



## Reed and Hyde Families Papers.

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glory that you two were on the  
same job: each day your all, each  
saw of the other, whether in Heaven  
or here — and the happiness in his  
face when once more you met face  
to face. — And now — the  
veil grows thin. — I can only  
offer you my utter sympathy — and  
it comes from the depth of my heart.

Yours sincerely

Katherine Mayo

Feb: 14: 29.

MAAIKENS HOF  
BEDFORD HILLS, NEW YORK

My dear Calene Dought.

Mozca Druehl and I, just  
returned from the Soviet, find the loss  
that has befallen us all, too late to  
permit the showing of any of those  
signs of affection and respect that  
might have been permitted us.

Now, I will not attempt to do  
more than assure you of my pro-  
found sympathy. I went to sleep  
last night reviewing your life to-

gether - for you were so wonderfully  
close to Peter - in France. Her  
marvellous quiet, smiling courage  
- her sufficiency to every one's need  
& apparent entire lack of need of  
her own - the morning she came  
to fetch me in Neu-Chateau, when  
a German plane had flown low, down  
the street, the night before, & sheared  
roses from the garden bushes with  
bits of shell. She had picked up  
a bad rose & wore it in her buttonhole.  
& her cheeks were rose, like the

bed, & her eyes all smiling blue.  
And of course she carried me, heavy  
& the bag all the way to the station,  
in France, through the mud. And in  
the wall of her room was a shell  
that never had exploded - yet. It  
lodged there one night when she stood  
with her back to the street wall, to  
avoid the splinters from the glass.

Then Metz, and the uncounted  
hundreds of Britons that owed their  
life to her sheer dominance of  
an angel of light. — And always  
her consciousness of you - her quiet

double measure.

Faithfully yours  
Frank Howard

Sound Beach, Conn.  
Feb. 13, 1929

Dear Arthur,

I can't tell you how shocked I was to hear only this morning of Jane's death. She was one those shining ones so full of life and good works that it is hard to realize that she is gone. There are not many people like her in this world, and I can dimly ap-



preciate what her loss must mean to you. My deepest sympathy goes out to you.

I have just this minute heard of the wonderful thing you have done for Anne, and can't begin to tell you how we all appreciate it. If any one knows that it is better to give than to receive, you must, for you have been wonderfully generous. I don't suppose you realize

what a hero you have always been to us younger boys. I can remember, as if it were yesterday, when you visited us in Montclair, about 45 years ago, and what a wonderful banjo player I thought you were. If the love and admiration and sympathy of a large circle can be some comfort to you at this time, you may be sure that you have it in

WM. BARCLAY PARSONS  
121 EAST 65TH STREET  
NEW YORK

12 Feb.

My dear Dwight

Thanks to your helpfulness  
in your great hour of agony your  
niece has just telephoned me  
the sad and of your irreparable  
loss. Knowing and under-  
standing the close and tender  
relation that existed between  
you and your wife I can  
appreciate, in part at least,  
the strength of the blow that has

fallen on you. Today, old  
friend, you are facing the  
remaining years of your life  
with a sense of loneliness, but  
that is really not entirely true.  
A companionship, such as has  
existed between you and your  
wife is something that can not  
be destroyed, though temporarily  
broken. When the first pangs  
of pain that now lie on you  
will have passed, there will come  
a calm in which you will look  
back to the many happy years you

WM. BARCLAY PARSONS  
121 EAST 65TH STREET  
NEW YORK

have had together, and live them  
over again in your recollection, and  
the joy of that recollection is what  
can take from you. You will  
accept your loss and regard the  
future with that full courage  
that I know you possess. All  
your friends, of whom you have  
many, give with you.

Always faithfully and  
sincerely yours

Wm. Barclay Parsons

strengthening you -  
Only, we are all  
so blind and deaf,  
we can not see  
or hear - What  
a wonderful Cam-  
radeship, - to have  
begun, for all the  
across ahead!

Feb. 15 } Your Cousin-friend  
1929 } Luetta Daniell

Whittier Hall  
1230 Amsterdam Avenue  
New York

My dear Arthur,  
I find no  
words in which  
to tell you ade-  
quately how my  
heart has ached  
for you since I  
found the in -

Credible news in the  
Times. I could not  
possibly get over to  
the service, on that  
particularly full day,  
but my thoughts were  
with you all day, —  
consciously or in the  
under-current. — I  
do not see how you  
can bear it, — but you  
will; and in my  
own belief, she will  
be helping you, loving  
you, consoling and

I hated to come away from you on Wednesday but I could not bring myself to stay and be taken care of right then. For that reason I am not really offering myself as a guest, but only letting you know that I am on hand when wanted. The other is that if you plan in the course of time to arrange any testimonies in memory of Jane I'd be glad to offer you my pen in any way that I could help. There are lots of people that can do better work than I, but I doubt if there's anybody that could be so absolutely free to direct, restrain, control & even criticize as I.

Neither of these contingencies may arise. If not, here I am just the same.

234 FOUNTAIN STREET  
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

February 15, 1929.

Dearest Arthur:

I have been rereading some of Jane's letters from overseas since I came away from you, and am freshly impressed with her continued sense of nearness to us all in the very face of the immeasurable distance that seemed to separate us. Her daily life then was filled with experiences she could not talk about - courage to offset all the perils, high thoughts and tenderness and service that went far to wipe out the sordid things and the cruel



mes she had to face; yet all these things that she knew and we didn't never divided us by an inch from her intimate interests in the home doings. I have a feeling that this quality belongs to Jane wherever she is called to go. It is the same gift we've so often observed in action when she gave her whole mind and kind heart to some long drawn caller on the telephone. Sometimes I know she did squander herself, but I don't see how, being Jane, she could ever have done otherwise.

I have been pondering over my beautiful share in her friendship

for more than thirty years. It is beyond my power to estimate the extent of her sisterly influence upon my life, but I do know that I shouldn't have been half the woman that I am, even, if you hadn't married Jane and brought her to us. I am travelling this minute on courage that I got from her as lately as last fall. I shall do my best to foster it and keep it going.

I want to tell you two things: One is that if at any time I can be of use to you by going to you I feel sure I can arrange it, but must make the one reluctant admission that it does seem necessary for me to breakfast in bed.

2. I think Lou has about decided, after much misgiving, that she'll stick to the Junior Committee and see the February meeting through. She feels that Aunt Jane would want her to do it and I feel so too, though I said not a word to bias her judgment.

We are expecting Charlotte's dear parents here tomorrow to spend a week with us, and so I am snugly established in the little room we still call Chapin Brinsmade's, so that our guests may have the room with two beds. Paul is housekeeping in a tent out at Horace's farm in



Southampton. We have a bed for him here any time he takes a notion to spend a night at home, but just now there are numerous babies to be coaxed away from their mothers and established in nurseries - he calls them "development pens."

Alfred is in New York today on archaeological affairs. Perhaps he is planning to call you up or to see you, even. He left rather swiftly this morning, so I didn't ask him his plans.

You have gained a thrilled and inspired young disciple in Tom Chapin. I am so glad of even the brief contacts he had with Jane

at the time of the big game.

Goodnight, Arthur dear. I think of you almost every minute, these days, with the same pride and confidence that have always been part of my love for you.

Your devoted

Lily D.R.B.

Peter sends his love to Uncle Arthur. Don't forget you said you'd come to see us here sometime. Perhaps when Alfred's camera and the dark room are all ready for service, you could help Alfred with his first developings and printings.

Mrs. M. F. Strobel  
Autaradale 2508 Auburn Ave  
Cincinnati, Ohio

My dear Col. Knight,

We were grieved and shocked beyond words to hear Mrs. Knight passed away. It is hard to realize when a woman so beloved, and still needed by so many, is taken, when there is still so much to live for and to do for those near and dear to her; yet to all of us the summons comes, but how few can look back to such a wonderful life of accomplishment, this I know must

be a comfort to all her loved ones.  
To all her friends because it was a joy  
and a privilege to have known her.  
I feel she is not dead in the sense so  
many feel about their loved ones when  
they have passed out of their physical  
sight. She is still alive and we must  
keep alive the memory of her earthly  
life - for in spirit she is near her  
loved ones - if not in body. To me the  
verse in the little poem by James  
Whitcomb Riley - has always been a comfort.

"I cannot say, I will not say  
That she is dead. She is just away  
With a cheery smile, and a wave of her hand  
She has wandered into an unknown land,  
And left us dreaming how very fair  
It must needs be, since she lingers there  
And you - oh! you, who the mildest yearn  
For the old times and glad return  
Think of her still as the same, I say  
She is not dead - she is just away."

With heart felt sympathy to you and yours  
Very sincerely,  
Marquise F. Stortzel

February the Twenty fourth (Aunt Maggie)  
Nineteen hundred and twenty nine

Dear Dr. Corwin,

About a year ago I wrote you of a visit to the Dwights. And again yesterday you were very much in my thoughts. I had not heard of Mrs. Dwight's being sick, indeed few had, her illness was so brief, flu followed by pneumonia and pleurisy, so I was greatly shocked Tuesday night to learn that Mrs. Dwight had died Monday at midnight; the services Wednesday afternoon.

It had been my intention simply to go to the church service, but Philip Morse and one of the young men from Dwight's office urged that as one of the Dwights' oldest friends, I should accompany them to the home. I wish that you could have been there to have seen how completely things were as dear Mrs. Dwight would have desired; the brave composure of Col. Dwight and that wonderful group of young people whom the Dwights have drawn about them, all evincing the most wonderful courage and that spirit to "carry on". Yet how hard it is to conceive of them and of an immense circle without her, she seems so indispensable to them all. It has always been "the Dwights"; not one nor the other, so that one cannot think of Col. Dwight without her.

The services were altogether perfectly beautiful, both at the home and at All Saints Church. Their Rector, the Rev. Kirkland Huske, read the Episcopal service with rare sweetness and sympathy, elaborating it most beautifully and yet never once departing from the Episcopal custom into the slightest personal mention, yet the entire service seemed to speak of her. Her wonderful War work was indicated by the beautiful flag over the casket, and the color guard of the Overseas Service League in the procession from the church into the church yard, where the burial took place, all in the most beautiful dignity, with full vested choir. There was the greatest profusion of beautiful flowers, the church so banked with them, that the church would have been overfilled had those of us at a distance had word in time to send also.

You were very much in our minds, and so I send you these inado-

quate lines which utterly fail to describe what to me was the most beautiful and most comforting burial service I ever attended. One must pray to realize the communion of Saints.

Most cordially yours,

(signed) R. C. Canby.

R. C. CANBY  
Wallingford, Conn.

February 14, 1929

Rev. Kirkland Huske  
Rector, All Saints Church  
Great Neck, L.I., New York

Dear Dr. Huske,

It is not often probably, at least never before in my own experience, that a burial service has been such that I would wish to retain it as a cherished memory. Yet I feel so about the service yesterday, it was altogether so beautiful and so fitting. Nor does it appear customary to express one's appreciation to the clergyman, possibly because such service is usually an experience to be borne with a certain reverence no matter how little comforting and perfunctory it may all have seemed. Nor would I have thought, possibly, of addressing you directly to tell you of my appreciation of the beautiful services yesterday, but through mere matter of habit I placed a carbon in the purely personal letter to Dr. Corwin, and since such is not a matter of filing, I thought, instead of throwing the carbon out, I'll just enclose it to you, to destroy.

The Dr. Corwin, addressed, I knew in Pueblo before Arthur Dwight came there. It was Dr. Corwin who stopped in Joliet and escorted Jane Reed to Pueblo to visit the Robinsons, and this led to the acquaintance of Jane Reed and Arthur Dwight, so you see Corwin was largely responsible for one of the most perfect of marriages. He was much in my thoughts yesterday.

As I understand it, one of the Memorial features in All Saints is of a Wallingford, Connecticut, origin; Austin the name.

Hoping that you will feel that the liberty I am taking is from a sincere feeling of appreciation,

Most cordially yours,

(signed)

R. C. Canby.

FREMONT GRANT INC.  
165 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK

February 13, 1929.

My dear Col. Dwight:-

Being in town temporarily, I read in the Post announcement of the death of Mrs. Dwight. I am much grieved personally, and, appreciating the long and harmonious flow of your life and hers, I feel the deepest sympathy for you.

It has often seemed to me that there was much similarity in the lives of Mrs. Dwight and Mrs. Hoover; both the product of generations of dignified, character full men and women of high and steadily maintained ideals, and of an environment of keen and studious intelligence.

I nearly lost my own wife last fall, and so can to some extent realize what you are suffering now.

With sincere sympathy,

Dwight Woodward

*Permanent address:  
Bellwood Bldg  
Suluth, Minn*



LAWRENCE R. CLAPP  
FOUR WEST FORTY-THIRD STREET  
NEW-YORK, N. Y.

Seymour, Conn.  
Feb 13, 1929.

My dear Cousin Arthur

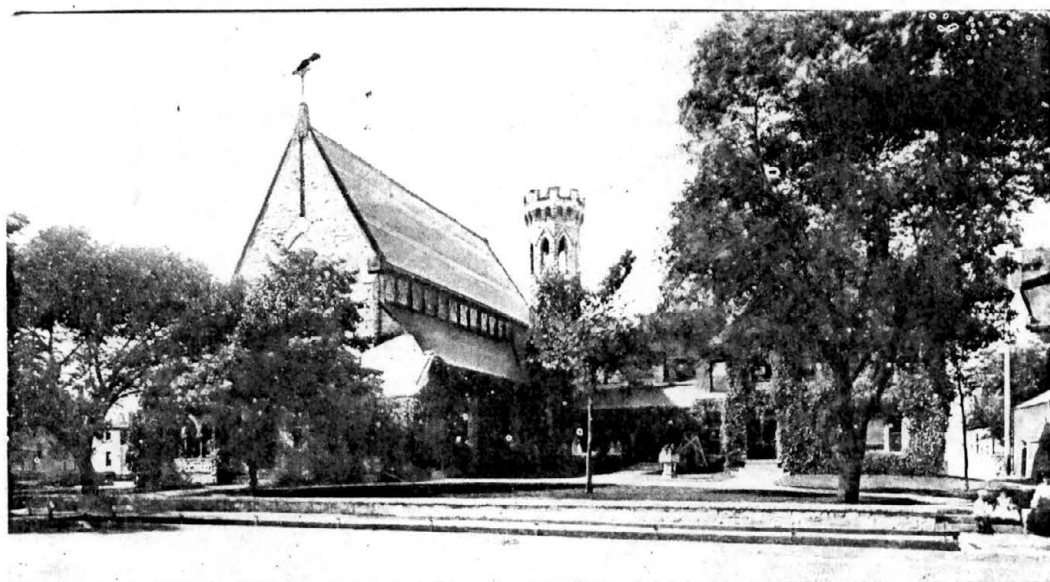
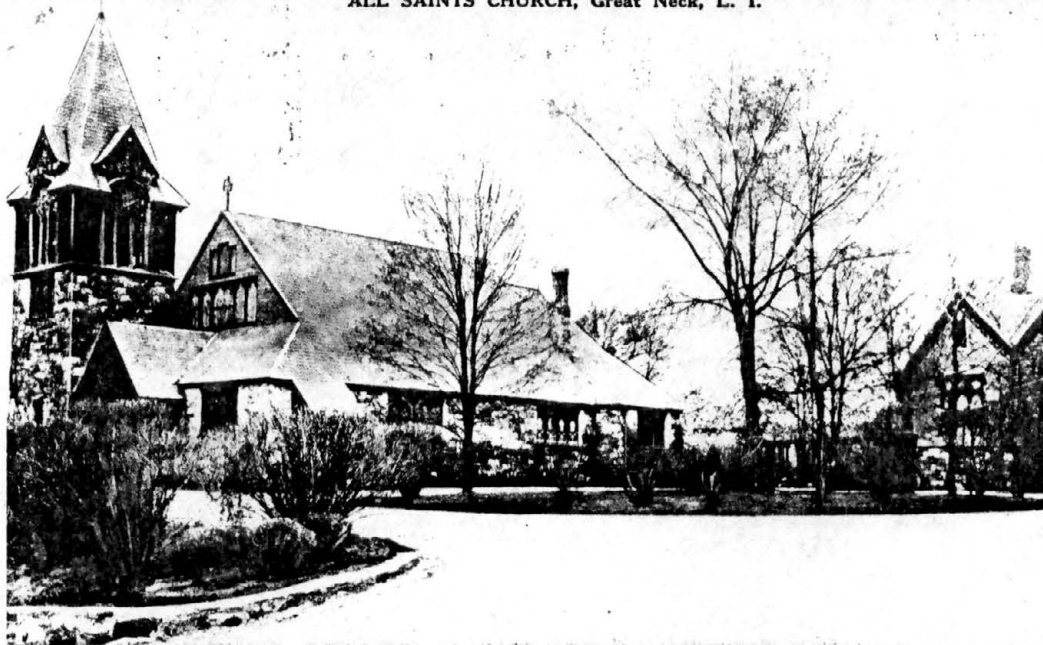
I was greatly shocked to read in today's paper of the sudden death of Cousin Jane on Monday night. It seems almost incredible. She was so fine, so sane, so cheerful, so much "a bright flame burning calmly in the dark", why did she have to go and leave so many sooty candles still burning.

I used to worship her at Cananea. I can see her again in one of your old campaign hats, riding out to that caño where we used to go picnicing, foralitos wasn't it? or driving over to Ronquillo behind that big bay horse you had, or laugh at Squire, the collie, when we came home from a horse-back ride and he was so leg-weary that he could only lie and groan. I remember her on that memorable night before the riots broke out making coffee and sandwiches for everybody, driving up on the Mesa in the face of the rifle-fire from the first clash, the way she opened her arms to the little Metcalf boy when I brought him over from the bank to go out on the refugee train the next day. I remember her on that night, when you took Marjorie and me up to picnic in Spuyten Duyvel and we met the heavy reg. way coming back. She was one of the finest people I have ever known.

She is the people who die I can envy. It is those of us who are left behind that suffer. I can only say to you that I too loved her.

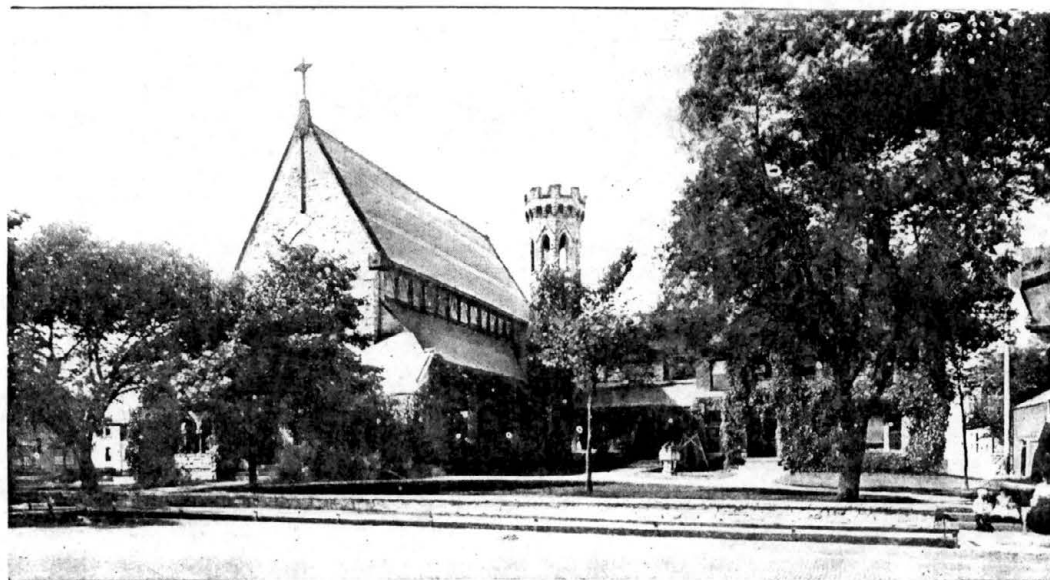
Lawrence R. Clapp





2469 Christ's Church, Episcopal, Joliet, Ill.

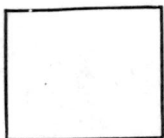
HARPER PHOTO



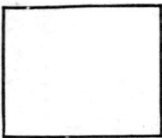
2469 Christ's Church, Episcopal, Joliet, Ill.

HARPER PHOTO

Post Card



Post Card



Route to Great Neck  
 59<sup>th</sup> St Bridge across river  
 Under Bridge structure to  
 Jackson Ave.  
 Left in Jackson Ave. (Under elevated)  
 Jackson Ave. to Flushing.  
 (Elevated crosses after  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile)  
 Flushing - Straight through -  
 Bay Side " "  
 Little Neck. " "  
 After Little Neck -  
 Left hand diagonal road  
 with sign "Great Neck."  
 Follow road to  
 Great Neck village.  
 Ask Major Dwight.  
 East Shore road.

APCO  
 CARDS

Post Card



Wednesday, Feb. 13, 1929

530 Brazer St.

Boston, Mass.

Dear Uncle Arthur:

It was with great sorrow that I learned of the sad news of Aunt Jane's death. For lack of adequate words, I can best express my feelings by quoting mother's words in her last letter — "— She was one woman in a million. About perfect in mind and heart and yet with a keen sense of humor-----" I have always felt proud that I was to call her "Aunt Jane."

Please accept my sincerest sympathy and sorrow.

Sincerely yours,

Charles T. Dwight

MRS. JEAN D. FRANKLIN  
2 WEST 67TH STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

Special delivery

Feb. 12, '24

Dear Arthur -

From the moment  
that Reed telephoned me  
this morning that our love  
had been unable to hold her  
here - I have not been able  
to think of anything but  
Jane and you and her  
"chosen children" -

Of your utter desolation  
I know from experience -  
I can only envy you your

full, blessed thirty years  
together -

And thank

God you have rich memo-  
ries of absolute comradeship!

I can't put

into a mere letter all  
I would say to you - I can  
just think of that beauti-  
ful home you built for  
her, where she could dis-  
pense the wonderful hospi-  
tality she was so well fit-  
ted for - and the exquisite  
garden she loved - and

MRS. JEAN D. FRANKLIN  
2 WEST 67TH STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

all the glorious service  
she rendered -

I'm just sending a  
few lines which are  
my thoughts of her - &  
will send to you later,  
instead of flowers - of which  
there will be such profu-  
sion - An illuminated copy  
of the lines I've put in  
my hand as the train  
left Taranac. my last



moment with him -

20

"Be like the bird  
that, halting in her  
flight

Arbide on bough too slight  
Feels it give way beneath her  
— and yet sings  
Knowing that she hath wings.

Victor Hugo

I'd like you to put it somewhere  
in her room -

God bless you!

Affectionately Fran & I

June,

MRS. JEAN D. FRANKLIN  
2 WEST 67TH STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

And in the garden that  
    she loved so well,  
New flowers will bloom  
    And happy birds will sing  
And when the winter snows  
    have passed away,  
Again will come the radiant  
    thought of Spring.  
We have not lost her -  
    she is just away  
Where song-birds linger  
    and where roses stay.  
J. D. F.



Hartford, 12 Feb. 29.

Dear Arthur,

Tom Bellinger has telephoned us about Cousin Jane - I have cried until I cannot properly see to write - and am too submerged in the thought of your loss to offer any thing but our great sympathy and sorrow.

It is impossible to associate any thing but radiant life with Jane -

She has made life beautiful  
in herself and for everyone  
she touched. They will  
all be telling you this  
which you know so well!

Nobody can have more  
perfect years & treasure  
than you have, nor can  
they be taken from you -  
who made them so rich  
for her!

We will all think of  
you together still, and  
I know she will help  
you meet the present  
better than anyone else.

I only wish dear Arthur  
we could save you from  
the pain and shock -  
which we too feel only  
in less degree.

There is a lull in the  
illness here, just Helen  
in the hospital now for  
a day or two and due  
at home Thursday -  
when she will need her  
mother. But if all  
goes well I shall try  
to be with you. If not  
you will forgive us!

Mother I think is writing  
you, and Tom I know will  
go for his own sake and  
ours to stand beside you.  
Words are nothing and  
it is a grief we can do  
so little. None of us  
will forget that lovely  
gracious presence, and  
be there in all you have  
done for us —

With love from us all,  
God bless and keep  
you both —

Most affectionately

Aunie H. Chapin

Dear Arthur

While your report of  
dear Jennie's condition last night  
was so serious - it was a  
great shock to receive the sad  
news this morning -

She has always had such  
wonderful vitality and energy  
that we hoped she would  
conquer this attack.

You will have the comfort  
of knowing that there were  
a countless number of friends  
who shared your sorrow with you

"I do not know of any one  
more gifted with practical idealism  
than your beloved wife, or one  
who went through the "Towers  
Overseas" - yet retained her  
cheerfulness and optimism.

Our household can feelingly  
appreciate your wonderful  
generosity to us and we  
know that in all you have  
done have shared in the  
affection that prompted it.

Devotedly yours

Thos. Dwyer

14 Bolton Square

Bronxville

Feb. 12 1929

9 Plymouth Road Mt Hartford Conn

2002 WEST GENESEE STREET  
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

February 19<sup>th</sup> 27

My dear Colonel Smith.

I am an old Syracuse friend  
of Lily and Paul - and in the  
days of their Syracuse residence  
I sometimes met you and your  
marvelous wife - I came not re-  
frain from sending you my  
sympathy. That glorious woman!  
If my faith were weak I should  
know from her passing that



There was a life beyond.  
that - for she must be some-  
where - There could be no uni-  
verse in which she does not  
exist.

I feel very deeply for you -  
Lina Bagg Pennek.



Artistic Day,  
MAAIKENS HOF  
BEDFORD HILLS, NEW YORK

My dear Colonel Dwyer:

I cannot content myself  
with a formal note of regret  
that I will not be possible  
for me to share in that  
Proper Service next Sunday.  
I do trust that you have

found a most perfect means  
of halcyon on earth the  
enduring blessedness of a  
spirit that scarcely needed  
perfecting. Just a  
grave and noble and  
beautiful voice - 15

praise God before men  
forever - as her life did,  
by wordless harmony.

I do wish I might  
be one of those who  
kneel - left Sunday!

Yours as ever  
Katherine Mayo.