



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler  
Lovelace Family Papers.

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[1930s]

Mother darling,-

I've been worryin' about one of those foolish things one worries about (when it's time to menstruate.) Coop is back with R.K.O., and it seems to me that I shouldn't have mentioned in my home letter that he had left them and gone into that independent company. I really think I shouldn't have, since our information comes from private sources.

Not that there is one chance in a thousand of any of you mentioning it anyhow. But since my letters are read aloud and passed around so much, just tell the members of the family ~~xxxx~~ not to give out any information about him which I may have given in my letters. He's back at R.K.O. in the old job.

I'm just starting in to Irmengarde's dinner, wearing my purple dress, freshly shampooed and looking nice, I hope. Merian was out a long time today and has positively scarlet cheeks. Mary is reading to her. She lets me go very well, when she is left with Mary.

Mary was just telling me that she was putting a water wave in her hair ~~xxxx~~ the last time I was out, and when Merian saw the combs she began to laugh. She said, "Oh you look just like my Grandm~~e~~ Stella's maid, Dagmar. She wears combs like that." Haent she the longest memory?

Lots of love, dear. Hope you still have Daddie at home with you, but I suppose, since his week at the West is over, he is out on the road again.

We were so glad to get your fat letter, full of details about everything.

Love and hugs.

Mama

Lovlace,  
69 Highbrook,  
Pelham, N.Y.



Mrs Thos WHart,  
2315 Irving Avenue, S.,  
Minneapolis,  
MINNESOTA.

Thursday.

Darlings All,-

I just turned ~~on~~ the radio for the Franco-German news (It's noon on Thursday) and heard of your Minnesota blizzard. You poor dears! What a winter! Of course it wont last, cant last this time of year, but a blizzard in March seems the last straw! Do you remember, Helen, the one we had the year you and I and Delos kept house at 905 ?

A card from Katie was waiting for us when we got home last night, and it makes me feel very cozy to think that Fosters are tucked in with mother. I do hope Eugene is making a fast recovery. What does Haynes say is that matter? You hurry and get well, Eugenie, we cant have so many nieces and nephews with colds in this family. Merian is perfectly well now, but still out of school. Our weather is miserable too, foggy and rainy, and I know it would be foolish to send her out in it.

I wrote you yesterday on the way to town. I had a busy day - morning, shopping and afternoon, at the library, working. As our plans worked out we had dinner with Blanche. I went <sup>up</sup> to her <sup>hotel</sup> the Laurelton, about 5, and Delos called for us there. Blanche gave us some sherry and we went next door to her hotel to an excellent restaurant for dinner - Blanche's treat. Her investments are all looking up and she is so much better off; is able to go to the theatre and the opera again and have prettier clothes. She has had a bob and permanent but hates them both, and is letting her hair grow.

Delos couldnt get tickets for a play ~~up~~ after dinner we went to Madison Square Gardem and saw a basketball game/ It was a fine one, the winners are to go to the Olympic Games. The two teams were called the Oilers and the Collegians. The Oilers (they were

from Kansas, I think) ~~was a teamful~~<sup>were</sup> of the tallest men I ever saw. One was 6 foot nine. They could ~~just~~ reach up and drop the ball into the basket, and they kept one guard stationed by the opponents basket and he just picked out of the air each ball they tried to throw in. Nevertheless the little fellows, the Collegians, (an all star team composed of collegemen,) outplayed them and were ahead when we left. We had to leave at the end of the first half. I thought of Eugene all the time I was there. As an extra attraction they had an 85 pound <sup>weight, 2-</sup> team of school boys about Eugene's age. They had uniforms and everything and played such a good game.

We got home about midnight and Delos felt rested. He loves sports so; the game had done him good.

Today, Thursday, I have had a good morning's work.

And lunch with Merian. Now Helen is going to town and will mail this to you.

I am so glad Fosters are with mother; and so anxious to hear that our Genie is better; and want all the news of the preparations for the move to the new apartment.

We haven't much planned for the weekend as we hope to get a lot done on the book. I hope you all have a good weekend and aren't too much beset by storm and flood. I can hardly wait to hear how the interview with ~~See~~ Helene came out. We are reading, Delos is, and I take peeks - I Write as I Please, The Way of a Transgressor and the new book of short stories by the author of Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze.

So much love to you all dear. Take good care of yourselves and each other; won't you. And write to us often.

Delos, Maud and Merian by

Maud

Give in a  
new as  
is taking  
I'll be  
much love,  
Jan 19

Wednesday Night.

Darlings,-

I am afraid you will think we are all lost; it is so long since I have written. It must be a week - except for my card. But that told you what was the matter. Colds and more colds. I don't know what is the matter with us. I never used to have colds, but cold seems to be our middle name, collectively, this winter.

Delos had a terrific headcold which he battled and conquered with Haynes's medicine. Then Beulah came to work with a wretched chest cold. I isolated Merian, gave Beulah a day off, and when she came back, kept her apart from Merian again, taking care of Merian myself. Then I got Beulah's cold and Merian began to sniffle and Rose, Beulah's sister, came to take care of us all. This morning I discovered Delos rummaging in the medicine cabinet for Haynes's medicine again. (However, he came home tonight with no trace of a cold.) But Beulah, today, didnt appear at all, nor Rose either.

It is enough to make one fly to Bermuda, or Florida or somewhere. As a matter of fact our weather has been pleasant; that isnt to blame. But I have a perfect mad longing for spring. I am almost counting the days.

*today*  
Dont worry about us because all is well now. Merian had lost all trace of sniffle today, and my cold never did amount to more than a scare. I had Merian out doors both morning and afternoon and thoroughly enjoyed ~~the~~ of having her in my charge except for worry ~~xx~~ about the book. Or am I writing a book?

In spite of the colds we have, by dint of Haynes medicine, getting Rose in, and doing this ~~that~~, squeezed in a number of good times. I dont remember just when I wrote, but last Friday night Newsoms came over for bridge, and we had lots of fun. Hadnt seen them for so long it was good to be with them.

I dont remember what we did Saturday night, but Sunday we had a lovely home day. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Oh, I do too remember about Saturday. Delos went to a stag dinner of the Sun staff at Luchows. It was a grand party from all accounts, and Delos tells me that he and Peter Dolan sang Sweet Adeline, harmonizing. (With some help from a Luchow waiter.) Sunday we were asked over to Jersey to a tea and to Sternes to supper, but stayed home instead and had a lovely day with Merian who was at her sweetest. Bundled her up and took her out in the car, dropped in on Bartnetts but fled as Mrs B had a cold.

Monday night we were invited to Miss Jessies to dinner and then to see Ah, Wilderness (by ourselves.) I wouldnt leave Merian with Beulah so passed up the dinner, but joined Delos in town (well stuffed with aspirin) for the play. It is a Eugene O'Neill play but you would never ~~xxxxxx~~ guess it. It is dear, and George M Cohan is the American Father to the life. He is faultless in his role.

Tuesday, I had a long standing date with Emma and Agnes Grant (I trying to interest Agnes in Emma's play) so getting

Rose to take care of Merian, I went in town again - to the library first, and then to the A.W.A. for tea. Agnes's mother joined us, a very nice mother who made me lonesome for my own. We had a lovely time and Emma and Agnes liked each other.

Tonight Delossy is gone to a prize fight to which he had tickets given him at the paper, and I am at my long overdue letter to you.

Oh, one of these aforementioned days I went in town to see Blanche. Left her feeling quite low, - she has since gone to Chicago, you know. After all, she was one of our few close friends here. We sent her a corsage of violets to cheer her in departing. She was so blue. I am really glad she has gone, and think she will be better off living with somebody else, even if she hates it.

Well, having told you all the gloom. I will say that I read over the finished portion of our story and was quite elated by it. I think it is good, fat and meaty, and it is progressing, although so slowly. I quite walked on air, the day I read it, thinking that we had something.

Another optimistic note is our apartment. It is the nicest apartment. It is a joy to live here, and a joy even to do housework here. (A lot for me to say.) But I really have fun when I have it to myself. Everything is so new, bright, and spic and span. The superintendant rushes up to do every little thing that needs doing. And as Emma said, speaking of spring, yesterday, we can certainly see spring come from our windows. The first thing when Merian wakes up, she stands up in bed to view the little stream, and to look at the sun rise. ~~Max~~ Part of her windows face east, and we get up so early that the sky is always glorious when she wakes.

Speaking of Emma, mother, you are right when you say we are fortunate to have found such nice friends. They are darlings, the Sternes, and so extremely congenial to us. They have just the same sort of minds, and tastes. Also lovely dispositions, good senses of humor, and you know how hospitable they are. Valuing friends more than I used to, I feel that it is almost enough to induce us to settle down in Westchester to have found another couple ~~whom~~ whom we really enjoy.

~~xxxxxx~~ Oh, I kept feeling I was leaving out something important and now I remember what it is. Of course! Merian's birthday! We celebrated it on Friday, although she knew <sup>Thursday</sup> that the wire was for her, and the box, and was much excited. When we gave her the telegram, she opened it herself, and said she would read it aloud, and began to read a mile a minute. So cute. She didnt even know who it was from. At last Delos suggested maybe she would like to have him read it to her, and she agreed. I wish you could have seen how she rolled her eyes at me when he said, "from Helen and Frank." And then when he came to the Bobbie line, she stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth. From pure exstacy, I guess, which, being like her father, she didnt want to betray. She made him read it again and again, and during the day (we gave her the wire at breakfast) she kept saying to me, "Wasnt that perfectly killing, of Bobby." It is the cutest poem; I recognized the beginning; and realize that the last two lines are pure Fowler. We have it now pinned up in her room.

Well, at night Delos got home early and she had her cake and presents with her supper. During the afternoon she had helped me bake the cake, she beat the eggs, poured the milk, smoothed on the frosting, etc. etc. After she had eaten her supper, Beulah turned out the lights and brought the lighted cake in and Delos, at Merians special request, rendered Happy Birthday to You.

She had fun with all her presents, but the animal from Granpa and Granma was the triumph of the occasion. One of her many invented words is ruckid. I dont know how you would spell it. But whenever she tells about going to the zoo or the circus or aany where she always says she saw a ruckid. It is like woodie. We dont know where it came from, or what a ruckid is. But anyway when she unwrapped ~~this animal~~ yours she shouted, "It's a ruckid." SO the family ruckid it has become. She takes it to bed with her and out on her walks, dresses and undresses it and adores it.

She loved Genie's squeaker too, particularly the side of it with the chickenson. She looked at it and said, "There's a hen, and a daddie hen, he's called a rooster, and five baby hens, they are called chicks."

She thanks you all. I wish you could have heard her appreciative shouts and murmurs.

She gets sweeter by the minute. I try to remember the funny things she says and does, but simply cant. The other day, Delos asked her something and she said, "Well, as I recall, it was so and so." Liking the sound of "As I recall" she now prefaces every remark with that phrase. I told you about the "dear lady" which she throws into almost every remark to me. She has taken to calling Delos and me, Mr. Lovelace and Mrs. Lovelace.

Her poetic gift waxes. She sits on her bed (or on the toilet) and makes poems by the ten and fifteen minutes. Tonight she composed in her bath, the beginning being, (She was addressing her pop pop boat), "Float, little boat, I love you so." She may be a rotten poet, but she's certainly a poet.

I am trying very hard to teach her to dress and undress herself. She hates it, all but her shoes which she laces perfectly, without one mistake.

A lovely fat letter from mother <sup>yesterday</sup> today, and how glad I was to get it (in the midst of all my troubles.) I am so sorry for the Bremer family. Yes indeed, our papers give a great deal of space to ~~xxx~~ the affair, but I hadnt dreamed it was the Esswein girl's husband. Poor thing.

I'm so glad dad is having good weather and a good trade and feeling well. You all sound healthy, and I'm so glad. Eugene must be some skater. I wish Merian could see him perform. How thankful Katie must be that the opera is over. From Davies review I would gather that it was a beautiful performance.

Do you all listen in ~~xxx~~ to the fifteen minute period every night on the radio when the Philadelphia Orchestra

plays? If you dont, you really should. It is so lovely, and good to go to bed on, if you go to bed as early as we do. It is from 9 to 9.15 here, so would be 8 to 8.15 with you, I suppose.

I'm so glad, mother, that you are singing in the glee club. I think it is grand. Your voice is so pretty. I always enjoyed singing, and am sorry I never have a chance to.

Your festivities over the weekend sounded fun. We would have loved dropping in for that Sunday night supper at the Fowlers.

Dick Walsh has sailed for the Orient. To be gone four months. Emma and Roy are going to Bermuda for a month; we'll miss them.

I know I have something else to tell you all but cant thin what it is, probably because I'm so sleepy. ~~As~~ I think from the length of this, it's time I ended it, anyhow.

Oh, are you reading Queen Marie's Memoirs in the Post? I am having lots of fun with them. She is an egotist and a sentimentalist, but of course that type of person makes a good autobiographer and she certainly does. She writes in such detail, and has had a fascinating life.

Much much love to you all. Do forgive me for not writing. You'll think I might have found time for writing, since I found time for so many parties, but if you knew at what cost of blood and sweat those parties were achieved. I arrived at Ah, Wilderness thinking I would rather have stayed at home than have gone through the stress and strain of getting there, but I didnt think that after the curtain went up. It was a grand play. I wish you all could hear George M. Cohan telling his sixteen year old son the facts of life.

I'm sure everything's going to be better around here now. Merian seems completely well again and her cold never at any stage showed any traces of the bronchitis we dread so. The weather is simply heavenly, and we cant help but get well now that we can be out in the sunshine. I am holding a thought that B will arrive at eight tomorrow and I can get back to my book. I'll certainly be regular with the letters next week.

Thank you all so much for the birthday presents and wire and all. And your letters.

With love and hugs from the Lovelaces, by

Maud