



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

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Now as to all we've been doing. We had a charming time with Mr. Walsh on Thursday, and Friday I took care of the baby, she being sweeter than a peach as usual. Saturday Rosemond and Miller, Mary Ann and Warren called for me at 4 and we went on our jamboree. Miller is a love, and we like Rosemond more and more all the time, too, though Mary Ann is still our favourite. The ~~five~~ of us went first to Miss Jessie's and met Delos there.

Mr. Douthirt got me out in the hall and told me that Miss Jessie had been very ill and in bed all week but had insisted on getting up to see us...she loves young people so. For that reason we only stayed a few minutes but they made a great hit with Miss Jessie and she with them. (Miss Jessie said to me, of Mary Ann: "Isn't she the cutest little pint of peanuts you ever laid your eyes on?") Miss Jessie looked quite ill and it developed that she was sailing in a few days for Germany, Bad Neuheim, I think, to take the baths.

After we left there we went out to East 86th St., the German settlement, ~~and then~~ to the German restaurant where Hanni and all her friends go on their nights off...Hof brauhaus. We ~~did~~ have such a good time there. Such grand food and good beer; and they brought us paper caps which we put on and acted like fools; singing loudly when they played songs we knew, and we weren't drunk either. Delos tipped the orchestra leader...they were all in bavarian costume...and he came and asked us what we wanted him to play, so Miller and Rosie had them play all the German songs they knew in Leipsic and Munich, ~~and we did have a~~ ~~good time~~. Delos and Miller struck up a great friendship, and Warren kept saying proudly, of Delos, "Isn't he just the way I said he was?" Delos was so tickled to be through his extra work that he was feeling so happy, and all of us just in the mood for a party.

That was our treat and Sunday Mary Ann's and Warren's. They called for us about 11 and took us to the beach where we had a glorious swim and loafed and more bridge, and then we went to their apartment for a delicious dinner and more bridge. Miller loves to play as much as Delos does. Miller by the way asked after mother and dad and Rosemond ~~etc~~ all of you. We hated to have them go back to Boston but are going to go to see them there some day.

Now the next thing is the Pearl Buck dinner at the Waldorf Astoria tomorrow night. In spite of my questions you haven't written to tell me what to wear, but I'm going to wear the black dress. I went to town yesterday, bought me a new corselette, and went up to the John Day Co on a little business, and while there Miss Gruber gave me one of three copies of Charming Sally which had just come into the office. I met Delos and we took it up to Miss Jessie who is sailing to-

day. I hated not to rush it off to you, but you will have one within a week, and Miss Jessie is very ill. Sometimes I am afraid she wont come back. Her face is the color of lead. But she is as merry as ever, and as full of spirits and plans, and was awfully pleased with the book/ So we said good bye to her and came out home to see our child.

Now I must tell you some of the cute things of which she says a million every day. I mean to remember them all, but just dont.

Yesterday morning, she came to me with a worried expression and said, "Damp, mommie. Very damp." "Where is it damp, Merian?" And she said, "Over in the corner." (Or, as she says, *oval in de corrah.*) I went where she led me and there was a little pool of water which she pointed to sadly. It was, as a matter of fact, extremely damp, and she was responsible for it's being there.

Among her favorite new words are "next door" and "maybe."

Did I tell you that Delos brought her home a toy giraffe. which she calls a horse and lugs everywhere. The Tella doll, too, is her constant companion, and is fed, given drinks, put on the pottle and put through her whole routine.

Friday night when I put her to bed she wanted me to go to bed too. I kept saying I couldn't and she would pull at me and say "Mommie, off dress." Just as she was going to sleep she roused up and asked, "Hanni bring in de coop?" She knew it was Hanni's day off and wondered who ~~xxx~~ would bring in the coop, I suppose. She was crying, and I told her she must stop or she would wake Buddy. A minute later she heard Buddy out in the yard. She looked up at me, smiling and said in the most reproving tone. "Little mischief!" (Thinking she had waked Buddy up.)

These things dont sound as funny written down as they do when you hear her say them, but she just keeps Hanni and ~~me~~ laughing all the time.

She can count now up to ten in German usually leaving out the number four.

The beads from Mrs. Preston came, and arent they pretty? I wrote her yesterday. The baby was delighted with them and at once began to cry, "Buddy show. Buddy show." She wants to show Buddy everything. If you ask her who gave them to her she says, "A lady."

I must stop this endless letter and get it on its way. Lots of love to everyone of you. Hope you are all feeling well and happy, and having lots of picnics and swims and the things one should have in the summer. I'll bet that Gigi thinks it's fun not to be in school.

I'll write you Thursday all about the Pearl Buck dinner. The JDs showed ~~me~~ me the invitation list yesterday and it's most impressive. I think we'll stay at some hotel in town overnight which will be fun. It's very hard to manage such a party without staying in town, although one frequently sees evening dress on these New Haven trains.

Love and hugs again.

All of us, by



Baby Sleeps Later And That's a Sign

Loveless

You can't tell ~~Jimson~~ that times aren't a whole lot better. True enough, stocks are down. The bottom has just about fallen out of the bond market. Prices have slumped to where a merchant darned near hates to see a customer come into the store. Wage cuts are being talked of nearly everywhere. England is on tenterhooks for fear her cooperative government will flop. France has too much gold and Germany too little. And rumors of war fill the air of this old world until a visitor from Mars would think, first off, that he had landed in a boiler factory. But the Jimpson baby, who used to wake up at 4 A. M. every morning, now sleeps through on her round little tummy till 6.

DWL

ALL THE WORLD IS A STAGE

Even at 16 Months She Knows Her Gable

No toy is more favored by the Billings's sixteen-months-old blond butterball than a Christmas book comprising the choice selections of 1931 from one of the nation's snottier magazines. She dotes on looking at the pictures; and lately, in a surge of innocent affection, she has taken to kissing this portrait and that.

The butterball's mother, holding that affectionate impulses should be encouraged, from time to time urges the bright bug to kiss one pretty lady and another. The other morning she had a shot at it.

"A nice kiss," she urged.

The butterball considered the charming brunette under her two blue eyes, frowned, then briskly tore through about six pages. There she found another face more to her liking. This she smacked with a hearty good will.

At least her father, a more thoughtful person than her mother, hopes it was only that and not an indication of what is to be expected in the way of intemperate osculation; for the likeness was nothing less than the glowering, moody and if the records are right, irresistible countenance of Clark Gable.

The depression has hit home. Daddy's Aug. 3
got at structural collapsed + he had - 1932
stroke - temporary loss of memory.

Mother dear, -

Just a little private line to tell you how much we love you and how much we appreciate your lovely long letters. It is so good of you to write us all about everything.

I wrote daddie a little private note the other day, as he may have told you, and told him that he simply must not worry. And he mustn't. Nor you either. This period of depression isn't going to last forever. Most people think it will end with the election next fall. Daddie is going to find just the right place. His earning capacity, which is very big as you know, is more ~~important~~ valuable to him in this crisis even than his investments, and therefore he mustn't worry ~~and~~ as that would affect his health. All of which he knows, of course, but I told him anyway. (And made it strong.)

And told him again, what he knew, and you know, I am sure, that Delos and I are standing right back of you, and that he was to have the same sense of security about having us to depend on that we have always had about having him to depend on. So there is nothing to worry about really.

The important thing is to keep your health and also to keep your morale. I know from your letters just how brave and cheerful you are. Do have some good times. Take out family picnics, and see your friends. Remember that everyone is right in the same boat with you. There is hardly a soul who isn't suffering to a greater or less degree by the depression. Really, as a family, we have been luckier than most.

So much love, dear. All the news about your grandchild going in the home letter.

~~Love and best wishes,~~

Hugs + kisses -
Mae

Mother - private

Mother.

Mother darling,-

I should have written you about this before...and am afraid that it will inconvenience you now. I want to ask you to buy a birthday present for Gigi and charge it to my account at Daytons.

It is a shame to bother you, but one feels wrong in getting anything but useful presents in such a year, and there is probably a good deal that he needs. If I get such things here, there is the difficulty about sizes. So I wonder if you or Helen would pick something out for me. I am enclosing a card. Spend between 2 and 3 dollars as may be necessary.

I just finished a morning's writing and am soon going in town, taking our evening clothes in a bag. We are going to stay overnight at the Barbizon Plaza after the Buck party. There is a cocktail party at Nan's before dinner.

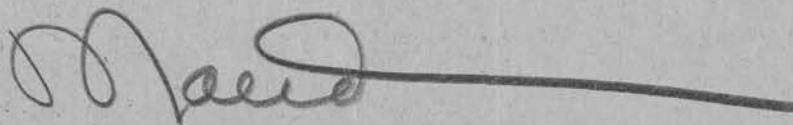
I have been meaning to write you a personal letter for some time to thank you for all the details about your affairs. You must have been dreadfully dreadfully worried about daddie's illness. We were worried even without knowing that illness was involved. I am so thankful that he is all well. He is such a strong character that when he makes up his mind to anything it is settled, and if he has made up his mind to put Strutwear out of his thoughts that is all that is necessary. He will be all right from now on.

I do hope that the worry wasn't too hard on you. I am very glad to hear that you are going out again and having a good time. Be sure to do that. We must enjoy life, or there's no sense to it; that's my theory. And you and daddie have always had the faculty of squeezing all the fun out of what there was. That's what you must do now, only not in too strenuous a way. Get lots to eat and lots of sleep.

I'll write you after the big party tonight to tell you all about it. Hate to leave Hanni and the baby overnight, but the people in the other side of the house can hear every move we make so they aren't really alone. And a girl friend of Hanni's who works in it. Vernon is coming over to spend the evening with them.

Dearest love to you and daddie both, and my apologies for bothering you at such a late date about Genie's present.

As ever



P.S. Under separate cover I'm sending Katie and Helen prints of the John Day publicity pictures and will stick one in for Gigi for you to add to the pile of birthday presents if you will.

SEATING LIST
for
DINNER
in honor of
PEARL S. BUCK

The Waldorf-Astoria
Wednesday, the Third of August
Nineteen hundred and thirty-two

TABLE NO.

Adams, Henry S.....	19
Adams, J. Donald.....	4
Aley, Maxwell, Mr. & Mrs.....	17
Anderson, Ross, Dr. & Mrs.....	15
Austin, Chellis A., Mrs.....	1
Austin, Cleland, Mr. & Mrs.....	9
Bakeless, John.....	24
Balmer, Edwin, Mr. & Mrs.....	30
Barnes, Harry Elmer.....	24
Barthelmess, Mrs.....	34
Bemelmans, Ludwig.....	32
Benét, William Rose, Mr. & Mrs.....	10
Bennett, Harriett.....	7
Bickerton, Joseph P., Jr.....	32
Black, Alexander, Mr. & Mrs.....	9
Bliven, Bruce.....	24
Bonner, Mary Graham.....	14
Boyd, Madeleine.....	11
Brace, Donald, Mr. & Mrs.....	13
Brentano, August.....	34
Brentano, Arthur Jr., Mr. & Mrs.....	30
Brewer, Joseph.....	11
Brewster, Virginia.....	26
Brickell, Herschel.....	29
Britt, George.....	32
Bruère, Robert, Mr. & Mrs.....	12
Bucher, Adeline.....	7
Buck, J. Lossing, Mr. & Mrs.....	1
Byrnes, Margaret.....	29
Canby, Henry Seidel.....	1
Chang, Henry K.....	1
Chappell, George S.....	30
Chenery, William L.....	12
Cluett, Robert, Mr. & Mrs.....	18
Coleman, Satis N.....	9
Cooper, Kent.....	1
Darrow, Whitney.....	13
de Kay, Drake, Mr. & Mrs.....	29
Denhard, Charles H., Mr. & Mrs.....	26
Dick, Sheldon.....	25
Dickinson, Howard W., Mr. & Mrs.....	13
Diffendorfer, R. E., Dr. & Mrs.....	15
Douglas, Lucille.....	6
Duffus, Robert L.....	19
Dulles, Foster Rhea.....	25
Ely, Richard T.....	17

TABLE NO.

Emerson, Gertrude.....	25
Everitt, C. Raymond, Mr. & Mrs.....	23
Fagg, Charles C.....	19
Falls, C. B., Mr. & Mrs.....	13
Ferris, Helen.....	23
Field, Robert M., Mr. & Mrs.....	18
Finley, John H.....	1
Forman, Henry James, Mr. & Mrs.....	25
Foster, Thomas J., Mr. & Mrs.....	26
Freeman, Andrew A., Mr. & Mrs.....	5
Froelick, Louis D.....	1
Fuller, Raymond.....	32
Garside, B. A.....	17
Genthe, Arnold.....	24
Gilman, Coburn.....	14
Glidden, A. G.....	16
Glidden, Margaret.....	16
Goldberg, Rube.....	32
Griesser, Marjorie.....	22
Griffith, William.....	6
Grosset, Alexander, Mr. & Mrs.....	8
Gruber, Grace L.....	21
Haas, Robert.....	8
Hammond, Godfrey.....	21
Hansen, Harry, Mr. & Mrs.....	5
Harcourt, Alfred, Mr. & Mrs.....	12
Heaton, William C., Mr. & Mrs.....	22
Hill, Frank Ernest.....	14
Hobson, Thayer, Mr. & Mrs.....	23
Holt, Guy, Mr. & Mrs.....	25
Hurst, Fannie.....	12
Jacobson, James C.....	32
Jenison, Madge.....	10
Johnson, Earl, Mr. & Mrs.....	34
Joseph, Nannine.....	14
Kennerley, Mitchell.....	1
Latshaw, Stanley R.....	2
Lawrence, Marjorie.....	7
Lenz, Sidney S.....	22
Le Sourd, Gilbert Q., Dr. & Mrs.....	15
Lewis, Freeman.....	19
Lieb, Clarence W., Dr. & Mrs.....	8
Linn, T. C.....	7
Lively, D. O.....	6
Lloyd, David, Mr. & Mrs.....	16

TABLE NO.

Lloyd, David Demarest.....	16
Lott, H. Stokes.....	34
Lovelace, Delos W., Mr. & Mrs.....	11
Loveman, Amy.....	12
Luce, Henry.....	10
Macy, John.....	12
March, Michael.....	29
Mason, Frank E., Mr. & Mrs.....	26
McCormick, Elsie.....	10
McKee, Walter.....	17
McKeogh, Arthur, Mr. & Mrs.....	11
Meecker, Kenneth.....	29
Melcher, Frederic G.....	21
Meng, Chih.....	1
Merrill, William P., Dr. & Mrs.....	3
Michaels, M. G., Mr. & Mrs.....	2
Moore, Anne Carroll.....	9
Morley, Christopher, Mr. & Mrs.....	4
Morse, Harold, Mr. & Mrs.....	17
Muller, Charles G.....	9
Nadejen, Theodore, Mr. & Mrs.....	14
Newsom, Earl, Mr. & Mrs.....	4
Norton, W. W.....	8
Nussbaum, Berthold, Mr. & Mrs.....	8
Ober, Harold.....	20
Obst, H. A.....	20
Oppenheimer, George.....	20
Palmer, Gretta.....	20
Passage, Lloyd, Mr. & Mrs.....	34
Peffer, Nathaniel, Mr. & Mrs.....	18
Porter, Alan.....	25
Quinn, John J.....	22
Quinn, Ruth R.....	22
Rascoe, Burton.....	14
Reisner, John, Dr. & Mrs.....	3
Riley, Elizabeth.....	29
Rimington, Critchell.....	23
Rimington, May C.....	6
Robinson, Selma.....	20
Rogan, Fred L., Mr. & Mrs.....	20
Rogers, Cameron.....	24
Ross, Harold W.....	10
Salpeter, Harry.....	16
Schell, William P., Dr. & Mrs.....	3

TABLE NO.

Scherman, Harry, Mr. & Mrs.....	5
Schuster, M. Lincoln.....	19
Schwarz, Walter M.....	32
Shuttleworth, Jack, Mr. & Mrs.....	11
Sillcox, Louise.....	18
Simon, Richard L.....	19
Smith, Chard Powers, Mr. & Mrs.....	30
Soskin, William.....	24
Speer, Dr. Robert E.....	17
Stearns, Myron M.....	26
Stephens, Grace.....	21
Stephens, Nan Bagby.....	5
Stern, Julia Lit, Mrs.....	10
Stevens, Bertha.....	9
Stockbridge, Frank P.....	14
Stokes, Frederick A.....	1
Stoops, H. M., Mr. & Mrs.....	21
Sydenstricker, Edgar, Dr.....	1
Tewson, W. Orton.....	24
Thomas, Lowell, Mr. & Mrs.....	2
Thomson, J. Claude, Mr. & Mrs.....	1
Throckmorton, Cleon, Mr. & Mrs.....	4
Tillinghast, H. M., Mr. & Mrs.....	22
Towne, Milton.....	32
Tugwell, Rexford Guy.....	18
Tweed, Harrison.....	19
Van Doren, Carl.....	10
Wagoner, E. L., Mr. & Mrs.....	21
Walsh, Natalie.....	23
Walsh, Richard J., Mr. & Mrs.....	1
Warnshuis, A. L., Dr. & Mrs.....	3
Wasson, Ben.....	23
Watkins, Ann.....	4
Weeks, Edward.....	24
Wells, Carolyn.....	6
Wertheim, Maurice.....	5
Whitcomb, Lois.....	20
Whittlesy, Walter L.....	13
Widdemer, Kenneth D., Mr. & Mrs.....	6
Widdemer, Margaret.....	6
Willard, Howard W.....	19
Wing, Andrew S., Mr. & Mrs.....	2
Winston, Marthe.....	30
Wood, Meredith, Mr. & Mrs.....	16
Woolcott, Alexander.....	34
Yocum, Trel W., Mr. & Mrs.....	15



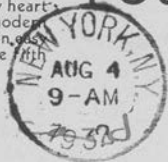
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on Central Park South, famed for its Continental Breakfast, served without charge, its lovely view of the park, its far-away quiet in the busy heart of the city. Forty stories of superb modern architecture reaching into the sky. Within easy strolling distance of the theatres and the Avenue shops.

POST CARD



TRANS. OFF. G. C. ST.

Here is a post
to inform you the
letter. We are certainly
enjoying our little
fling. Please love
to you both & wish
you were here - hugs -
mama

Tom + Stella Hart,
905 W 25th St.,
Minneapolis,
Minn.

IVAN FRANK and his BAVARIAN ENTERTAINERS
Broadcasting WRNY direct from the



IVAN FRANK . 241 EAST 86th STREET, NEW YORK . Phone Sacramento 2-9427

What a raising the
loveliest time &
with you were
Kosovars

Uncle Tom & Aunt Stella Dear Hello

IVAN FRANK

The most famous BAVARIAN RESTAURANT
and the best BAVARIAN ENTERTAINMENT
in the heart of the city. No Cover Charge.
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12:00 P. M., Friday 8:15, Sat. 8:30 & 10:30, Sun.
7:00, Mon. 7:00

1932
AUG 29
1932

POST CARD



ADDRESS

We're drinking beer &
wearing fancy
caps at this place
with Rosemond &
Miles, Mary Ann &
Warren + having
such a dark. Will
you see her
M + D by Mace

Tom & Stella Hat
905 W. 25th St,
Minneapolis,
Minn.

Well! Your granddaughter has got along to the point where she brags when her pants are dry. She has been a trifle reckless with underwear this last week, chiefly I think because I am on a new schedu~~le~~ of hours and they excite her. I mean my presence at unexpected occasions excites her. The result is very hard on the laundry. And so, now and then, Hannie emphasizes the value of a measure of control. And since such cautions have been handed down the Bug is inclined to murmur a bit resentfully, "Dry." Just to make it plain that you are not the grandparents of a moron I'll add that the laundry was seriously overloaded only on Monday, which was the first day^{in a month}/the baby has seen me at home at seven o'clock. There was quite a wet development then. The Bug stood squarely in the center of the big living room rug and eyed us calmly while exercising no restraint at all. I beat the devil out of her.

Tonight Maud and I go to the Pearl Buck dinner at the Waldorf Astoria. We'll stay in town afterward at the Barbozon Plaza, have one of those continental breakfasts they advertise so prodigiously. Coffee and marmalade and rolls at 7:30 shot in through a servidor in a thermos case. I don't look forward to the dinner with any great pleasure; such things are usually pretty boring and dull if I am correct in judging all by the few I have gone to. But Maud will have a swell time, I think, and it will be fun to look PMrs. Buck in the eye and see where her geni~~us~~ is indicated. To Nannine's for cocktails before the dinner. And probably we'll need 'em. I am a bit of a tramp at the moment, because this morning I held off shaving in order to be freshly barbered for the affair. Got a new suit. Grey with blue criss-crossed strips, and a touch of pink along with some green, purple, black and indigo. Square cuffs and pleated curlicues along the pockets and over the heart. Very conservative as all my clothes have been since 1842.

D 2600

BARBIZON - PLAZA

art · music · residence · hotel centre
central park south . . . new york

8.25 a.m.

Thursday.

Dearest Family, -

as just finished
breakfast in bed. Delossey has
gone to the office. we stayed
here last night on account of
the Continental breakfast,
which I'd heard about. (Alice
stayed here.) Perfect you ever
wake up a box is served through
a slide in the door & inside are
a thermos full of coffee, a tiny
bottle of cream, another of
marmalade, sugar, rolls &
butter. all delicious too & it's
fun to eat in bed. The hotel

⁻²⁻
overlooks Central Park &
also Central Park is so
outly close to, it's beautiful
looked down on from this
height. Only this morning
we can see from our window
dozens of homeless people
sleeping on the benches &
the rocks which somewhat
take the joy out of our
breakfast in bed.

It was kindly extra-
vague - or coming here -
but we've decided against
going away for a vacation
so this is part of our
vacation, really.

I came in town about
2, Hammi seeing me got to
the taxi ~~and~~ with a smile (3)

BARBIZON - PLAZA

art • music • residence • hotel centre

central park south . . . new york

³⁻ just telephoned her & she
said she & the baby got
on beautifully. My
friend spent the evening
with her. The baby said
hello to me over the telephone.)
I arrived here in a driving
rain & had to unpack, undress,
bathe & take a nap in a hotel bedroom.
Dorothy got here about 5.
She had the shoes up to
our room, then dressed, and
wearing the black suit
which looks very well with
my new coral robe.

-4-

as soon as they we taxied
over for a cocktail party
at Manning's; then all
went on to the dinner.

That was gorgeous. 200 to
300 people with everyone
in n.y. there. Alex
evolved in a white
linen suit among all
the dinner clothes. Sat
next to Mr. Klogh, Editor
of Good House Keeping.

It was a beautiful
dinner, and the most
beautiful thing about
it was Mrs. Buck.

She's not beautiful
physically, altho' she's

BARBIZON - PLAZA

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central park south . . . new york

pretty in a dainty
way (she's a
missionary, you know
how she was so sweet,
so modest, so much
abashed & yet pleased by
all the glory. She reminded
me a little of Aunt
Flora, altho' she's older -
40 years exactly. She's a
dainty & it got me a
lump in my throat &
we all New York teenagers
out to do honor to such
a simple little person.

I'm on my way now
to the John Day office
to auto graph books.

Yours will be signed on
this ~~copy~~ today, with
so much love. I won't
write more, ~~my~~ the
long haul is so hard.

But had a good
birthday - Gigi - - -
good weekend, all
of you.

Love & hugs -
Mama

Portage
any 12th
to

Saturday.

My dears,-

Such a rushed and busy week! I'm sorry I didn't get off a second letter to you in time for Sunday but it couldn't seem to be done. We were delighted to have so many from you, and were so interested to hear all about Mankato, the visit to the Crows's Nest and so on, and your reception of the book. Be sure to write us in detail all your impressions of that; we are so interested.

The John Days called me yesterday with a whole budget of news about it. All that follows is strictly confidential. You know, I am sure, how careful one must be in discussing the book stores at this time, so keep everything I write to yourselves. But the good news was this, ~~the~~ Minneapolis stores, including Powers, had ordered very generously. When the first shipment was delivered and Mr. Wells of Powers read it, he wired for 100 more copies. That sounds as tho he thought it was going to be a hit. Now be sure not to tell that! The same day came a wire from the Book House in Springfield Mass, which seems to supply the libraries. They had also ordered generously, and upon reading the book wired for ~~100~~ 150 more copies. The John Days were tremendously excited.

Some of
As I told you, Philadelphia is to be the center of the whole attack. It is virtually certain that I am to speak there...twice. The stores have bought very liberally and are planning big window displays. A four foot high reproduction of the jacket and big reproduction of the first Philadelphia playbill with all my characters named on it and of Lewis Hallam's pictures. I attended to ~~all~~ getting the playbills and the Hallam pictures photostated; spent a whole day in town doing it.

The Publishers Weekly has a fine ad, and there is to be advertising in Philadelphia the day of publication; the New York advertising to follow a little later.

Westchester Home Life, I think I told you, sent an interviewer and asked to send a photographer. He was supposed to come yesterday but there was some slip and now he's scheduled for Monday. That story is Delos and me jointly. Elisabeth Cushman, a well known local newspaper woman, came to interview me and is going to use the interview with a review and my picture through a whole chain of papers. Then the New York Herald Trib has written asking me to list ~~up~~ to twelve books I have read recently and enjoyed. They run one such list from a well known writer every Sunday and I was flattered to be included, as it came unsolicited by the John Days or anyone.

of the Feaking Lectures Bureau
Lastly, Mr. Feaking is back from Europe and wrote Mr. Walsh that they had decided to take me on, always assuming that when they hear me (they will come when I speak at the Brooklyn Women's Club) they find me satisfactory.

That pleases me, as it means they had good reports from Minneapolis and the New York A.W.A. Of course I have told them that I

wouldnt accept any long tours, but that I would accept a short tour to the middle west. If he takes me on, he will send out a leaflet with my picture and so onx and I think it is almost certain that he will get engagements near enough to the twin cities so that the John Days will send me on there.

We havent heard from South Bend. Perhaps my price was too high. I had to ask \$150. There would be no profit in it, even at that price, as the round trip along would come to \$100 and I would have to add my hotel bills. Of course they may want me yet, or, if the Reakins agency takes me on, they may arrange other dates around South Bend so that I can afford to go cheaper.

One never knows, and it doesnt pay to get ones hopes up, but to us it looks virtually certain that speaking engagements of one kind or another will get me out your way, and I think we're going to see each other before very long.

All the news on the book is so good; and we are so excited.

The week was awfully crowded, with all the stuff described above. Wednesday night, Mary Ann and Warren came out to dinner. Last night we went in town and took the De Longs (whom Delossy visited in Princeton, N.J. while I was in Minnesota) to dinner at the ever fascinating Actors Dinner Club and then to the Palace. Then Beatrice, Mrs. De Long, came out here to stay all night as she was going on to make a visit in this neighborhood sometime tomorrow.

She slept on our couch and then we had breakfast on the porch. I was delighted because the baby is losing all her shyness. She seemed delighted to have Beatrice here. After breakfast she was helping Hanni clear the table, (the baby was, that is,) and on her way out to the kitchen with the salt and pepper shaker she paused to say to Beatrice, "Great help!" Also this morning she wanted something and when we didnt give it to her she cried, "I mean it!" She leans new words every day. I wrote you on my card yesterday about her saying Gesundheit. She says it as plainly as Hanni does. If you ask her who she looks like, she says, "Daddy pop!" You can imagine how mad that makes Delos.

I thought I was going to be lazy today, just write to you and then loaf, but Pauline just phoned that she and her beau were coming out to swim. I ought and I suppose I will keep them to dinner. Life is strenuous (but fun.) Hanni yesterday baked us a huge German coffee cake, and the house is full of good things to eat for Sunday, so I can get something together, I suppose.

But isn't it good about Mr. Wells? And the Springfield, Massachusetts house?

So much love, darlings. I'm sorry my letter has to be cut short. By the way, if you still have that Pelham Sun clipping about, send it back. Mr. Walsh would like it. All your ~~xxxx~~ letters were so welcome. We watch for them and enjoy them, and are glad you are all well and happy and enjoying yourselves. See that you keep on doing it, and keep your fingers crossed, and maybe the book is going to go over with a smash. Wouldn't that be nice?

Love, hugs and kisses to each one of you.

M, D and M by

Maud.

Aug 19

Home.
Friday.

none of you have said
that ~~her~~'s mother
was like Helen
but she ~~was~~ the
model for her.

My dears,-

O I have been so busy. Hanni is going into town today on her holiday and will mail this for me in New York and I'll put on a Special Delivery stamp so you'll have it for Sunday. What a week!

In the first place, thanks for Helen's nice letter about the book and mother's fat one yesterday. So glad you all approve. Also we were charmed and delighted with the Bess Wilson story. If there is an extra one about, send it along for the John Days. Will you, please? And that reminds me, I had to give the John Days all those clippings I brought back from Minnesota in the spring. One or two of them I would sort of like to have pasted up for Merian's sake, since the papers made so much of her first visit home. Then you are looking over your clippings if you discover that you have any extra ones - particularly of that grand Bess Willson interview and the Tribune stories with the headlines Mel Turnbull wrote - send them along and I'll paste them into the scrap book for her.

To get back to today! I am enclosing a copy of Elisabeth Cushman's story. This runs through a chain of papers, about twelve of them in Westchester County, Yonkers, New Rochelle and so on. It is, as you will see, the most flattering and delightful story and should do the book much good. Add to it the stories in the Pelham Sun and the Westchester Home Life, (the latter to appear in September) and you will see that we have blanketed Westchester County pretty well. It was all the papers ideas, too. The John Days didnt solicit any of this. And Elis. Cushman evidently liked me. I was saying to Delos last night, what a lot it is to be thankful for if you have a personality that people find pleasant. An interview is a strain at best, but what would it be if the writers werent always so kind to me!

And speaking of interviews, yesterday was the day of publication, and the New York World Telegram called up and asked for an interview. The first time a New York paper has done it. We were thrilled. I had to go into town for it, and I ~~xxxx~~ asked Hanni whether she thought my brown hat, the summer hat which Rosemond ~~picked~~ picked out, was good enough. Hanni said, No, it was beginning to look faded. She said, "You get dressed, Mrs. Loflace, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ and I'll press your brown silk suit, then you go into town and buy a hat." I said, "Hanni, what did I ever do without you!" So she pressed the suit and I got into it and got into town. Went into Wanamakers and the very first hat I ~~xxxx~~ put on my head was as becoming as that one Rosemond ~~picked~~ picked for me. I know the lord guided me, as I was in a terrific hurry. Hats are so important, too. It was a soft brown felt and so becoming. I took it then and there, then bought gloves and perfume and had my brown sue shoes cleaned and hurried off to meet the interviewer.

She was very nice and we had a good talk. It will be in today's paper and I'll clip it and send it on to you, but cant get it into this letter. She wanted a picture, and I think will write a most interesting interview. She asked all the right questions. She was a trained interveier and went at it in the briskest way.

Now, to go back and try to tell you all that has happened.

Saturday, Pauline and her beau came out; took me swimming at our nearby pool and stayed for dinner.

Sunday, Delos and I and Hanni took the baby swimming in the pool. She simply adored it; wasn't a bit afraid; and wanted to be in the water every minute. She let Delos swim way out with her. Ever since then, she has been saying, "Beach! Swim!" And will make the swimming motions with her arms and shout with joy.

Monday, our photographer came from Westchester Home Life. He got Delos and me all posed beside the bookcase. I was sitting down with an open book in my lap, Delos leaning over me. All was quiet and he was just ready to snap when in ran the baby with a huge copy of the Life of George Washington. She sat down in front of me, curled all up, opened the book and looked up at the photographer. The photographer was so tickled and wanted terribly to leave her in. But Delos wouldn't have it, as he doesn't like her to be exploited for publicity purposes. We lifted her a few feet away out of the camera's range and there she sat turning over the leaves of her book, saying, "Washington House!" At the picture of Mt. Vernon and making other interesting comments.

Delossy came home that night with the thrilling news that Bryan Collier on the Associated Press was going to try to send out a story over ~~the~~ A.P. wire about the book on the day of publication. That would be wonderful beyond words, of course. We haven't heard yet whether he succeeded in doing it.

Tuesday I went into town to the John Day office on business. The advance sale had picked up and gone much better than they had expected so they were all pepped up. The Philadelphia papers are all reviewing the book this week, and the Record had written in to ask to interview me for their Womens Page when I came to Philadelphia. I saw the window displays which are stunning. They are to be used in Minneapolis too, so you will see them.

I was busy there all afternoon and at six called for Delossy and we had dinner in town and went out to the Stadium to hear the all-Gershwin concert. There was a record breaking crowd, a perfect mob at the gates and standing room only, but we had press seats. I never was in such a mob, and one man who was jammed into the crowd near us, said, "George Gershwin isn't worth it!" I agreed with him. Yet, I did enjoy it. The crowded Stadium was so effective with the little flashes of light now here, now there as people lit their cigarettes, and the stars and moon coming out. We only stayed until the intermission, but heard the overture to Of Thee I Sing, An American in Paris (which is really fun) and the Rhapsody in Blue with Gershwin at the Piano. He's a grand pianist and I never liked the Rhapsody so well. In the second half of the program was the premiere of his new Rumba, but we didn't stay for it.

before

Private

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Wednesday I was busy on press stuff, letters and a book review which I am madly trying to finish for Mr. Grey. Also Bill Gerretson drove in. I told him that we were terribly sorry we couldn't put him up, but didn't have a guest room. He protested that he was headed for a hotel, anyway, and was very pleasant and agreeable. He had come to Larchmont intending to stay with Mary Ann and Warren and found them gone. He was in difficulty, he said, finding that his territory here had just been covered by another man, and had wired his house for instructions. ~~He seemed to be in funds tho. So not worry.~~

Yesterday, I have told you about. The sudden rush into town to be interviewed and there I am up to date, though I am afraid without giving you

much idea of how busy I am and what a million and one little things I've been doing for the John Days.

Everything is all set for a grand start on the book. I've seen the ads and so on, and everything is more than satisfactory. The window displays are charming, and as I've already told ~~them~~ you, you are to see them out there too.

That reminds me to caution you again about the book shops. Be sure to make no comments of any kind to anybody, ~~anybody~~. If you go into the shops at all, don't make any comments except most favourable ones, no matter if the book isn't even displayed. The Minneapolis and St. Paul stores have been marvellous; bought in really amazing quantities for a depression year. I know this is all unnecessary but will just put it in as a precaution as there might be some slip. The window displays are coming but perhaps not immediately. They may be waiting until after Labor Day. I believe Philadelphia is to have them first.

The two speaking engagements in Philadelphia and the one in Brooklyn ~~are~~ practically settled upon now, and also one on the radio.

Pages and pages and no comment on all your news. I'm not as egotistic as I sound and both of us are so interested in all you have to tell but I know you want every scrap of news about the book and just ~~exhaust~~ exhaust myself writing.

I'm so tickled that you are to see Midge. Be sure to rite me all about her and give her my dearest love.

The Fosters visit to Barneys sounded so pleasant. How nice that they could have that little time at a lake! I'm so sorry that Frank's back is bothering, and hope it will get better fast.

How I'd like to drop in at 905 and see you all and especially show you the baby. She remembers all of you, talks about you and calls you all by name. Yesterday she was going about chanting, "Minnesota...auntie Helen." Sometimes it is "Minnesota...gampa....gave woodie." "Sometimes it is "Tella" and sometimes "Gigi" and sometimes "Uncle Frohman." Even Bobbie comes in for mention. When she speaks of Gigi, she always says in German "Lump!" Do you remember how Hanni used to say Lump to him in German? She can say all the days of the week now and goes about chanting them, usually leaving out Thursdau. Sometimes she will say, "Full of grace!" Remembering the line from the nursery rhyme.

No, mother we didnt read the short story you mention now write it either. So far as I know, our first story is still at the American. Or it may have come back from there and be at some other market. We'll certainly tell you when it sells. The second one is waiting for Delos to find time to put a final polish on it.

Dearest and best love to every one of you. Thanks for all the compliments about the book. I cant get enough of your impressions on it. It is so maddening not to be able to talk it over. Love and hugs from all of us and have a happy Sunday.

Maud

Katie darling, I insist upon a letter. So get busy!

Aug 19
Dear Dad and Stella;

Last night wasn't so good. Something I ate stirred up a turmoil in my alimentary canal and there were storms there you'd never see out on an open ocean. Climax came about 1 a.m., and was continuous thereafter until heaven~~ix~~ only knows when. All day I haven't been my usual blithe self, and no food has passed my troubled lips except a slice of toast and a cup of hot water and a bowl of soup and a dish of custard. What is more darned little will pass 'em this evening, my notion being to fare lightly as a carary and lump off to bed in a hurry.

This is still a late shift for me, from 10 o'clock or thereabouts until six thirty. I catch a train at seven thirty and am home at eight. Thus I see nothing of your grandchild except in the mornings. She is as usual, however, and probably the better for seeing less of her father. Her latest repetition is "I'm sorry," and "Little Dickens." She says the first whenever she takes anything from her mother or me or Hannie, and the last when she is asked what she is.

Maud was in town today being interviewed by the New York World-Telegram. The advance sale on The Charming Sally has been better than the John Day Company hoped for, though not extraordinary and that is quite natural, this being a rotten year. Everybody, however, seems quite optimistic.

And there are to be interviews and talks in Philadelphia shortly which should help. It is my notion that Philadelphia can be cracked just as Minneapolis was with Early Candlelight, and of course if that happens the book will do very well indeed. I'm really not a hand to feel that the first essential of novel writing is big profits, but I do think that when one works as conscientiously as Maud, and as long, she is entitled to a legitimate return.

Hannie is still the grand proctress. This morning when Maud was all set to start off for the interview she asked Hannie, as she always does, whether she looked well ening.

"Well," Hannie decided, "That suit could stand a pressing and if you'll take it off I'll have it done and help you catch your train."

So Maud got out of the suit, and Hannie fixed it up, and then Maud wanted to know again if the general effect was satisfactory.

Hannie looked her over from top to toe. Finally she shook her head solemnly. "You need a new hat, Mrs. Lovelace," she decided.

And Maudie bought one.

Love to you all, and love again.

Monday.

My dears,-

Well, here is the New York World Telegram story. It's on page three, top of the ~~xxxxxxx~~ page, main news section and will do the book just oceans of good.

I am so happy with it, and it cheers me up. ~~The~~ The reviews, as far as New York is concerned, are being slow. None in any New York paper yesterday. But this grand feature will start things going, and I am reasonably sure that the reviews, when they do appear, will be good. Let's hope for better luck next Sunday.

Philadelphia reviewed the book yesterday but I haven't seen the clips yet. Also there was advertising in Phila. and it will start in N.Y. next Sunday.

By the way, in sending any clippings of anything really good from Minneapolis, will you try to send an extra one for the John Days? They don't get anything in which the name John Day doesn't appear, and they always want mine, and we... Particularly Delos... do like our file to be complete.

Did I tell you how grand I thought the Bess Wilson story was? I was very happy about it.

There's not much news with us except that the baby is a sweet lamb pie. I wish you could hear her say the nursery rhymes. She says whole lines of them. Also she says remarkably long sentences. This morning when the Borden Milk Co's wagon appeared, "Dere goes de horse bringing baby's milk." I thought the use of bringing was quite clever.

Did I tell you we had bought a kodak? A good one, exactly like Helen's. And from now on we'll deluge you with pictures.

We were so happy to have daddy's nice letter this morning. It came before Delos went to work. Be sure to write me all the news about Midghe, and give her my best love. Glad you are all well and happy and only wish you were nearer to share our ups and downs of excitement about the book...especially the ups.

What have we been doing? Friday afternoon Bill Gerretson dropped in and spent the afternoon with baby and me, Hanni being in town. He stayed to supper...Delos was playing squash so didn't get home...and came next morning for breakfast with us. Then started out again on his trip. Saturday night we had the Sterns here for bridge. We like them enormously. I wrote you of them, I think. She is Emma Gelders Sterne who writes children's books. Sunday we took the baby swimming again...you should see her beat her little hands and feet in the water...and just loafed the rest of the day. Meals on the porch and so on. I am reading Gordon Craig's "Ellen Terry and her Secret Life." Did you all read the Terry Shaw letters, by the way?

This morning I am doing a book review of another book and trying to keep up to date the correspondence which is beginning to glow in

about The Charming Sally.

Will you please send me, if you have it, Wilva Davis's address? I thought she might have given it to Katie and Froh. I thought I'd write to hurry her up about the play as it's time it was being offered if Nan is to do anything with it this season.

So much love to each and every one of you. Hugs and kisses. And thanks to you all for the letters which are more eagerly awaited than you can imagine.

Oh I almost forgot to tell you that the baby has a table a little table for her meals with two chairs! She was so tickled with it when it came that she almost went out of her head. She loves to sit at it with her books, paper and pencils or anything, and always puts a dolly, usually the Tella doll, in the opposite chair. She was so tickled with it that it almost made us cry. Kept saying, "Good time, mommie. Show daddy-pop. Show Buddy." I will take a picture of her sitting at it, for you.

Her three most common expressions are, "Good time" "Hard work" and "Being good."

She calls out, "Being good" whenever one of us comes into the room, in the most anxious voice.

Must stop now and write my book review and do a million other things. Love and hugs all around, Harts, Fosters and Fowlers.

Thought of mudder on her birthday yesterday and hope our package reached her in time and unbroken.

I must tell you something else the baby said about her table. You won't believe it, but it's true. She was sitting at the new little table with Buddy and another little boy admiring it, and when Hanni came into the room she said, "Lots of excitement around here." Of course it's a common expression of mine, but it did apply so perfectly to the situation.

MONDAY, AUGUST 22, 1932.

One Anachronism, Misplaced Sideburns, in All of Mrs. Lovelace's Historical Novels

The Hirsute Appendages Were Described as Appearing Before Civil War, She Confesses, But Her Passion for Research Has Prevented Any Other Slips.

By EVELYN SEELEY,

World-Telegram Staff Writer.

MAUD HART LOVELACE crossed her fingers—the deft fingers that have just batted out her fourth historical novel, that cater tenderly to a baby's needs, that clean house and prepare meals for a husband.

"I hope it's accurate," she said anxiously as she patted "The Charming Sally," the brand new book, on the back. "I have a passion for research. I love it, and I am always sorry when I've finished it—no matter how arduous it is. I visit all the places I write about. I study settings and smells, I read old newspapers by the hundred and books on everything from costume to old glass.

Sideburns Too Early.

"But once I made a mistake. I put sideburns on a man ten years before the civil war. And it seems that the term dated from General Burnside of civil war fame. A sharp-eyed critic got that one on me, and I'll never hear the end of it."

Mrs. Lovelace, a vivid young woman from Minnesota, took to writing historical romances because she loved so well to hear the old-timers spin yarns about the good old days. She has had no academic training in historical

documentation, but in four novels crammed with historical lore she has only one diverged—in the sideburns matter—from authenticity.

Knows Old New York.

"What I know about old New York!" she said. "I know the site of the first theatre—the place where my Hallam troupe held forth in 1752, to the horror of the puritanical—down on John St. I confirmed the fact that you can smell the sea there, as they could in the days when the Hallams' ship—The Charming Sally—came into port here after a short voyage of six weeks.

"I read the New York Gazette and Mercury files from 1755 to 1774, when they had ads of slave sales and when a man was hanged for stealing some cushions from the pews of St. Paul's.

"I talked for days to an old sailing captain, in business downtown, whose forebears for generations had manned sailing ships. I know The Charming Sally so well that I could



Maud Hart Lovelace.

hunt the eggs in the morning or feed the pigs!"

Mrs. Lovelace took two years for her last book—one for research and one for writing. Also, she had a baby—Merion, now 19 months old. The baby did not interfere much with her literary progress, nor does she now. Mrs. Lovelace does not find her career and domesticity incompatible. Nor does she sacrifice one to the other.

Maud Hart Lovelace has had her fingers crossed ever since publication day of her latest historical novel, "The Charming Sally." No reader had ever caught her in a historical error except one. In an earlier book she endowed a character with sideburns ten years before Gen. Burnside had given them the name.

• • • N. Y. Sun.

Aug 24

Wednesday Night.

My dearsx,-

It's almost time to get supper, but I want to get a letter off to you for Sunday. Hanni and Merian are on the front porch saying nursery rhymes. Baby says, "Old mother goose, - Went to de cupboard, To get her woollie a bone." It's fun to hear her.

Thank you daddie for sending me the Tribune clipping. Wasnt it gorgeous? They have been coming in thick and fast and all of them good so far. The Chicago Trib used the enclosed on the day of publication. Others have come from Charleston, Wilmington, Del. etc. None yet from New York but our hopes are pinned on next Sunday.

The World Telegram interview was magnificent, of course. The afternoon it came out, I had a call from the New York Times asking for an int rview. I was so thrilled, and gave them a good one. After it was over, I was so excited that I actually cried a little. Of course an interview in the Times could absolutely make a book. Cliff Laube was behind it. But the paper was tight that day and the story got crowded out: Cliff called Delos to explain. He said the story was very good. There is a chance that it will still be used; or a still better chance that it may be worked into a Sunday feature a little later. The thrill is gone however and it just goes to show whaxx how the path to fame is strewn with disappointments.

However, everything looks rosy for the book so far, and mostly the breaks have been with us, so I shouldnt complain. Another result of the World Telegram interview was a man buying ten copies, (which I autographed) for ten women here for a sort of ~~Box~~ conference on beauty matters. All Dorothy Gray operators. Or heads of Dorothy Grey shops. Anyhow the books will be scattered to all corners of the United States.

It's been a quiet but pleasant week, much eating on the porch and so on. Yesterday, Hanni went with a boatload of Germans on a trip up the Hudson and I had the baby which is always fun. She was gone all night and Delos and I slept in the nursery. When the baby woke up and found us she was so surprised, and said "Joke!" and laughed uproar ously.

Did I tell you about her falling and bumping her head. She came to tell me about it and said, "Quite a bumps!" When I looked at it she made the remark she makes a dozen or a hundred times a day, "Show daddy pop!" If it ient "Show daddy pop!" It's "Show Buddy!"

Tomorrow night we're invited to dinner with Bartnetts. Saturday Nannine and Arthur Styron are coming for dinner here, and Nan will stay all night on our sofa and s end Sunday with us. I've finished my book review, and Delos has finish d his revision of our second short story. I go back to it tomorrow.

I guess that's about all our news except the news of the book. I'm to speak over the radio September 15th. But it's a small station. I'm not sure you can get it out there.

No NY Times material
Xmas Day - then very good.
I can still remember in 1960

The Brooklyn and Phila. engagements seem to be all going through.

I'm very eager for a long letter from you, telling all about Midge, the Minneapolis stores, and mother's birthday celebration. We thought of her on her birthday and did wish we were there to add our congratulations and join the festivities. We sent lots of love anyway.

I must skip now and get dinner under way, but send along just oceans of love to all of you for Sunday, and I may write again after I hear from you. I've had only daddy's little note this week.

Love and hugs. The baby is so sweet and I just must write a whole letter about her cutenesses pretty soon.

M, D and M by

Maeed.

And thanks again for
getting the trip
delayed for us so
promptly so we could
be here yesterday!

July 26

Friday.

My dearsx,-

Just a line, after receiving mother's nice letter telling about the birthday. It was waiting ~~me~~ when we got home late last night. I went with Mrs. Barnett yesterday morning to her little island beach club; had lunch there and a grand swim and nap on the sands; then went back to their house where Delos came directly for supper. I called Hanni to see how she and the baby had fared, and discovered that they had gone over to the swimming pool and had a grand two hours there alone, the baby playing in the water to her heart's content. We played contract with Bartnetts all evening and got home, as I have said, to find the letter.

We thought the Chicago Trib review was good because it got such a fine place, but the last paragraph was a trifle snooty. It is the only snooty line in any review so far. We got at least a dozen in the mail this morning, and everyone good. Richmond, Va. was fine, and they used a two column cut. I dont know how you missed the reviews in the Phila. papers. All three papers ~~xxxxix~~ reviewed it, giving it big space, ~~xxxx~~ and two of them carried big two column ads. The Ledger was the best, but all of them good. I liked the Ledger because it mentioned particularly the ride Joel took from Phila. to Williamsburg which is my favorite part of the story. Two or three good lines are "Depend upon it, Mrs. Lovelace writes with vivid colors and with delicious descriptiveness and with such authenticity that her thrilling fiction enjoys a lingering charm." Another, "The Charming Sally" is a rich spirited novel that blazons a trail of high merit." I'm enclosing a copy of the Record review the only one I have an extra copy of.

The Phila.
book papers
& papers + etc.
info papers
Saturday
not Sunday

Not a line from New York yet though. Of course the book just doesnt exist here until it is reviewed and there is nothing to do but chew our nails.

I had a simply grand letter from Marty Ostenseo this morning. She says she sat up till 4 o'clock reading the C.S. and that it ought to be a best seller and a lot of other nice things.

I think that's all the news about the book. There hasnt been one bad review, but, as I say, nothing can really start until the New York reviews start.

We're having Nan, Styron and Warren out for dinner tomorrow night and Nan over Sunday. That's all there is ahead of us for the present.

The baby chatters about beach and swimming pool (not swimmin pool) and shows how she swims by waving her arms. Hanni says she never knew a baby so crazy about two things...books and dogs. She combines her two passions in a story she tells. She starts out "Once a little babele had a little woolie named Maxl." We simply have to get her a dog named Maxl before many moons.

So glad to hear about Midgie; about Wilva Davis and the play; and to get the clipping about Mrs. Baker which I'm filing away. It was very interesting. Agnes Kinney, Katie, is the cousin of Aunt Maud's we met at the Theta Sig tea.

the
book

still not as yet!

Dearest and best love to each and every one of you. And talk about kicking a hole in the ceiling! We'll kick one soon if we dont get some New York reviews. Even the Sun, Mr. Grey told Delos yesterday that he had given it to a fine reveiwer, but the review hadnt come in yet, and of course there's nbtthing he can do about it. Nothing any of us can do but wait.

Except for Hanni. She says she is going out today to burn two candles. One for the Charming Sally and one for Rose Marie.

Love and hugs.

Maeed,

Quebec 1932

Wednesday.

Dearest Family,-

Send the trim to all right afternoon.
Send my same old hair cream.

A fat letter from mother just came on the afternoon mail, and I am going to get one off to all of you before I bathe and dress for the day. It's hot here too, although not too hot. But hot enough so that the baby, starting off for the park in her sun suit, shouted tearfully, "Swimming pool! Hanni put on bathing suit."

Let's see, what have I to tell you! I think that I wrote Saturday just before Nannine and Styron came out for dinner. That was a hard day, as the baby for no reason at all, refused to take her nap. It probably wasn't her fault. She just couldn't get to sleep. And at last Hanni had to take her up. As a result of course she was fractious by late afternoon which worried me as Arthur hadn't seen her since the fateful day of her christening when she cried lustily all through the performance. Nan got here about four but Arthur, fortunately didn't arrive until after she was put to bed. He arrived smiling, bearing a spoon for her, ~~xxxxxxx~~ and was disappointed, but it was all for the best.

I didn't feel a bit like getting a company dinner. I'm not much good at that, as a matter of fact. I don't know enough different menus, especially for warm weather. The meals I cook for the three of us are almost always good, but when it comes to roasts and such, I do get discouraged. All of which sounds gloomy, but we had a pleasant time enough. I love Arthur, and was glad to see him. He had been to Spain and Bermuda in the year since we were together. Also had finished a book which is being brought out by publishers who hold high hopes of it and is being considered right now very favourably by the Book of the Month Club.

He went home about 11 but Nan stayed all night, and we had a very enjoyable Sunday. The baby was at her very sweetest and enchanted Nan and we all sat out in the back lawn by her coop and read the Sunday papers. No reviews to amount to anything. ~~The~~ None in the Times, which is all that really matters. There was one in the Herald Tribune, pleasant and favourable, but still disappointing. The book had been reviewed by someone who read only for the story; and of course the story is not what makes C.S. important, if it is important. The Herald Trib review couldn't do any harm, but neither would it do much good, so now we are folding our hands and waiting patiently until next Sunday. I'm not even sure that I could rather wait until a week from Sunday as on the Labor Day ~~Soliday~~ so many people are out of town. If it comes, it's all to the good, I suppose, but if it holds off another week (since it's held off this long) that's all right too.

Confidential

Sunday night Warren and a friend came out to lunch. Mary Ann is in Boston. Warren is quite sure that at the convention in Chicago in September his territory will be changed. They have had a very bad year here. I think I told you that he and Mary Ann gave up the Larchmont apartment and went temporarily into New York. Then they drove to Boston and left Mary Ann with Rosemond. Warren was in a room in New York and when he came out Sunday seemed a little blue. Things are in a very upset state. All this confidential, strictly, of course. Don't mention it to Rosemond.

- 2 -
Warren
Delos told ~~him~~ he had to come out here and sleep on our davenport. And that I would buy that day bed for my writing room that I have been planning to buy all summer. We are very fond of him, you know; and he was blue. So Monday I went into town to buy the davenport and had wonderful luck. The August furniture sales were on, and a price war on between Macys and Gimbels. At Macy's I got for \$26.75 the very ~~xxxxxxx~~ day bed I had priced in June; the one I had wanted; and it was then about \$40. It is a folding bed, in a way, but it has inner spring mattresses; and best of all can be detached and made into twin beds, so that when those of my family who dont like to sleep together come visiting, it can be made into twin beds. I was delighted with my buy.

I did some other shopping; called the John Days and found them cheerful. The Sun that night had the little feature on the dramatic page. Wasnt that fun? The Sun hasnt reviewed the book yet. Grey has given it out but the reviewer (darn him!) is taking his time.

By the way, Mrs. Sanders of the St. Paul Book and Stationery sent me a copy of James Greys review of last Wednesday (I think) a week ago today. It was grand. Have you seen it? You must have but didnt mention it. I was so pleased with it. Also I had a letter from Mr. Wells saying ~~that~~ "this was my masterpiece" and that when I came to Minn. to autograph books Powers wanted me first. I sent his letter on to Dick Walsh. Have had lots of letters from personal friends, all complimentary. But they dont mean much. I was pleased with the enclosed from Martha Ostenso. Be sure to return it after you have read it, as I want to keep it. I am rather proud of it.

Well, to go back to Monday, I called for Delos and Warren picked ~~up~~ us up with the car and all his traps and we came out here. The day bed cant be delivered ~~xxxxx~~ until Saturday so he is sleeping on the couch until then. He is a very pleasant guest; a darling, as you know. I dont know just when Mary Ann will be back or just how long he will be here. It all depends on where he is sent and when. Probably a week, and then he will drive on and pick up Mary Ann and go on to the convention, and perhaps they wont be back at all. Or perhaps Mary Ann will come on down by bus and they will start ~~for~~ Chicago from here, in which case she is welcome to stay with us if she cares to. We are so sorry to have them leaving and will miss them awfully.

Monday night, all early to bed. Tuesday Mary here and me working on the second short story which will go into Nan tomorrow. The first one hasnt sold; the editors object to a certain character who want very well be eliminated (it would be easier to write a new story.) But the Post and the American both wrote Nan saying how good it looked to see a story come in ~~xxxxx~~ from Delos and asking her to show them the next one. Last night, early to bed also. Oh, Monday night, Warren and I both turned in early but Delos went to a stag party. I forgot that. Won \$1.38 which Hanni claims to buy the baby a new dress.

That's about all our news. Nothing new on the book. The reviews have all been grand and I have no doubt the book is doing well outside of New York, but here it doesnt exist until the reviews begin. I saw it well displayed at Wanamakers but at Macy's (the important store) not even exhibited. However, ~~wxxxxx~~ the Times cant hold off much longer and I feel pretty sure the review will be good. The rest all have been. The John Days had a small ad in Sunday but dont want to start advertising to any extent until they have reviews to advertise.

— 5 —

this is page 5 —

news so welcome. By the time I get through writing about myself, ourselves, I never have much space or time left, but I assure you that both Delos and I gobble up every bit of news about every one of the three families. Your Sunday night party made us envious to be there; ~~and~~ how are the Butchers? We were sorry that Katie wasn't well, and hope that now she is all fine again. It's almost time for Gigi to be going back to school. A sad note, I suppose. And Fowlers too are beginning the school routine, but have the fine new maid.

Delos had lunch with Jack. I am just sick about their vicissitudes. I hope ~~Fatx~~ is going to be all right. Poor dears!

Best love to all of you. I just went out to have a look at the eclipse and could see the moon ~~coming~~ curving across the Sun. I wish I was up in Maine with the scientists, not to watch the eclipse but the scientists who are having such excitement about it.

Love and hugs. All round.

Maud

P.S. If you can bear it. ~~xxxxxxx~~ On the Paramount synopsis of Charming Sally (so Geo. Palmer Putname told Nan) is a note saying that it is excellent material whenever they feel ready to make a costume picture.

I had a letter from Dick today, saying that the reviews were pouring in, and all good.

I had a lovely letter from Carroll Michener, by the way. He said his people were all Quakers, had come to Pennsylvania in 1692. An ancestor of his had built the alms house there. I should have known he had Quaker blood.

The important news here is all about the baby - how very sweet she is. Warren is just in love with her, and says you have to live in the house to get any idea of how cute she is, which is true. She talks a blue streak to him, blimps all over him/ when we are eating our meals on the porch, she goes from one to the other asking for "carrot woodie" "pea woodie" even "shortcake woodie" when we had peach shortcake last night. The word "woodie" (which she got, in some mysterious way from her grand dad,()) will go down in this family history forever.

The other day Hanni brought home a gorgeous German picture book for her. The ~~book~~ baby loves it. But Delos and I can't read the German print, and when she brings us the book to read to her, as she does every other minute, we have to make up stories to fit the pictures.

One picture is of an old witch stirring something in a kettle on the stove with a black cat at her feet. She loves that one.

Yesterday morning she brought it to Delos and he was making up some story about it, when all of a sudden the baby interrupted and began (with great excitement) to ~~to~~ tell her own story, to give, that is, her own version, of what had happened.

It ran something like this, "Get out de kitchen!" (This was obviously the old lady speaking; the baby acted it all out.) "Get out de kitchen! Go away! Very busy." "Stove heiss!" "Meow!" "Meow!" (That was the cat answering.) This went on for several minutes with the baby red faced and almost bursting with excitement and Delos and I as excited as she was. She is certainly going to be either an author or an actress.

Later we showed her the picture again and asked her to tell Uncle Warren about it. She went through the same rigamarole.

Her two passions (as I have told you many times) are books and dogs. She makes up a story ~~now~~ now about a "little babele had a dog, named Max'l." All dogs are either Pal, Max'l, or Bobbie. She still talks about Bobbie.

When we play bridge, she has to sit on my lap with her own deck of cards. Sometimes she takes my hand and pulls me toward the chest where the cards are kept, saying, "Mommie! Play double!" I get out the cards and deal them and say, "I bid no trump. What do you bid, Merian." She shouts, "Double!" You can imagine how that tickles Warren, who knows Delosy's passion for cards.

She is looking so pretty, tanned and rosy, and her hair is so thick. She has every look and expression of Delosy's, and Hanni calls her, "Mister Loflace". But at the same time Arthur said right away, "She looks like Maudie too." And she does. Especially around the eyes.

(over →)

I could write forever and not tell you half of her cute tricks. But I try very hard (and have made a resolution to try even harder) not to brag about her. When other mothers say to me, "Of course, our baby doesn't put two words together ~~xxxxxxx~~ yet and probably won't until she is two." "I say, "Of course not. I am anxious for our baby to begin to make sentences." But just between you and me and the gate post she puts about seven or eight words together, or for that matter puts them together until she wants to ~~xxx~~ stop talking. Delos is awfully proud of her; both of us are; but just in private, which is as well as she won't and will not show off. For that reason she probably won't be an actress in spite of the scene she acted out between the witch and the cat. Hanni sticks to it that she will write books, and probably she will.

I can only say that I hope the New York papers will review her books on time!

Oh I must put in one other remark of Hanni's. Maybe I have in a previous letter. It was in connection with that New York World Telegram interview with me. Hanni finished reading it and said indignantly. "Dey out to say something about Mr. Loflace's shortcakes!" I thought that was a scream.

Katie darling, thank you so much for ~~xxxxxxx~~ your sweet letter about the book and also for your news about Wilva Davis. I can't tell much by her synopsis as to whether the play would be good or not. I am sending it on to Nan for her opinion. When I say that, it is no criticism of the synopsis at all...it's just that I am too close to it. If I were going to turn the book into a play I would have to go 'into the silence' somewhere; divert my mind of the book entirely; and go at it like a new piece of work.

Thank you very much for all the trouble you have taken about it, and for your information about her. I shall write her directly after I hear from Nan, and before I do that shall study the synopsis again and try to make some helpful comments.

She makes some reference to the motion picture ^{rights} ~~rights~~ and when I write her I'll have to make it clear that she has no share in them ~~until~~ and until the play is produced. The motion picture rights are trembling on the verge with half a dozen companies, have been ever since the book came out, and will sell like a hot cake if costume plays come back in. George Palmer Putnam of Paramount just finished reading the book and conferred with Nannine about it. Of course if the play should get a Broadway production and the motion picture sold after that, she would be entitled to her cut. In ~~xxxxxxx~~ writing her I will make all that clear and also have a final understanding about the play. She was to have written me telling me what business arrangement she wanted, but never has done so. Nan is going to handle the whole thing for us, of course, and will offer her the split which the Authors Guild recommends as fair both on play and motion pictures.

The very idea of the play gives me cold chills of excitement and I will write her and straighten the whole thing out as soon as I get the short story done. I wish I could make a more intelligent comment on her synopsis, but as yet have not been able to see it in a detached light at all. A thousand thanks to you, dear.

And mother dear, your letter was so good and all your news
 (see ~~for~~ back or page 3)

Sept 3 1932

Dearest Family,-

We are in the midst of great confusion here, expecting the new day bed to arrive any moment, and I am clearing out my writing room to make room for it. Warren is still with us, and Delosey begins his vacation tonight. He is very tired, and just counting the minutes.

Yesterday I had charge of the baby; it was very warm, the hottest day of the season. Darren and I didn't take her to the park but sat out in her little pen with her. The baby looked up at Warren and said, "Hot day!" Warren answered yes, that it was a very hot day. She continued, "Ticky!" (Sticky). He agreed that it was sticky. The baby added, "Hanni feels it too." Hanni always says she feels the heat, and the baby's remark sounded so funny.

About fifty clippings yesterday, and everyone favourable. Some very good. But the New York Sun came out last night with my first unfavourable review. It wasn't bad, but it wasn't good either. Delos was so mad. He could hardly bear to bring it home, and the language he calls Grey isn't fit to type. It wasn't Grey's fault, though, ~~he~~ except that he used bad judgement in giving the book to a young realistic novelist who is sour on the whole world and hates anything happy. The review wasn't bad understand, but very lukewarm, and on Delosy's own paper...his feeling were hurt. All the more so as it is the only review so far which has had a really unfriendly line. Now he 's just praying that the N.Y. Times will spread the book all over the paper.

I was just called to the telephone about the radio talk I am giving September 15. I have to go in to rehearse next Wednesday. It is station WINS, a metropolitan station which has no middle western tie up. I'm so sorry as I'd like to have you hear it. I am speaking and they are dramatizing one scene from the book. Perhaps tho I'll be speaking over another station which has a national hookup.

Miss Gruber has been taken ill. I'm so sorry for her, and also it's a bad moment for the book, but Mr. Walsh will take over the publicity himself. Yesterday's reviews were so good; and Mr. Walsh writes that reorders are coming in, so we feel quite chirked up.

Just called to the phone again. This time it's Mrs. Sterne asking us over to a picnic supper in their garden Labor Day night. We will enjoy it. Warren is included too; isn't that sweet of them!

Best love to all of you, dears. I am enclosing a copy of the very colorless Herald Trib review of past Sunday. I'll send you the Sun one too when an extra one comes in in my clips. Delos refused to bring home an extra copy.

Love and hugs, in haste.

Maud

24 Second Ave.,
Pelham, N.Y.,
Sunday.

Darlings,-

Mother's Special just came, and we are so pleased about your trip and so sure that that is the sensible ~~xxxxxxx~~ thing for daddie to do. His personality is just everything, and you can't get that over in a letter. Then too it is so wise to look the ground over thoroughly. I hope that you have fine cool weather, and it will be a good vacation for you both as well as a business trip. We'll be thinking of you every minute.

There's not much news with us, as I know you got my Sunday letter before leaving home. Another short one will be reaching 905 on Tuesday. There was no New York Times review today, but we don't mind, as Labor Day Sunday is a very poor Sunday. Next Sunday will be the best one of the year.

There were a whole flock of reviews in on Friday, oceans of them, and all good. By the way, I had a lovely note from Floss about the book.

Today, Sunday we are just loafing with Warren, Hanni and the baby. Tomorrow night, Warren Delos and I are invited over to Sternes to supper in their garden. Mary Ann is coming Tuesday and Clarke's plans until the convention are not entirely settled. We have urged them to stay on with us if they care to, and perhaps they will. Or we may let them look after Hanni and the baby for just a couple of and we run off to the beach.

But that it all problematical. I have to be here Wednesday for a rehearsal of my radio talk, scheduled for the 15th.

The baby is sweeter than a peach. Her latest expression is Dont Worry. I have something awfully cute that she said or did saved up to tell you but cant for the life of me remember what it is. When I remember I will jot it down.

Delos is so happy to be home for his vacation. He is all tired out and needs it terribly. He is awfully tickled too to be here with the baby; he doesn't get enough of her; he will know more about her vocabulary at the end of his vacation.

I'll get this in the mails for you, darlings, as I haven't a Special stamp, but I am positive it will reach Milwaukee if you aren't leaving Minneapolis until Monday. It will be collected here tonight. It is just a note but we wanted to send out love, hugs, kisses and good luck wishes for a happy and successful trip. It is a wise thing to do, to take the trip whether anything develops right now or not; daddie will know the entire situation and make invaluable friends and contacts. He always and invariably makes a hit.

We were thrilled by the mention of Brooklyn. Is there any chance at all that you might be coming that far? Goodness, wouldn't that be thrilling! But I won't get hopes up until I hear.

Oceans of love from us both, and a hug from the baby.
Oh I remember what I was going to tell you about her. She ~~xxxxxxx~~
came up to Hanni and gave this imitation of me seeing Delos off in the
morning.

She said (actually) "Goodbye, Delosy. Have a good day.
Have you plenty of money?" Hanni came to us and told us and we asked
the baby to say it to us and she did, grinning all over her face.

So much love darlings, and all our thoughts. Write us
often, and be sure to get a vacation out of the trip.

From Maud, Delos and Merian, by

Maud.

Sept 6
1932

Dear Dad and all;

Well! I got another check of about nine dollars on the Rockne book. The feature service which offered it to newspapers didn't sell it many places, but at least a profit was netted, because the agreement was that we were to split all gains after expenses had been taken out. The nine will do very well to buy my baby some new dresses, and when I say baby, I mean baby.

Warren is with us still. We bought a sort of studio bed which will go up in the little room. It pulls out to make a bed ~~for~~ two, so when you people come on for Christmas we'll have room to sleep you, as well as provide a chair, chairs, from which you will be able to watch comfortably while the Bug opens her presents. Warren is a very amiable house guest. He plays a punk game of bridge, but of course you can't have everything. Hannie and the baby like him, and that's a lot.

The baby is becoming a bit of a nuisance around meal time. We've got to break her of a new trick. She comes to the table with a spoon and digs into whatever she can reach. I've a notion to smack her jaw, but proababy Maud and Hannie will be able to persuade her with softer methods of correction and until they have tried and failed I'll hold off. Still a good beating now and then helps any child, and even though Maud says ours is perfect, I think a smack or so wouldn't hurt.

"Woody" still is her most used word. It's "Jelly-woody," now, along with forty-leven others. I wish you folks would explain where she got the term. It was picked up at 905, of that I'm sure. This morning when I started off to work she wanted to go along, and every night before she goes to bed she wants to go up town with Maud and me to the choo-choostation and to buy a newspaper.

The news from Maud's book is good. The clippings are coming in in numbers, and all are pleasant. The United Press reports that The Charming Sally was a best seller in St. Paul over this last week, and it was on the recommended list in Philadelphia for the week before. Dick Walsh writes that the re-orders have come in a bit slowly but that that isn't to be remarked because the original orders were pretty large. No signs of a big sweep yet all over the country, but maybe the Philadelphia talks will start things. At least we can say this, the early clippings never were so plentiful on any of the previous books, There seems to have been some service which sent out four or five lines of most flattering comment, and in addition a short publicity story that I suggested The John Day Company send out has been used very widely. Reviews have been good from Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland, half a dozen southern cities, Pittsburgh and more I can't recall. Pasadena is one, however.

The Sun--wouldn't you know it--gave a bum review. Grey, the book page editor, is a friend of both Maud's and mine, but he a fat head and gave the book to a young lad who has no taste for romance, who knew nothing of Maud's previous books, and made no effort to learn anything. He completely missed the main merit of the writing, its rich and convincing recreation of the early scene, and the result was a bald, meaningless rehearsal of the plot. I hope Grey chokes.

And my love to you all.

Delos.

Delos

Home,
Thursday.

my dear, -

No time, not a
minute, for a letter.
My Aunt & Uncle
are with us, Uncle is
on vacation, & while
it is all fun, the
house is bedlam
at home. Miss Guber

of the John Day Co
suddenly + quite
unexpectedly died.

She was a darling +

Everyone is just
shocked by her death

while all promotional

work on my + every
other book is at

a standstill. Nancy

has been given the

Teritory of H's cousin

headquarters Milwaukee,
a long letter ~~with~~
after they leave

tomorrow, let me see if I can
mother's & dad's letters
to get with some
interest. I had love

to all - in most
heart

Maud

Sept 12
1932

Monday.

My dears,-

I simply cant tell you how rushed we've been, with Mary Ann and Warren here and Delossy on vacation, and ~~xixix~~ then I wrote you of the confusion about my book caused by Miss Gruber's death. We've been so busy, and right now I can only take time for a line and to send on these pictures. But want you to know we are well and fine and that you'll have a fat letter very soon. We've been following mother and dad's trip by the cards and so interested, and glad they had a lovely time. The ~~lxixix~~ box came for Merian; she was so excited and everything was so pretty. More soon, and oceans of love in a hurry.

Maud

your maud,

Sept 14
1932

Wednesday,

My dears,-

It's such a long time since I've written a real letter, and even longer, it seems to me, since I had one from you. Mother's cards tell us something of the progress of your trip, but we are anxious to hear about it in detail. I suppose that by now you are all at home and settled.

We are in the second week of Delossy's vacation / The first one was pretty much taken up with Mary Ann and Warren. Warren got the territory of Wisconsin, an excellent one, which made us all very happy in spite of the fact that it meant their leaving here. Mary Ann came up from Boston and joined him here and we ~~xxx~~ had a pleasant although extremely hectic time during the few days that they visited us. The house is so small that the extra people make things exciting, and then there was all the business of getting their furniture off and their own trunks and bags stowed away in the car for the trip to Milwaukee.

Since ~~xxx~~ they left I have been devoting myself as much as I could to Delos. As soon as the marketing and housework is out of the way every day we take a taxi to Glen Island Beach, Hanni, the baby and all. The baby loves the beach so that it is just pathetic. When she is dressed in her bathing suit, she begins to caper with excitement. When the cab comes she runs to the foot of the stairs and calls, "Hanni! Hanni! Taxicab! Taxicab!" She loves digging in the sand but not so much as she loves wading out into the water. However, the beach is closed for the season now, so that is all over.

We have tried not to have any company but have had some bridge with the Bartnetts and Labor Day night we went to a delightful dinner at the Sternes, served out in their beautiful garden.

Feeling that we haven't had enough change, we have decided, as we told Helen and Frank, to take the boat to Boston for this coming weekend. There is an excursion on and the ~~xxx~~ round trip costs only \$6.50, exclusive of meals. Our plan is this. To go into New York on Saturday and have lunch with Martha (Ostense) and Doug. Then take the boat and have that lovely trip up the sound and up the coast, with dinner (and dancing if we care for it) on board. Land Sunday morning at Boston; and we don't think we'll look up Miller and Rosemonf, much as we like them, but just take a sight seeing bus around Boston. About five we board the boat again reaching New York Monday morning, and Tuesday morning Delossy goes back to work.

I wrote you of Miss Gruber's sudden death. Everything in connection with the book has been thrown into confusion, and to make matters worse there are no New York reviews yet, nothing in the Times. Isn't it maddehing? We have had 92 reviews from the rest of the country, however, and Mr. Walsh reports some encouraging re-orders. I am speaking over the radio on Thursday of this week (tomorrow) but you folks can't get it. It is from a metropolitan station. That too has been so messed up and mismanaged that I feel no interest in it. The Philadelphia and Brooklyn engagements are postponed until October.

We're all well and happy, and I'm hoping that I'll lose this rushed and harried feeling on board the boat where I intend to have breakfast served in bed! (Delosy brought it to me there, this morning. The lamb!)

We are reading The Fountain and simply love it. Also Delos just brought The Sheltered Life, Ellen Glasgow's new book from the circulating library, but I haven't got to that yet. We got an auto-graphed copy of the Grand Duchess Marie's new book, The Education of a Princess, or whatever it is called. Perhaps that was the name of the first one. We have them both and I haven't started the second one yet. I've been reading Lewis Browne's This Believing World, too, with the greatest delight.

The baby is just sweet beyond words and how she talks! Something awfully funny happened last night. We eat on the porch these days (an out on the back lawn) and since it is daylight saving, the baby is still up when ~~xxxxxx~~ we eat dinner. She prances around the table teasing for bits of food. "Baby 'teal a woody. Just a tiny bit. ~~Wahle~~ want some pea woody, please, daddypop." And so on. Well, last night, Delos was saying (to me not to her) that perhaps she shouldn't be allowed to do ^{it} and ^{he} gave quite a little homily on the subject, which was funny in itself for he is worse than Hanni and me put together about feeding her, and delights to slip her tastes of pudding and other forbidden things. The baby listened to his little speech, and then came around to his side of the table, planted her little fat legs far apart, looked up at him with a broad grin and said, "Full of prunes!" Whether she had understood what he said or knew what she was saying, we have no idea but we laughed until the tears ran down our cheeks. Delos said he was certainly put in his place.

^{The} Mother dear, ~~she~~ was delighted beyond words with her box from you. And things are all so pretty and so practical for they will fit her next summer. Warren gave her a little white bathing suit with a Jantzengirl on it while he was here. She looks simply adorable in it. But it fits her like the paper on the wall and she can't possibly wear it next season. While the one you sent, and the play dress, are both too big now and will be perfect next year. The baby was so tickled with them. She took the play dress, which was covered with little dogs, and said, "Woolies. Lots of woolies. Show daddy pop." And ran about in circles with it, and the bunny on her bib delighted her too. She feeds him a bite of everything she eats herself. Thank you so much for them, darling.

She still mentions you all by name. and when we were at the beach the other day she saw a little boy with bright red hair and shrieked, "Gigi!" Isn't that marvellous?

I can't tell you how I am looking forward to a fat letter which will tell us all your news. I was interested in your visiting the St. Johns Michigan Harts. Are they nice? Do write us all about everything. I think it was lovely for you to get away from home. I am looking forward more than I can tell you to our little jaunt.

Love and hugs to each one of you, Harts and Fosters and Fowlers. How about the Foster birthday celebration. Was that postponed? Delosy joins me in sending his vevy best love too.

Delosy



ON BOARD STEAMSHIP

Sunday Morning.

My dear, —


Well, we're on our
journey & having more fun
than a bird in a room. Annie
got one of her cousins to come
out & stay with her, & we
left her & the baby happy.
Had & have perfect weather.
Sailed from the Hudson,
around the battery, up the
East River & into the



Sounded, continuing on
with my place on
one side of N. Y. & Connecticut



ON BOARD STEAMSHIP

on the site. After dinner
there was a man. At
night we could feel the
ship begin to roll &
~~then~~ knew we were in
the open Atlantic. Went
on up past Rhode Island,
then Cape Cod Canal &
now we are entering Boston
Bay. Planning to have
breakfast at the famous
Parker House. Then take
 an all-day sight
seeing bus, & back home on

Saturday Morning -

My dear, - so sorry you don't get your
second letter; but we have had a
 hectic week. Harriet & baby sick with
 colic - baby is not today, however;
 Delany with the weather, ~~was~~ too
 & me going to the tent at night -
 cold & heavy - so some of headaches,
 that's that for trouble? A bit better
 now, however. Weather has changed
 & is beautiful. 3 m on my way into
 town to finish shopping & have
 dinner with Delos who is

playing in a bridge tournament
tonight. 12 clippings on book today -
all good. Advertising scheduled
for 9th + 23rd and extra for
Philadelphia + Brooklyn was
definite. Also on radio play is a
program. So forget the what for
it was to write plays. We're so
eager to hear from ^{you} all - How did
Kate go? Best. Latest love + good
thought every minute. a fat letter
over the weekend - so good.

Home,
Wednesday.

My dears:-

First of all, I must say how excited we are by daddy's hint that mother might possibly be coming on in October. We would be so tickled. I think I would jump out of my skin. ~~and~~ It would be so good to have a visit, to have her to help me buy my winter clothes, and to have her see the baby, who is just indescribably sweet. I'm not getting my hopes up too high, as dad said it was still unsettled, but do arrange it if you can. October is a lovely month here, and with the new bed we could make you so comfortable. Our hot air furnace is not satisfactory; registers instead of radiators, you know; and the autumn, spring or summer are better than the winter for real comfort in a visit here.

We were so glad to get mother's letter telling in such detail about the trip; and dad's yesterday, following you since you got home. The box came for Merian and she was so excited. ~~She~~ When we gave ~~her~~ the package we asked her what she thought was in it and she said, "An easter bunny!" When she saw it was a mitzi, she squealed with joy, and now she takes it with her on every expedition in her carriage, and says a million times a day, "Tella gave it." It is a very cute one, I think.

She is so cute when she is put to bed at night. ~~She~~ She laughs and romps so that we can hardly get her bathed and tucked into bed. I remember when Gigi used to carry on like that, and I suppose we all did too. It is fun; isn't it? Every Friday night when we put her down, she has a ~~xxxxxxx~~ different phrase which she shouts and yells at us, laughing until she nearly bursts. One week it was, "Lots of excitement around here!" (Always a favorite phrase of hers.) Last week it was "Pardon me!" With accent on the "Par" which, by the way, she pronounces "Fah." "Fahdon me." In just my tone. Every time she said it she would turn a somersault, or kick, or bounce, laughing all the time, and Delos and I laughed until we almost cried. Another one of her new expressions is "Oh deah me!" She says "Oh deah me!" at everything.

Hanni says she was awfully cute with her cousins while we were gone. She calls the boy cousin Uncle Bill a fter Bill Gerretson, who made a great hit with her, evidently. And the woman cousin, who was in her late forties, Hanni's Mommie. I wish I could have looked in on them, all talking German, and the baby in their midst talking German too. The woman made her a little German coffee cake, baby size.

We got home bright and early Monday to find the house full of plum cake, coffee cake and German cookies and Hanni and the baby both fine. I went to bed and stayed the rest of the day, and Delos got his suits pressed, commutation bought, and other things ready for beginning work next ~~day~~ day. I felt physically tired from the trip but mentally rested.

Yesterday he started to work again; alarm at six and a cozy breakfast and the baby down to see him off. I spent the entire day bringing my correspondence up to date and I am still at it today. Tomorrow I go to the dentist and I have other errands which fill in the entire week. Next Monday I start research work on the new book.

521

I am going to keep the research work running at the same time that I continue on the short stories. I'll have to drop the short stories when the novel reaches the stage of actual writing, of course, but that won't be for some months. The stories haven't panned out very well so far; Nan has sent the second one back for revision; which is one of the things I am going to attend to this week; but all of us feel that they will mean a great deal in time, so we are going to keep them going if we can.

However, Delos has a commission to write the novelization of a motion picture. Coop wants him to do it, and it is a good chance to show the motion picture people what he can do, although it will only be a 75c, Grosset and Dunlap book. They are dickering about it now. I will let you know whether it goes through or not. I hope it will for I think Delos would write such a good book it would knock their eyes out.

Also there is a project in the air of Delos and me collaborating on some radio sketches. It may never materialize, probably won't, but ~~sixxxxx~~ if it should, or if his book should go through, the short stories would probably have to be temporarily abandoned.

The Charming Sally is going well, reorders are coming in, they say. I have had a rotten break with New York reviews, and I can't see why. It just shows how wild the book business is. My record of three novels, all of which were excellently received by the critics, should entitle me to prompt consideration at least, but I haven't received it.

*Times
Review
Dec 25*

The book has been out a month and not a line yet in the all-important Times. Nor in the World. Nor in the Post. The Herald Trib gave a friendly review (that was reprinted in the Minneapolis Journal; so I know you saw it). The Sun was sour, as I have told you. I am enclosing it.

Luckily for me, the rest of the country has treated me better. I have had 129 clippings so far, including 44 reviews, and all but three of them have been splendid. I got one awful, heartbreaking roast from the Saturday Review. It's too bad, for it is an influential publication, but fortunately with a very very small circulation. The Saturday Review praised Petticoat Court to the skies, and now takes this terrific wallop at Charming Sally. Isn't it silly?

The middle western papers, and all the eastern coast except New York is treating me fine. Oceans of publicity and the reviews all favorable. The Springfield Mass Republican praised the book highly, and that is influential. And all the southern papers seemed to love it. Good reviews from the coast too. One especially good from the Los Angeles Saturday night, whatever that is. I am enclosing the Portland Oregonian and whatever else I have extra copies of.

I have a loyal following, and that following is buying this book. Moreover, I have added to my always faithful middle west, Philadelphia. But unless the times click soon, I won't "break" New York on this book as I expected to, and as I think I deserve to. But never mind. Next Monday I get to work on the new one, and maybe that is the one which will break New York. Or maybe this book will do it by sheer force of merit, without help from the papers, as Early Candlelight did, to a certain extent, and as A Lantern in her Hand certainly did.

We were so interested in your seeing the Michigan Harts.

The whole trip sounded fun and as though it had done you so much good. Our vacation certainly did us good; we came back feeling like new people.

I cant tell how how we loved Concord. I almost lost my mind over the Hawthorne, Emerson and Louisa M. Alcott Houses. The house of Margaret Sydney who wrote The Five Little Peppers is there too. I flooded you all with enthusiastic post cards but dont know whether you ever got them as I always guess at every address but 909. The Louisa M. Alcott house was the nicest of all, and without in the least expecting to do so, I found myself dabbing at my eyes when I saw it. It looked so peaceful, homelike and familiar, set in its green lawn. All of you must go there some day.

I must stop now and get back to my work. Oceans of love to each one of you. We are awfully eager for your news, watching every mail, and hope we will have another letter to day.

How is my Gigi? Merian often talks to his picture about "woolies" and "mitzis" and this and that. She loves to have me write words out for her. She will say "write Merian...write dolly...write Buddy...etc." Yeste day out of a clear sky she gave me a pencil and said, "rite Tante." I dont know which Tante she meant.

Love and hugs all around. Please please send us all clippings from Minnesota. Especially best seller lists, if any. My clipping service misses as much as it sends. It never sent the James Grey review, for example. I got that through Mrs. Sanders' of the St. Paul Book and Stationery.

Love to all.

Mae

24 Second Avenue,
Pelham,
Tuesday...September 27.

Sept 27
1932
Darlings,-

A box of delicious home made cookies from mother, two books ~~for~~ the baby from the Fowlers, together with that almost unprecedented and delightful event...a fat letter from "atie"...make the Lovelaces feel very close to home.

Thank you all just oceans. The cookies are swell, and though we are determined to keep them for company to eat with the wine which our iceman recently gave us, we can't seem to resist them and keep nibbling. Thank you so much, mother. You were darling to send them.

The books just enchanted the baby. She has come to squeal with excitement at the very sight of a package, anyway. When we showed her that one, she looked at it with her eyes popping and then yelled, "Hanni get de scissors." Hanni got de scissors and opened it and the baby pounced on the books. She loves them both but I think Peter Rabbit especially. She goes through it and says, "Mommie Easter Bunny, ~~Mommie~~ Baby Easter Bunny, pet it!" and then she stops and pets it. One book or the other is always in her hands, and how I wish you could see her delight in them.

She has recently been allowed to use pencils, as I guess I wrote you. Delos brought her home a box of colored ones, and she uses them by the hour. She says carefully, "Baby mark only on paper." She is always asking us to write, she likes writing better than pictures, and will stand beside us making us write one thing after another, the names of everyone she knows, and such combinations as "swimming pool" and "Buddy's mommie." I don't know why it fascinates her so.

The other day (before the books came from Helen by the way) she was making me write and she said, "Write Bobbie." So I wrote Bobby. Then she said, "Write Tante Helen." So I wrote Tante Helen. I thought there was a good opportunity to continue some family history (being much pleased that she associated Helen and Bobb.) So I said, "You know, baby, Tante Kathleen is Gigi's mommie." She dropped her pencils and looked at me open mouthed and then said, "Say dat again." I said again that Tante Kathleen was Gigi's mommie and as soon as the words were out of my mouth she said, "Mommie say dat again." I know she made me say it a dozen times, until I refused to say it any more, and I don't know to this moment what made it so fascinating. Maybe the way my tongue looked when I said it. Now, every once in a while she comes up to me and says, "Tante Kathleen is Gigi's mommie." And I say, "Is that so?"

I could write forever and not tell you all the words she says because she says everything. She talks like a grown up. One of her most recent expressions which simply convulses us is, "And how!" She got it from Hanni. I was showing her some pictures and said, "Isn't that a cute dog, baby." She looked at it intently and said, "And how!"

She always calls herself Baby, and says "Baby does so and so." Or "Give baby so and so." When we are eating she prances around the table and says, "Give baby just a tiny piece" or else, (which always tickles me) "Baby wants just a tiny piece awful bad." If you ask her when

she is going to do anything, give you a kiss or anything else, she always says, "Am Saturday." Everything with her happens on Saturday. She can supply the end words to all the nursery rhymes, and often interrupt us to go on and say the whole rhyme herself.

But she cannot carry a tune. She sings, but there's no tune to it. Whenever I sing, she comes up to me and says, "Mommie do dat again." So she evidently loves music, and always has. But she isn't going to be a musician, just the same.

I caught her trying to hold the pencil between her two first fingers as we do. (Usually she holds it in her little fist.) She looked up at me and said, "Babele hold pencil." She is trying and trying to hold it right so that she can make her scrawls look like writing.

Well, so much for the child, with thanks again for sending the books, which she just loved. She calls the three bears, Daddy pop bear, mommie bear and baby bear, and reads amazing stories out of the book to everyone who will listen.

Miss Davis's The letter from Katie was such a peach, and all the news from Wilva Davis so thrilling. As it chanced it came just as I was writing her a long letter. I called Nan and read her Katie's letter and as a result of several conferences with Nan and the play agent, have rewritten my letter to her and Nan is writing her also. Nan chatted with the Authors League and the play agent, and the conventional split is 50-50 which we are offering her. The motion picture rights are something else again as they are practically sold now, as soon as costume pictures come back; every big company is interested. And we have to hold them up, even if we should have a chance to sell them, for a period of 6 months or a year, while she is trying out her play. The Authors League requires that, as no play can be produced which has already been produced as a picture. You see, the producer gets a split. So we are offering her only 25 percent on the motion picture and that, of course, only if it sells after her play has been produced and as a result of that. That seems to me, Nan and the play agent perfectly fair, and will to her, I am sure. For we are making a real sacrifice in taking the motion picture rights off the market for the period of 6 months or a year (whatever it is.)

I'll write you directly, Katie, with more of this and also more comments on your news and so on. We were so tickled to hear from you, as you don't do your duty as often as Helen does. We are just delighted that the play is so good, and if anything came of it, I think I would go off my head with joy.

We have been having a good deal of trouble around here. Delossy with a vile cold and Hanni with what I think is a mild case of the grip or flu. That is why I haven't written sooner. Sunday she was in bed, and of course I was waiting on her as well as taking care of the baby, and they had to be in separate rooms. She is so good, and won't stay in bed if she can possibly be up, but Sunday she had a real temp. She refuses to have the doctor which worries me, but I am sure it is just the grip. All the symptoms are there, aching and so on. She is getting better now, I think.

As a result of all this we had a quiet weekend, just the Bartnetts over for contract. Speaking of contract Mary Ann and Warren sent us the enclosed clipping. They just stuck it in a letter without a word. They are located in Milwaukee and will be so tickled to see Daddie if he has to go there again.

Yesterday Monday I went to town on two business conferences which I'll tell you of presently. Tonight I am speaking at the Sterne to a group of High School students who are interested in the early stage. Tomorrow I am doing a lot of shopping for winter in town, and having lunch with Flossie Macbeth. We are invited on Friday to a tea for Mrs. Darrach who is just back from Europe and going to California. But shant except as that is Hanni's day off.

My business in town yesterday was first with Mr. Walsh with whom I thrashed out some matters connected with Charming Sally and I persuaded him not to wait any longer for the Times review but to give me some advertising. The book is moving; slowly, to be sure, as this is a bad year for every book; but still reorders are coming in and I am entitled to some advertising and put up battle for some. There will be some three or four ads in the Times at least. I'll send them to you. He asked me to ~~xxxxxxx~~ send him my idea of the best quotes we have had and I have been copying them out, and as I have an extra copy am sending it along to you. Of course some of the most important papers havent been heard from yet. Boston Transcript, for example, and I havent included in this list any but fairly large papers. We have had an awful lot; fifteen came yesterday; and all good except the Sun, which you saw, the Saturday Review, which was terrible, and one southern paper, small, which reprinted the Saturday Review. On the whole, a very fine record, so I demand that advertising be begun.

out of the
1500
have had

Lots is in the air about the book. I am speaking over WOR, a national hook-up, I think; next week. Also will probably go to Philadelphia in October and speak once or twice in New York. I have an article in the Modern Thinker, if you ever see that, the September issue, and my verses are in the Bookman. The next to last issue, I think. I have been meaning to tell you.

Also I took up with Mr. Walsh the matter of my next book. He is to have it; that was in the contract; so I wanted his reaction to several plots I had in mind. He chose the one I favored myself, and Delos favors. It is a story of Mankato, but dont tell anyone.

I am awfully enthused about it. It requires very little research work, although some, of course; and as a result it will be done in a year, and there wont be such a long gap between books. It is to be dedicated to 333 Center Street. But it is not a story of the Hart family. I have no wish to write that, somehow, and we will appear only as minor characters. Not another word about it, and all this is a secret, but there is something very important that you can do for me. That is to send me right away that Mankato ~~xxxxxx~~ book; you know...the one I had at Minnetonka and love so. I cant begin my book until I get it, so please, like angele, send it as soon as you can.

From the John Days I went to meet Nan and with her to meet the radio man I wrote you of. He represents the advertiser, a very big insurance company. The work they want me to do is hack work...my name may not even be announced...but they can use a series of historical sketches. The question is whether I can ~~xxxxxx~~ write radio continuity or not, and I am going to do a trial sketch for him on the voyageurs. He

-4-

needs the copy badly, and if I can do what he wants, I can write a whole series for him, and at pretty good money. But it's hard work and a new field for me, I don't know whether I can do it or not. Delos will help me, of course; it will be a virtual collaboration but will go out under my name, as my reputation as an historical novelist is what will sell the series, to begin with. Nan is going to try to have my name and the name of the Charming Sally announced with each broadcast, and if she succeeds in that, the advertising value will be worth more than whatever money I am paid. I am going to do this trial sketch before I start the novel.

I am getting tired, so must stop and rest and lunch and then get my little speech written for tonight. The baby just walked in and said she wanted a "busey" (kiss.) I asked her what for and she said, "Being good!" It is a rainy day and she has been good, playing as quiet as a mouse with her new books.

Havent had a letter from mother for some time, but Delos had one, and then the cookies assure us that she is well and in good form. A nice letter from daddy last week. Still we are eager for another and I am hoping there will be one in the mails today.

So many thanks to all of you for everything, and oceans of love from us all.

I am more cheerful than when I last wrote. The fact that I am to have some advertising puts heart into me, and the book is selling too, which is more than can be said of most books this year. Also the radio prospect is something new and promising. Delos doesn't know yet about his novelization of the motion picture. The negotiations are still in the air.

Love and hugs and wish us well with our colds and grips. I think we will all be better in a day or two. The baby and I are immune, anyhow, and taking the best of care of ourselves.

Deed

- 1 Philadelphia Public Ledger:--A rich, spirited novel that blazons a trail of high merit. ✓
- 2 St. Paul Pioneer Press:--Continuously lively and engaging. ✓
- The Buffalo, N.Y., Courier-Express:--One of the jolliest romantic novels of the season.
- 3 El Paso, Tex., Times:--Charming, bright and alive. ✓
- 3 El Paso, Tex., Times:--Brings forth from the musty pages of history real people and a story throbbing with (life, love and) beauty. N.B. suggest the words in parenthesis be omitted. ✓
- 4 Richmond, Va., Times-Dispatch:--Even those who spurn all novels labelled, 'historical' can't afford to miss The sparkling zest of The Charming Sally. ✓
- 1 Springfield, Mass., Republican:--Mrs. Lovelace places readers in her debt by giving them this spirited novel of the theater. ✓
- Rochester., N.Y., Democrat-Chronicle:--A delightful novel.
- 1 Philadelphia Enquirer:--As pure entertainment its rank is high. ✓
- 6 Sacramento, Calif., Bee:--A story both tender and enchanting.
- 4 Savannah., Ga., Press:--Fresh, crisp and colorful.
- 2 Chicago Tribune:-- The Charming Sally won't be remembered long, but the hours spent in reading it pass quickly and are filled with a gentle charm. N B Could you begin with "The hours spent, etc." ✓
- 1 The Boston Herald:--Maud Hart Lovelace is earning a place among our best historical novelists. ✓
- 2 Cleveland Plain Dealer:--A (pleasing and) thoroughly satisfying story. ✓
- 1 Providence, R.I., Journal:--Distinctly out of the ordinary.
- 4 Charleston, S.C., Post:--Unusually good entertainment.
- 1 Trenton, N.J., Times-Advertiser:--An appeal scarcely to be resisted.
- 4 St. Louis Globe Democrat:--Keeps the reader's interest at fever heat. ✓
- 4 Pittsburg Press:--A story told with charm and freshness.
- 2 Minneapolis Tribune:--Belongs to everyone who is interested in the American stage. And that includes almost the entire population.will be read not once but many times. ✓
- 2 Chicago Journal of Commerce:--Lovely in its aroma of other days. ✓

1 = East

2 = Middle West

3 = N. W.

4 = South

5 = S. W.

6 = far West

Sept 29
1932

24 Second Avenue,
Pelham, N.Y.,
September 28, 1932.

Dearest Family,

Just a little letter to get to you for Sunday. I told you our best news on my postal card of yesterday. Mr. Walsh wrote that the Times advertising would begin on October 9th, and he enclosed to me the most glorious clipping from the San Francisco Chronicle. Joseph Henry Jackson of that paper is the Harry Hanson of the coast, very important, and he gave the Charming Sally a column which was nothing but one rousing cheer. I had to return the clipping to Mr. Walsh, but I am writing to the Chronicle for some extra copies. I know Nan will want to send them to the motion picture companies. And I will send one to you.

Mr. Walsh had also heard from Philadelphia again. They have an epidemic of infantile paralysis there. The schools are not opening until October and therefore none of the important people have come back to town. Nor are any club gatherings being held as yet. I imagine the whole Philadelphia program will go through but later.

Then, the New York Coronet company has asked to have a window on the book. It is a grand Fifth Avenue window. You remember that they gave it to me on Petticoat Court. That ought to help a lot. And lastly I am reading from the book over W O R. ^{next Tues.} It is not alas, a middle western hookup. But it is one of the three best New York stations, and should help to wake up this town.

All in all, I feel much encouraged about the situation. All of us here do.

I had lunch with Flossie and enjoyed it so much. She looked very smart and thin and pretty, and was so sweet and friendly. Both of us enjoyed being together and we sat and talked at the luncheon table for a couple of hours. She told me all about her mother going away from her to live. The reason, she says, was that her mother had these bad attacks, which upset her, Floss, so terribly when she had to sing, and as she was the wage earner and simply had to be in good condition all the time it seemed best to send her mother back to her own people. But she said that she knew her mother had given the impression that she (Floss) didnt need her any more, and that made her feel badly. ALL THIS HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL OF COURSE. She said she had supported her, of course, and that the move out to her relatives was what Mrs. Pat and Mrs. Farmer both recommended; she said her mother was much better off there where she could have a garden, a porch, and the use of a car, as well as the company of people her own age.

Floss seems very much in love with her husband. Told me anecdote after anecdote about him and the good

only my
minded.

times they had together. I gather that he is very much of an individualist. It may have been that it took them a little time to work out a happy relationship. But they are certainly happy now. She mentioned her accompanist (of whom we have heard, you remember.) She said he was just family to them, like a younger brother, always had lived with her at Ravinia, and so on.



She was very frank about how hard it had been on her this summer to have Ravinia close and to have nothing to do for the first time in so many years. She took a correspondence course in journalism to fill up her time. But she said that things were picking up for this next season, very definitely. She seems anyhow, to be quite happy in a domestic life just with her husband now that she is getting adjusted to it.

~~She~~ I liked her and really enjoyed her. Of course you warm to your old friends as you get older. She is very brave and I have to hand it to her for that.

see this confidence

She asked after you all, especially Katie. Said she hasn't yet fallen in love with Frohman, and was so glad Katie had such a nice husband.

Well, dears, I must run along to my work now. I suppose you are celebrating Frank's birthday over the weekend. I hope our little offering reaches you in time, and wish we could be in on the cake.

I told you; didn't I, the baby's remark yesterday about the books? Hanni wants me to be sure to tell my mother what pretty clothes she is buying for the baby. She has two new wooly dresses and two sweaters, so far.

After mother's letter. So glad to get it. Goodness wouldn't we be tickled if both mother and daddie would drive down with Eastman's. Do try to arrange it; the autumn is so beautiful here, and we would ^{have} such good times, and such a good visit together. The baby would be in heaven to have her own Gampa and Tella, of whom she chatters so continually. And wouldn't the four of us play contract!

Awfully interested to get Katie's Mu Phi Epsilon program. And wish I could have heard the recital. What is she singing in Mankato, and won't it be fun to go own? How I wish I could go along with you. I'll bet Katie will just knock them cold. She is singing so gorgeously these days. And see her reading Love W. O. R. the same day!

Mother, about the package. I thought I mentioned the picture from Bowders. I was tickled to death with it. The comb, I didn't see, but a little green comb has appeared from somewhere and the baby is always and forever combing the black kitty. It must have dropped out of the box and she picked it up before we left. So that is where it came from. Well, she uses it to good advantage, and thanks you for that too. I thought the picture was such fun. How

roasted -3-

pretty it is of Katie.

I am so sorry about Mrs. Palmer, and will write to her right away.

We were amused by what Mrs. Swanson said about the Saturday Review. Either she didnt read it, or else she was just fibbing. She is so sweet that that is probably the case. It is an awful review, one of the two really awful ones I've had in all my history as a writer. (The other one was F.F.V. in the Post on Petticoat Court.) It's of no consequence, really. All writers get them. The Sun ~~reads~~ Pearl Buck's new book, Sons, to the extent of two columns, and very unjustly. It would be nice (because of the Saturday Review) if my Times review would be a knock out, and lets hope it is. But it doesnt matter really. I sent you my clips the other day, a synopsis of them, and you can see that they are good.

I really must stop now; heavens , how I run on! The baby at breakfast this morning brought us a pencil and paper and Bude Delos write down for her, her usual list of about ten milli n words ending with "Now write Miss Sopping Wet" (his old name for her.) Then, when he had written that "Now Write Daddy puts a collar around his neck!" How's that for the start of a novel?

Love and hugs. Optimistically this morning. I have a feeling that everything is coming out well for everybody, and everyone herethinks, feels and says that the Depression is over.

It wasn't by a long shot. Next year the bank closed. 1960

roasted.

1932

Friday Morning.

[ca. Oct.]

Darlings,-

Delossy and I are all full of a plan, so I am sending this personal letter to the two of you instead of a family letter. That will follow in a day or so.

A letter from daddie tells us that the Milwaukee job doesn't seem to be developing according to plan and that you are thinking of renting 905 and going to California for the winter.

What we want to know is, why don't you come here?

We think it is an excellent plan for you to rent the house. You will get rid of that overhead, and it will give you a small income, and you both need a vacation. Spring would be a much better time for daddie to look around and establish himself than now. By spring, conditions will be back to normal, Strutwear will be paying dividends and you will be sitting on top of the world. But why don't you come to New York instead of California?

We would love so dearly to have you. Mother has been mourning the fact that you both were missing so much of the baby, and this seems to us to be your ideal chance to make us a good long visit and enjoy her to your heart's content.

Our plan is this. Rent your house for six months; then hop into the car and drive here to see us. We have an empty garage, you know, and all of us would have a lot of fun with the car. We would take some little trips into New England as spring came on. We would have such a good time, play lots of contract, and how much daddie would help me with my book! He would almost write it. Delos says he would start to write one too with daddie in the house.

If you decided to do this, and could stay for six months, Delos and I would let Hanni go. We have been thinking for some time that it was an extravagance to keep her, as the baby is past the age when she needs such expert care. Living arrangements in this house would be much better without her, and I think the four of us would really prefer to be by ourselves. I would have Black Mary an extra day a week; she comes once a week now; and that would take care of the baby's additional laundry. The only thing is the matter of my writing. And if you two wouldn't mind taking care of her for four hours each morning while I write (she usually goes out in the carriage and plays on the sun porch during that time) I would really love to take the care of her the rest of the day, and the housework here is nothing.

We think it's a swell plan, and we are eager to hear from you about it. So you talk it over and write us as soon as possible. If you do decide to do it, the matter of the date you come is very important, on account of Hanni.

I will say nothing to her until I hear from you, of course, but as soon as I hear from you, if you are coming, I am anxious to tell her, so that she can look about for another place. We are terrifically fond of her, as you know, and she has been so loyal and devoted, that we would want her to stay until she found a place that exactly suited her. Also, you know how

Nov. 15

shy the baby is. There is no one I could leave her with, after Hanni goes. Mary Ann might have served, but she is gone. So we must time things rather closely.

I would have to get the Philadelphia ~~arrangement~~ visit out of the way before you came, so (assuming that Hanni can find a place without difficulty) I would suggest that the middle of November would be a good time for you to come. If Hanni can't find a place by then, you might make it the ~~mid~~ first of December if it was convenient for you to stay in Minneapolis that long. But if it wasn't, you could come along any time after the 15th of November, and we could put Hanni into the writing room where we now have a comfortable bed, and she could stay on until she found a place.

The plan I have in mind is to give you our room, which extends across the front of the house, and is very pleasant. Delossy and I would ~~move~~ ~~in~~ into the nursery which extends across the back of the house and is also very pleasant. That would be the simplest plan on account of all the baby's truck. There is an extra and a very good bed in the writing room, so that if you two got tired of sleeping together, one of you could bunk in there.

As soon as you have decided, you let us know and I will talk it over with Hanni, and you bear November 15 in mind as the ideal date if things work out right with Hanni. I would like to get the Philadelphia affair out of the way before you come; that is November 9th. The Brooklyn date isnt until November 21, and by that time the baby would be accustomed to you and could be left with you. After that there arent any dates and we would have nothing to do but enjoy ourselves.

We would so thoroughly enjoy you and ~~would~~ will be awfully happy if you decide to come. I think we would have a swell winter together, and we have an awfully cozy charming little house here, good beds, and with the car we would have all kinds of picnics and skylarks. I dont think California could compare with it.

I'll get this in the mails quick so that you can talk things over on Sunday. And let us know as soon as you possibly can. Love and hugs and don't worry that the Milwaukee thing, doesnt seem to develop right now. Things are in a n awful muddle, right now before election. Everyone here thinks that 1933 is going to see the end of the depression and that will mean the end of all your worries.

Love and hugs.



Oct 5
1932

24 Second Avenue,
Pelham,
Wednesday.

Dearest All,-

Raining and blowing today, and our baby back in bed with another cold. She is so fat and rosy and husky; it seems absurd that she should have so many colds. I called the doctor this morning and asked if he would recommend ~~the~~ inoculation ~~XXXXXX~~ against colds. He said no, not for ~~an~~ baby; but he suggested again what he suggested last winter. An ultra violet ray lamp with which Hanni could give her sunshine treatments all winter long. I think we will buy one, although they are quite expensive. ~~They~~ would be good for Delos, too; and probably wouldn't cost any more in the long run than doctor bills.

Blanche and Mrs Darrach were coming out tonight for dinner but I telephoned them not to come.

Well, yesterday Katie sang at Mankato. I thought of her when I was going down for my broadcast. I do miss my sisters and my mother on an occasion like that. It is awful to have no one to advise you about what to read or ~~to~~ to tell you what to wear and go along with you to the studio. Delos takes the greatest interest, of course, but he is so busy. He couldn't even listen in. And I haven't talked to anyone who did listen in except Hanni, and of course she doesn't understand English very well.

But I think it was a great success. I feel sure that it was. And WOR is the Macy Bamberger station, very important, locally. I chose the scene where Meg sees Debbie in Joel's garden, and had a pianist to play the Rockabye baby at the points where the song comes in and then continuing to play it softly through the rest of the scene. It was quite effective. I told the listeners in that although the scene was sad the book came out happily in the end, and the announcer gave a grand sales talk. I don't see how it can help but help.

Well, on Saturday the Donald Robbs called us up. Mrs. Robb did, that is, and asked us to go out to dinner on their boat. It sounded fun, but we had to refuse as Delos works on Saturday afterp noon. She sounded nice, but rich. I am afraid they are out of our class. However, she says they are coming to call some evening this week, and they want us to come to dinner at their home. I always liked Donald and Mrs. Baxter says his wife is nice.

We had Bartnetts over for contract bridge Saturday night, and a pleasant evening.

Sunday the baby was up and about after her cold. It seemed so good to have her. She was adorable, and full of talk and fun. We went for Sunday dinner to Hackneys; do you remember my mentioning them. They were in Mary Ann and Warren's crowd. Have a baby about the age of ours. Live in Larchmont. We had quite a pleasant time. Played contract on duplicate boards. Have you ever done it?

Monday, the interviewer from Westchester Home Life was here to tea, and while she was here Katie's package came. I commented that it was for the baby but said ~~she~~ we wouldn't open it until Delos came. The baby heard that it was for her and set up such a clamor that I let her have

the package, never dreaming that she could open it. But open it she did and with shouts of joy came running in to Miss Loiseau and me. Katie, it is adorable, and you never can guess, unless you remember when you were a little girl, what fun Merian has with it. She started right out, in front of my guest, to pour coffee and put around plates and cups saying, "Mommie's cup. Hanni's cup. Daddypop's cup." Then she would pretend to drink and say, "Delicious!" She was so cute with it. Thank you, darling, for sending it. It is such a sweet one, and so nice that it is unbreakable. She has it in bed with her today, giving coffee to all her dolls and animals.

She was up and around and well as could be all day Monday and yesterday but this morning woke up with such a bad nose, sneezing and nose running, that after Delos was gone we put her back to bed. And I telephoned the doctor, and he advised the lamp, as above. I think it is the thing to get and that it will no doubt cure her for she is the strongest, rosiest huskiest baby you ever saw, unusually large for her age too. I think she is going to be tall. She hasnt an ailment except this tendency to colds, and that we can conquer and must.

Yesterday at 9, I broadcast from the studio at ~~1440~~ 1440 Broadway. Hanni said that whenthe baby heard my voice she said, "Mommie, back soon?" After the broadcast I put in a day of shopping.

I was simply destitute for every day street clothes. There has been so much in the paper about me, that I am quite well known in Pelham now, and know that I shouldnt go up to the main street shopping in the moth eaten old coats I have been wearing; neither should I wear my one good coat and hat, the coat I bought in Minnesota and my swagger new brown felt, for every day. Well, I shopped at Macy's, Gimbels, Arnold Constable's, the Emily Shop and about a dozen other places looking for bargains and at last I found one in Wanamakers basement. A green tweed swagger suit. ~~skirt, sweater, short coat and top coat~~ Skirt, sweater, short coat and top coat, as well as a matching hat, and all for \$15. It is the biggest \$15 dollars worth I ever bought in my life. ~~With~~ I can buy extra sweaters and blouses as I need them. The short coat is very smart and with a pretty blouse and my brown hat and accessories, looks good enough for town. While the long swagger coat and matching hat are just the thing for my morning shopping expeditions, and the sweater so warm to write in. I was delighted and thought that for once I had done a good day's work.

I went to tea at Mary Allen's. She and Bert have taken an apartment together, a perfect beauty at East 73d Street. They keep a maid and live in style. I had a good visit with Mary; I love her. She asked after all of you. Said to tell Katie that here was the only sole picture photograph in her bedroom. It is, too. She is feeling quite well; hasnt been ill for some time. Bert has been in Europe; had a lovely summer there.

I came out late for dinner, and we spent the evening listening to Hoover's Des Moines speech over the radio. I hope you heard it. It was very good.

I guess I have written you all the news about the book. ~~That~~ I got 13, I think, reviews last Friday. All splendid. And that my Times advertising is to start next Sunday. ~~Now~~ Review in the Times yet. *that*

I am working this week on my radio script. Listen in on the Roses and Drums feature every Sunday afternoon at 4 p.m. Your time. That is the one I am working on.

Our best news concerns Delos. It is practically certain, though the contract will not be signed until today, that he is to do the dramatization of Coop's picture...Kong. I know I wrote you about it. Dont mention it to anyone until the contract is signed. It will be a fine thing for him, both because he will write a grand book and it is sure to have a good sale, and because it will call him and his talents to the attention of the motion picture people. He will have to write the book in a month or six weeks but of course that ~~is~~ duck soup for him.

Next week I hope to start my novel, and am anxious to get the Kato book I asked you to send me.

As soon as our weather gets nice again, I'll send you more snap shots of the baby. I'll take a picture of her at her little table with Katie's dishes spread out.

Had a nice letter from daddie this morning. So glad to get it. His are awfully good, always. Isn't it nice that you had Gigi to stay with you while the folks went to Mankato! I am so eager to hear about the Mankato program and all the news from the town of our birth.

I had a letter this morning too from my unknown friend and admirer Mr Thos Jefferson McDermott of St. Paul who wanted an autographed copy of the book. He always does, and sends me a check for one, and sends his reagrd's to you all.

A nice fat letter from Bickie yesterday. Charles Kirch has gone into business for himself.

By the way, where is Rose Mary? Did she go to St. Catherine's?

A nice letter from Mary Ann and Warren too. Our first. Telling all about their apartment and so on. I'll send it on to you after Delos reads it as there is some news from Aunt Rogerta.

Did I tell you I had a letter from Brad? The John Days sent him a book, you know; he was so wonderful about Petticoat Court. And I autographed it. Lydia didnt want us to cut him off our list, and as he has always been such a good friend of ours I am glad that we can stay friends with both of them. He was just tickled to death to have the contact renewed, wrote us a long letter telling us all about his baby and so on. I had a letter from Lydia yesterday too. She is better and while still in the sanatorium of course is going to be allowed to go away for one week on a visit to New Orleans. She was all excited.

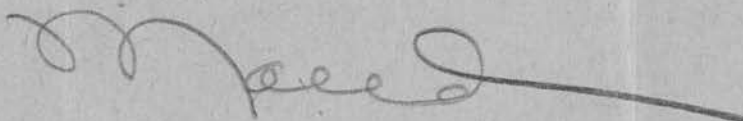
A new book always brings so much mail, and it is fun to get in contact with friends from all over.

I must stop now, dears, and get to work on my radio continuity. So much love to each and every one of you, and thanks to Katie darling for the baby's cunning dishes. Katie has a long letter coming to her, and will get it soon. With Katie's dishes, Helen's books, and the mitzi katz from ~~her~~ Tella, the baby thinks it must be

Christmas.

Love and hugs all around, and I'll try to get another letter to you before Sunday.

Thanks daddie for all the clippings. The best seller list looked good. I think that the New York advertising will help in Minnesota, too, and push the book higher up on the list.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "M. Reed", with a long horizontal line extending to the right.

Oct 2

Dear Dad and Stella:--

Your granddaughter put me considerably in her debt yesterday. Mornings, according to a code I should not violate, I must go up to say goodby to her if she isn't dressed by the time I start for the office. Morning before yesterday I failed to perform the customary ceremony. Hanni, who keeps an eagle eye on such details of the domestic ritual, put the question flatly to Maud.

"Did Mr. Lovely," she asked, "go up to say goodby to the baby this morning?"

Maud defended me brilliantly, either from ignorance of my dereliction, or from wifely affection--probably the former. Her defense consisted of as direct an affirmation as Hanni's question had been direct. But Hanni knew better and a little while later Maud heard her up stairs with Merian.

"Did your daddy-pop come up to say goodby this morning?" she asked.

And that faithful, loyal offspring looked Hanni right in the eye and said, "Daddy, say goodby. Daddy-pop say goodby."

And if you argue that she was merely parroting Hanni's question, why I have nothing to say on the grounds that further testimony would tend to incriminate and degrade me.

We are buying a sun-lamp for the baby. A good one, too. The best the General electric puts out. Price retail, \$59.50; price to us, \$33. This is because of the colds the child has been having. Not bad colds, but enough to make us suspect she shares her father's tendency to catarrh. If this is the case, a sun lamp ought to help her through the winter months when the real sun is mostly cold and distant; and of course Maud and I and Hanni will use it, too.

Maud's news of the book is just so-so. She is to talk before The Brooklyn's Woman's Club in a little while, and in Philadelphia, too. I hope it helps things. Believe it or not, Nannine Joseph sold a story for us the other day. Got \$35 for it. It was a piece I foolishly wrote in collaboration with Charlie Paddock, the runner. He had, that is to say, written a story which no one wanted, and I re-wrote it. One of my many mistakes. The revised job, though measurably better than Mr. Paddock's original effort, was hardly worth the two Sundays I put in on it, and the price proves it. However, the baby needs shoes, and the half of the \$35 will help, even after Nannine's commission is taken out.

Now let me see! What news have I overlooked? Well, I am going to play in a bridge tournament tonight, and I expect to have the pants trimmed off me. My pardner is a lad who played swell bridge a year and a half ago, but he has backslid, and I doubt now if he knows within two tricks what a two-demand bid means. I gave him Culburtson's little blue book the other day and I hope he has been reading it. That will be our only chance to make a showing. And the embarrassing part of the situation is that the other two men who make up the team from The Sun are very good indeed, and our failure to make good scores will reflect on them. You'll have to wish me luck after the event. I play to night, you wish me luck on Monday when you get this, and I'll pretend all the time I'm playing that your thought waves friendly and helpful are rolling in two nights ahead of time.

The Democrats of the town have thrown out the most honest mayor the city has had in years and the Republicans have put up the usual stuffed shirt, the best man they could get who had \$15,000 to pay the expenses of the campaign, but still a stuffed shirt, so it looks as though Manhattan and the Bronx and Brooklyn and Queens and Richmond, those being the five boroughs of the greater city would continue to have the same rotten government which they have enjoyed under Mr. Jimmy Walker.

And I guess that'll be all, with all my love.

Delos

24 Second Avenue,
Pelham, N.Y.,
Oct. 12, 1932.

Oct 11 1932
Dearest Family,-

It is such ages since I have written you a letter. But we all seem to be well again now and all the extra work cleared away, and I hope I can get back on schedule. We did appreciate daddy's letter last week, and mother's, but are always greedy for more, and I hope we'll have one today, telling us what the Milwaukee man had to say and the rest of your news.

I'm glad Katie sang so beautifully in Mankato. I was sure that she would. And I'm terribly sorry about poor Mrs. Palmer. How it must have upset you all. I have a feeling that she has tremendous vitality and may pull through no matter what the doctors say. How did she happen to have such an accident? What caused it?

We were excited by mother's reference to the radio talks, particularly as no letter concerning them had come yet when hers reached us. It has come now, however, and I'm sending it right on to Dick. I'll let you know immediately what he says about it. Don't get your hopes up too high, as I know the advertising appropriation is about used up with these New York Times ads, and they are financing the Phila trip too, you know. He may think it worth gambling on, however, but whether he does or not, I can't fail to come to Minnesota soon. Since my speeches there last spring were a success, some big organization will be wanting me to come and willing to pay me. I just feel it in my bones.

Our news here is pretty well comprised in the ~~fax~~ statement that we've all had colds, that I've been going to the dentist to get a permanent bridge put in (a beastly job) and shopping for uninteresting things like breakfast room carpets and that it has been pouring rain most of the time.

The one bright spot is the radio play which was fun to do and is good, I think. It is really a collaboration; Delos gave me the plot; but it goes in under my name since they sought me out and wanted me particularly as an historical novelist. When I got to writing it all my childhood love of the play form of writing came back to me. I had a circus with it, and I do hope they will like it. If they like it, I might get a contract to do one a month for them. They broadcast every Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock our time (4 your time, I think) and the sketch is called Roses and Drums. If they use mine, it is the one on the French Canadian voyageur. I called it Hero of the Paddle. I do hope they will like it and use it and want more.

Nan has sold one of ~~the~~ Delossy's old stories, the one he did on the olympic Games in Collaboration with Charley Paddock. It was nothing but a joke, as it sold for \$35 to the McClure Syndicate and Delos gets half. Yet to all of us it seemed like a good omen. No news from the two new stories, our collaborations.

I havent had an answer to my letter to Miss Davis and wonder if she objects to our terms. They were the terms which the Authors League advises and therefore absolutely right, so I dont see how she can object. Perhaps it is just that she is slow about answering.

I am enclosing a ~~xxx~~ kodak picture of Pat which I know will tickle you as it did me. Be sure to send it back to me. She writes that her husband knows how to handle her perfectly and she is "tractable as a lamb."

Now that the radio play is out of the way I am ready to start the new novel. No mention of that from any of you and **WHERE IS MY MANKATO BOOK?** I remember that when I was in Minnesota you had (to my rage) loaned it to Mrs. Macbeth. Maybe you havent gotten it back and have forgotten where it is. In that case do get it from her and send it along. I am going out today to hunt for a writing room near home.

We have bought, on the doctors orders, a violet ray lamp for the baby, and ~~so~~ hope it will help her. This morning, the cold was back on her again, but just a little. Hanni will give her treatments with this twice a week for twenty weeks, and by that time we hope her colds will be a thing of the past.

I had a letter from Alice Alwirth saying that she had been asked (at the suggestion of Alice Robbins) to write an article on me for the Minnesota State Teachers Journal. I am sure she will write a good one. They wanted a picture, which the John Days sent, and I sent her a copy of Sally, or the John Days did. She is such a darling. I was glad to hear from her again.

The clippings continue and everyone are good. We had, I think, twelve on Saturday. I am enclosing the one from the San Francisco Chronicle, and my ad. You may keep them if you want them. There is to be another Times ad on the 23d. Macys was out of the book on Saturday; I tried to buy one for Thos. Jeff. McDermott; and Blanche said she also tried to buy one. I do hope that the good sale will cause Macy's to get behind it and push a little, which they havent done up to now.

Let me see now, what have I done since I wrote you. Friday the baby was out of bed for the first time. Hanni was in town that day, but after lunch I brought the baby down stairs at her orders. It was cute and pathetic to see how tickled she was. She asked, one after another, for all her treasures: the double cards (the bridge deck); her musical chair; her camel book (Alice Williamson's autobiography, the baby likes a picture of a camel in it); her Indian book, (The History of the American Indian); her Washington House (the Life of Geo. Washington, which has a picture of Mt. Vernon that she likes); the chess men, and so on. She didnt want to play with them when she got them; just patted them to be sure they were all right; then trotted away to something else. She sat down on the stairs in her favorite game of "Hanni in the park": said "Bench too warm, ander bench" and trotted away to her little chair, said, "Bench too cold" and trotted back to the stairs again.

You know if we ask her when she is going to kiss us she always says, "Am Saturday." Yesterday Delos asked her and she said, "Am Tuesday" and burst into a shout of laughter. She thought that was a great joke. Delos asked her where she was keeping the kiss until Tuesday, and she said, "On my lip!" She is so cunning and gets sweeter and sweeter. She holds the pencil pretty well now, and loves and adores writing. Hanni says she wishes my mother could see all the

~~baby~~

(1021)

baby's pretty fall clothes. She has one little blue challis dress with blue stockings and white shoes, and one little pink challis dress with pink stockings and white shoes, and several new sweaters.

On our only bright day I tried to get a picture or so of her. I said, "Now baby, smile for Grandma Tella." She screwed up her face in a grin, with her eyes tight shut.

She knows all of your names and talks familiarly of ~~g~~ampa, Tella and the Tantes.

Well, darlings, when this reaches you, you will just be ready to celebrate the wedding anniversary. How I wish that Delossy and I were there to join in. We are sending a little sumpin' to represent us, with oceans of love, and congratulations and felicitations on one of the most perfect marriages ever was.

To get back to our calender of events: all of us felt so low that we didnt do anything of importance socially until last night when we had Blanche and Mrs. Darrach out to dinner. Mrs. Darrach just back from a marvellous year in Italy with some rich relations. They lived on the peninsula of Porto Fino in a castle and in a nearby castle lived Yeats Brown, who had as his guest Charles Morgan and his wife. Morgan wrote The Fountain there. Mrs. Darrach knew him very well and didnt like him. When I asked why not, she said, "Well, he's just like Alison. If you liked Alison, you'd like him. I didnt." She loved his wife, however. She met so many celebrities, and all sorts of titled people there and it was interesting to hear her tell about them.

Tongit Delossy is taking me to see Of Thee I Sing. I can just hardly wait until night. We have held off waiting for newspaper tickets; we cant bear to buy tickets when we can get them free eventually by waiting. Steven Rathbun got them for us at last. so tonight we will be having a grand time, I know.

Did I tell you I ran into Lucille Babcock the other day? She is coming out on Saturday to spend the afternoon and see the baby. She is promotion manager of the Tower Magazines now.

Well dears, I'm afraid I must have exhausted you with this long letter. Dearest and best love to each one of you. I hope you're all feeling happy and well and that there is good news.

Love and hugs all around, and I'll let you know the minute I hear from Dick about the radio talks. In any case I'll be writing again for Sunday and hope after this to get back on schedule. I've been having a very heavy correspondence, as always when a new book comes out. By the way, did you know that Pearl Bucks Sons has sold 90,000 copies to date? Wont it be fun when I get in that class, and we will have to sit late nights, all of us, planning how to spend the money.

Mered

et 12
out
Home,
Wednesday/

Darlings,-

I told you, I think, that Delossy had been a little under the weather. It seemed to be food poisoning or some sort, bowels and stomach upset. Last night we went to Of Thee I Sing (which is grand, by the way; I longed for all of you, and especially papa, who would get a big laugh of it) and Delos felt wretched all evening and all night. So today I kept him in bed and had Dr. Eckerson come.

Dr. Eckerson said it was food poisoning, intestinal poisoning, that he had eaten something which poisoned him and it was still upsetting him. So he kept him in bed today and probably will tomorrow, has put him on a diet of orange juice, toast and tea, and is giving him medicine. The kidneys haven't tuned up at all, and I feel sure he will be all right in a day or two, back at the office by Friday.

We bought the Sun's Ray lamp for the baby; got it wholesale through the Sun. It came today and we just gave the baby her first treatment. It makes us so happy to think that now she is going to have summer sunshine all winter long, and not only her but all of us. I am going to give Delos a treatment with it today. Hanni is so tickled with it, and so professional about it.

Delossy is going to do the book I have been telling you about. He is starting it as soon as he is well. And we had a note from Nan today, saying that she adored the radio play and was rushing it on to her client. I feel sure they will use it; and don't miss it. Tune in on that Roses and Drums sketch on Sunday afternoons and listen for an announcement. I can't tell you how I loved doing it. I wish I would get a commission to do one a month.

It's raining again, but we all feel pretty cheerful around here, since the doctor has come and pronounced Delos's illness nothing at all serious, and since the baby has had her first session under the violet rays. She is looking fine, rosy cheeked and well, and is so darling. She loves her Peter Rabbit book, and when I read it to her will supply all the strategic words. I say, "Once there were four little..." She says, "Rabbits." And their names were...." And she'll say, "Flopsie and Mopsie and Cottontail" and so on, thru all the tragedy of Mr. McGregor's garden. Her new books and dishes were certainly a salvation through her little illness as she could keep them in bed with her.

Darlings, I'll stop and put this in the mails for your Sunday as there's no news to tell you anyhow, although of course I could rattle on forever. But there's quite a lot to do for Delos, giving him orange juice and medicines and playing chess with him to keep him amused. It seems good to have him at home, even sick.

Both of us send dearest love for the Great Day. Our little gift has gone forward to you and should reach you in plenty of time. The dates for my talks are settled, by the way. November 9 and November 21.

Best love, hugs and kisses, and congratulations and good wishes and all the rest.

Speaking of good wishes, the Depression seems to be about over. There is the greatest improvement here. People going back to work, and everybody feeling so cheerful. I am sure you must be feeling the same upward trend out there. It is particularly strong in New York, of course, because every one has been so terribly down here. But now every tradesman you ask tells you that business is picking up, and there is a feeling of normalcy and optimism.

I'll write again in a day or so to let you know about our invalids but both of them are getting better fast.

As ever,

Maed,

Out 17
1932
Sunday Night.

My dears,-

We seem to be going through a hoo-dooed spell about sickness, but none of it serious, so don't worry.

Delossy was in bed Wednesday and Thursday with his toxemia, and Friday went to work. He felt much better but had a sharp pain in his back. At noon I saw a taxicab draw up in front of the house and out stepped Delossy (he had only come from the station, of course.) While at the office the pain had grown too great to work through. We called the doctor again, and he said that the poisoning in his system was causing ~~at~~ an acute rheumatic condition there...just temporary, of course... and that he should stay in bed until it was cured. He said the violet ray lamp was just the thing, so we have been giving him treatments with that; he's taking medicine; and continues on a soft diet. It is much better. He feels almost well tonight although he is still in bed. But when I talked with Mrs. Bartnett he said Delos was not to come to the office tomorrow, to stay at home until it was cured. Mr. B thinks he shouldn't have gone to work Friday, and of course he shouldn't, but you know how he is.

He is much better; got up in a dressing gown for dinner; and tomorrow if the weather is nice he will go out and sit in the sun in the park.

The baby, Hanni and I are all well again.

And we hope you all are. We were just terribly sorry to hear about Katie's illness. She probably did have the grip; and after this year's grip one needs to baby oneself good. That's what she must do. I hear that you are having cold weather out there; but I know you are all keeping cozy. I hope you are all happy too and had a fine celebration of the wedding anniversary yesterday.

I told you that before Delos got sick we went to Of Thee I Sing; and enjoyed it enormously. That's all we've done all week until yesterday when Lucile Babcock came out. I had made the appointment with her some time ago and Delossy said not to call it off because of his illness. He enjoyed having her, and we had tea up in his room. *Then drink.*

She gets nicer as she gets older, less nervous and ~~more~~ less self centered. And she is doing very interesting things and knows very interesting people. She is promotion manager of the Tower (Woolworth) magazines. She was beautifully dressed, but is quite maturely plump. It's becoming, however. She asked after each one of you, and dad's onion sandwiches with especial affection.

We have some bits of good news. One is that Delos is doing his book. His illness, although he is flat on his back, is a good thing in a way, for he is having time and opportunity to do all the preliminary work. Coop asked him to do it, and it is Coop's big feature picture. He is doing the novelization of the motion picture. He will do it gorgeously, of course, and I am so glad that he is having the chance. It will be signed.

I told you, I think, that Nan says our radio play is swell. I think it is myself and am dying to hear from the "advertiser" with a request to do more of them. I feel sure I will.

The news about coming to Minnesota is, alas, disappointing. I had a letter from Dick yesterday. He says that with the scheduled times advertising the advertising appropriation is already overdrawn; that the promotional campaign for this book centers about Philadelphia and the West (as of course it does); and that sales in Minnesota are already highly satisfactory. In other words that I was to tell the lady he was not interested, which I did in the world's most tactful manner, saying that both he and I deeply appreciated the offer and that whenever I came to Minnesota which would certainly be soon, I would love to talk for her over both stations.

It is disappointing. I hope you didn't have your hopes too high. I didn't, for I foresaw what his answer would be. I feel sure that I will have occasion to come to Minnesota soon, to christen a battleship or something. You just see. And in any event I won't wait forever just to come visitin' round.

But meanwhile won't we be tickled if mother and dad come on here. It would be so heavenly. We are keeping our fingers crossed for luck, and I'll just bet it will work out.

I have gone shopping a bit for workrooms but haven't found one yet and anyway, of course, this illness of Delos's has thrown the plan for starting the novel all out. Next week, maybe. I have it in my mind, and it is progressing a little that way. The speaking dates are set.... Philadelphia, November 9, and Brooklyn, November 21. Both of them are so tremendously important that I am trying to key myself mentally to do them the best possible. *you might keep me in your prayers -*

Lucile gave me all kinds of advice about clothes. I don't want to, can't, spend much, but I want one very effective dress and hat to wear under my new black Persian lamb coat. I think a hyacinth blue enough crepe (that was Lucile's suggestion.)

I had such a lovely letter from Helen, and had it ~~in~~ in mind last week to write fat personal letters both to her and to Katie, since I owe Katie one too, and have so much to say to both of them. But of course I have been very busy with Delos, taking care of him, and getting him newspapers and detective stories to read. Soon, however, I'll be writing to you both and meanwhile love you both just oceans. And Katie must hurry and get to feeling well.

No review in the N.Y. Times yet. Isn't it maddening! And the Times is the one paper about which you can do nothing. If you try to hurry up a review, they never give you one. Mrs Darrach said that I had had a perfectly marvellous break with the Times on three books and shouldn't complain because the law of averages gives me a bad break with this one, and maybe that's true. Anyhow next Sunday we'll have the advertising again.

The clippings keep on coming in, and all of them are nice. The book is selling too, in a modest way. People do like it.

I keep saving up and saving up things of the baby to tell you. She is so fat and sweet in her winter clothes. This afternoon she took all her dolls and dogs and cats and put them in a row along the lowest step of the stairs. Then she sat down beside them and put on a smirk and said, "Now mommie take a kodak!"

A little later the "Roses and Drums" feature was on the radio and

I was sitting on a pillow on the floor in front of the radio listening. The baby kept trying to get me to read to her or do this or that, and I kept hushing her, and said I had to listen to the radio. She turned to Hanni and said in just the tone I have used to her about my writing, "It's business." Then she trotted away perfectly contented.

Hanni has just taught her to make a curtsey, and I wish you could see it. It is a funny little German bob, perfectly priceless. I don't know how you spell the German word, but Hanni pronounced it "Nick." "Mach ein nick, babele" and the baby ducks down on her little fat legs, grinning. It is really precious.

I told you about her liking for the Indian book. She has taken a special liking to the picture of Sitting Bull. She will pull at my dress and say, "Mommie, baby want see old Sitting Bull. Pees, mommie." Delos wrote Coop that she must have inherited this passion for Indians and camels from him.

She says No to everything, and will not say yes. She says "No-o-o-o-o-o" in a sing song tone, as though she were gargling. Yesterday Delos and I asked her everything we could think of in an effort to make her say yes. We asked her if she wanted a cookie and if she liked her dolls and everything else under the sun, she answering, "No-o-o-o-o-o" to everything. At last we asked her if she loved Hanni. She was too stubborn to say Yes, and she refused to say No, to that, so she shrugged her shoulders and hips and walked away in great embarrassment.

I've told you, I'm sure, that she's entirely trained out of diapers now and almost never wets her panties. Not once a week. She shrieks "Pottie! Quick! Quick!" and starts running toward the ~~door~~ stairs.

She is a cunning looking baby, so plump and rosy, and with such a shining bob and big round blue eyes. Lucile said she had the biggest roundest eyes she had ever seen, and Lucile was impressed with what an individual she is. Lucile thought she looked like Delos, as everyone does, but did I tell you what Floss said, when she looked at the kodak pictures? She said, "Why, she looks like your father." I said that was a new one, and Floss said that the shape of her head was exactly like daddy's, and she thought her expression was too.

Well, anyhow, she's a remarkable child, and I wish I could plump her into your midst to cure Katie's grip and give you all a treat! (Says the modest mother.)

We didn't hear Coolidge's speech; we went to Of Thee I sing that night; but we didn't need to hear it, as we are strong for Hoover, and registered yesterday in order to cast our votes next month. His chances here look brighter since he began his campaigning. His speeches have been splendid, I think.

How is Mrs. Palmer? I do hope she is improving. I am so sorry for Mr. Palmer and Ruth.

Best and dearest love to each one of you. Do love you all so much. Another letter in a day or so, and don't worry about Delossy for he is on the mend now and will be back at work by Tuesday I am sure.

Your

Mae

Oct 18

DARLINGS,-

Delossy back at work today. Feeling almost as good as new. All of us are fine, in fact, and I think the violet ray lamp is going to do wonders for the baby. We have had several days of rain, but she hasnt developed the usual sniffles.

I am sending on Mary Ann and Warren's letter which I just answered. And now I must get to work myself.

There is no news with us since I wrote. We were invited to a tea at Nan's today but decided not to go since the weather is so bad and Delossy convalescent.

Mother's card came, and we were sorry that the Eastman trip had been postponed, but in some ways January would be nicer than November. I'll be very much tied up through November with those speaking engagements, as I have to put them over in a big way. In January we could do some heavy visiting and playing. *2.20 hope so it will go through.*

Lots of love and hugs to all of you there. A longer letter in a day or so.

Your

Maud

*The Keds book came, Mary
thanks.*