hands have such been callused spots. He says Mary is very glad that he is having a thirty day leave--otherwise he would now be on his way to China, no doubt.

Van Nuys California
February 1 1927

Dear Children:

The day is bright and beautiful--Ruth is getting better, and all seems quite lovely. The wound is still running a stream of pus--I would like to know, as a bit of curiosity, how many quarts have come during the past two weeks. It was three weeks ago last night since Elizabeth and I came hurtling through the fog, and now we are both here for the next four months.

Elizabeth insisted on giving up school to take her place as "the eldest daughter" and I went out to Claremont Sunday to get my various belongings that seem very essential to my happiness, and we both came back that evening.

Once more I am established in the annex room, with my own bathroom and my household gods---as I was six years ago now, while waiting for the house to be finished. I found that both Jack and Ruth felt the need of me right now--andhere I am. Elizabeth will take charge of the house--I will help Ruth in the ways that seem necessary. We will read and study together---I will move the mountain of "things piled up"--and destroy a good many of them, too--- and we will work out in the yard, when she is able, and live normally until

she is hereelf. And the feeling is very strong with Ruth and me that she is entirely cured. To explain that feeling would be impossible--but we will try and prove that it is a truth.

David will stay with Addie and Margaret until I go home again. We hope that some way will be opened for Elizabet to get some work in study that she wants to do--and I foresee a very profitable four months for us all.

Jean Penfield has been quite ill--they feared pneumonia but it was "flu" I guess. Herbert has been passing through a financial purgatory,but it looks as if the worst was over. He will have lost quite a little,but not as much as he feared, and he begins to see light ahead. They feel sort of poor in worldly goods,however. George has been transferred from the ship to land duty in San Diego. Having a month"between acts" he rather expected to go into the oil fields to work as he wants to get some money to spend on clothes--but he is helping in pruning and fumigating trees which is better sport to him. Anything in the agricultural line appeals to him always. Wilder is doing well in his golf shop---teaching--repairing--selling--etc. But I must go in the house--Ruth was lying down and I stole a little time until I could write you. With much of love--and hoping the cold snap is almost over for you--

Mother.

it--and there again he has shown such ability. He has some remarkably able helpers, and there is such perfect harmony in the faculty. The teachers appreciate his work there, as we have heard from many of them. So he has found his place, and is doing a great work. May you find your place, too. North C.

Sunday--February 13 1927 New York--California--Oh if it might be California------- With a heart full of

Dear Children:

You will not be surprised that I did not make preparations for the remembering of Priscilla's first birthday, will you? I hope you did not tell her that she had, seemingly, been neglected by her unknown grandmother? There have been a few things on my mind the past month, and things that had not become a habit were quite forgotten--and some things that had become a habit were overlooked, as well. However----there will, I hope, soon be a little package for my very newest, but none-the-less beloved, little granddaughter.

Yesterday Jack was going to Pomona college "parent day re-union" and took me with him. I visited with Adams and David while he attended the program and luncheon with Peg. We had a heart-to-heart talk that rather tired us both, I imagine, on our way home. It had to come, and I think he feels better. At least, he acts more light-hearted. Subject? The experiences of the past two months. Question--"Has Christian Science proved a failure?" Affirmative --J.P.I-- Negative--J.J.P. Concessions to be made on both sides while awaiting the decision of the judge, Time. The discussion, starting with some acrimony on the affirmative sidewhich could easily have been fanned into a flame that would have precluded any further discussion, was relieved by the negative showing an appreciation of the standpoint of the other side.

Love Mother.

Knowing the personality of both as well as you do--you may read between these lines a very near approach to what line the discussion took. Jack's argument was a good one from the premise he had in mind. There is, somewhere, a common ground where ~~xxxxxxxx~~ opponents may meet if they are both inclined to be fair. That was our hope, that was why the question had to be threshed out. He thinks Ruth and I are stubborn that we do not come to his side. We can see his standpoint much more easily than he can see ours. But we will have to prove out point before he can see it. That will take time, patience, and oh so much love and consideration for him, so much watching, praying, working. I offered to go home and leave the field to him--but he was not sure that he wanted me to do so, because it is plain that Ruth's only hope of overcoming the horror of daily fear is in Christian Science. Dr Canby, such a good man, and in Jack's mind, the only person who has taken any real interest in helping Ruth, says there is no cure, drugs can only allay and prevent the culmination of the trouble in convulsions. Ruth would rather die, right now, than live under the shadow of that fear. Christian Scienee says it can be cured, and it has been cured, and instances are given of the cure. Shall that hope be taken from her?

Jack says, "No I do not want to take Christian Science away from her, it has done wonders for her already--but," she has got to depend on that drug." It has been proved, conclusively

Ruth is doing well--slowly the wound is healing. Certainly, that belongs to the Dr. That has been his case from the very first. We are working wholly on the understanding of the Truth.

Van Nuys
California
February 20 1927

Dear Children:

I am hurrying to get this letter written--The girls, Elizabeth and Faith, are hurrying to get things cleared off and dinner under way--Ruth is hurrying to get herself and Stuart ready for the day-----for "Peg and David are coming soon." They and Adams expected to leave Claremont at seven this morning for a long day here with us---but Adams is not much of a pusher especially in the early hours of the day---so I don't know. After a hard day yesterday, not getting home until one o'clock this morning, Jack is sleeping the sleep of the over-tired--and Bobs? well, Bobs will always sleep as long as any one will let him--and is sleeping with his father now--since his mother has been ill and his bed has been needed elsewhere.

Yesterday, when Jack went in town, I went with him. Did some shopping and went over to see Cottie. Probably you have hear that we have been having some rain, floods, etc? We are so high and dry here, that nothing suffers, and the ground drinks it up very quickly, but the water came too fast and many bridges are swept away or rendered unsafe. The trolley between here and the other side of Lankershim is not running, and when I took the car to go out to the Home, we had to walk over the long railroad bridge--it must be four blocks long---a long walk and delayed me quite

a bit but

that was all. I found Cottie in bewilderment because she had been told that her imaginings never happened and were only a dream. It is hard for her to adjust herself, and her mind is still a bit hazy--quite so, in fact. I have to take with me all of the cheer that I can muster, and be as wise as possible. I have never done much visiting among the sick, the prisoners of mind and body--and it almost stuns me to realize how many sufferers there are and how much they need of the sunshine of the happy ones. I went in to see Mrs Patterson, Cottie's roommate when she is not in the hospital. A woman who has had a good mind and has made use of it. She is filled with fear because her head does not feel right--burns so on top--and will she be like Cottie and so many of the others? I talked to her as best I could--and once, referring to someting in the P salms--"Yes, I have the Psalms here--it is the only book that I can read, for it has very large print, but I can't read even that for long at a time." Shut in---depending entirely on their own thoughts and the sick conversation around them----- I tried to make her feel that she must not think of the hard things that have come into her life--for everyone has had more pleasant things happen to them--than hard things. She rather thought that was so with most people, but not with her. After a time she agreed---"Why that is so---I have had childre I have six grandchildren--I have so much that is pleasant to think about them---" Then I went to talk with Cottie---

and found that her roommate in the hospital--such a fine, capable, looking woman--but her mind is about like Cottie's--- as I came to go away she touched me on the arm--"I want to beg your pardon, I have been remiss-- I had been asleep just before you came in, and I think I had not fully recovered my senses------if, indeed, I really have any sense left." Well--she needed a bit of outside sunshine, too. I came away feeling that I had been very ungrateful for the beautiful life that is mine--for all of the love and happiness that has come to me--I should have been more generous in the sharing of my blessings.

Back to the city--lunch on a high stool in the Liggett Drug store---they have the best things to eat there--- and took the train thru the subway out to Hollywood. Met Elizabeth at the Egyptian to see Old Ironsides, a fine screen play. She was to come in after me, and I had invited her to come early enough to take in the matinee with me. As we were coming out, who should come out alongside of us but the whole MacQuarrie family who were there as guests of some Indiana friends. We had quite a visit with them and then home for dinner.

Herbert's troubles have not come through real estate changes, but through the terrible dishonesty of his trusted partner Roy Forsythe. Fortunately, he did not carry on his plans through the office--afraid of exposure, probably. The only quarrels that he had Herbert ever had was because Herbert would not exploit his friends. Mr F. has completely ruined one old and tried friend of his-- one who has trusted him for twenty-

five years--as well as hurting very materially a friend of that friend. Herbert has been working night and day to get things straightened out. He hopes not to lose more that about ten thousand dollars--but things keep cropping up. He worked hard to sell their building--and now he is working just as hard to keep it sold--for the banks are making some trouble and will not let the papers go through. He has moved his office to a smaller one,and upstairs--he has resigned from the office of president of the Building and Loan Association--for fear people who do not know him may think he is mixed up in the dishonesty. Mr.F.has taken refuge in a sanatorium--and he is not arrested because they think they can get more money out of him out of jail than in. So,he will probably go free. He is such a plausible talker that men who go to see him come away feeling that it is not so bad,after all--until they are faced again with the actual facts. To Herbert--the loss of the ideal man is the hardest to bear. Herbert will,without doubt,pull through--He has many good friends--and the majority of the people trust him. Partnerships are dangerous things--after all. "The love of money is the root of all evil" and all kinds of evil have their birth in the man who makes a god of money,and so, who is to be trusted?

I shall hope to get off the little package for Priscilla tomorrow.I hope it will be all right,and that you will really and truly like it.

With love for you all---

Mother

Will and Winifred came o ut this morning before I sealed this letter. Will was delighted with your photo--says you look like a Morgan Co.banker----- He likes the idea of the Duke University--Thinks it would give you such a chance for independent work.

Van Nuys--California
February 27--1927

Dear Children:

Another week has gone by,and there is not much change in Ruth. I mean to outward seeming. She would tell you that she is gaining in peace each day. She works in the garden a little each morning--she picks up a little about the house--Elizabeth warns her that if she does not let the management and work of the house alone she will go back to Claremont,but there are other things to do that Elizabeth does not see,of course. She takes a nap every day--or atleast lies down--when Stuart takes his,and usually gets her hair curled and looks as much like her own dear self as she can before dinner.

But the wound does not heal,although it does not run as did.Two changes of cotton a day does pretty well now. The left eye still twitches--the right eye still bothers. She can read a little better,however. The right cheek is still swollen and stiff--the mouth still twisted and the tongue on the right side unmanageable. She eats and talks on the left side,altogether. It is against all of our rules to so detail unpleasant things----but I am doing this so that you may know how she looks. It is seven weeks ago tomorrow night since the worst came on-----But she still recalls very little that happened since Christmas. One queer thing about it is that while she could not remember much about New Years and seemed very anxious

to get that straight, she could remember the whole of my story that I read to them that day.

I am tryfng to get another story ready to send in, one "entirely different" as my instructor suggested--but it is slow work although I have it very definitely outlined and it should take very little time to finish. I come over here in my room in the annex every morning after breakfast--when the family is sort of getting adjusted--and work--but my mind seems not always in the proper mood to work. So no one is to blame but myself if I do not accomplish things. However, when I cannot write I either study the principles of writing in the textbooks, or read suggested stories and try and learn something that way.

Oh Wilder--your photo came andit is fine. But it has made me terribly homesick. Unconsciously I am thinking--"How can I manage to see them this summer?" I shake myself out of that dream--and then in a short time I find myself trying to make plans again. Of course it cannot be brot about--There is not enough money in the bank--or in sight, so far as I can see. Jackzzzid Ruth noticed the expression about your mouth--and when Jack saw it he said--I remember that expression--it is just as he used to look when in Physics he would ask so many questions that he was holding up the class, and I would say "Well you have got to take some things on faith." I suppose that expression, today, means that you are not willing to take some things--like hydrocephalus, for instance--without getting down to the bottom of it and understanding why.

I am very anxious to know if anything new has transpired in regard to the matter of the Durham University. And what is in your thoughts in regard to the matter. Oh if that was only out here in California------ Is there not some way that you could pull wires that would make it possible for you to come out this way? But there I go again------Itwill all come out right when the right time comes. Without doubt you are making your reputation now, right where you are, that and that reputation will carry you out of the place you occupy now into some larger field when you are ready for it. And the larger field will certainly be in the far west where things are growing so fast. Los Angeles, for instance, is reaching out for the best in every department--and some day she will catch sight of you and make a grab for you---- and I shall be right here to pull with her.

I have not been off the premises this week. Have not seen Herbert nor any of his family. Jean has been back in school all of the week--but as to how things are coming with the rest of them, I do not know. Hope that we may go over there or they will come here today, sometime. Jack has had a busy, trying week, and I do not know how he will feel about it.

Elizabeth took the "coop" and went to Claremont Friday-- things doing that she wanted to attend--She will be back today sometime. We are so glad that she could have the week-end--for she certainly works hard here.

I had a printed pamphlet from Ray, yesterday--have not read it yet. "College at Forty-Five" is the title. printed by the

Phy-Psis of Minnesota. The first edition ran out and another one printed before he could get an extra one to send me. I think you two may be interested in it and as soon as I can get it off here--I will send it to you to read. Some day I think you may enjoy reading the journal he wrote while over there.

I wonder what the result will be of that year of study. He has a new job in the Nash Company. He is treasurer now--but he will be bound to do someting that appeals to the other side of him, and in which he will, doubtless, be as successful as he has been in business. It takes a good many years to fit us for the real place that is ours by right of birth, education and effort. He is a most interesting character.

And, speaking of character--- Have you read "Upstream" by Lewissohn? I sent it to Ray for Christmas--he and some friends read it aloud, and he sent a most interesting letter about it. I have just finished reading it--and I am about ready to send him my criticism on it. It is a most well-worth while book to read, no matter how one may take it. It has affected me strongly, not by what he says--or his outlook on life--but by what his environment and education and temperament has made of him. He really should have lived in thetime of Queen Elizabeth to have found what he considers real liberty and manhood. He irritated Ruth so that she begged not to hear the last of it--he amuses me, because of his views--- But oh how well-written it is. It is a joy to read on that account. I have been trying--off and on to get the book for more than a year. It was always out at the librar with a long list of names of people waiting for it--and they were always "out of it" at the bookstores. I have found a cheaper-new edition--and bought onefor myslef--if you would care for it I will gladly send it on to you.

The sun is out so gloriously this morning, dispelling the fog earlier than usual.

I hope you received the sweater for Priscilla--and I hope it fits and that you like it, that you feel that she really needed it. God bless you all--

Mother

Box 437 Route 1
Van Nuys,
California
March 6 1927

Dear Helen:

All of this past week I have said "I will write Helen's birthday letter today"--but, to tell the honest truth I have been so busy trying to get my second story off my hands, that the days went by each one carrying a promise for the next. But now, the story is finished, the accompanying letter written, and it lies grinning in its envelop on the table before me. At least, I hope it is grinning, I know I am. And now, before the next task is undertaken, which will be the revision of my first story, I mean to write a few letters so that my conscience will be more at rest.

I am sending a small check for you to buy what it may please you to buy, rather than trust to my uncertain selection. Perhaps that is always the better way to do, for there is a certain amount of fun in making one's own selection.

I cannot tell you how much I am enjoying Wilder's picture--isn't it a good one? I liked the enlarged one that was taken in Spain, but this is much better than that.

It is a beautiful day after the rain, and I know Jack and Ruth are enjoying it. Yesterday morning they went in town, and after a bit of shopping were going to one of the

beaches for over Sunday. We do not know where they are--Santa Monica, probably. Jack lives at such a high pressure that he needs to get away once in a while, for one never gets his mind off the problems without the change of scene to help him do so.

I have been so often impressed with the sense of what a harmonious family this is. I don't think I ever saw one more so. For instance, the love and patience that the three girls show Bob. He is a dear boy, but boys are very annoying, some times, but they seldom show any very great annoyance. Of course, Bob does teaze the younger boys, and it is better to have high-strung David out at Claremont right now. He was attending kindergarten here where there are nearly 100 children, and had nearly, if not quite two miles to walk home. In Claremont there are but fifteen children and but four blocks to walk. The good results are shown in his appetite and his being so glad to go to bed when seven o'clock comes. Here, he was too tired and excited to go to bed without protest.

I rather think that I may go back home before many days--and I wonder what we will do then. They want him to stay there until school closes, and he is sleeping in my room, but I am getting mighty anxious to be uninterrupted for the next few months. I do want to see what I can do in the writing game.

Friday Ruth, Stuart and I spent the day with Winifred, while Elizabeth and her friend Katherine went to the library and a picture. We had such a good time. One day a few weeks ago, Winifred smlled smoke, and found that the flue of the gas stove had set fire to the house inside the walls. She called the firemen, and then went out on the street to get help. Two men and a woman "wearing white trousers" came in and by the time the firemen reached there they had broken down the wall with a shovel, and the fire was out. On Friday the carpenters were there finishing up the job for the painters.

It was the first time that Ruth had been away from the house since New Years, and she had a hair-cut and felt quite like herself again.

Ruth MacQuarrie had a birthday on the 28th. Billy has one on the 15th. and Jean on the 30th. Then I can forget birthdays a little, for George on April 21 is the only one until Faith comes in June.----But Jean and Faith graduate in June, and I have established a precedent of a $50. gift for each graduate. Large numbers to love are a wonderful joy--but there are some drawbacks that one is sensible of--at times.

Wilder was to take Wilder Jr. to have his hip "investigated". May there be no trouble-------- And there seems to be quite a domestic history that I am not quite up on. That German who could not talk English, but smoked and played

the piano and looked down on you all, sounds most unpleasantly interesting.

I am waiting to hear about the Nelson article being finished. And I am very interested in hearing more about the Duke University business. Wilder asked in his letter of Feb. 20 what I thought of it--but I had written two letters in which I spoke of it, so I am wondering----

And about what Wilder said about Louise Clark--No, she would not want a John L. Sullivan, nor a Lord Byron, nor yet a bald-headed hen-peckable man. She just needed a man who was a little better informed than she, and one who loved her. Perhaps the last would have been quite sufficient. But we must remember this, no matter what she is now--she married a man with three boys. She was a devoted and a very wise mother. Those boys are very much in love with her today. George was hard on the boys in many ways. I think he loves them all, but Jack, the oldest son is the only one in the family who can do anything with George. He is such a level-headed fine fellow that he can see his father's side, perhaps--and yet, he is rather inclined to advise Louise to a divorce, now that the two girls are married. He seems to think that she has endured enough. I, of course, only know Louise's side, and George must have a side too.

But I was to write but a short letter--for the girls--at least one of them, is going to take me to Lankershim--and they must be about ready---

May you have a --or should I say, I hope you had--- lovely birthday, Helen dear, and may you have a girl--yes two girls that are as good as Alice used to be.

Your loving mother--

Van Nuys
March 13 1927
Dear Children:

I had a little glimpse of Dr.and Mrs K.yesterday, but such a little glimpse-- I was in hopes that we might sit near each other at table--but did not,and when I looked for her,later,to have a talk,they were gone.

Mrs Bell is certainly a wonderful woman in looking after all of the old friends. Yesterday she had all of the Hudson people whom she could reach,in Los Angeles,for lunch at the Elks' new club building. There were thirty-eight of us. And Cottie was there! Her niece,Josephine,brought her in a taxi. She was a little bewildered,would forget that she had seen us,etc.but I know she had a good time. Something for her to think about. Mr.Bell,Uncle Willy,Walter and Barter brought out the men. Herbert and Mary,Will and Winifred,Jack and Ruth, of course. Max Dyer,whom I had never known,but was glad to send a message to his mother who is at the San.in Hudson. Ren.Ismon and his wife. I knew her when I was a girl--and she was,too--- Ren.himself,was a very intimate friend of Tom's. His brother Harry was the partner of my first desperate love affair.And his sister was Harold Fall's grandmother--etc.etc. It was in the Ismon house where you tended so many fires that winter of the fire,Wilder.

Blanche Fulton---and oh how she wondered why I did

not still attend the Presbyterials-----I did not tell her why--what would have been the use? It would only have bothered her. I did enjoy those Presbyterials--no you have nothing like them in Ne w York,and New York Missionary women envy us that organization. Then why do they not have one of their own? I don't know--I can only say that they are the most spiritual group of women whom I had ever known before knowing the Christian Scientists.----------However,Blanche is still bound by the letter,and bound hard. Walter had seen your picture at Mother K's -and was glad to see it. Ada Clark and her Dr.husband--Dr.Musette? were there,he has come to settle in Los Angeles,and is feeling his way along,of course. Ren Ismon has been in New Yor for some twenty-five years,and is now looking for a place in California where he may like to retire and meet old age comfortably.

After lunch I went home with Will and Winifred. There was a faculty dinner of some kind on at the high school here, and some education notables were to be here,and Jack asked Will and Winfred,so while Ruth came home to rest"between meals" I visited with the Macs.and came back with them.

It is quite possible that Will may leave their new home,and Los Angeles. He thinks he has a better thing in view in the presidency of the San Jose State College. San Jose is only 19 miles from Stanford,and professionally,it would be ideal. He likes the climate almost as well,but likes his friends

in Los Angeles a little better--for we are older friends. He would get a salary of 7.000, probably $7500 and would have more time for his research. Here, he gets $4100 with the chance of doing work on the side that brings it up to about $6500. But when he loses his pep--he will not be able to do the extra work--and, in order to keep things going, it takes all of his vitality. The San Jose place wou ld be more permanent, and demand less of a strain. He thinks he can get it for he has made good along the very lines that they want to have emphasized there. He would have asked for it before he came down here, but a friend of his was after it, and he would not compete with him. It is quite certain now that his friends can never get it, for they feel that he is weak along some lines where Will has proved himself strong.

I want to know much more about Wilder's hip---Chicken Pox no help, of any account, teaching the children--and the work of every day---surely things are pressing on you, Helen dear---- If I did not know that these things are bound to come, I should be greatly troubled. But, no matter how hard things come, it always seems to be borne--and after a while we forget them or are able to laugh at the memory of them.

My birthday gift came on time, and I thank you very much. I shall keep it in the box until I return to Claremont, for I shall want it fresh there. The night before my birthday Will and Winifred came out with a lovely box of candy for me. We

not only had it for dinner on Wednesday with its accompaniment of birthday cake and candles, but we had it for dinner on Thursday when Eloise Platt and Mrs. Wheeler came out for dinner.

Monday morning I received a special delivery letter from Eloise saying that she was here. I went in Monday and took her out to lunch--Then on Thursday Herbert and Mary took them both and me for a ride and brought us here for dinner. Then Jack took them back to the hotel after dinner--much after dinner. Mrs Wheeler is an old friend and they two are taking quite a trip a week in Arizona--a week in San Diego, a week in Los Angeles, a week in Santa Barbara, another week in San Francisco--and then back here and on the Santa Fe with stops at Grand Canyon etc.

We had a delightful visit with them, of course, and heard all about Mrs Platt. Mrs Wheeler lost her husband about the same tim that Eloise's husband died. Professor Wheeler was the Greek professor in Columbia. She visits Mrs John (Jack) Griffen--I think that is the name--of Fieldston--she knows Mrs Hackett so knows just where you live. Mr. Griffen is a lawyer- a graduate of Johns Hopkins-- She knows many people in Baltimore, and when she found she could tie you up to Princeton, Hopkins, and Oxford--as well as Columbia--she was much interested. She was most pleasant--and especially interested in Bobs and Stuart. Is going to send some "Greece stamps" as Bobs called them, to Bobs, as well as some other interesting ones.

Stuart wanted to know her name, so he asked his mother.. "What is that thing over there in the rocking chair?" He meant no disrespect, he wanted to pin in his mind the name of the delightful person who was giving him such a good time. His mother told him yesterday to take off his blouse--He said, "I can't its locked."

March 16 you are to have a lecture on Christian Science. I wonder how much Dr. Schell knows about it---- I wonder if he is like the man who was going to write a book to disprove the Bible. He worked for many years and then died. When his library was examined they found more than 100 books against the Bible but not a Bible among them. Many critics of Christian Science are like that. If Wilder sh uld write his ideas on Hydrocephalus, for instance--of how much value would he think an article would be if some one attacked his article who knew nothing of the article itself--except what he had heard from critics--and who knew nothing at all of the science of brain surgery? Dr. Schell may have studied Christian Science thoroughly, and with an unprejudiced mind--I hope he has, otherwise, I would not think he would be able to speak with very much authority--would you?

Tell me something about the Fields, the Lewis' the Baldwins- Clevelands etc. That means the Boardmans and Ladds, too.

There goes Stuart with his garden tools ready for work. Ruth will soon be over to say good morning--and I must say goodby to you---thanking you once more for my birthday remembranc Florence sent me five dollars to spend for something I want---

Lovingly, Mother

Tell me more about Dulu
Lovingly

that Christian Science has failed to help her." It would do no good to point out to him that his argument is rather weak. "It has helped, it has not helped." "I want her to depend on it, she shall not depend on it." "Dr.A. has helped her wonderfully--Dr.B. cannot cure her but he can make it easier for me to bear, for I believe in him more than in Dr. A. Therefore she has got to depend on Dr.B. while she smooths Dr.A.'s feelings by telling him she depends on him alone. She must not be so stubborn, I have my rights, I do not want to be selfish--but I know I am right." Not the trouble is we see things from a different standpoint. But------we are trying, oh so hard, to know that it will work out all right. The temptation of Jesus in the fourth chapter of Matthew and Jesus' answers are very helpful right now. We are seeing it in a different light than ever before, understanding just what that season was--as never before. And our hearts are very tender towards Jack--we have no thought of blame for him, seeing things as he does. Of course, Ruth does not know what we talked about yesterday--that is not necessary. But he has said enough to her to send her down to the very depths of discouragement--without his knowing that he has done so. several times,

Well---probably you two dear children will not understand just what the condition is, you will not understand our point of view, of course you cannot--but I had to talk out a little of it--for I have always talked out my problems

to you, Wilder dear, and I do miss you terribly when I am troubled.

I have made this letter very much a letter about Jack--I may as well continue and make a Jack letter entirely. Going out to Claremont yesterday he told me many things that he has to meet in school. So many of the parents come to him with their problems, and, really, he is remarkable in the wisdom he shows in dealing with those problems. He is so sympathetic with both parents and the boys. He is so helpful, so successful. He has a wonderful faculty that way. And oh how many young lives are being enriched, and how many are being saved from disaster through his wisdom, and sympathy, and watchfulness. He is in his proper place. His school shows it. So many things are on his mind. Seventy teachers, each ~~of~~ with separate problems, the general problems of the school, the new buildings, the proper equipment, and how much more of equipment there is needed today.

They have just finished the domestic building. I am anxious to see it. Every one marvels how he manages to get so much help from the school board--but he knows what he wants, he visits the warehouse every week, he nabs everything possible that he sees a use for--and he keeps everlastingly at them. In the kitchen of the new building--or rather in the cafeteria they have a $4.000 refrigerator that was installed by themselves. And $3.000 is already paid for by the proceeds of the carfteria of the past three years. They have such good things to eat, and no dish is more than five cents. So many salads----- They have a wonderful woman in charge of

Ruth is going back day-

Van Nuys--
March 20 1927
Dear Children:

No letter from New York this week, and I am thinking of you so much. Of Wilder's hip--of Helen and her domestic problem--of the Ghost that persists in not being laid--of the discussion of the Duke University Medical call-----etc.etc

Ruth has just been in to say that we may go to church today, only-----Jack fears that if we go, we will not have dinner before two o'clock and that means no time for garden work. To us that seems a simple thing to solve, for Faith rarely stays to church, and Jack always comes home right after S.S. Therefore why may not Faith come home today and start the dinner? She is at a "slumber party" and may want to stay through the services with the rest of the girls, today--but she does not have to do so. It seems to me the senior year of high school is a most wonderful year. The grade has been made, the end of this part of the going is in sight and beyond the new delights of college. The class, as a whole, begins to see each individual of the class in a new light. They have a new sense of comradeship. Some of them are actually engaged to be married, and they are such a source of interest to the others. Oh the thrills are so numerous. Faith loves the boys--but has no especial interest in any one boy. You cannot teaze her, as some think all girls should be teazed--she just laughs, and thrills. Everything

yields its special thrill. She is a joy to watch, and Elizabeth gets her thrills in watching Faith.

Yesterday, Elizabeth went to Hollywood to visit a friend, will not be home until evening. Also, yesterday, Jack and Ruth; Bobs and Faith went in the city for shopping and seeing Lon Chaney in "Tell it to the Marines." That left Stuart and me here alone. It did seem lonesome to him, I know, for there was not a soul about the place. Even the neighbor boys who are here so much, were not to be seen nor heard. But he was as good as gold, and we became quite well acquainted.

Our trip to the desert that we had intended to take yesterda has been put off for a time. It has been so cold the desert flowers are not in full bloom as yet, and that is what we are going for.

Next Saturday will be the Hudson picnic at Sycomore Grove-- We are going, and, possibly, I shall --and perhaps, Ruth will-- go on to Claremont. She to stay a few days---I, to stay longer. I may not come back here at all--I shall stay through the first week in April, which is the college vacation-- and may stay through the second week which is Van Nuys vacation. Then I may come back for a couple of weeks, at least.

The trouble is that I am afraid that I cannot command my time for writing while David is there, and it is better for him to be there until the close of school.--So the future will tell-- as it comes.

I love you all very dearly, and wish --oh how I wish--that I was looking forward to seeing you soon.

Mother

March 27 L927
Dear Children:

I was glad to hear from Helen this week--no letter at all last week,and Wilder is still too busy to write--but, perhaps this week will bring a letter from both of you------- Today I will be talking about the Hudson picnic that is an annual affair--the last Saturday of March. Now let me see-- of all who were there,how many do you know?

I was mighty disappointed not to see your father and mother,Helen. I did hope for a visit with her. And Herbert's family were not there,although they had intended going,but Deacon had come down with the measles. We had felt pretty sure that would be the outcome,when I was there for dinner, on Thursday. He is usually too busy to pay much attention to his grandmother,beyond a mighty hug and kiss when I arrive-- But,on Thursday he rather liked to have his grandmother's arms around him while he sat beside her enjoying the open fire. I never see him without wishing that he and Wilder Jr. could be together--They are so totally different--in looks and in temperament--but they are both so dear and so delightful. But I must not talk Penfield--or I shall not tell you what I started to say--

Of courese,there was Barter Bell--but he was just the same old Barter---and so I will not say much about him. Dr.Phil Fulton asked about you and your work. He has been in

the Indian Wells country in Arizona for three years. He is as brown as a berry. I did not have so much of a visit with him as with some others. It is Sidney Jones I wanted to tell you of, more particularly. You remember him? The boy whom the Huntoons would have liked to adopt--but his sister Gertrude insisted that they must live together?

Sidney wanted to know all about you--he recalls you and Galahad with gret interest. Then I asked him to tell me about himself so that I could tell you. His life has been quite interesting, and he, himself, is quite interesting. He is almost as "near" bald as your own dear self. He has had office work--newspaper work--automobile work. His eyes were not very good, about five years ago, and the Dr. sent him to a wealthy banker who was going to tour Mexico, with his family--He went with them, and has been with them ever since as a secretary--"Well, I think I am a Jack-of-all-trades, with them." The wife is an invalid--they travel a great deal--always with two maids, two cooks--and there were two other servants, but I do not just recall what their especial business may be. Wherever they go, Sidney goes ahead and engages a house, and makes all arrangements for their coming. He had just sent them back to Salem---or on their way to Salem (Oregon) and he is to follow them after paying all bills and getting everything ship-shape here--and will be in Salem before them, as they are going by auto. There he will get the house and servants into running order and be ready for them when they come. Sounds like a fairy story doesn't it? He says he has had two or three opportunities to get into some business for himse but each time this man has insisted that he shall not leave them, and has made it more worth his while to stay with them. "And that's that." He is gentle, kindly, and, without doubt, efficient. But he seemed to feel that doing so many odd things was not getting him anywhere--he is not married, neither is Gertrude---- I said, "But, dovetailing your newspaper work into what you are doing and experiencing now--what a preparation you are having for something, somewhere, that you really want?" His face lightened -"Why do you know, I never thought of it that way-" I do not know what he wants to do, but it evidently, gave him a new light on the thought that was bothering him.

Probably some chauffeur

Do you recall Martha Lake? She is John Lake's sister--- The Nebraska State picnic was there at Sycamore Grove, and she came from their ranks to see the Hudson people. She seemed to recall all about Galahad.

Mrs Burghardt was there with Maude--I think she was next to the youngest of that family of eight. A wonderful showing Mrs B. has made, (with no help from the father,) with her family. "And oh--my children are such a comfort to me now." Maude is in some office here in Los Angeles---She is such a pretty girl. Faith could not recall her, at first. Maude said "But Faith you've just got to remember me." She used to take care of Faith, sometimes-- with her older sister, when Ruth needed

such help--- And finally, it all came back to Faith, and she remembered the several things. Mrs Burghardt has all of her children either married, or about to be married, or settled in some pleasant work--and now she is going back to Montana to take up Girl scout work. She can still "hike" eighteen or twenty miles a day. They often walk up Mount Low--or some other place--get a cabin for the week-end and walk back. Gracious----that is much more of a fairy story that the one Sidney told me.

Elizabeth and two friends went to Claremont Friday afternoon. Margaret had a party for them that evening--Other things filled in the day yesterday, and they come home this morning in time, to go to a dinner with the family at the home of some member of the educational group in which Jack is an honored member. Every one of us is to be there.

Wednesday is Jean's birthday and Ruth and Jack and I are to be there for dinner that evening. Not especially in honor of that day--but it was the most convenient day next week, and Jean's feeling is that it will be a very nice day to have us there. She does not know if she will be able to get all of her credits for Pomona--on account of her illness at the time of the final examinations---Pomona has them all scared, it is not easy to get in there, for they can have the pick of so many schools about here. However, Scripps college for women---the first of the several colleges planned to come

in the group to be called Claremont Colleges--opens this Fall--so they may make it easier for girls to come in.

Will and Winifred were expecting to be at the picnic yesterday, but for some reason did not get there. I am going to leave here on Friday. Sent some of my belongings home with Elizabeth, this week. So---from now on--direct my lett rs to Claremont, again. We hope to take the desert trip this week-end, and Ruth will then stay with me until Thursday or Friday--Margaret will come home Sunday night in her place.

I had rather planned not to go to the dinner today, but to stay home and write a lot of letters--but Jack seemed to feel a bit disappointed--and so I am going. I did not think he would care, I do not know them, it is hard for me to get into a general conversation--but--that is all right--it is no self-sacrifice on my part to go. So I go.

I know one person who will be glad to have me back in Claremont---that is Aunt Addie.

Oh I do hope the little Irish maid is buning up no more vegetables--and that her smile is still giving you pleasure. I hope that the chicken pox is a thing of the past, and that Wilder is absolutely well and strong, and that you are both feeling rested and happy and assured of the joy of living. I send you all a kiss---

Mother

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

April 8 1927
Dear Children:

I am on the point of going in to Los Angeles for over night-- I have but a very short time in which to write, but do want to get off a greeting to you---

Friday Ruth, Stuart, Bobs, Elizabeth and I (and Katherine Cornwall) came out to Claremont-- Jack and Faith came early the next morning--and leaving ~~for Palm Springs as soon as possible after the two~~ Elizabeth and Katherine with the two little boys here, we went on the Palm Springs--- Stayed there over night---- When we came back Sunday, Elizabeth and Katherine went to Palm Springs to visit her Aunt---- They returned yesterday afternoon, and took Ruth and the two little boys back to Van Nuys with them. Peg had

gone back with Bobs on Sunday. So, Adams and I are alone for three days--when Peg and David will return. She has been a prisoner with David, and there are several things she needs to do in the city--hence our staying there all night.---------- A dressmaker coming on Monday will also help to explain the necessity of a visit to the city.

Just to let you know what is going on--but not attempting to answer your two letters that have come during the past ten days----

Your loving, and a bit homesock,

Mother

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

April 12 1927
Dear Children:

Such a confusion!--- Ruth and the rest of the family left Thursday afternoon--Adams and I simply dropped everything and rested--But Friday morning we went into Los Angeles--and stayed there until Sunday evening. We went to a little hotel where we could go and sleep when we were ready for sleeping,and shopped--in the stores,and through the windows,and did some errands. Friday afternoon while Adams did some errands of her own I went to see "The Sorrows of Satan"--taken from Maris Corelli's book. It was treated well--not as much of nakedness as many pictures--- and Menjou showed, without any melodrama how he must tempt--but how eager he was that his temptations should be resisted. Then we went to dinner and to

another picture in the evening. That time, one of Milton Sills--the Sea Tiger. He always does good work, and the play is always clean. Saturday morning we shopped. In the afternoon went out to the Forum to see the Yankee Clipper--I always like to see William Boyd--and the music was good and Will Rogers gave his little stunt in showing us Ireland--while parts of Pinafore was the prologue to the picture. After dinner we went to the hotel and went to bed early. Sunday morning it rained when we went out to breakfast, and when we wanted to start for church it poured--we called a taxi-and got along fine. After church John Mac. met us and we had dinner with them and afterwards John brought us home in Will's car and stayed all night here.

Monday morning John went back--a new dressmaker came for a week's work--and I know of nothing more tiring than that. The house is not settled, for we have not stayed at home long enough to get

OURHOUSE
1237 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

it in order after making the necessary changes t accommodate the change in the family personnell. Sunday's rain meant snow on the mountains--and we are mighty close to themountain--therefore it is cold . Was stove and fireplace going all of the time in here--and the other rooms are quite like the North Pole.

This morning brought Margaret and David back and with them were Faith and a friend of hers who is hoping to come to Claremont next year. They will be here all night. I told them they would have to get dinner--they could have the kitchen to themselves--and serve us our dinner on trays in the living room--for the dining table is in the dressmaker's care--and the breakfast room is now David's bedroom.

Well,I think the picture of us out here is quite complete--and I wibl tell you of Will's

plans. He is to go to San Jose September first-
President of the San J ose State College--
salary $7200. San Jose is but thirty miles from
Stanford--and is a most pleasant place to live in
He was still in San Jose when we were there on
Sunday, so we did not see him and hear the very
latest news. They are very, very happy over it--
except that they do not like to leave Los Angeles
I am mighty sorry to have them leave.

Do you know, I have a sneaking feeling that
the not going to Durham may bring you out in this
country somehow, and some time. Will means to make
inquiries as to possibilities at Stanford. If
there is no possibility there they may know of
something. Winifred says--"remember--it takes
the man, his preparation--the place--and some one
to bring them together. Wilder is the right man-
he is well equipped--there is a place for him--
and some one will bring the man and the place to-
gether." So, we will hold on to that very self-
evident truth and wait with patience.

I am glad that you had a little bit of a
rest togetherin New York--and I do hope that
things are going well with you both. I hope to
get ov r to Upland to see Dr. and Mrs K. as soon
as things get settled down here a bit.

David has not said anything, but he is sitting
as close to me as he can get, with his book--and
a wistful expression--I wonder if Wilder and
Ruth Mary can guess what is in his mind.
I think I will read to him for a very few min-
utes---Oh dear, it is twelve o'clock and the
girls are not here to see about that dinner-----
However, I will wait a little bit--

Yours as ever--with a longing to see you--
Mother

appeal to you more. Never mind, dear boy, just peg along and some fine day you will wake up and find that your own place has sought the man----and the man is ready for the place.

God bless you all-----Mother

April 17 1927

Dear Children:

Christ is Risen!---Christ is Risen indeed'.

Such a beautiful Easter day--and we must have all of our Easter service here at home. Elizabeth came up yesterday afternoon, and she and Margaret--in a party of eight, have gone up the mountain to have --not services, but a play in the snow. And to see them go off half dressed to play in the snow, makes me shiver clear through--But these young people know more than any older people----and when I sense the conditions of the present day, sense the kind of a world that we of the older generations have left to them----I am not sure but that they are actually right in not listening to us. We have not shown them that we have so very much good sense.

We are reading a serial in the Colliers--called Caste--It deals with the American horror of the Jews, and is well written, and is too true to be pleasant reading, in a way. Elizabeth says--"I do not think that is true of the younger generation, I do not think we have that feeling against the Jews. I know so many nice Jews and have never known any one to show any feeling against them." I told her that that very true attitude of mind in the world has perhaps been left to them of this younger generation to straighten out---one of the many crimes that we have left to them--and I hoped that

they would prove themselves equal to the work. The American attitude towards the Jew, the negro and the Indian has always been a thorn in the flesh to me. I have argued and shed tears over our injustice---but no one would change their minds because of my arguments or tears---------- The Americans are a queer people--but no queerer than other peoples, either.

As I have looked towards the mountains this morning, while about my work this has run in my mind---you will put it to the tune I used, all right---"Down at the foot of the mountain, down at the foot of the mountain--Down at the foot of the mountain, There's beauty all the year---Beauty, all of the year, Beauty, all of the year, Down at the foot of the mountain--There's beauty all of the year."

But I will turn on the Radio and get the Sunday morning organ recital from the First Methodist Church--that may change the rhythm--if not the real worship.

David had his hunt for rabbit gifts this morning--I find that he knows but little of the real Easter message, so, after a time I shall read the Bible story of Easter from John to him. He found a beautiful big egg filled with candy eggs from his mother sent by mail from Stocton--- His own little kindergarten basket filled with more candy eggs, and guarded by two beautiful ducks-----Margaret was admiring the ducks last night, smoothing their beautiful soft down, but when Adams told her that they were real ~~duck~~ goslings stuffed--she screamed and threw them on the floor with horror-----Of course she laughed at herself, as we did, too--but she shivered and would not touch them again. I sympathized with her---I hate dead things. -------- David also found a big chocolate egg and a package of all sorts of nice things, candy, gum, chocolate, etc. from Auntie Waywee.

Will and Winifred and Ruth Mac. stopped here on Thursday as they went through Claremont to make the desert trip, and stopped again Friday evening on their way home. They look so well and so very happy.

Jack and Ruth, I suppose, will get home from their week's trip up North, tonight. The opera--Mikado--is given Thursday and Friday evenings, and we will all be there to see Faith as Yum Yum. My dressmaker comes back tomorrow for a couple more days--Adams goes in town tomorrow to stay until after the opera and I hope to do some work in the garden etc. before I go in, with David and Margaret and Wallace on Friday. Wallace Weber is the son of the Webers of Bayfield whom Ruth has been visiting in Modesto this last week. He is a Pomona freshman--a fine looking lad, with a freakish notion that women are no good. Yet, he likes the girls pretty well and they all like him more than pretty well.

A banker you think might appeal to you? Nay, nay, it is too much along the line of money-making--and while you do appreciate what money can buy---still, brains of another calibre

May first--
7.20 by the clock--
David and Peg off for the Tennis Cout--
Pancakes and coffee out of the way--
The lawn being well soaked with water--
Aunt Addie still in bed--like a good Christian--
And I am saying "good-morning" to you besides a good many other things.

And Indeed, there are a lot of things I want to tell you about this morning. I did not get in any letter last week, and it was a week full of interesting things. I feel, almost, as though I had had a visit with you all, for Louise Clark has been here and told me all about her visit with you. I do not believe that you can know how much that visit meant to her. It meant love. Home love, and happiness. It meant all that she has missed in life. It meant what she is hoping for her daughters. She told Constanc that if she ever had the ghost of a chance to go to your home not to dare to miss it. What you represent is what she wants Constance and Bob to see and imitate. I imagine Bob Judy has had a happy home, but Constance has never known home courtesy. Bob was in the Telephone and Telegraph Co. in Los Angeles. A man came out from New York and asked the president of the Co. here to give him the names of eight of his best men. He then dined them, etc. etc. spent two whole evenings with the eight---- He went to San Francisco and did the same thing. He went to Seattle and repeated---then after he went home and thought it over--he sent an invitation to Bob to come on with the New York firm. He was chosen out of twenty four of the best-------- Constance is very

like her mother in many ways. The older sister, Louise the third-is gentler, sweeter, but not half so much fun. Constance is the more exciting---especially to the male persuasion--although she is very dear.

Now to begin the week---with the Friday before. That afternoon, Peg and Wallace Weber--the son of the friend Ruth visited in Modesto---David and I went to Van Nuys. Adams had been in town the whole week, so we met her there. A hasty dinner--and then the Mikado. I could make a whole letter on that performance but it will be enough to say that you would have been charmed with Faith as Yum-Yum. She was a darling, and she was Yum-Yum--She and Nanki-poo were charming in their lovemaking, they never forgot for a moment that they were two children of nature and happy in each other's love. She was so quaintly sure of herself as being the most beautiful creature in all the world---------- But I have other things to say.

Saturday evening, the three girls, Adams and I went to Los Angeles to the Philarmonic Symphony concert-- It was perfect--Since Rothwell's death Emil Oberhoffer is here as conductor. I had heard his orchestra so many times in Minneapolis that it seemed very like old times. Again, I could say much, but hurry on.

Sunday morning, the same six of us were on the way soon afte six o'clock. We drove 350 miles that day. We went directly North to Bakersfield--ahead of the traffic, we did not have to worry about other people's cars. Then we went East and South, to Mohave, over the Tehachepi Pass--Nearly 4.000 ft. up----Back to Van Nuys where we dropped Elizabeth and Faith, and after some delicious popcorn started back to Claremont. Reached here about ten O'clock and into bed as soon as possible.

If I could make you see what we saw that day------ It was more beautiful--more marvellous that the Palm Springs trip. That was interesting, very different. But this was real landscaping. But no human could have conceived the magnitude, the lavishness of design and color. Imagine miles and miles of hills of all shapes and sizes. One view dissolving into another with no break anywhere. This whole hill covered with Monkshood clover--The majenta of its coloring toned by the white hoods of the little monk's-heads. The next hill joining its white lupine with the majenta of the clover on the slopes, showing the pure white on the crests, uniting with the blue lupine on the next hill that would become an intense dark blue on its crest, or, it might be, uniting with the yellow buttercups on the next hill, or the dark red of the Indian Paint brush-- or the next hill might be Monk'shood again and the little white daisy or the white flower that looks like Baby's breath--orthe lovely pink verbena---or another blue flower that has a fern like foliage-- But each crest--each valley--a gorgeous splash of color so enormous in extent that it would take away your breath. Then would come the orchards as one neared a little town--and the air would be full of orange blossoms. Beyond Bakersfield--

and over around Mohave and up on the Pass--it was as if the great Landscape Gardener had feared man might become weary of the beauty he had been seeing during the morning and had prepared a wonderful change for him by trees and lawns interspersed among the great carpet of color. The trees were mostly of the live-oak-- The green grasses underneath looked, from a distance, as if they had been freshly mowed. There were cows feeding in little groups here and there. Very few houses, almost no barn yards---Indeed I do not recall seeing any unsightly place built by man. Oh yes, once in a while, in a little valley between the heights there would be little farms----but one was looking off to the magnificence of the Great Display, and those farms seemed very insignigicant. Upon the side of one hill was an apple orchard that attracted our attention because of the color of the bark of the trees. It was copper color---and shone in the sun as if it had been burnished. We thot, at first, it was from some wash--but it wasn't, it was the natural color. I was curious to know what kind of apples they were--but no one knew. (whom we saw) It was a glory that I shall always remember.

Some one has said that New York is the home of God's Chosen People, in answer some Californian has said--"That may be, but California is the home of God's Elect." There is beauty in almost every spot in this wide world--I suppose--but certainly, having all kinds of climate from the intense cold of the tops of the mountains in the North--down through the temperate, sub-tropic and tropic--we can find the beauty of all countries here.

We two older members of the trip have felt rather tired this week. Wednesday morning Louise Clark called me up--she was a delegate to the Annual Missionary Society of the Congregational churches of Souther California that was being held in Ontario. She came here for dinner that evening. The next mornin she came for me and I went with her to the meeting. She was to speak on the Missionary work being done in the schools by the teachers of Missionary inhibitions. She gave a wonderful speech in subject matter and delivery. She has worked in the Missioany Society for many years--Has done much constructive work with the Y.W.s-- Is now, not only a member of the School board--- Mrs. Dorsey, the Superintendent, says, sub-rosa--"Mrs. Clark is the whole Board"--but is a member of the National Community Chest Board. She speaks well and has a lot of valuable things to speak about.

She has never been in a home that she felt was so nearly ideal as your home. Helen did not look as she expected to see her---"But I had not been there for a half hour before I took off my hat and coat and laid them at her feet. She is the most charming hostess I ever met." etc.etc.etc.

The picture of Ruth Mary sitting on the music bench beside her, "Wilder Son" standing beside her with his arm around her neck, and father and mother standing behind her with their arms interlocked, is one that filled her with emotion, and one that she

will never forget.

She did not know that Priscilla"had even been ordered, much less had appeared." When she looked up and saw the maid bringing that little bundle down the stairs and putting her on the floor as if she belonged there" she "nearly fell off her chair." "And Wilder is so charming with her. He adores her." Then came the description of Wilder and the two older children in the work-shop--their hike following--- Her drive with Helen-- The waffles and the hotwater syrup - and the sussex talk--and many other things. I thank you, dear children, for making her so very happy.

I have become a member of the Literary Guild of America, and am to own a new book every month. For many reasons it will be a valuable thing for me, I think. I expect you know all about it? My first book has come--- "Mr. Fortune's Maggott" by Sylvia Townsend Warner-- I know I shall enjoy it---Imagine a book with 230 pages and not a single chapter division in it!

8.30---and the house is absolutely quiet except for the tick of the typewriter.

Friday evening of this week I went to the thirty-fifth annual Home concert of the Boys' Glee Club. Good Voices-- good songs--good, clever stunts. I wont describe that--although it gave me a lot of good laughs.

In fact I think I will not describe anything more this mornin I expect we will have our service over the Radio this morning as I do not see any signs of other plans being made. I have not been to the Pomona church since before Christmas. Hope they won't forget me.

One more item. After due deliberation, and at my earnest request, the Palmer Organization has consented to allow me to begin working on Abraham--- They have emphasized the fact that it is a most difficult subject. The general public fights rather shy of Biblical subjects and it has to be presented in a very clever and ~~orinal~~ original way in order to be acceptable.

So now--I am about to put to the test whether I am capable of doing the thing I so much want to do. If I can command my time from now on to September, I ought to know by then if I am to succeed or fail---and can plan the work for the coming four years much more definitely.

With love for you all----- Mother

Claremont
May 9 1927

Dear Children:

It was so lovely to receive the telegram Saturday afternoon. A letter came from Ray, and a box of candy from Herbert, and Ruth brought herself. My children are so dear to their mother not only on Mother's Day--but on all days of the year.

Helen's letter came earlier in the week, and I was so excited over it. I do not know if I should say I was happily excited? Why yes, of course I am happily excited if that is the way you want it----But when I think of all that Helen has to endure in order to bring the delight to fruition---I hesitate to say that I am wild with happiness over the prospect. But you, brave girls, look forward--not to the disagreeable parts--but to the happiness at the end of the journey. And it will be lovely to have another so near to Priscilla. You have experienced how lovely it is to have them near together in the joy that Ruth Mary and Wilder have given you. The letter did not come until after I had been over to Upland, and on Saturday I did not speak of it to Mrs K. for fear that you may have not thought it wise to tell her of it just yet. I know that you always want to save her worry---so I said nothing, altho it was mighty hard to keep still.

Indeed Ruth Mary shall have the sweater, if she wants it---

The only pattern that I have seen made like that is this one for the baby. But if you will send me the proper measurements I think I can make it go all right. The length of the back---- the length of the sleeve from neck to wrist--- the length under the armfrom the arm hole to the bottom of sweater. The width of the back from arm hole to arm hole. If you have a good fitting sweater how would it do to cut a paper pattern and send to me?

But Hellen dear,I did not know that you were fixing up that white dress for me. I thought you were to make it up for your own dear self. I feel conscience stricken that you should be doing that for me when you have so many,so countless many things to do for yourself and the children.

Ruth is sitting in the window sewing on some things for Margaret. She will be here all of the week. So I might as well begin and tell you of the doings the past week.

Wednesday afternoon Margaret gave us a little time and we went to Pomona for some shopping,and then to Upland to call on the Kermotts,and invite them to lunch with us on Saturday. Saturday was the annual May Maque given by the girls of the college,and is quite an event. Last year it was on May Day-- and the Penfields,Ingli,and Cottie and Josephine were here. This year I expected Jack and Ruth,Elizabeth and Faith and Stuar for the day. It always seems as if it would be pleasanter for Dr.K.if a man was on the premises when he comes over here--so I thot this was my golden opportunity.

I also invited three college boys---but one could not come, neither did Elizabeth nor Jack. I had a ham that I expected Jack to carve--Margaret is a wonderful carver, but she had so many things to do in the management of tickets etc. for the Masque that she could not be depended on for time. They were to be here at twelve o'clock. Margaret was three-quarters of an hour late--- Mrs. Kermott took charge of the carving in her own lovely efficient way. I made myslef just as agreeable as I could to the boys----and finally at 12.45 we were seated. We older ones with Stuart for a balance wheel were at the table in the dining-room. Two smaller tables in the front room accommodated the four college boys and girls with David for their balance wheel. Every one had a good time. I had a simple lunch, and a hearty one- It was after every one had eaten, visited and gone that Jack came. He had been obliged to go to the city on school business-- But he was here to take Ruth and Faith to the dinner dance. Then he went home. Faith and Stuart went home yesterday afternoon Ruth is here to visit with us all and do some necessary sewing for Margaret. College closes in just a month--then Margaret and David will go home. And very soon Elizabeth will be here for summer school.

I have been trying to see Edith Chaplin, but have not been successful in doing so--as yet. But Margaret has promised to give us the time this week---probably tomorrow--and Ruth will go with me.

I am rather planning to have a tea for some of Margaret's

girl friends on Saturday of this week--"To meet my grandmother and mother".

All of this is confusing to one who has rather dropped out of entertaining---You will not be able to understand that--I do not think I used to understand--but when one has no help, not even of the type of your poor Irish girl--- and one thinks more slowly----and is puzzling, all of the time to understand the re-actions of the present generations---it is confusing. However, I think it is well for me to get into the swim a little more than I have before this.

No, George is not with the fleet now. His old boat--the Tennesee is in dry dock--and George was transferred--at his urgent request--to land duty early in the spring. He is in San Diego. He had a close shave not to go to China with the marines, but has some special work in San Diego and is still there.

I am a little afraid that Jean will not make Pomona next year. She is wild to come, but I am not sure that Herbert and Mary are wild to have her, and it seems as if things were put in the way of her coming out here to see about it. When they can only choose 100 out of 500 applicants it behoves any girl who really wants to come to be on the job. I have said all that I feel I ought to say----and they agree with my suggestions but fail to take action on them. I think Herbert is so pressed financially that it is hard for him to re-adjust himself and probably that is at the bottom of their seeming indifference. Some of the rest of us have been through that experience and should be able to understand how the thing works.

Mrs Price has about given up any hope of ever seeing any better than she does now. Perhaps absolute darkness awaits her. She is making no plans for the future. Just waiting to see what will happen to her. She is longing for another visit from me---- but I cannot go east--and dare not urge her to come here.

Adams is working on my hat--re-trimming the expensive one I bought last summer---and it is my job to get the lunch--and the clock is warning me that David will soon be home and will be hungry. So I think I will be obliged to say goodby for this time. Perhaps I may send you a copy of the story--Lissa Gray that I sent off last week, to while away a few minutes of your time while you are in bed some of these days. Of course, I know that you would not have the time to read it were you up and around all of the time. I am not writing now--until I get more time to myself, but I am mulling the Sarai story over in my mind, all of the time, and am working just as hard on it, perhaps, as if I were at the typewriter.

Ruth is mightily interested in the news in your last letter, and hopes that all will be well with you, and says "Tell Wide that we are all mighty proud of him, but still, we take it as a matter of course when honors come to him, for we know there is none better." Indeed we are all proud--dear boy. Mother