



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

Copyright Notice:

This material may be protected by copyright law (U.S. Code, Title 17). Researchers are liable for any infringement. For more information, visit www.mnhs.org/copyright.

You asked about Coop. Didn't I tell you he was going abroad for six months? But only for a vacation, as he has been sick and is pretty tired out. He is no longer with R.K.C. and when he comes back is to be an independent producer.

Valentine's Day.

Darlings,-

And speaking of valentines. Delos came home night before last and said blithely: "I put five cent stamps on those valentines you asked me to mail, so they'd go air mail and get there in time." And I said, "But air mail takes eight cents." The distinguished assistant city editor of the New York Sun hadn't known it, and ever since I have been worrying about you having to pay good money to get your poor little valentines. I know that air mail rates pyramid, and goodness knows what they may have asked you on that end.

Anyhow, I just had the loveliest valentine. Delos called up from town and said he had tickets for the opening of the new Theatre Guild play, "Richard of Bordeaux." We have both read it, and love it, and Dennis King is the star. Besides, openings are such fun. We have to dress and so on, and see all the celebrities.

I had already asked Marion Leonard and Dorothy Hudson over to tea - a party postponed about a dozen times because of Merian's various colds. I am sorry now they're coming, but I'll get rid of them early somehow.

Mary is working out just beautifully. We had Nannine out for the weekend. I said to Mary Sunday morning. "Now we'll make a cake, and I'll show you just how I do it so next time you can do it alone." She said timidly that she knew how to make a cake, if I thought her cake would suit us, and I thought I'd take a chance and told her to go ahead. It was delicious; light as a feather; a layer cake with a good filling and frosting. ~~xxxxx~~ The whole Sunday dinner was good, a roast beef with delicious browned potatoes and gravy. She knows much more than she let on at first, which is a pleasant surprise. And she is good with Merian and so prompt. I am getting in my time on the book regularly now, and so happy about it.

Nan came out Sunday morning and stayed till Monday morning. We enjoyed her as we always do, and Sternes came in Sunday evening.

Since then we have been doing nothing but work, and I told you about today.

We have decided on a name for the book. Subject, of course to the John Days approval. "One Stayed at Welcome." I like it. Do tell us how it strikes you.

And speaking of the book, will you ask Harry Wakefield something for me. I have a recollection that Col. Stevens (founder of Minneapolis) was a Colonel by courtesy only. He was in the Mexican War, of course, but I'm quite sure was not of such high rank. I can't seem to find any mention of this in any of the ~~material~~ on Col. Stevens here, but I am quite sure Harry would know, or could easily ask someone who would know.

A lovely letter came from mother Sunday. I was so glad to get it, to hear about the fine new clothes and see the

sample of the "elegant" new dress. This is the week daddie is at home working at the West Hotel. It is grand for him to be home, I know, and for mother to have him. He mustnt work too hard, though.

We were so glad that Bremer was turned loose, and I do hope the Federal agents are able to track down the kid-nappers.

all well again,
Merian is ~~xxxxxxx~~, and the weather is now the gold clear frosty kind that agrees with her so I think she'll stay well. She is so dear and funny.

She has a new phrase which simply kills us all. "Well, in my experience," says Merian, "this and that is true."

She is a great tease, always was, you remember. Sunday when Nan was here, she started in trying to tease us about dogs. She knows we know she adores dogs, so she began to say, "I dont like dogs, mommie. I do not like dogs. I simply despise dogs." Not getting the rise out of us which she intended, she said at last, "Mommie, I dont even like your darling little Phando that you used to have in Mankato where the maple tree was." That, she thought, was crushing.

Katie's dress sounds gorgeous; I know how becoming that color would be. And mother's, according to the sample, is a beauty. I do want a between seasons coat, and since it is, everyone says, a suit season, I think I'll get a silk suit which can be worn under a coat now and as a suit all summer. The print dress I got late last summer is perfect for this spring, too, so I'm pretty well clothed.

You asked me to remind you about Haynes and Franks boys for the Big Brother dinner. What about them? We have had a couple of nice letters from Haynes about the cold medicine which works for Delos simply like a charm. I think the University of Minnesota should make a fortune ~~xxxxxx~~ from it.

What do you think of all these European goings on? The news from Austria last night was so alarming. I think things are going to blow up over there.

By the way, did you know that Bill Hodson, formerly of Minnesota, had a very important place in the La Guardia administration here? He is one of the commissioners, and quoted in the newspapers constantly.

Lots of love tox you all, darlings. So glad you are all so well and happy and everything going well. We are all out of our woods at last, too, and at this rate the book will eventually be finished.

Love and hugs.

Maud

Feb 15
1933

Wednesday Morning

Dadwig, —

Starting to the
library, a bit sleepy after
our grand spree of yesterday.
Mrs. Brown came to stay
with Mr. Brown & mother & I
went into town to Harriet's
tea for mother. It was lovely,
the most interesting people;
and mother made such a
hit. John Carroll, the singer,
& Mrs. O'Connell placed
themselves on either side
of her. Kate Beulah was
there & gave her a nod.
Also an ^{Camero} ~~Camero~~ who is
playing the March Hare in
Alice in Wonderland. Kate B
said that Mary Allen was

very ill again; was at
Draht's door, in fact,
could not grip to call
Beth about it at once.
After the ~~tea~~, we went
to visit persons to whom
I then to see Aulwin
Cross, with Francis
Jeders & Dorothy, who
it is one of the hills & is
ground. ~~land~~ in the
Austrian Tyrol, we felt
as tho' we had had
trip to the Alps after our
evening was over. All in
all it was a grand
party. We had a lovely
time to on Sunday night

Home,
Thursday.

Darlings,-

Mary has just left for her half holiday and I want to get a letter mailed to you for Easter. I just finished writing; a good morning's work; although the book seems merely to get fatter instead of reaching anything like the end.

It is a beautiful day, and I am going to take Merian out for a walk along our riverbank.

Mrs. Bartnett just went to the hospital for an operation for hemmoroids, or however you spell them. Went last night and Mr. B phoned me an hour or so ago to say that she was through the operation but not yet out from under the anaesthetic. Poor things, they do have so much sickness.

Nice letters from daddie yesterday. Thanks, dear, for answering the questions. We are writing the Commissioner of Banks at once, about the American State Bank. It will be nice to get the unexpected check. You certainly did spend Sunday a long way from home, and I'm glad to think that now you are heading home for Easter.

A box came from Helen this morning too. Merian has been shaking and examining it, and I don't know how we can keep it until Easter morning but will try to.

Sternes want us to drive up to Massachusetts for Easter on a farm where they will be sugaring off, but I don't think we'll go. Delos has his half holiday Saturday and we will have ~~one~~ some good drives and perhaps a picnic over the holiday.

Last Saturday night we had Sternes for the spaghetti dinner which was delicious, and then a good game. Sunday was a lovely springlike day and we drove to Tarrytown, the three of us. We got out of the car for a while in a beautiful place, so that Merian would get some sunshine. ~~She~~ She wanted to tinkle and I took her into the woods. She sat down on some prickly weeds and said to me, "Mother, this feels just like a porcupine."

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, I shopped and wrote and Delos newspapered and wrote. I finally found some spring clothes. A jacket dress in two shades of blue, most becoming, and ~~xxxxxx~~ a silk semi formal dress in a lovely smoke blue. Both cheap and very pretty. And as the colors are so much the same the same hat and shoes will do for both. I have yet to buy hat, shoes, gloves and bag - all which I need - having bought nothing last year. I bought Merian an adorable tweed coat and hat, but the size is too large so I am returning it. I think I shall get the same color and pattern, however, as it was darling on her. The Princess pattern copied from one of the little English princesses. The color a tan which happens to be extremely becoming.

Last night we went to see "She Loves Me Not." One of the season's great comedy hits. I'm getting tired of these very light plays, though this was superbly done and awfully funny. I want to see Mary of Scotland, and one of the two or three big musical shows ... Roberta or As Thousands Cheer. But we have to take what we can get tickets for, and of course all these things are fun.

The circus is in town and we are planning to take Merian, a week from Sunday. She will just pass out with Joy. She plays she is an animal all day long and every day. Every morning we have to guess what animal she is...jaguar, antelope, elephant and so on. She knows more animals and birds than I do.

She is sweeter than sweet and so responsive. Last night I was telling her a story about how I loved Little Women, and used to borrow Meads copy until I wore it out, and then how when Christmas came I asked for Little Women and a typewriter, and got the Little Women, and wore my copy to tatters. She said, "Where is it now?" I told her it was tied up with ribbons out at Minnetonka and she should have it some day. She said, "And by that time I will be old enough to read the words!" She was so serious, and her big eyes just shining. I told her that Auntie Helen had given me a second copy, and I had it here in New York, and I got it for her. She looked at the pictures and I told her the names of the characters. She looked as though she wanted to cry, and asked to take the book to bed with her. It was dark in her room, of course, but she ~~had~~ took the book to bed, and we closed the door, but we could hear her reading aloud from it in the dark. We went to the door and listened. I wish you could have heard the story. It went on for half an hour. This is one bit from it. "No," said Jo, "I don't have to ride in a wagon. I have an automobile." "Oh!" cried one of the Little Women. "How charming!"

Mary came in and shook her head and said maybe there have been other children who loved books as much as she does but she didn't believe it, and I don't either.

Daddie, Delos and I were so much interested in what you said about your shipping. Dont you think you ought to come here and jack them up? We would be so glad if you and mother would change your minds and come this spring, and I really do think it would be a good idea.

Mother, we were so glad to have your nice long letter of last week. How did the ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ orange juice and marshmallow dessert turn out? I am having Mary try some tomorrow night.

I hope Katie is feeling all well again and getting a good rest. O wish I could have looked in on Frank's boy's birthday party, and that Merian would have been there to blow out the candles.

Your operetta sounded very gay. How did it go off, and did you cover yourself with glory in the cakewalk?

Did I tell you all to read Nora Waln's "House of Exile." Don't miss it. It is the most charming delightful book. I can't bear to finish it, and am just savoring every page. Every one of you would enjoy it.

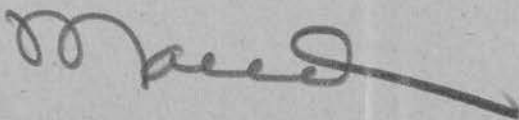
Well, dears, my child is putting up a shout of "Mommie! Mommie! Mommie!" It is too bad to keep her indoors this lovely day, so I must stop and dress her and take her out.

Love and love, darlings. Best wishes to you all for a happy easter. We'll think of you all, going to church in your shining best. I wish we could hear Eugene singing in his choir.

I have bought a lot of small things for Merian, chicks and so forth and am coloring some eggs. She will make a nest Saturday night and I'll put Helen's package in that. One has come for her from Hehkle's too.

Not a very good letter, darlings. But I'm tired of writing. It brings anyhow so much love from us all to all of you.

As ever, your

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Mama".

P.S. I just gave Merian a book to keep her quiet while I finished this. The Three Little Pigs. She calls out now and says, "Mommie, I would prefer the second book my cousin gave me."

Happy Easter.

Home,
Wednesday.

Darlings,-

Things are normal around here at last. Beulah and Merian both recovered. Until Beulah was quite well, I couldn't write at all, as I wouldn't let her go near Merian. Yesterday was the first day in the new year that I was able to do any real work on the book, but yesterday and today I have accomplished a lot.

Two very nice letters from mother over the weekend, and a lovely one from Helen last week. We are caught up now, on all your holiday news and feel quite close to you. I am so glad daddie's samples came at last, and know he is happy to be at work. I hope the weather won't be too severe through January and February. Has he got the same boy? And did anything come of the sideline?

I'm sure Helen must have enjoyed her vacation. She sounded most domestic, doing so much entertaining without a maid. Katie certainly must be busier than fury, and I do hope the opera performances go off brilliantly and that she and Froh make some money from them. How did they find Eugene's eyes? Poor little tike, he must have had a bad session with them. Was it just the usual going over in vacation time, or what?

We have made a discovery about Merian's bronchial trouble which I know will interest you, so I'll go into it in detail. It's the most important news of the week, or even of the year, for us. She has been very well since we got back from Minnesota, just skirted one or two attacks, though, because we kept her in bed. And between Christmas and New Year's she was quite sick (though ~~xxxx~~ not so sick as last summer.)

I have gotten acquainted with a woman in the apartment here named Mrs. Keating, who has a five year old girl named Majorie. I was out walking the other day and met them and stopped to talk. They asked about Merian and I said she had a cold. Mrs. Keating said Majorie was just getting over one, but that when Majorie had a cold it wasn't just an ordinary one but took a very strange turn into a bronchial trouble and she went on to describe one of the attacks in the very words I might have used to describe Merian's trouble to you or to Haynes. It was so odd I could hardly answer her.

I won't tell you just how everything came out, bit by bit, but it develops that this ailment is not uncommon in New York. Not only Majorie has it in our building, but a little boy (whose mother I know slightly.) And it develops that Merian, Majorie and the little boy were all ill with it at the same time. There was a difference of two days between Majorie's attack and Merian's. Mrs. Keating thinks it is a germ, and I think it is the climate. There was a heavy fog that week, and I have always seen a connection between fogs and these attacks.

It develops also that the Keatings have a friend with a child who has it. ~~xxxxxxx~~ Mrs. Keating said that Mr. Keating came home from the office as happy as though someone had given him a million dollars because he had found someone (this friend) who had a child with Majorie's ailment. They had thought at that time,

with just such a trouble.

as we did until our talk with her, that ~~Marjorie's~~ their child was the only one in the world ~~thus afflicted~~. This friend's child had been put through the series of inoculations, etc. that I discussed with Haynes (it hadn't done a bit of good) and both she and the Keating child have been taken to every specialist in this part of the country.

The thing they discovered about it was this. The trouble is known as Asthmatic Bronchitis. It is always outgrown. The specialist told Mrs. Keating that he had never known a case where it wasn't outgrown by the age of ten, and it never leaves ~~asthma~~ behind, for it isn't asthma, although that name is used to describe it. It sometimes leaves hay fever behind, though. Sometimes a child gets over it by seven or eight, sometimes by nine, but it never stays with them.

The inoculations do not do much good in the opinion of most doctors and removal of tonsils and adenoids does no good whatever. The only treatment is to try to keep them from taking cold and if they do to pop them into bed and if they have an attack to try to induce vomiting. Mrs. Keating had experimented with the steam just as we had and given it up. I have been using a variation of the prescription Haynes gave me... ~~Dr.~~ Eckerson ~~changed~~ it a little to suit Merian's case...but it is a great help. Her attack was very light.

I can't emphasize enough that Merian and Marjorie and this little boy all have the same thing. The symptoms are identical and when I talked I took the words out of her mouth and when she talked she took the words out of my mouth. *Running sometimes brings it on; fainting, etc.; a stomach upset; her usually a cold.*
But that ~~isn't~~ all.

The day all this happened (it was ~~Saturday~~ Sunday) the Sterns came over to play bridge, and Delos and I were so full of it that we told them about it. And what do you suppose? Anne, their eldest, had the identical ailment. She outgrew it when she was seven (had her last attack then). I had always known Anne had been a delicate child but had never known details. And we had never told the Sterns about Merian before. We haven't told anyone but it now seems that we were ~~so~~ foolish not to have done so. The Sterns in describing Anne's sickness described Merian's and Marjorie's exactly. Emma also knew of other children who had had it. And as I say Anne has outgrown it entirely. Emma called me afterwards to say that she had talked with Anne about it and Anne could not even remember the attacks, or only very vaguely.

Delos and I are so glad to know what it is, and to know that it isn't asthma. Every doctor and specialist that everyone of these children has been to has said it was outgrown, and Anne is a living example of that fact. They have it in other parts of the country too, of course; Haynes understood it; but it seems to be much more common here. It is because of the foggy climate, I think. But Emma said children built up resistance to it. Change of climate is always very helpful and the Keatings ~~friends~~ go occasionally to Florida for that purpose while the Keatings go to the White Mountains.

Isn't it grand that we understand it at last and don't need to worry about it. ~~Because~~ except for this one thing,

which seems to be rather trivial, after all, Merian is the strongeststurdiest child in the world.

I have so much to tell you about her. If you think she was cute when you saw her, you ought to see her now. I nearly lost my mind about her, and so does Delos, and I cant wait for mother and dad to get here in May. You spoke of how good she played by herself, and it is true. She plays by herself by the hour. ~~xixxox~~ If my work weren't creative, so that I needed such concentration to do it, I could really write with her in the same room, for she settles down with a book or her animals and plays like a mouse ~~fox~~ hours, literally, at a time. She reads all her Christmas books out loud to herself; she has them memorized; and ever so many stories from the set Eugene gave her.

The other day she did the cutest thing. She was looking at a tray I have which she loves. A Japanese tray. They have always fascinated me, too. All of a sudden she said, "I'll tell you what the tray says" and she began to read aloud in a singsong voice. Or rather to talk but it sounded like reading. I said, "Wait. I'll write it down." So I did.

You can see for yourself that it sounds like poetry, although it doesnt make much sense. She doesnt know what a gate is, obviously. ~~xxxxxxx~~ There is a gate on the tray and she had heard me say so. Now dont laugh at me. I dont ~~even~~ say this is poetry. But I do say it is poetic, and she isnt three years old yet. I wrote it down, just as she said it. She broke it off into lines herself. I could tell by the singsong.

When the trees are bending,
The gates go passing by.
It's kind of like the beaches,
The birds go flying in,
The birds go walking in,
The cold and icy snow.

When the trees are bending,
The gates go passing by,
The birds go flying,
In the water,
And when they come,
Out they go,
In the cold and icy snow.

How's that for a poem?

After she finished, I was so excited I gave her a picture and told her to tell me what the picture was saying. She looked at it a moment and then threw it one side and said, "It doesnt say a thing!"

Yesterday I started to chant her poem, "When the trees are bending, the gates go passing by..." She gave me a side long look and said, "Mommie. I wrote that book."

Well, enough about my child or you will think I have lost my head. But I must add that she is looking forward so much to Tom and Stella coming. She talks about it all the time. And isnt it grand that May is getting so near!

I must tell you our doings in short order now, and get back to work.

Friday, the day Mrs. Michaels was coming for dinner, Beulah didnt appear. But it was such a dismal gloomy day that I couldnt bear to break the appointment so let her, and Jeanne, come along, and we had sour milk pancakes with sausages, syrup, jelly and honey, and coffee. She has found a job. Isnt she lucky? She is a graduate of Pratt, a trained dietitian and domestic science teacher. She has to leave town though, and will board little Jeanne here in Pelham.

Saturday, Beulah was better and back at work, so we went up to Mamaroneck to dinner with Hackneys. Had a good dinner and good time, and some folks dropped in who had read my books and wanted to meet me. He is an advertising man, from Cloquet, and knows Hanford, who, he said, got terribly rich out of the fire.

New York was hit originally

Sunday the Sternes came over for bridge. Aunt Kate Chase dropped in, too. She contemplates writing a book about her travels and wanted some advice.

Monday I talked at the Columbia Post Graduate Club. I was their first woman guest of honor, and it is a terribly learned group. Not a member but what has at least an M.A. and most the them PHDs. Nan was so concerned about what I was to wear, etc. that I got quite worried, and went down town in the afternoon and got a facial and a manicure to improve my looks, and bought a big fluffy blue flower, the color of the ear rings, for my ashes of roses dress.

I went first to Nan's for cocktails, and then out to the dinner. It was a dinner meeting, and I loathe them. "ever have time to make up properly before speaking. But this went off very well, and I think they all liked the speech. The women were very dowdy and the men sort of bespectacled and owlish looking. Student type.

Last night we went to bed at nine and will again tonight for we have three dates in a row. Thurday night Bartnetts here for bridge; Friday night down town to dinner with Colliers: and Saturday night the famous bat with Sternes Emma and I have been playing the men for a dinner at Luchows since last spring. We've never won yet so they've decided to take us anyway. We are dressing, and plan a very wild party.

I simply must stop, Darlings, have I exhausted you? LOVE to each one, and so many thanks to mother and Helen for the grand fat letters. I eat them up.

As ever,

W. Reed

Did I tell you that Coop's father died, just before Christmas, and he had to go to Florida? ~~xxxxxx~~ He and Dorothy Jordan are expecting a baby. I dont know just when,

Daddie dear: Cant tell you how much we have enjoyed having mother. We can hardly bear to part with her. It was so good of you to spare her for such a long visit.

March
1933 Saturday.

Darling Daddie and All,-

No Sunday letter last week or this. I am ashamed. The trouble was with the old radio play which we have been writing and rewriting. Now we hate it so that we dont want to turn on the radio and hear it Sunday. I've read all my life about how plays were written and rewritten up to the very moment of production and now I've had a little experience with it. I wont go into details, but will say that it has been hectic.

Mother is fine, and we have been enjoying her visit every minute in spite of the confusion. We are so sorry that she has decided to hurry up her return, but dont blame her, as she has such a nice husband. Now we are trying to squeeze all possible into the last few days.

Last night we went in to some hockey and a little party with Flossie and her husband. We all liked her husband enormously, by the way. He is a mixture of Terry Ramsaye and Charley Macbeth. Today we are having lunch with Janet Wood and finishing up some shapping. Tomorrow, Sunday, we are having Blanche out to dinner and going to see King Kong. Next week we have so many invitations - from Pat Collier, Irængarde, Mary Allen, etc. But are turning them all down as I want mother to ~~xxxxxx~~ go to the theatre one of those nights, probably Monday - Tuesday I am speaking in Brooklyn (out in E.S.B's neighborhood, by the way) - we want to go sometime to the New York City Museum, and that just about takes up the days.

Things are very wild here financially. There is a great shortage of money, and we are feeling the effects of the bank holidays in other states. We noted the Minnesota moratorium, and are so sorry about it. Hope that it wont effect you folks too much. They tell us that it will be over in 3 days. Roosevelt is certainly stepping into trouble.

Merianx is well and so sweet. I could write forever about her cute sayings. But since mother is waiting for me will confine myself to one. A day or two ago she wanted something she couldnt get and took up a stout defiant pose and said "Now I'm going to do some screaming!" Which she proceeded to do. She is always picking up new words and now it is "charming". She says, What a charming book, what a charming dress, etc.

We are ~~we~~ thinking of Frank starting out on the new job and wishing him all the success which he deserves. We ~~xxx~~ talk all the time about the opry too and are so glad that Tatie has found such a rich field for her talents. She must be busy, and Froh too. So glad daddie's business is going along well in spite of hard times. How we wish we could go home with mother and see you all.

A longer letter soon, darling. I must get dressed to go in town with mother now. Love and hugs and kisses.

Your

P.S. The new maid is a jewel.

Maryl
10
19-33

Friday Morning.

Dearest All of you,-

Theres not much news to add to what mother is bring-
ing you, but I will send along a letter anyway, knowig that mother is
worried about Merian.

After mother left yesterday -within half an hour -
Merian fell asleep. It was a restless feverish sleep, and the wpong time
of day for her to nap, of course. So I called Dr. Eckerson and he came
right over. He said that she had a bad bronchial cold, and he gave her
new medicine, including something to quiet her. Said I had done right
to call him. Her temp was only a little over a hundred, ⁴.

She had a better sleep last night and this morning
is much much better. No temp at all, and she is happy and full of fun.
Not fretful and unlike herself as she was yesterday. She ate a good
breakfast, and although she still has a bad cold and I'm keeping her
in bed, I feel that she is well on the road to recovery.

The house seems very empty without mother. We miss
her like the dickens. Delos loves his cards and says thank you. Lena
served us a good dinner last night, and seems more like a treayre than
ever. We have it all planned out t hat beginning next Monday morning she
is to keep the baby from 8 to 1.

Delos played squash last night, but got home for dinner
and a quiet evening with a detective story. Tonight he isnt playing and
as Lena will be out, we will have a little snack alone.

The financial mess seems distinctly better, although,
as mother knows, we got a ten dollar bill instead of a pay check yesterday.
Everyone feels that Roosevelt is handling the situation very boldly and
well; do you? Our banks are open for a very limited service, but still it
is something to have them open at all. And the grocer, butcher and coal
dealer are all trusting us, like lambs. We have enough to run on, anyway,
and are just so sorry and worried that you all were caught so short back
there.

Wife
of
the
Strom
of
the
Strom

Tomorrow night Delossy and I are going on our party
to Sterns; I'll write you about it. Sunday Lena is going out so I suppose
we will be laying low; and Monday, if all goes well, I'll try to get the
novel started.

I must tell you mother dear how much the baby talks ^{about}
you. She cried for you twice yesterday when she was so feverish and sick.
She said, "I dont want Stella to go to Minn-e-so-ta." I told her you were
only getting things ready for us, and a little later she said, "She's only
making pies and cakes, for us." This morning she pointed to your bureau
and said dreamily, "That's where Stella kept all her bee-u-ti-ful things!"
This morning when she was having her stool she called loudly for her
bracelete and I had to give her my own jewelry to pacify her.

We do miss you so much, mother darling; loved so having

-2-
you with us. And we do appreciate how much you did for us all winter. Including your making us such grand things to eat. I am going to be lonesomer than the dickens. But we wont go into that. It is nice that I have two or three such pleasant things to look forward to. Ruth Blodgett's party with the Cyhermans, of whom I am so fond, is ~~xxxxxxx~~ a very nice thing to have ahead.

The weather is clear and springlike today, although we are glad to have the half ton of coal which we put in this morning.

We are following mother all along her trip, and today she is in Chicago. Tomorrow morning will be the big celebration breakfast. We will be thinking of you! Be sure, mother, to do Merian justice (if you can.)

Now we hope you all wont stop writing lots of letters, just because mother is not here. We want to hear all details of the "Opory" (how grand that Katie is getting such good publicity!) and of Frank's new job. Wasnt it rotten luck to have to start it ~~xxxxxxx~~ at the very moment of the bank holiday!

We are so glad that daddie's job is ~~going~~ proving so satisfactory. It is a grand line, and house. Isn't it? I do hope that by this time next week the banks will be open and everything running along as usual.

Isn't Merian a lamb to let me write like this! She is wide awake, too, sitting in her bed, and Lena is washing in the basement

Love and hugs and kisses to each one of you. rite us ~~xxxxxxx~~ lots, and keep well and happy.



Mother dear- Nannine's address, which I know you want, is
200 West 54th Street,
New York City.

Home,
Monday.

Darlings, -

Some sad news reached us yesterday (Sunday) morning. We had a wire telling us that Frank Batt was dead. Frank Sr., that is; Grace's husband. We had had a letter the day before telling us that the operation for gallstones had been successful, and we were so relieved. But there must have been a relapse of some kind.

You know how Delos hates funerals, but he decided instantly that he had to go, and I agreed with him. Frank and Grace were so devoted; Grace is sick - I really think she hasn't very long to live; and she is so alone except for Delos. Young Frank's boat is stationed in California and he married some girl out there instead of coming home at Christmas. Amma is in Washington. Delos is very fond of Grace, too, and anxious to know ~~xxx~~ what circumstances she is left in. They owned their little home, of course, and since Frank was a very active Mason, Delos is hoping he had some insurance with them.

It was a terrible time for Delos to have to take a trip, but the Sun arranged for him to go by airplane, without any expense, as far as Cleveland; the return trip by air from Cleveland is also taken care of so there is only the bus fare between Cleveland and Detroit, and we could manage that out of our cash on hand.

I never knew Delos to hate to leave the baby and me as much as he did yesterday. He couldn't bear to be an inch away from us all day. And because we were so thoroughly blue, we tried to make it a happy day and succeeded to a certain extent. We made a big fire in the grate last night and ate our lunch in front of it; then at ten o'clock at night he went to town to catch the eleven o'clock bus for the Newark airport; and the midnight plane. I will say for Delos that he does what he thinks is right, no matter how hard. I love and admire him more every day I live with him.

Frank Batt was a darling, and so good to Grace. After their salary was cut and she had to go without a cleaning woman, he did all the scrubbing and washing for her. I am awfully glad she has little Delos, who is about 12 years old, now, I think, and who will be company for her. Eleanor, Amma's daughter, is staying with her - or was, while Frank was in the hospital - and will continue to, I know.

Well, to get on to our own news. Lena is a perfect treasure. You simply can't imagine how good she is. She has cooked us three delicious dinners since mother left. Saturday she made the cookies, according to mother's recipe, but they were too crisp. What is wrong when cookies are too crisp? We followed the recipe. Sunday morning she made muffins for breakfast; they were very good too; and brought our breakfasts to bed; and Sunday noon made a lemon pie for ~~whixx~~ dinner. It wasn't as good as mother's pie, of course, but it was very good.

Saturday we started to rearrange the furniture and make a nursery out of the writing room but found it was too complicated. The desk had to be absolutely taken apart in order to be moved. Lena offered to take the baby in her room, but we didn't want that, and decided to keep her in with us. So we moved the tall white chest into our bedroom and made a real sweet little nursery out of one corner of ~~over~~ room. Hung the baby's pictures there, and so on. It is very cozy, and sort of fun to have her

Monday 4:45
to the bank
with the dog

Nov 13
1933

in with us after all. Then Lena cleaned the writing room, and I arranged it, and hung some family pictures in there, and that is all ready to begin work in. I had expected to begin writing on the novel this morning, and Lena has already started taking the baby off my hands right after breakfast, but I have to go in to the Sun to clear up some things for Delos. It is a bad time for him to be gone, with Mr. Bartnett still sick in bed (he has the shingles in addition to his other ailments) but Delos phoned Mr. Speed, the managing editor, yesterday, and he said for him to go ahead. While I am in town, I will return my library books, return the scarf to Macy's, and do some other errands, and perhaps tomorrow morning I really can start the novel - let's hope so.

Lena is bringing my breakfast to bed while Delos is gone, and that is cozy. Quite a luxury. But I was surprised this morning at how much I would have preferred to be getting up and getting my husband's breakfast instead of ~~xx~~ lying in bed.

The baby is dearer than ever. She was so sweet all day yesterday. We told her daddie was going away on an airplane, and this morning when she woke up she said to me, "By George! Daddie's on an airplane." Many many times when she hears Lena upstairs or in the kitchen, she will say, "There's Stella!" And start to run to her. She doesn't seem to realize that mother is really gone.

Her cold is better. She was up and dressed yesterday.

It is just miraculous the way she gets along with Lena. Before I bring her out to Minnesota again, all of you must cultivate German accents.

It was so good this morning to have a letter from daddie. He sounded so cheerful, too, as though the state of the nation weren't too much of a worry. I know he was happy to have mother home, and we thought of you reunioneing, both Saturday and Sunday. Isn't it queer, mother, that all this happened on the very Sunday we had planned to have our big party?

We went to the party at Sterne's Saturday night. I wore my ashes of roses dress, and we had a lovely formal dinner and a good time at the puppet show. I am cancelling the party with Ruth Blodgett for Wednesday as I feel quite sure Delos won't be back. I am so sorry to cancel it too, as I like the Schermans, whom she was having with us, such a lot.

Now I am eager to get a letter telling me all about mother's arrival, and think perhaps one will come this afternoon. Hope she found you all blooming.

I am so sorry to hear about Mrs. Palmer's death. And shall write to Mr. Palmer and the Confers.

Love and hugs, as I must hie me off to town.

As ever, your

Mae

17
Friday.

Darlings,-

Such a grand batch of letters this week, from daddie and from mother, giving us all the news of your reunion. I certainly wish I could have been there through all that gossiping. So glad that mother found you all well and happy; Katie's experience at Mrs. Palmer's funeral must have been dreadfully hard, though.

Our Delossy got home all safe and sound, and I certainly was relieved. I was terribly lonesome for him, and the baby was too. She put out her lip and cried for him every night when it was time for him to come home. He got home quite late Wednesday night, having flown both ways. He enjoyed the plane ride this time; he said it was beautiful beyond words sailing high above the Pennsylvania snowfields on the way home. He didn't get sick either.

He found Grace better than he had expected; quite well, and very brave. Also she is better fixed than he had feared. Frank left her a little life insurance; not much; but with her home her own, she should be able to get along quite well. She was so happy that Delos came; I knew she would be. He went up to see Auntie too, and rather enjoyed his visit with all of them. He says that little Delos has turned out to be a very nice looking and nice boy.

Everybody thought so much of Frank Batt. Packard's where he worked so long, and all the neighbors there were being so good to Grace and were so sorry for her.

The baby and I were very quiet while Delos was gone. I had to chase in town twice about the income tax, but that was all I did. Lena brought my breakfast to bed and I got my desk cleared out and the novel really underway at last. Lena is just perfect. Mother, we picked a treasure. She is turning out to be a very good cook; keeps the house spotless; and is marvellous with the baby. She keeps the baby out of my way and as quiet as a mouse during the hours 8 to 12 in the morning. What I appreciate most of all, is her liking to wait on me. It really seems to be a pleasure to her. She insists on setting the table for my lunch, although I told her I would just as soon have it on a tray, and serves me so nicely. She has a very sunny happy disposition, too. Of course, I am still plenty busy, but I can see that I am going to have more of the leisure I covet so much. As things stand now, I get up and get Delos's breakfast and she brings the baby down, fully clothed and washed and brushed to say goodbye to him. Then I go to my writing and she takes charge. I write until after the baby's lunch at 12; then I come down and have my lunch; then I put the baby to bed for her nap and have a nap myself and dress for the afternoon. When the baby wakes up from her nap, I take her over; dress her and take her out in the park. Sometimes Lena goes along with us. I do the marketing ~~then~~ in the afternoon. ~~Then~~ But Lena cooks and serves a good dinner, and then I put the baby to bed.

Today I am going in town to see Pat Collyer. ~~Then~~ Will have dinner with Delos in town and we will go to Nannine's for the evening. Newings are to be there. Sunday comes out swank breakfast in town. Ruth B. lodgett was going to try to put the party with Schermans to some other night - I hope she succeeded, as I liked it so much. Next Wednesday, the young Pratts are coming out to dinner.

Our bank isn't open yet, but they keep assuring us it will be. The N.Y. banks are open, and we got one salary check cashed down town, so we are all right. The Sun was so lovely about Delos's trip to Michigan. They evidently think a lot of him - as they should.

Mr. Bartnett is still sick, but sitting up now. Buster is lots better, allowed down stairs. They let the trained nurse go yesterday.

Mother's letter was so grand and newsy. We were delighted to hear all about the trip home and the meeting with everybody. I was so glad of the news of Maggie. Where are they going to locate? And how are things with Lucy Day? Isn't it about time for the child?

Merian is just too sweet for description. Her cheeks are scarlet from the spring wind, and with her yellow hair, big blue eyes and little tubby chunky figure, she looks too adorable. She can be naughty though. Yesterday, she ran off with the table call bell which she is not supposed to touch and shouted as she ran, "I'm dis obeying, mommie. Look at me, I'm disobeying." Sometimes, she shouts delightedly. "I'm being rude, mommie." The other day - maybe I told you this - she did something she wasn't supposed to do and in the very instant of discovery began to shriek happily, "I'm turnbng over a new leaf, mommie. I'm turning over a new leaf." One night while Delos was gone she stood and watched me eating for quite a while and then said, "You have nice manners, mommie. Daddie can take you to a restaurant."

Whenever she is being punished she cries for Stella. The first day I left her with Lena, she wouldnt tell Lena she wanted to go pottie and would deliberately wet herself. Lena changed her clothes throughout twice, in one morning, and the third time it happened told me about it. I put the baby to bed and made her stay there till lunch time and it hasnt happened since. When I was putting her to bed, she wept loudly. "Stella, Stella. I dont want Stella to go to Minnesota and make pies and cakes." But I assured her that even if Stella were here she wouldn't be let off her punishment.

Must stop now and get to work. I just heard the mail and wont seal this up until I see whether there is any further word from you. Love and hugs and kisses from us all.

Your
Maud.

Mail nothing but a card from Kate Chase and from the Philippines and another from Peg Hackney from the Panama Canal, both of which make my feet itch harder even than usual. Tulips are up in front of our porch though and things getting very springlike around here, although there's still plenty of cold wind.

Nov 22
1933

24 Second Avenue,
Pelham, N.Y.,
Wednesday.

Darlings All,-

The morning mail brought a lovely letter from daddie which we were so glad to get. Have had one from mother too, since I wrote, and so many clippings about the opera and all. We feel very much in touch with you.

I mailed my little evening wrap yesterday, and hope it will reach you in plenty of time.

The most exciting news around here - to me - is that the novel is really begun. Actual writing of it, I mean. Lena is just perfect with the baby and after almost a week of mulling over the book in the ~~xxxxx~~ seclusion of my writing room, I found it beginning itself, and I am quite enthusiastic about my opening chapter. I am so happy, as the first plunge in is always hard.

What have we been doing! I believe I wrote last on Friday. That afternoon I went to town to see Pat Collier. She is expecting a baby in May, you know, and showed me all her baby things and their new apartment and we had tea and a good time. She wanted to know how mother made her apple pie so good. Not the crust; she says she can make the crust all right; but the filling. I promised to ask ~~her~~ what your special-trick was; do you use water; or extra sugar; or what? She gave me two just grand salad recipes which I'll send on to you some day when I havent so much else to write.

I met Delos for dinner and took him to our automat, mother, and then we went on to spend the evening with Newings at Nannine's. Delos liked Mr. N as much as I did and we had a good time there too.

Saturday night we went to see Bartnetts as Mr. Bartnett is still in bed and she is in a very nervous state.

Sunday we went to the famous luncheon at Mrs. Thompsons. She is a character - a society woman in the very inner circle, but most unattractive, very very fat and grotesque looking. She made us think of the duchess in Alice in Wonderland. It wasnt a ~~breakfast~~ luncheon at all but a breakfast, such as Mr. Cole used to give. 24 people at table and all of them supposed to be celebrities. The man on one side of me was a novelist, his latest book "Virginity." He wore bracelets on both wrists and told me he was in the social register. The man on the other side was an architect and came from one of the old families of Virginia. Byrd and Swanson, the new secretary of the navy, are his ~~xxxxxxx~~ close friends. He and his wife were nice, and almost the only normal people there. Delos and I both hated the whole crowd. After breakfast was over, Mrs. Thomspen called on a few people for speeches beginning with me. I was so mad - I know now how Katie feels when asked to sing after a party. I am not an extemporaneous speaker, and I hadnt been asked to speak. I was mad enough to kill her. But I snatched a bit out of my familiar Adventures in Research talk and gave it with what graciousness I could muster. Delos had never heard me speak before and thought it was quite good.

well, all during the party we thought how we had out

Mar 22

grown that sort of thing. We hated it cordially and every time Delos came within whispering distance of me he told me he wanted to go home and see the baby.

But Kay Whitney had driven us in and after the breakfast was over, we were drawn into going to someone's house and then someone else's (an artist's) studio - that last was really quite fun. And then to the home of the president of the Minnesota Club where there was the most horrible party on. A woman reading from Mark Twain and everybody present even queerer than the people at the breakfast.

To add to the awfulness of the day it was pouring rain and sleet.

But at this point Delos rebelled and told Kay we would take a train home. And she relented and drove us home. She seemed to have enjoyed the day which we considered worse than wasted. We got home just as the baby was going to bed and spent half an hour with her; then had dinner by the fire.

Let me see, Monday it continued to blizzard. Newsoms came over that evening for some contract.

Yesterday it was raining still but the rain stopped by night and we went out to the movies and saw Bill of Divorcement. Mother had told us it was grand, and it was.

Mom
22

Tonight the young Pratts are coming to dinner. Tomorrow night we were asked to Ruth Blodgetts to dinner with the Braces of Harcourt Brace, but turned it down as three nights in a row is too much and Friday night we are going to Walshes.

Mrs. Walsh called up and thought mother and dad still here and wanted us all to dinner. I was so sorry that they hadn't done it while mother was still with us, at least, as I think she would have enjoyed their pretty home.

The John D. says have another money maker in the ~~xxx~~ Roosevelt book.

And by the way, what do you think of Roosevelt? We think he is pretty good; and are taking back all we said about him before election.

We are so glad that daddie likes his work so much. Wasn't he fortunate to get such a grand line! We are anxious to know what you decide about new territory. You must all be having a good time ~~visit~~ "visiting round," and won't it be fun to get into 905 again. Don't work too hard getting it settled, mother.

I wish we were there to share in all the excitement of the opera. Send us all the clippings, and tell us particularly about Katie's share in it.

What is the news about Frank's new job? Does he like it? So glad he is going ahead with the house, and hope he has good luck with it. I'd like a peek at that too; I suppose the tulips are coming up.

We have been having the most awful weather, but in spite of it the lilacs are budding and the birds nesting.

Merian loved your little paragraph about Bobbie, mother. She is simply too sweet for words. She begs a description. Delos brought her home a little toy bird and when she was playing with it the next day, she said to me, as plainly as you or I would say it:

"It's really amazing, how much my daddie loves me."

Really amazing is her latest phrase - everything is either amazing or thrilling.

She is so ~~soxxxtung~~ rotund - really is just that. Almost as round as ball, and so red cheeked. She can be naughty though. I think I wrote you all about that, and hate to repeat myself. Did I tell you how she had taken to shouting, "I'm turning over a new leaf, mommie!" when detected in any crime. And how she would take salt and pepper shakers or knives off the dining room table and shout merrily, "I'm disobeying, mommie. I'm being rude." And sometimes, "I'm being rough, mommie." She isn't really as naughty as all that sounds, for it is all with such a twinkle in her eye. I was telling her a revised version of mother's famous trip to Minnesota story, and I pictured her in the back seat of the car, wrapped up in a shawl on Lena's lap. Her lip began to come out and presently she wailed. "I want Stella. I want Stella to hold me!"

Every morning she comes over in our bed, puts her head

(over)

under the sheet and says, "Has daddie made the camp fire, mommie?" And then, "You make the coffee, mommie, and I'll stir the grapefruit."

Well, must stop and to work. Lena is going to cook her first company dinner tonight.

Love and hugs to you all. Thanks for your grand letters.

The baby sends her best love too.

As ever, your

Maud

Mark
27, 1933

Monday.

Darlings,-

Having just finished a most unsatisfactory ~~wxxk~~ morning's work on my book, I'll try to do a more satisfactory letter to you. Don't know why the book won't march this morning; but there just are that sort of days.

We had a letter from mother Saturday. Rather short but very welcome. We are so thrilled over all of Katie's speechmaking, the opera, and so on. WE8111 be awfully anxious to hear how the performances go, and we hope there are some big results from the affair for her. Believe there will be too. All this favorable publicity cant help being very powerful.

The luncheon with B sounded fun. Give her my love. She is such a darling. ~~AKK~~ The news of Haynes and Rachels lot is thrilling. I should think that now would be a good time for them to build - everything is so low. We're awfully interested about Lucy Day and thinking of the Wakefields all the time these days. Be sure to let us know with all details as soon as the child arrives. What is he to be named?

I don't remember just when I wrote but at any rate on Friday we went to Walshes for dinner. We had a lovely time and they both spoke so regretfully of not having seen dad and mother. What with Mrs. Walsh's mother's illness and death and the trip south (she went too) they didn't spend very much of the winter in Pelham. They are darlings and we had such a pleasant time with them.

Did I write you of having the young Pratts for dinner here Wednesday night? I t hink I did. Lena got along very nicely and made mother's lemon pudding for dessert. Thursday Delos was away, playing squash with Glen Perry out in Montclair, N.J. Lena was out too so I was alone with the baby - and then Friday, Walshes.

Saturday I went to town to the Flower Show at the Grand Central Palace. It was quite enjoyable. I think Helen would have loved it. But I didnt bring to it enough knowledge of flowers to make it very thrilling for me. The thing I was most interested in was a glass box built into a living room window with an opening outside where winter birds may be lured to feed while one looks on from the inside. It would not be expensive at all to build and install one and how thrilling to be able to watch birds at such close range!

Delos met me at the Flower Show, and he had just won five dollars at pinochle which hwas burning a hole in his pocket. So we phoned Lena we wouldnt be home and went to dinner at the Fifth Avenue automat, then to Greys and got tickets for One Sunday Afternoon, a very good homely comedy of the First Year order. We enjoyed it a lot.

Sunday we stayed home all day. Breakfast in bed and the day by the fire with the Sunday papers and the baby. It was blizzarding.

And this is Monday morning and the book misbehaving. This week Delos is going to try to get hold of tickets for Dinner at Eight. Next Sunday night we are having our postponed party with Walshes, Akersons, etc. Walshes have accepted and I have written Mrs. Akerson and Nan and Don.

Mother, Lena does not have your white cake recipe. Will the one on the Swansdown box do? And would you be good enough to send the recipe for your wonderful filling with whipped cream in it? I thought we copied that off but it doesn't seem to be here, so I guess I didn't. Also, is your rice and chicken recipe in any of the cookbooks I have? If we don't make that I think we'll have spaghetti loaf, with mushroom sauce, fruit salad, muffins, coffee and cake. I want something very simple, but good.

I am just bursting with news about Merian who is so sweet, so pretty and so clever. Don't tell anyone the things I tell you, for no one outside the family would believe them but they are absolutely true. Sunday morning she came into our bed as usual, and was so full of fun and so sweet. She began to tease me to get the blue book and read her poems. I didn't get up to get the book but said, "What poem do you want me to read, Merian?" She would dig her head into the pillow and say, "Let me think!" Then sit up and recite four or six or eight lines of some poem - some of them I hardly knew or had forgotten entirely. ~~I would say, "I don't remember that."~~ Once she said, "Isn't it too bad Stella isn't here to teach you." Some of the poems she said, "I'll copy down for you. This one impressed Delos most of all. It is Walter de la Mare, I think.

that one."

"Some one comes knocking at my wee small door
Someone comes knocking, Itam sure, sure, sure,
I open, I listen, I look from left to right,
But naught there is a stirring in the still dark night,
Only the busy beetle tap tapping in the wall,
Only from the forest comes the screech owl's call...

She could have gone on and finished it, but at that point...noticing our excitement...she pretended she couldn't remember any more. She really recited all I have written. *She says them with such expression - imitative voice.*

Delos was so impressed, and asked her to tell him some more. The next one she ~~xxxxxx~~ said four lines of:

The day before April,
Alone, alone,
I walked in the woods,
And sat on a stone."

Then she said,

If I was in a fairy book,
And it was my good luck,
To have a wish, I'd chose to be,
A lovely snow white duck.

Then she said a verse of Eliz. Maddox Roberts poem about "Away beyond the Jarboe House." And just dozens of others. Christopher Morley's "I'm glad my house is a little house" The lullaby poem, beginning "Little child, good child go to sleep." Etc. etc. etc.

She is a perfectly darling, baby, and a little better behaved than when ~~xxxxxx~~ you were here, about everything but eating. She is very bad about that. The other day I overheard her pretending to give her goll the bottle. It was the kitten, rather. She kept shaking it and saying, "Swallow. Do you hear me? Swallow." I am sure that when spring comes and she can be outdoors and get an appetite, the matter of her eating will take care of her self.

worries me is her ^{the only trait or tendency she has which really} extreme affection for Delos and me and her dislike of being parted from either of us. She is getting just crazy about Delos and sometimes in the middle of the day will start to cry and say, "I don't want daddie to go to the New York Sun, and work for his baby." She just smothers us with kisses and hugs. But she can't bear to have us out of her site; we have to use strategy to get her out alone with Lena, although she likes Lena. And I have to revise about half the poems I tell her, to leave out anything about children being anywhere where their mothers and fathers aren't.

The night we went to Walshes Delos was late getting home and I was a little worried because I was afraid we would be late to the party. The baby always cries if her isn't home by her bedtime anyway, and this night I think she sensed my worry and that made her worse. To comfort her I told her I would read her some poems, and we were reading along quite happily when we came to a poem she loves about the little Tiger Cat. Then her lip began to come out.

I said, "Why, what's the matter, darling? The little Tiger Cat was right at home with its mommie." She burst into a flood of tears and cried, "Yes, but her daddie wasn't there."

Isn't it quite unusual for a child to be so tender hearted?

Speaking again of her books, (and then I must stop,) another thing she did yesterday which I have seen her do many times but which amazed Delos was to see her - after I finally got her book of poems - go through it and ask for the ones she wanted. She almost never fails. The book is unillustrated and I don't see how she knows them. She certainly can't read. She turned to the famous poem about Only God can make a tree and said, "Read me the one about God, mommie." And turned to all the ones she wanted without making more than one or two mistakes out of fifteen or twenty poems.

Just one more story and then I must stop. I was dressing to go out and she was up in my room with me. She was prancing up and down my bed and I was afraid she would fall off and went and got her and sat her down on it. I said, "Don't walk on the bed, darling. Sit down." She immediately got up and started to prance again, saying impudently, "I prefer to walk." She said prefer as plainly as I do, and since then has used it (correctly, too) several times.

She really is unusual. It just kills me that you all can't be near to see her. But it was so lovely that daddie and mother were here this winter. She still talks of you both, remembers you perfectly. Yesterday she asked for the poker chips that "Grandpa Tombom used to play teaparty with."

In the morning when I am writing, she likes to take her kitty to the library as she calls going to sit on the steps, and pretend she is me. She is good as gold but unfortunately I can hear her. She will say to the kitty, "This is the library, kitty." (She pronounced it - library.) "This is the library, Kitty. and I am writing a book name of Early Candlelight." Lena sometimes comes in and tries to get her to come out into the kitchen with her. Merian answers, "Go back and wash your dishes, Lena. Kitty and I are at the library writing Early Candlelight."

She loves to pretend she is Delos too and the other night got up in his chair and began to talk about being at the N.Y. Sun, squash and so on. At last she said, "How did my baby behave today?" I told

"Very well" and she inquired politely, "Did she wake up with a dry diaper?" When I said that she did, she said, "I'm awfully tickled!"

I know it's hard to believe all these stories, but mother, having seen her so recently, can vouch for their probability, and they really are all true. I haven't told you half of the things I could if you were here, but I've picked out the high spots, and you're probably getting bored. I know my fingers are tired.

So much love and so many hugs to each one of you. We are all well and happy as can be; the weather has been vile but today it looks as though spring were really here.

We want to know what daddie decides to do about additional territory. I suppose he and mother are getting into 905 this week. I'll send the Sunday letter there.

Love to you all again.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'Mae', with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

March 30 1933

Friday.

Darling Family,-

A letter from daddie came yesterday and reflected some of the excitement all of you are living through with the opera this week. I am eager to get a letter written after the performance, telling us all about it and about Katie's speeches. I hope the little velvet wrap reached you in time.

Things are going along smoothly here. Lena is splendid and very quiet and restful to have in the house. Our weather has been very cold and windy but still somehow springlike and today the sun is really shining forth as if it meant business.

I have been reading Isobel Wilder's Mother and Hour which is quite good, though not so good as I expected it to be, from the reviews. I have no recollection of my mother having misunderstood me the way mothers invariably seem to misunderstand their children in fiction.

The party for Sunday is coming on apace. The Walshes and Styron are the only ones we know are coming so far, though. No answer yet from Mrs. Akerson - perhaps she is out of town; and Nannine and Don are going to a houseparty. But if Akersons aren't coming we can probably fill in with the Sterns and have as good a time or better. Or would enjoy the Walshes alone, for that matter.

The young Pratts asked us for dinner tonight, but couldn't go as it's Lena's day out. Tomorrow night Delossy plays squash and I am going to meet him in town to go to the theatre. We couldn't get tickets for Dinner at Eight, but wangled some for Ina Claire in Biography, which I know will be fun.

By the way, mother, I had a note from Pauline after you left asking you and me in to lunch. So she did get around to it at last. I haven't gone yet, but probably will, as she is so entertaining I always forgive her. She says in her note that she has oceans to tell me, the whole course of her life is changing it seems, and that she has been laid low with work and worry.

The book is just crawling along; I don't know what's the matter with it. Last week it got off to a good start. I suppose it will take another spurt one of these days.

By the way, (again) about this time of year we always have to get unoccupancy permits from both the insurance companies. I should have spoken of it before. I don't know how late the Fultons stayed out last year, but maybe Frank would be good enough to get in touch with them and see. We are allowed six months unoccupancy. It always costs five dollars or so, so will be glad if they stayed out long enough to make it unnecessary or if new tenants will be in soon enough to make it unnecessary. Will you find out, please, and if there is an emergency about getting the permits the Minneapolis Savings and Loan Co., Mr. P.M. Endlsey, holds ~~one~~ two policies and the Minnesota Insurance Co. ~~the~~ other. You could ask them by telephone to issue the permits. Thank you a lot and so sorry to bother you. If there is no emergency about it, and you would like me to, I will get

them by letter, but wont do it unless I have to, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ hoping that perhaps the house will not be unoccupied for 6 months.

The spring coming here makes us both lonesome for the place. We talk of it fondly and of the time when we'll be back there, with Merian .

She is so sweet, and seems to me to be growing awfully fast. All her clothes are lookin shabby and I must get down town to get her another dress or two. Every night now when she goes upstairs to bed, she makes Delos wrap her up in Miss Jessie's big white shawl and carry her. She says it ~~xxxxx~~ "reminds her of Christmas morning." Isn't that funny? And then she'll say, "Do you remember how daddie plugged in the tree?" I have started reading the psalms out loud to her, began with the 100th psalm. She stopped me at the word lord and wanted to know what it meant. I said, "God." She made me read it through five times. The last time I said, "Oh you dont want me to read that again. Dont you want me to read a different one?" She said, "No, I don't want you to read a different one." Cant you just hear her? Now she goes to get me the book and says, "Read me the poem about God." Did I tell you how she asked me to sing, "I dont want to play in your yard?" When I finished she said, "Stella used to sing me that lullaby."

I've stopped reading to her for the present, ^{as} and she has ~~been overexcited~~ for a few days. I think she makes too great an effort to understand. She asked me the other day, "Mother have I ever seen a meadow?" And again she said to me, "I've never seen a fairy in my whole life." As though she were a hundred years old.

I'm writing this for Lena to take to town and mail. As I do want you to get it for Sunday. I suppose it will find you all cozily settled at 905 and the first Sunday night lunch there in preparation. We are thrilled by daddie taking over all that territory. If you dont try to make anything but the big towns, I think it is grand to have it. But dont work too hard, dear. I wish I was there to take some of the trips with you. I have never forgotten our springtime trip into South Dakota.

Much love to every single one of you. The baby returns all your hugs and kisses.

By the way (again) have I told you that Hanni is at last settled in a new place which she likes. It's in Mt. Vernon. A little new baby, six weeks old, and no other children. She seems to be quite contented, and is getting (or so she says) \$60. She hasn't been over to see us again, but has called once or twice on the telephone.

Lena is working out so well. I have more liesure than I have had since Merian arrived. I hope she is happy with us and believe she is, as the first payday passed serenly.

Love and hugs.

Maud

What did Mr Wells have to say in his radio talk?
Daddie sent me the clipping.

Monday Morning.

Darlings,-

A nice long letter from mother this morning; and the program from daddie last week. So now we know all about the opera and are so glad that it went off so well.

We had a note from Frank too and are delighted that the house is probably rented. I know you'll let us know as soon as it is definite. The man sounds fine and we think that \$400 is an excellent price in this bad year. Nobody but Frank could have gotten it.

We are in a mess here, as I'll proceed to tell. The calm and peace of last week was just too good to last. The book got to going and all was well when Lo! and Behold! I go to Lena's room on Friday morning to find her absolutely dissolved in tears and with her face all swollen out of shape from crying. She told me then that she had deceived me from the first; that she was married and had a six year old child; she was in great trouble - her husband had fallen in love with her youngest sister, had turned her out, and now was trying to take the baby away from her. "as in fact going out to live in New Jersey with his parents and taking the little girl along.

I've given you only the barest outline of the story which is a very pitiful and tragic one. I think he married her for her money, and when they got to this country he put her money all in the bank in his name. Then spent it on a car and women and things. She feels just awful beyond words about her child who is lonely for her, cries and clings to her whenever she sees it on her feet off. The child is a little girl and pretty as a picture.

Of course I was just sunk with sympathy and still am and so is Delos. It is all we can do to keep from telling her that she can bring the child here. We have told her that she can go to New Jersey as often as she likes to see her and that she can have her here for visits for a week at a time. But of course we havent known Lena long enough to feel we can do more than that. Delos has gone to great trouble to get her a personal letter to the judge of the Family Court in New York and if she will present that there on her day off, he will straighten things out if anybody can. There are so many complications - perhaps her working, which she is doing at her husbands orders, will give him grounds for divorce - desertion, you know. I hope she will go to see the judge today but it is so hard to help people. I dont know whether she will or not. And she cries all the time and has lost all interest in her work; and besides that, our happiness with each other and with the baby sort of rubs salt in her wounds and makes us all uncomfortable. I dont know how it will come out.

Friday Delos went coming home for dinner. I was meeting him in town for the theatre. But by night I had the heebe jeebes, and took the train into town and had dinner with Blanche. Then I met Delos and we saw Ina Claire in Biography on grand newspaper tickets. It was lots of fun and made us feel better.

Saturday I was busy getting ready for our big Sunday party. Walshes, Akersons, Byron and Agnes Grant. It seemed hoodooed, for Lena was at her worst and took no interest in it and Delos came home with one of his awful colds. Saturday night. However, the party went pretty well. Lena

braced up, and her food was really delicious. Her chocolate cake was almost as good as mother's - not quite of course. Everybody liked each other and had a good time. ~~xxxx~~ We kept the baby up to see them and she was so sweet. She was ~~wearing~~ wearing Hanni's little valentine dress. ~~xxx~~ We had given her a long talk about balking ~~to them~~ and answering ~~their~~ questions, and she tried so hard. When Walshes came in she went ~~over~~ and put her hand out. Then when they spoke to her we could all see she was struggling to say something and we waited and waited and at last she said, "Mother's right here." They agreed that I was. She took her little chair and sat right beside me, with her head half turned away from them and a smile on her face. She was very shy but darling and said goodnight to them all when she went up to bed.

About ten o'clock however she began to cry and I went up and found her with one of her bronchial colds. Her nose was running and she couldn't breathe. I gave her medicine, put her head up on a pillow and did all I could to make her comfortable and she went back to sleep. But during the night she was ~~sixxxxxxxx~~ awake several times and is quite sick this morning. No temp; but a very bad cold and I'm keeping her in bed. Something has to be done about these colds of hers. I am going to have a talk with Dr. E about them.

Speaking of ^{the box} him reminds me, mother, that I am enclosing your prescription. I gave ~~it~~ to Wotmans the day after ~~you~~ left and they said I would have to call back for ~~it~~ and then it slipped my mind. I am so sorry and hope you haven't needed it.

Well, that is all our news. Delos has a couple of stag parties on for this week - one with the gun staff and one ~~wixx~~ given by the press agent of Ringling Bros which is a real event. This is the first year Delos has been included. Since he is so well taken care of, I'll try very hard to go on with the book. That is, if Lena doesn't depart - which I momentarily expect her to do, and if the baby gets better, which of course she will.

Our weather is simply lovely. The trees are leafing out, and the shrubs. The earliest fruit trees are in bloom. The birds are so ~~busy~~ busy. I heard a song sparrow in the park, and robins are everywhere. People are out raking their lawns and burning leaves, and it is the time of year I like best of all.

I wonder whether you are back at 905. I sent my Sunday letter there. I can imagine how good it will seem to have the house settled and the right family in it.

I would like to write more and say more about all of you, and your doings, but I ~~have~~ have to get out to buy Merian's vegetables and would like to mail this at the same time. Do tell us the minute there is news about Lucy Day. ~~xxxxxx~~ We are so glad the opera went so well. I hope I can be there for the one in which Katie has a big role. George Akerson inquired for her tenderly, by the way. And Blanche, speaking of regards, sent many to mother and dad whom she says she admires more than she can say.

Dearest love to you all, and thanks so much to Frank for all his efforts on our behalf. Love and hugs all around, and don't - dad and mother ~~work~~ work too hard getting 905 settled. Awfully glad dad's work is going along so well. Don't take on too much though, darling.

Don't be too upset about Lena and our predicament. It's just life to have such set-backs. The book is drafted, plotted, research work done and writing begun and it won't take long when I get a smooth stretch. Dick would like very much to have it next winter for publication next spring.

prescription

Mardi

ooo

Bob

xxx

xxx

must

Ready

C. J. H.

Thursday.

My dears,-

It is just a week ago today that I wrote you, and I know you have been looking for a letter sooner, but between the baby and Mary Allen I have had a hectic week.

Before I tell you about our Easter and thank you for your lovely gifts, I'll tell you the news of Mary for I know you are anxious to get it.

A week ago today Charley Kirch came to town and called Delos; and although it was Lena's night out, Delos brought him out to dinner, knowing I would want him. While we were at dinner Earle Balch telephoned to say that Mary had had another one of her terrible attacks and was not expected to live until morning. As Lena wasn't here, I really could not leave the baby to go (she was up that afternoon for the first time, and the next two days back in bed). But Friday early I went in.

The doctor said then, since Mary had lived thru the night, that she might live 28 hours, and Bert ~~xxx~~ had sent for Geo. Le Ve of Minneapolis, their great friend. Bert is so terribly alone; except for Nell Kirby she really has no one, if Mary goes. Her friends sort of spelled each other off ~~and~~ at the hospital, and I took my turn. She was very brave but very much cut up, and no wonder.

I won't go into details of how terrible Mary's condition was, and still is, but I will say that on Monday she took an unexpected and almost unbelievable turn for the better. The doctors won't give Bert a bit of hope. She had a consultation and all physicians agreed that ~~she~~ ^{Mary} hadn't a chance in the world. But Bert says "They don't know Mary" and it looks as though she was right. The condition in the kidneys is really clearing up a little; she is beginning to have somewhat near normal elimination; and she is sleeping. But she is still violently delirious, although the temp has gone down to normal; and that is what is worrying us ~~the~~ most at present.

The delirium has its amusing aspects, as that sort of thing always ~~has~~ ^{has}; and pathetic too. One day she repeated all day long, "Kindness is the only thing that matters. Kindness. Kindness." And she would repeat it louder and louder and louder until you could hear her all over the hospital. She would enunciate it so distinctly, as though she were singing, and she would name all the people she must be kind to. Another day she translated everything into German and another day into French. Poor dear Mary! We are so fond of her. And the waiting there with Bert, expecting her death almost momentarily, has been ~~such~~ ^{such} a strain. As we waited, trying to make conversation, etc. Bert said, "How Mary would ~~hate~~ ^{hate} this." Quite true, too. The doctors won't let Bert in the room now as nothing makes Mary so wild as to see her. She recognizes her and tries to talk to her, you see. So yesterday and today Bert is back at the shop and ~~our~~ ^{our} constant attendance isn't necessary. George is here; Mary knew him and was glad to see him. I haven't seen her and am glad not so, she looks so bad. The liver is infected too and she is jaundiced and so on.

Well, to get away from such a sad subject to our Easter,

thank you all for all the lovely things. The sweet dress from Mother didn't come until Monday which was just as well as the baby was surfeited on Easter day and on Monday she got a brand new kick out of ~~the~~ another present. ~~It~~ fits her perfectly and is simply adorable on her. I am only so sorry you can't see her in it. The color is simply delicious and the little pockets so dear.

Sunday she was up and around and has been ever since. But we had the celebration in bed, Easter morning. She had put out a nest for the Easter bunny and about 5 a.m. we brought her and it into the big bed, with Helen's box and a box from Hanni. She loved everything we had gotten for her, but honors for the morning went to Helen's (or Frank's) duck. She simply adored it, and still carries it everywhere. She has a favorite poem called "The Duck and the Kangaroo." And Easter morning she turned to Delos and said, "Daddie, I want to ask you a question." Delos said, "What is it, Merian?" She said, "Is this the duck that went riding on the kangaroo?" When Delos told her it probably was, she was so impressed. She insisted that the bunny with the carrot in its mouth was a kangaroo, so Delos strapped the ~~xxxxxx~~ duck to its back with a rubber band, and she was in heaven. Hanni sent a beautiful bunny with pink eyes and pink lined ears and a mustache and a tail. The baby adored it. Hanni sent a silk dress too, which Macy's lost and are trying to trace. She shouldn't do so much and I called her and scolded her, but have no effect.

I let Merian talk to her over the telephone, and she gave a regular monologue, running something like this. "Thanks you, Hanni. Come and see us, Hanni. We'll give you some cookies. And the little green leaves are coming out on the lilacs. And spring is almost here. And that's a nice bunny Hanni. I likes his whiskers." etc. etc. etc.

Speaking of Easter, the little Frank boy dropped in and after much twisting and turning said, "Do you know, my mother is coming to see you?" And I said, "Is she, really?" He said, "Yes. She's bringing you some flowers." Sure enough, she showed up with an armful of yellow forsythia which made our house beautiful for the holiday.

We hadn't made any date nor asked anyone out, having our hands full ~~with~~ with Mary and the baby. But we had a happy day by ourselves, and Lena cooked us a delicious chicken dinner with ice cream and fresh chocolate cake for dessert.

Monday I was in with Bert again and found time also to shop for the baby. I bought her two sweet dresses, and with the one from mother and the one from Hanni she has just about enough. It looks so good to see her up and about. Tuesday we had sunshine, and she even went out doors. I think she is completely cured now.

Did I tell you how she ran to the radio and wanted us to turn it on. She said, "I want to hear G.B.S." This from the night Shaw spoke in New York. You know she never forgets anything if she hears it once. When I didn't turn it on, she said, "I don't think the radio is full, mother."

Tuesday night Sterne came over for bridge, and yesterday, Wednesday, I went to town again, shopped and found ~~and bought~~ a purple scarf to ~~xxxxxx~~ match my purple dress and hat and some other things. And went that night, last night, to a dinner at Lucille Babcock's. It was really a lovely dinner. A Minneapolis couple - Harvey Harshauer, or some such name. She was Ruth Jessemore, in college with me. They have grown v

very rich and are pretty much Society, but not too much so. They are nice, and have the Minnesota awe of my work which is ~~inspiring~~ and inspiring for me to encounter. He has come here to take John Ray's place with American Tel and Tel. John has gone on to another position. They are even in the Ray's house, on Staten Island.

She is very anxious to see us again; so friendly, and anxious to be friends. Called me Maud, at once, and said she remembered me from college but I have no recollection of her. I liked them well enough to want to continue the acquaintance and think I'll take her to lunch in town or else have them out here with Lucille.

We had a grand hilarious party. We just love Earle Balch, and he seems to us - just as much as when he thought he was going to get Charming Sally. Which makes me feel happier and more at ease with him.

Well, so much for that. Friday night we're going to the circus with Eileen Crealmans gang. They are going on afterwards to a dance and invited us, but we couldn't see a dance which began at 12 with Delos getting up at six next morning, so turned down that part of it. The baby talks circus all day long. The other day I was telling her about it, and how it had lions and tigers and elephants and she interrupted. "And don't forget the hippopotamuses." I was so amused at her pronouncing such a long word. She said it very slowly and didn't leave out one syllable. I have no recollection of ever having told her about a hippopotamus. But probably Delos did.

Had a letter from daddie yesterday. Awfully glad to get it. How ambitious, his program sounds. He mustn't overdo, though. He and mother do sound glad to be back in the house. We had a nice letter from mother, too, since I wrote, and we ate it up and we always do her grand fat ones.

So glad you are feeling so well, mother dear.

Merian had a card from Gigi and was so pleased to have a card just for her, with 2 Easter bunnies on it. By the way, we thought Gigi's writing was very good. And we heard such nice things about him from George La Vea. It seems that he plays with George's niece and nephew.

I must stop now if I am ever to get to work. I am back again TRYING to get the book going. If ONLY the baby will keep well. Do let's hope.

Mother dear, I want to return your lace cloth and napkins. But must have the cloth cleaned first, as I have soiled it terribly. Will you tell me in your next letter whether there are any special instructions to the dry cleaner? Or would you prefer to have it done there by your own man and let me pay for it? We have enjoyed using it so much.

Delos is busy on another collaboration. I think it is going to be a swell book.

Sterns and Mrs. Foran both asked to be remembered to both of you.

Love and hugs all around. Kisses too. Write to us lots and I'll try to get back on schedule next week.

As ever,

Maud

1933

the story
now to have
been up it

April 13

Thursday.

Darlings,-

I'M sorry that you shall have only one letter this week; but our baby is still in bed. Has been since a week ago Sunday. I think, however, that the doctor will let her up for an hour or so this afternoon. For the last two nights she has been down on the couch wrapped up in a blanket for supper.

She hasn't been dangerously sick, ~~but~~ just a very bad cold, but the doctor says a cold like that is so treacherous that he wanted her very closely watched. He thinks she will outgrow this tendency to colds but meanwhile we just have to coddle her. Of course that is very bad for discipline and every time she is sick she retrogrades as far as her manners are concerned. Last night she did the unprecedentedly naughty thing of wetting herself while she was down on the couch. I took her right up to her own bed and acted very stern, and she said: "Please, mommie, thank you, mommie, I dont know how I happened to do such a terrible thing." I could hardly keep my face straight through that. This morning when she woke up, she said, "Wasnt that exciting, mother, how I tinkled on the couch?"

For the most part, however, she has been good as an angel through the whole long siege. She will sit in her bed for half an hour at a time reading out of her two blue books, and turning from one to the other to get the poem she wants. Lest it killing? She invariably turns to the right one. Sometimes she reads two lines and sometimes four and sometimes six and sometimes she recites almost the whole poem. Do you remember "The Gingham Dog and the Calico cat, side by side on the table sat..." Eugene Fields. She recites that with gusto. The other day I overheard her reciting one by Lizette Woodrow Reese.

The little Jesus came to town,
The wind blew up, the wind blew down.

The ox put forth a horned head,
"Here, little lord, here make thy bed."

Up rose the sheep were folded near,
"Here, little lord, come enter here..."

Those were the exact six lines I heard her say.

Delos thinks her prize remark was made the other day when she asked me a question about God and I told her God had made her. Out came The Lip. Then a flood of tears....more angry than hurt....and she shouted. "No, God didnt make me! My daddie made me!"

She is so adorable, and both of us have had such heartaches about her being sick. She is really on the mend, though, now and the weather has brightened up, too. I think that by Easter she may even be out doors, in her carriage.

To get away from us, and back to you, we've had several nice letters, though none from mother. One nice one from daddie from Kato, and another from Helen with word of an exciting box that is coming, and still another from Genie. I hope to get to town tomorrow, Gene, dear, and shall

send you the cards from there. I've been kept in with the baby most of the time since I got your letter, and couldn't find any good cards in Pelham.

Glad to know you are cozily settled at 905 without too much work and that you are all well and happy. We had a letter from Harry about Lucy Day's baby, and are so pleased. I am going to send her a present from town tomorrow.

I don't believe I have written you since a week ago to say when we went into Pratts for dinner. We enjoy them an awful lot. They and the Sterns are more our own kind and more congenial than any friends we have. Kay Pratt is silly, and it does seem so good to be with some one of that type. They have an adorable baby, and ~~xxx~~ a very charming little apartment over on the East River, but are planning to move out to Darien, Conn.

By the way, he has been that day in a book shop in New Haven (he is a publisher, you know) and looking over some rare books found a copy of the Black Angel, which has risen in price from \$2.00 to \$2.50 and is listed as a collectors item now. He didn't tell the bookshop man he knew me, but asked about my work, and got such a glowing account. I was awfully pleased to hear it.

Friday and Saturday night Delos had his stag parties. After the Ringling Brothers party they were taken to see a rehearsal of the circus. Delos said he longed for me; the barback riders in street clothes and so on. The Sun party Saturday night at Luchows was fun too.

Sunday, the baby was able to leave, so we went with the Sterns and Mrs. Fiske to New Haven. Emma furnished the lunch except for some of the peanut butter cookies, which I put in. She had roasted a whole chicken. We ate on the sands of Long Island Sound and stretched out in the sun for a while afterwards; then drove on to New Haven. Emma had to interview a professor there and while she did it the rest of us wandered over the Yale campus. It is beautiful - so much nicer than Harvard. I thought of Genie and wished he could go there. I am sure he would like it. On the way home we stopped for supper in a Diner, and talked and talked. We enjoy them, ever so much. Anne went with us too; Barbara has gone to Alabama for Easter.

All this week we have stayed close home and I have devoted my days to getting the baby well. Of course the book has gone glimmering. It has been a pleasure, though, to be with the baby constantly. Lena is very good with her ~~xxx~~ but I was so worried about the cold I wanted to have charge of things myself and have sun lamped her and fed her and given her rubs and medicine and so on. She is such a healthy little thing; if we can only get rid of this weakness about colds; we just have to, that's all.

I haven't made any engagements for the Easter weekend because both of us wanted to make sure that Merian was going to be well before we planned either to have company or to leave her. I have told Lina she may have Marguerite out and hope that the dog of a husband will let her come. I do enjoy having a real maid in the house; I just can't get used to being waited on; and have gained several pounds. I must watch out, not to gain too much.

Oh, yesterday after noon, Marion Slater Leonard, Gammi Phi, and a friend came in to call. They telephoned that they were coming and I gave them tea-by-the-fire, and we had a pleasant time. After the Minnesota Club, mother, she bought the Charming Sally. She said they read it aloud and all loved it, especially Dr. Leonard. When I return the call I am going in the evening, with Delos. He

liked Dr. Leonard when we met before, and perhaps they will develop into people we can enjoy being with. She is intelligent, and has quite a nice sense of humor, although she always seemed to me a little too sweet. Her friend is an ardent Episcopalian, and told me what Episcopal Church here we would enjoy most. An old historic one. I had heard of it before but didn't know just where it was. Perhaps we will go there for Easter, and in any event that is where I will start the baby in Sunday School if we stay on in Pelham or New Rochelle.

Delossy is well and busy as can be. He is collaborating on an other book and has still another project for some radio continuity. I have been unable to do one thing on my book, but am praying that the baby will be well enough next week so that I can go back to it. Dick wants it awfully, which is a compliment in these times, as he is simply refusing to publish most books until times get better. But my public, although small, is certainly loyal, and he feels sure there will be a good market for this one whenever I can get it written.

Emma is struggling along through hers; her discouragements cheer me up, and mine help her.

Must stop writing now, if you are to have this for Easter. I sent some little Easter things, hope they arrive safely. Merian is thrilled over the box from Auntie Helen. She had a flock of Easter cards yesterday and they just saved the day. One from Tommie Lundquist, which she specially enjoyed. And one from Miss Jessie on her travels.

Oh I mustnt forget to tell you either that Katie's teaset came back into sight and she has entertained all her animals at tea parties at least once a day ever since she has been sick. I decline my invitations as her refreshments are codliver oil. She passes it politely (imaginary doses, of course) to all her guests in turn.

Happy Easter, all of you. Be sure to have a good happy day, and so will we. We are so glad, spring is here, and it's really here, in Pelham. Daffodils, crocuses and blue squill in bloom - some in our own yard.

As ever,

10-25-33
My birthday.

Dearests,-

I know that you're all thinking of me, and I am certainly thinking of you, and of what fun we had last year. Delossy arriving by plane to celebrate my birthday with strawberry shortcake.

today
Here we have a rainy and cool but still springlike day, and there are some tempting looking parcels to be opened tonight at dinner. Wish you were all here to help.

Some cards came from Helen this afternoon from Rochester. The trip there must have been fun. I have been thinking about daddie and his traveling and wishing that I could share some of it, or at least hear the yarns he has to tell when he gets home at the end of the week.

Lena came back from her day off last Thursday just dissolved in tears again, and last Sunday (which I gave her off) it was the same. The postponed move to the country is being made at last, and that means that Marguerite will be pretty far away from her and her husband, near the sister who is the cause of all the trouble. You can imagine how sorry Delos and I feel for her, but in spite of that I should have to ask her to go if it weren't for the fact that she has decided to go, of her own accord. She thinks it would be better for her to live in Philadelphia, in the same jurisdiction as her husband, and nearer Marguerite. I think so, too, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ since it is what she wants to do. Delos and I have made several plans for her, but she didnt care to follow them, and you simply have to let people settle their own problems. My writing is just at a standstill, both because I am so sorry for her and because I am upset about her leaving. Selecting and breaking in a new maid, with the baby so slow to get acquainted, is quite a chore. Lena hates to leave us, and no date is set yet for her going, but she might as well go and get it over with. It's such a pity, for she likes us, and we like her. Although when she is feeling so awfully distraught, I dont very well like leaving Merian with her. Yesterday she was crying and Merian went up to her so anxiously and said, "Do you know I had cocoa for supper last night, Lena? Wasn't that exciting?" Trying to cheer her up.

Friday I went into town and spent an hour or so with Bert at the hospital. Mary is still very seriously ill and ~~very~~ wildly delirious and Bert pretty worn out. I went from the hospital to the Princeton Club and had dinner with Delos and Eddie De Long. Then we joined Eileen Creelman and her party at the circus. The circus was simply grand. Do go when it comes to Minneapolis. I enjoyed it so much although I wished for my nephew. I brought my program home for Merian and how she babbles on about the elephants, lions, tigers and hippopotamuses.

Saturday night we went to the movies and to bed early. Bartnetts called up, but for some bridge, but we were awlready gone and just as glad. Sunday was a beautiful beautiful day. So was Saturday, for that matter. And both morning and afternoon Delos and I had Merian out for long walks.

She is all well again, and very tanned and rosy from the sun lamp. Also she has regained the pounds she lost during her sickness.

In the afternoon walk we called on Sterns, the first time we have taken her calling, and she certainly covered herself with glory.

You remember, mother and daddie, their beautiful lawn and garden. Well, the garden is just in its glory. It looks like a magazine cover. The baby was enchanted with it, and began to call all the flowers by name - Forsythia, daffodile, tulips, pansies and so on - to the Sterns' astonishment. Roy picked her a bouquet of pansies and when she took them she said, "Thanks you." She began to examine them and at last she looked up at him and said, "Doesnt this look like my daddie's mustache?" And began to laugh. The markings on one of the pansies did look like a mustache. She was thrilled to pieces with their dog, Dixie, and his kennel. She saw Dixie before Mrs. Stern joined us, and began at once to tell her all about it. She said, "I saw his little kennel, and the dish that he eats out of, and there's a little - vase * that he drinks out of." She told her about the mustache on the pansy too. I asked her to recite the poem she knew about pansies, and she said:

"Raining, raining,
All day long ---"

Then she broke off to say, "That's the way it begins." But she didnt care to go on. When she left she said "Thank you again for the pansies. They asked her if she would come again, and she said "I will." Then she said "she thanked the little girl (Anne) for showing her Dixie." We had told her to say thank you for the flowers but the last was her own idea.

After we got home, the phone rang and it was the Sterns and they wanted to know if we knew how remarkable she was. They said they couldnt stop talking about her. She did show off with a vengeance, just talked and talked as though she were here at home. Of course they are unusually sw et with children. And then I think that the garden and Dixie excited her.

She has lots better manners than when you were here. She said No mother and yes daddie, and not just no and yes. ~~xxxxxxx~~ And is awfully good about Please and thank you. She hates to be left out of the conversation, and will say, "Please mother, please daddie, talk with me." I said today, "Well then, what shall we talk about?" She plumped her self down and said conversationally. "The weather." I said, "Well, I think it's getting quite like summer, don't you, Merian?" And she said, "No, I think the winter is here."

She looks so sweet in her new summer clothes. The winter dresses were all too small and so shabby. Last night she wore your Easter dress, mother, and looked just adorable. She says a mill on cut things a day. I cant even begin to remember them, and couldnt take the time to write them if I did. Today she was playing she was Delos and said, "Well tonight I am going to bring Merian home some animal crackers. I think she's plenty old enough for animal crackers."

Enough about the child. There's not much else to write about though. I go to my desk each day but the book is progressing slowly and not at all since this upset about Lena. We havent been going out much on account of Delos's new writing job. I told you, didnt I, that he was collaborating on another book? I am half way planning to entertain a bunch of people Friday night. But am holding off asking them to see whether Lena will still be here.

had well come
Had a short letter from mother, with the news of Mr.

-3-
Strogthers's death. We had already had the clippings from dad. I am anxious to know who will go in in his place, but ~~really~~ dont think the mill will suffer from his death at all. It ran along so well when he was away from it; better than when he was there.

Must go to wake the child now. I'll soon be able to get some good snapshots of her in the new dresses, out of doors; summer is coming so fast.

Best love to each and every one of you. Especially to mother and dad on account of their bringing me into the world, which I've enjoyed.

I am enjoying seeing spring come. And our little park is a perfect power. All the fruit trees in bloom, and daffodils and crocuses sown through the grass. Our own little yard is looking pretty too and yesterday afternoon I even sat out on the porch.

What do you think about inflation? And Roosevelt's policies in general? These are exciting times we're living in, say I.

Love and hugs, all round, darlings. How I wish that for a birthday present, I could transport you all here. As ever (for 41 years) your

Maud

April 28

Wednesday.

Darlings, -

Just a minute before I start ~~to~~ writing to tell you about my birthday and also to tell you that Mary died last night - on my birthday. Earle Balch called us. We are really glad, as I know you will be, that it is over. The doctors didn't hold out any hope, and her illness was so very hard on Bert who was looking terribly when I saw her last. Even if Mary could have recovered, she ran the risk of having another awful ~~illness~~ ~~like~~ like this at any moment. I am going in town today as Earle said Bert wanted to see me. She is taking the body back to Circleville tonight, and I am quite sure Nell will be going with her. I know you will want to write Bert, and the N.Y. address is 325 East 79th Street.

I did have a very happy birthday. Delossy came home early laden with presents. And to my amazement, when Lena brought in the dessert, there was a birthday cake, which she had made when I was out walking with Merian. It was such fun. I opened all your presents, and Delossy's, along with my cake, and the baby was so excited. She thought it was her birthday too. She immediately draped Helen and Frank's towels (they are so pretty and how I need them!) up in front of her for bibs. She claimed the pretty dress hangers as her own and untied them and shouted out all the colors. And the bracelets of course went right on her little fat arm. I took them away from her at the first strategic moment, however, as they are too pretty to run any risk of her breaking. They are really lovely and, as you say, go with everything. They will be particularly pretty with my spring outfit of orange and brown, as the orange is just the right shade. Thank you all, darlings, so much for everything.

Delos gave me, among other things, the Oxford Verse of English Verse and of course the baby thinks that was bought for her especial benefit. The opening verse is Chaucer's Loud sing Cuckoo, and Delos read it aloud and ever since she has been begging me to read it. This morning I read her Wordsworth's poem about the Daffodils and she listened wide eyed and when I finished she said, "But what about the crocuses?"

This morning when she was on the pottie I heard her chanting: Just exactly as I am writing it: (*so dramatically*) -

Love is in the green wood, dawn is in the skies,
And Marion is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Alfred Noyes Robin Hood. And so appropriate to the pottie!

That poem is in her own Silver Pennies book and of course she has heard it many times.

Lena had a letter from her husband this morning, and he doesn't want her to come to Philadelphia but wants her to stay in New York. And she has decided that, for the present at least, she will do so. So I'll let her stay on with me. In the first place I haven't the heart to let her go, if she wants to stay. And in the second place it is a choice of evils. Breaking in a new maid is as hard, or harder, as working my writing in with Lena here. She is very good when she isn't upset and feeling bad, and probably four days out of six she is alright. So I told her she could stay for the present.

Speaking of work reminds me that I must get at it straightaway .
I wont go into town until after lunch.

Since Lena is staying I think I'll have my party Friday
night - that is, if I can get my people at this late date.

Thank you all again, darlings, so much for the beautiful boxes.
I loved and needed everything, and do appreciate them so much.

It was fun to have a cake. I never dreamed of such thing with
mother not here. It was a two layer chocolate cake covered with thick icing.

Love, hugs and thanks. And so to work.

Devotedly.

Mae

April 11
Mother darling,-

Just a note to tell you how sorry I am about your dreadful hives. You must have been frightened to death. I am so glad they are getting better and hope that you wont have to stay off strawberries too long.

Daddie's trip sounded really lovely. Too bad you couldnt have been along. I would like to go riding around myself this lovely spring weather. But the book is going well at last so I have no complaint.

Luscious is the only word that describes our baby. She is so fat and roly poly and tanned and cute. Tell Helen that the Rochester postcard made a great hit because it was a picture of a library and she thought it was where I went every day to work.

Yesterday I heard her telephoning you. She said, "Stella, come back this way and make us another birthday, with two candles on it. You can let me play with your bracelets when I sit on the stoolie."

Best love, in haste, as I must get to work. And do take good care of yourself, darling.

Love and hugs.

Maeed.

May 3rd
Wednesday Morning.

Darlings,-

Many changes around this house. Lena got a wine from her husband, who may have repented of his sins - let's hope so! - telling her to come to Philadelphia. Of course we were happy for her, in spite of the hole it put us in, and drank to her ~~xxxxxxx~~ future in Delossy's wine. Then I hied me down to the Agency to get another girl.

Mother remembers how harrowing the business of picking out a new maid is - when it involves the care of the baby - and I went with a bursting headache. But I found a girl whom I think we are going to like. She is German too but has been in this country longer than Hanni and Lena - six years. She is only 23 but large and very mature looking. Gentle, placid and blonde. She has the awful name of Anita Lillienthal. Let's hope that she proves to be good. I'll tell you more about her after she comes, if she stays.

Lena hates to leave us and has been doing up every scrap of my mending and everything else she could find to do that would ~~ixp~~ help me. It is just pathetic though to see how pleased she is that her husband sent for her. She went out for a wave and a haircut and began to furnish up her clothes. I do hope he is really making a new star and that she will be happy.

She goes, and Anite comes, on Thursday. Anita is another so-called plain cook, by the way. Can't bake. So I have all that to teach her.

As for the rest of us, we are all fine. Delos has been to the oculist and is now properly fitted to glasses which he must wear all the time. He took Saturday off for that purpose. It was a beautiful day; it is really summer here now; we are living on the porch and all the flowering trees are making Pelham so beautiful. We are enjoying the reward of our winters coal shoveling. We had such fun with Merian all day Saturday and in the evening went over to Bartnetts for bridge and a pleasant time. They are still almost beside themselves with Buster, who is practically committing suicide by taking no care of his health.

Sunday was another golden day and we luxuriated in our porch and lawn. We took the baby for a long streetcar ride into Pelham Manor. When the car began to move, she began to shout in ecstasy, "See the trees going by. See the houses going by!" She simply adored it.

She talks so much and in such a grownup way. Yesterday I heard her saying to Lena, "How my father and mother wish they could take me to the circus!" She went on to explain that we would take her when she was older.

The corner behind the big chair is Minnesota and she takes the little paper ~~stack~~ her animal crackers come in and goes in there to see you. She emerges full of news of all of you and usually brings Bobbie back to stay with us.

I just cant tell you how much she talks. She says everything, and ~~xxxxxxx~~ uses the longest words correctly.

Tonight Newsoms are coming over for dinner, and we are going to

one of Mum's men

put ~~one~~ one of Merians pretty new dresses. I have bought her a flock of them, and she is so sweet in them. Lena is cooking us a good chicken dinner and making mother's delicious lemon pudding.

Sterns invited us to a dinner bridge on Friday of this week but we had to ~~turn~~ it down as Tommie (Edward Tomlinson) is giving a lecture at the Barbizon Plaza, invitational and for his friends, followed by a party. We had already accepted. Sterns entertain such a lot, and have invited us to another dinner a week from Saturday.

If the new maid proves at all good, I must entertain them and the Pratts next week.

There is some news about the book but I won't stop to tell it now ~~and~~ I'm writing this in working time and want to get it off to you.

Mother dear, Our minds were certainly running in the same channel for I have been thinking and thinking about our books too. I am really homesick for them. I suppose it is too late to do anything about them this season, since Frank has rented the house with them in, but when these tenants leave, unless I can come to Minnesota at that time, we'll have them packed and shipped here. What I would like to do is to look them over, and leave the junk there. There is lots of junk on those shelves and lots more junk among the books we have sent back to you folks for storage from time to time. We could leave enough junk to make a showing, and bring the valuable books here.

If you folks happen to be going out for a picnic, any time before the tenants move in, and want to snatch out some of the most valuable volumes and put in their place some of our cheap novels that you have on your shelves, we'd appreciate it awfully. The books that we value most are the sets - Dickens, Thackeray, Stevenson, Dumas, Balzac, Geo. Eliot, etc. The volumes of poetry, Golden Treasury, Lanier, Herrick, etc. And some of the large expensive travel books. It makes me worry just to think about them. Please Frank - if you haven't already, but I know you have - give the tenants a talking to about them. None to be loaned etc. etc. And thanks ever so much.

as soon as possible can

I can't help thinking that some lecture date will pop up which will take me out to Minnesota this spring or fall. Of course, if one doesn't I will come anyway. I asked Nannine, long ago, to handle the lectures, mother. She doesn't care to do it, as it isn't in her line. But most of those invitations come direct to me anyway, and I'll certainly accept the first one that brings me out your way.

I do hope the old hives are better, lots better. And that daddie is back from his long trip all safe and well.

I know all of you felt badly about Mary. So did we. But having watched the progress of her illness, and seen her suffering and all that we had a feeling of relief when she finally passed away, which I suppose - at that distance - you couldn't share. Bert got back yesterday, and as soon as I feel safe in leaving the baby with the new maid, I'll get in to see her.

Another letter soon; and we are contemplating a special letter to Frank about the house shortly. Meanwhile, we do thank him again for renting it for us.

Love, hugs and kisses to each separate one of you.

M and D by Maud.

Tuesday.

Darlings,-

Well, now daddie is at home, and I can imagine that he and mother are thoroughly enjoying 905. I suppose you are having lovely spring weather, as we are. It does continue cold here, but is so pretty. All the fruit trees and the lilacs in bloom and the gardens at the very peak of their spring glory. I am so sorry that daddie and mother weren't here at a season when the town and our house showed off to advantage.

~~xxxx~~ The new girl, Anita, is pretty well worked in by now. And I believe that she is going to do pretty well. She is young and pretty, in a somewhat placid fashion, very very good with the baby who took to her instantly and doesn't mind being left with her or going off with her alone in the carriage. She dresses and feeds the baby, cooks for her, and leaves me perfectly free for my writing. She is industrious and good at the housework too but no cook. She told me she could complain cooking but as a matter of fact I think she is bluffing even about that. Perhaps she could boil potatoes and fry pork chops but that would be the end of it. However, she learns quickly. She is as quick as lightning, and every meal I teach her how to make something new. Yesterday we made mother's chocolate cake, which is so easy and so delicious. We would get along faster if she would stop bluffing and admit that she can't cook but perhaps she is afraid I would let her go. She won't admit a thing ~~and~~ until the actual moment comes to start to make something, scalloped potatoes or something, and then says that perhaps I had better show her after all. Isn't it amusing! As you do learn things about human nature, having maids.

Forget just what day we wrote, but Anita came Thursday. Friday Eight after dinner we went in to Tommie's lecture at the Barbizon Plaza. Sat with the Newings and enjoyed both them and lecture. Afterwards Tommie gave a cocktail party to a select few in his apartment and we had a mildly amusing time. *Quelai* *Leur* *was* *the* *2* *th* *in* *1961*

We had a quiet weekend. Today I am going into town to the Woman Pays Club. It's a year ago this month since I attended a meeting. Tomorrow night we are having the Pratts and perhaps the Sterns to dinner. Cornelia Andrews called us and wanted us in to tea last Sunday but Delos didn't want to miss one of these wonderful spring Sundays in the country so I turned her down and we made a tentative date for Friday night of this week. If it goes through they are going to have Caroline and Ed Andrews there too. I would so love to meet them both. Mme. Parker has been ill all winter; and she is such a dear. Cornelia is returning to Mankato in June but hopes to come back to New York next winter. Well, Saturday night we go to our dinner party at Sterns and that's the week.

I was so sorry to hear about Mr. McConnell's death. I wrote to Mrs. McConnell, who is a perfect dear, I think.

I suppose Frank is out on his trip this week. We had a nice letter from him with a check for the first installment of rent on the house. Am writing to him and Helen today or tomorrow so won't comment now on their various doings.

What is doing with the opera now that Katie is so busy? Is it just a matter of organization work or are they already planning for another production? I am so glad to hear about the new pupils. May

their tribe increase!

Just finished a book which Katie and Froh would adore and they must not fail to read it. One More Spring, by Robert Nathan. It has a musician in it who is perfectly priceless. Now I am reading the serial to the Provincial Lady. This is called The Provincial Lady in London. It is perfectly delightful, but you can see that my reading is light, to say the least.

Merian is well, and so sweet, and so pretty in all her new dresses. How I wish you could see her. I nearly die because you cant. If mother and dad thought she was cute and smart when they were here, what would they think now? They havent seen anything yet.

She uses such big big words. Lately she has taken to saying, "Isn't it ridiculous?" She uses it correctly too. And she makes such long sentences. Here is a typical one. She was playing she was her daddie and she said, a propos of Merian having an accident. "I used to have accidents too when I was a little boy." Then she turned to Anita and said, "The reason I'm saying I used to have accidents too when I was a little boy, is that I'm playing I'm my daddie, and he used to have accidents too when he was a little boy." How was that for a mouthful?

I keep saving up things to tell you and am not sure whether I tell them or not. For example, the other day I started to sing "Spring once said to the nightingale". She came running over and put both arms about my neck and gave me a big hug and cried in the most delighted tone. "I remember that." I said, "Who used to sing it to you?" "Ah" she said, "My mother." I said, "Your mother" And she looked rather ashamed, and said, "Well, it was your mother, and she used to hold me like this when we went out in Grandpa Tom's taxi" and she put her arms as tho she were holding a doll. Wasnt that sweet? And isnt it nice that she remembers her Grandpa Tom after all this time? Another time she wanted me to say her the poem about Stella. I said I didnt know any poem about Stella and she got her blue book and turned over the leaves rapidly and said, "Here it is!" And there was a poem which started out,

Whenever the fire burns red and low,
And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song"...etc.

I thought that was very sweet, for mother did sit beside the fire and sing to her so much.

She isnt a bit musical. She cant carry a tune yet, although she dances (like a baby elephant) to the radio music and makes a new and adorable curtsy that Lina taught her, bowing way down.

Lina, by the way, sent a message to mother, wanted to thank her for teaching her the recipes she did. Lina hated to leave us, and left almost in tears, but I think she did right to go and do hope she will be happy. Hanni came last night to see Merian, by the way. Merian called her by name instantly and was so glad to see her, but hasnt even mentioned her today. She never mentions her any more; I am glad to say.

We are so hoping that Fowlers will drive east to see us this summer, and wish they would put the Fosters in the car.

I must stop now and get to work as I have a little to do before I go into town tho I am to be working mostly at the library today. I am going into town today because it is Tuesday and Mary is here.

and I feel safer about the baby.

Love and love. Hugs and hugs. Hope mother's hives are all well and gone, and that daddie is enjoying his work in the cities.

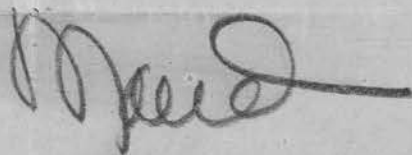
Had a note from Lucy Day but such a short one and have had no news about that child. Only a short note from Larry when she came. Do please write some details about her. Did you see the shawl we sent, and didnt you think it was a beauty?

Oh have been meaning to tell you that Merian isnt nearly so shy as she was. She let Anita feed and dress her and take her out the first day shewas here. Last Wednesday when the Newsoms came for dinner I kept her up to see them. She let them shake her hand and answered all their questions. When I took her up to bed, she said "Goodnight, Sweet Dreams." Then before she was out of their hearing she said to me, "Was I a good girl, mommie? Will daddie be proud?" I assured her that he would be, and she said, "He waen't ashamed of me, was he?" I am glad she isnt so shy because now it wont be hard for her to get quickly acquainted with her aunts and uncles when she comes to Minnesota again.

How is darling Gigi these days? I suppose he is awfully glad that school is nearly over. I remember how I used to rejoice.

Love and hugs to you all, again.

As ever,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Mae".

May 11 1933
Thursday .

Mother darling,-

I looked everywhere for a card which would say "for Grandmother on Mother's Day but couldn't find one, so Merian will just have to put the enclosed snapshots of her in my letter, with her love to her adored Stella. They aren't so good as they should be - dont begin to do her justice. As soon as the weather is warmer, and I can snap her out of doors in her pretty dresses and half hose, then you'll see what a sweet grandchild you've got. Anyhow, she loves you a lot, and so do I, and wish I were in Minnesota with you for the day.

Anita has just gone to town for her afternoon off and Merian is sleeping. Anita is going to work out all right, I think. She and the baby are great chums and have such fun together. She laughs and sings and plays with her while I am working and that makes me very happy. She is neat and clean and a good worker too but no cook. Did I tell you that the other day I asked her to grease a cake tin for me and found her spreading a hard chunk of butter on the tin with a knife and a helpless look on her face. But Delos and I arent fussy eaters and when I have company I'll simply have to cook myself - that's all.

Let's see what we've been doing, besides working hard and enjoying our child. Tuesday night we went to call on Leonards - you remember that they drove us to the Minnesota Club. We rather enjoyed them. And by the way, speaking of the Minnesota Club. A day or two ago here comes a printed invitation to tea out somewhere in New Jersey, hours all afternoon and all evening and the place simply impossible to get to, and the date of the tea the precious Memorial Day Sunday...and the guest of honor, it announced blandly, is Maud Hart Lovelace. Isn't that just like that crazy bunch? Of course I shant go, and will probably make them mad, but did you ever hear of anyone giving a tea for anyone else without consulting them and finding if the date and placere suitable?

Pratt's couldn't come last night, and so I had the Bartnetts over instead - made my usual ham loaf. Buster is back in the hospital and very seriously ill. He would take no care of himself and so is costing them another \$500 or so. And may not pull out either. Both of them are about worn out and it did them good to come and play some bridge and have some fun. Both of them asked most affectionately about you and daddie.

The Stern dinner is changed to ~~xxxxxxx~~ tomorrow night, and so the Andrews party is put off. And Sunday I think we'll have Blanche for dinner. A week from Saturday I am having the Newings and Nan and Tommie, as I guess I told you, and perhaps the Sterns and Pratts.

That's makes me think that you've never sent your instructions about the lace cloth. If I dont hear from you about it in your answer to this, I'll go ahead and have it dry cleaned and sent direct to you.

I was so glad yesterday to have a nice letter from you. I missed getting the usual number last week. How awfully busy Katie is; isn't she? I think it's grand, though and do hope they put it over in a big way. I can imagine that Helen and Frank had fun opening up the lake place. It must seem good to have daddie at home, and I am sorry you haven't got your lace cloth for all the entertaining I'm sure you're doing.

The visit with Woods sounded fun. I was wondering whether I had ever thanked Mrs. Wood for the magazine she sent me - do you remember, the old old one? I'm so afraid I didn't, as it came when I was so hectically busy last year, and yet I'm afraid to write for fear I have already written. If you remember, you might tell me.

I will write to Mrs. Hickey, though I have no recollection of Mr. H at all. Not the faintest. I remember her very well though.

I was so glad to have the news of Gerlanhs. So Dolly has a baby! I wonder if it is another blonde little Gerlanh like she and Midge and Genry used to be.

Our weather continues very cold but still springlike and lovely/ I wish you could see the view from my window as I write, a dozen fruit trees in bloom, and the lilacs all purple. Our kitchen door furnishes a fine view too for the lilacs just over the fence are all in fullbloom and tulips in our own yard - enough to keep our vases full.

Give daddie my dearest love. This is just addressed specially to you because it's mother's day. Love to Fosters and Fowels too.

Be sure to read One More Spring and The Provincial Lady in London. They're grand.

Love, hugs and kisses, and Merian sends here too. Yesterday she was playing she was D elos and said to me, "You know, my little girl is as good as gold." Yes, I think that you can take her visiting when ~~xxxxxxx~~ we come to Minnesota. She is hardly shy at all any more, and even talks to the people who talk to her when we are out walking. I do notice that there is a difference with people. She is shy with some people than others. But to anybody now, she will make the proper responses (although she is careful who she is left alone in the room with.)

Must stop now darling if I am to get this into the mail this afternoon as it's time to wake Merian. Tell daddie he's not doing his duty with letters, and since he's at home I expect a few.

As ever,

Maud.

Merian weighs 35 pounds exactly.

May 16
Tuesday.

Darlings,-

Have finished my morning's writing and am going to town to do a little shopping but first will write a letter to you all to mail while I am there.

We had such a nice letter from mother yesterday, and ~~xxx~~ were so glad to hear about daddie's program. Hope he has the greatest success in the cities, and will find he can do an awful lot of his work at home. We are so tickled about Katie's Opera Technique classes. Hope she makes a fortune at them. Glad the hives haven't come back.

As for us, we are all well and fine. And I have some big news I have been saving to tell you, about the book.

I simply couldn't get it going. I wont go into details. But evidently it was not ordained for me to write that Mankato book at this time. At last I laid it aside and started a search of my papers and note-books for another plot. ~~xxxxx~~ After a few days search I came across a paper with a completely outlined, fresh and delightful plot. At first it was completely unfamiliar to me, but after a little I remembered that Delos had made the plot from a clipping I had cut from an anniversary number of the Fairmont Sentinel. It is a perfectly charming story, and I felt very much drawn to it.

But I wanted terribly for Delos to do it with me. It was his story, and very much up his alley. Just the vigorous, outdoor stuff - a pioneer farm for a background - that he does so well. He was a little troubled, and I was too, by my inability to get a book going, and all in all I persuaded him to collaborate.

I wrote to Dick Walsh - the reason I havent written to you sooner is that I have been waiting for his answer. But he is simply delighted, says the book can be included in my contract as one of the two books I have promised him.

I am ~~just~~ delighted and more than delighted. In the first place, it is going great guns. I expect to have the first installment (it is in six divisions) ready for Delos next Sunday and expect that he will have done his rewriting of it and my final revision by the middle of June. Then we expect to give it to Nannine with an outline of the other five installments and have her start offering it for a serial. We have promised Dick the completed manuscript by ~~xxxxfixxxxx~~ November or December.

I think this will make a serial and perhaps a movie, and if it goes over in a big way, we have two more ideas for collaborated books. The whole affair may eventually bring us back to Minnesota and Delos to free lancing. Of course the world is in an awful state and its now time now to be thinking of giving up a grand job. But just the same this has great potentialities. And we think that each of us will ~~xxxxix~~ try to swing solo books along with the collaborated ones...if this one leads to others.

Isnt it grand?

So much for that. Now as for all our doings. Friday night was the dinner at Sterns - a charming one - I wore the ashes of roses dress. I was tickled by something that happened. During dinner, one of the men

who has a four year old daughter, said he simply had to tell a story about her. And then he told how she had said, in answer ~~xxxx~~ to something or other, "I quite enjoyed it." He thought it had sounded so grown up and cute. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ when he finished the story Delos threw me a look that - wish you could have seen. it spoke volumes.

After we got home, he said, "I thought I would speak up and say ~~will~~ 'Our two year old daughter only puts 27 words into one sentence.' But I thought better of it."

As a matter of fact, I did launch forth with some tiny story about Merian, but Delos interrupted me and said I shouldn't brag about my child. Whereupon Roy interrupted him, and said, "I have never yet heard ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Maud introduce the subject ~~the~~ of children into the conversation, and ~~when~~ I have never heard either you or she tell a story about Merian which gives any idea of how perfectly charming she is." Whereupon he launched into a description of her and we beamed.

She is sweet and gets sweeter every day.

The next day Emma called for me with her car and two children to take me to the florist to fill our window box. (We have filled it with white daisies, purple ~~aggeratum~~ and yellow nasturtiums and it is really very pretty.) Merian was just starting off with Anita but stopped and talked. They said they were going to give her one of Dixie's puppies, and she said, "I will name it Phando; reason why my mamma had a little dog named Phando when she was a little girl; and my daddie will make it a kennel." When we got back with the flowers, she almost lost her mind with delight about them. Tranced around the porch and, after Delos got home, assisted in putting them in.

Saturday night we went in and spent the evening with Bert Allen. She was so pleased with the letters from atie and mother. There was no special news with her. She looks worn out, but that is to be expected. Sunday we had Blanche out for the day. We were so glad we had had her, for she did enjoy it. Pelham is at its very loveliest and she almost lost her mind over the lilacs and flower beds. Anita ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xx~~ baked a chicken and it was good. She is nothing of a cook at all but she can stuff and bake a chicken. I am relieved to know it, for that means I wont mind giving a dinner now and then.

And speaking of dinners-----we have nothing doing all week until Friday, as we are working so hard on the book. But Friday night we are going in to see our Black Angels, Madam Parker, Ed Andrews, Caroline and Cornelia. And Saturday night, as I believe I told you, we are having Nannine and Tommie, the Newings, the Sterns and the Pratts to dinner. I dont know what possessed me to ask so many - I just did, thinking it would be a good idea to pay all my debts at once. Then yesterday Nan phoned Delos and said Alice Williamson had suddenly arrived from London and could they bring her and a boy friend, and Delos said sure." So I am having twelve people for dinner; with dishes and silver for eight; and a cook that cant cook. what do you think of my neeve! How I wish mother were here.

I would have told Alice to come too for I adore her and she makes any party a success. I know in advance we will have a grand time but what and how shall I feed them? I'll keep mother's lace table cloth to tide me over the affair, and feed them at card tables, and that's all I know about it so far.

You asked, mother, what we thought about Roosevelt, and we think he's swell. We take back everything we said about him. He can even kiss his secretaries on the front page of the Times if he will continue to make things happen the way he is doing. I always did like her, although I think she is a nut.

We are terribly amused about Buzz Bainbridge. Do tell us whether he gets elected or not.

I must stop now and hie me to town to buy some big puff cushions, whatever you call them, for the floor, so our guests next Saturday night can at least sit down.

I am full of stories about Merian but mustnt take the time to tell them.

Did I tell you that her favorite new word was difficult. "This is awfully diff-i-cult," she'll say, as she puts her doll into the carriage, or makes a house out of blocks.

Love and hugs, in haste.

Maud

May 24
Wednesday.

Drings,-

Such a lovely fat letter from mother this morning, with clippings about all your doings. So glad to get it. I am much thrilled ~~wixxxxx~~ about the Lawrence Tibbetts luncheon; I love his singing, and I'll bet Katie gave a swell speech (or is giving it today.) Helen's looking so lovely in her new dress, and all the other news was devoured. But what a pity that you didnt see Pat! And how could she have failed to look you all up? Daddie should write us a letter too. We havent had one for ages. Awfully glad to know he is feeling so well and his work going so beautifully. I hope though that he is going to take a long lay-off through the hot weather.

I had an important piece of news about the child that I forgot to put into the last letter. Here it is! At the age of two years and four months, she can, at last, sing a song! She isn't going to be a monobone at ~~any~~ any rate, although I dont think she is especially musical. (Did I tell you that Caroline Andrews little girl, aged 9, cant sing a note? Can't carry a tune? Isnt that a joke? Her father is a musician, too. She wants to be an actress.)

The song Merian sings is a German nurseyy song. Probably Katie knows it. I only get the first line, which goes,

"Hanschen klein,
and then (to give you the swing of it)
Deedle dein,
Deedle deedle deedle dein."

Merian knows all the words; two verses; and she gets the music almost perfectly. Flats just a trifle on the high notes altho she raises her eyebrows and makes a terrific fuss over them.

She not only sings it for us upon request at any time but she sings it whether requested or not, in a loud shout, from morning until night. This moment (although I have been writing on my book and didnt especially care for a concert) she is shouting it from down stairs and has been doing so for the last half hour.

Of course I long for Katie to hear her, although I'm far from thinking she is a musical prodigy.

Sometimes she gets tired of the German words and makes up English ones. They dont make sense, but they unfailingly rhyme. She ~~was~~ sang it in English for Delos and me for about half an hour Sunday night. The words go something like this.

There's a dog,
See a frog,
Daddie, mommie, boodle bog.

Different every time she sings it of course. But it always rhymes. I thought Delos would burst laughing, and the baby stopped indignantly to ask:

"What you laughing for?"

I ^{also} ~~also~~ meant to tell you more than I did about Alice. She is such a character. She is as amusing as ever, and full of naughty stories, which she tells with such an innocent air, as if she had no idea what the point was. She has had her face lifted again since last summer; and something mysterious done to her eyes. ~~They~~ Probably the bag taken out. They look awfully queer. But she is the youngest looking thing for her age you ever saw; Nannine swears she is in her seventies. And she is as thin as a ~~xyth~~ ~~slip~~ and surrounded with men.

Monday I went down to Kleins and bought three dresses for \$5.70. I am only keeping one of them but that is a beauty, a flowered cotton in bright colors. The other two dont fit well. One of them only cost 50c and the other ~~xxix~~ \$1.70. Did you ever hear the like? However, I'm returning them, for theres no sense in taking a bargain if it isnt satisfactory. Delos thinks they are sweat shop labor anyway, and I dont think I'll go there again.

Yesterday I stayed home, worked on ~~xxxxxxx~~ our book in the morning and went out with baby and Anita in the afternoon. To bed early for two nights in a row, which is a treat. Delos needed to get rested out; he is so tired, the poor dear.

Tonight Stella Karn and Mary Margaret are coming out to dinner.

Tomorrow night we are invited to a formal dinner at Eileen Creelman's. I wish mother was here to tell me what to wear. She is the motion picture critic of the Sun, Coop's friend, and in the social register, and I would like to be properly dressed. I think I will wear the black satin, as it is real evening dress, although the ashes of roses or my flowered chiffon are more summery looking for this hot weather.

2A.

Paper tore in the machine. Do excuse. This is page

We aren't doing anything over the weekend or on Memorial Day, unless something turns up which we can't resist. Delos wants to leave. What are your plans? Wish we were with you.

Nannine tells me that Irmengarde isn't at all well. She didn't recover properly from her flu and is even thinner than usual. I have her on my mind and know I ought to have her out.

Pauline is out on the road with Antoine. While she was in Hollywood, Nan arranged for her to meet Marion Davies and Mary Pickford. Wouldn't that be fun? I hope there will be some motion picture stars at Mileens party. She knows them all. But Delos thinks it will be writers, which are no especial treat.

I was interested in Martha's farm. She has owned some land up there for a long time, and I have no doubt the chickens are bona fide, as she probably wants them to keep her brothers busy. I must write to her - and will send her some snapshots of Merian if I ever get some good ones.

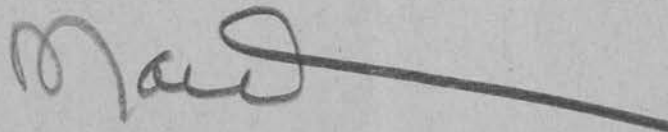
Must stop now and get ready for my dinner party. Anita is a perfect treasure; the baby adores her and will let us go off anywhere at any time, if Anita has her in charge. Besides she is very industrious, keeps the house shining, does all my mending and has a heavenly happy disposition - never gets lonesome or sulks. I don't mind her not being able to cook, and she does cook a little, of course. But when I have company I have to take charge.

Did I tell you I was interviewed by the Westchester Midweek, last Friday? They are using pictures of us both. I will send you the story.

Love and hugs to each one of you. Thank you, mother, for the lovely letter. Daddie, be sure to write to us soon as we are so eager for your news and we miss your letters when they don't come along. Our best love to Fosters and Fowlers too. We are looking for the Fowlers here this summer!

As ever,

M D and M by



May 31, 1933

Wednesday.

Darlings,-

My midweek letter a little late this week, what with the holiday and all.

We were so delighted with mother's Special and the pictures of Katie with Tibbett. They are better than most newspaper pictures, I think; the smiling one, quite good. I am showing them proudly to everyone, and am going to send them to Mme. Parker. ~~Myxxxx~~ I had a real pang of missing Mary Allen when they came; she would have been so much interested in them. Dear Mary!

I am so delighted, Katie darling, about the whole opera project. I think of it so much, and am so interested in every scrap of news about it. I think you are doing a wonderful thing for Minnesota, in putting it over, and I am so anxious to hear a performance. Tibbett's enthusiasm must have given a great impetus.

We are having real summer weather, and everything is so beautiful here. Today, to be sure, it is raining, but that's a mere detail. We have had several very hot days, and I have been worrying about daddie travelling in the heat. Do, daddie dear, take a vacation through the hot weather. Lay off entirely. It is too much to be driving through the excessively hot weather we have sometimes in Minnesota.

Helen's letter was so welcome, and we are so delighted that there is a chance you may visit us this summer. We are making all kinds of plans. Since your vacation date isn't set yet, I suggest that you choose any month but July for the trip. Delos isn't sure but he thinks he will take his vacation in July, and we will probably go away to the beach. We would rather have you with us when we are in our own home, for we could make you so comfortable here, and we could entertain for you and have you meet our friends. So if you could plan the trip for August or September, - or June, it would be perfect. I think that September is an ideal time for a trip; there is no heat, and it is ~~xxxxxxx~~ so beautiful. ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ But, come to think of it, Helen is working in September. Well, either June or August would be fine; and as soon as I know the exact date of Delos's vacation, I'll let you know. He'll only be taking three weeks, so there will be one week in July, either at the beginning or the end, which you would count on if you wanted to.

we will celebrate, if you come!

Today I am mailing back mother's lace spread and the napkins. I am much ashamed to have kept them so long, but I have enjoyed them and thank you so much for them. I am enclosing a check for \$1.00 for dry cleaning the cloth. I notice that one or two threads are torn and imagine that that is a consequence of some of our parties. Please have them mended when it is cleaned, and if the bill is more than the dollar be sure to let me know.

I kept the cloth for my party with Stella Karn and Mary Margaret. They came last Wednesday night, bringing a lovely book for Merian, and we had a very good time with them. Mary Margaret said that Inez Haynes Irwin was as crazy about my work as she was, and went about boosting it.

They ^{and} ~~are~~ Rose Wilder Lane seem determined to push me into glory, and I am so grateful to them. They book they brought ~~a~~ a charming one, Helen may be familiar with it - is the Parade of the States. It has a picture of Minnesota which Merian simply adores. She will ~~be~~ anything if we promise to show it to her. The book is such a nice one that I don't let her have it by herself.

Thursday Anita ~~was out~~ changed her day off so that we could go to Eileen Creelman's dinner. I wore the ashes of roses dress. We had a pleasant time, and I am going to have her out here with Earle Balch, one of the few eligible single men I know. She is extremely pretty. Her other guests included people from Larchmont, the woman a former actress whom I had seen, by the way, with Glen Hunter in Merton of the Movies. They drove us home. They have two children, one of whom is just Merian's age, and we are going to get the children together.

Friday Anita was out and I had charge of the child. Saturday and Sunday were quiet. Delos put on screens and worked around the house, and we went to see the three Barrymores in Rasputin and the Empress. A very poor picture, melodramatic and hideous.

Monday I finished getting the first section of the book ready for Delos, a second time, and gave it to him Memorial Day.

In the morning, Memorial Day we took Merian over to see the local parade. She almost exploded. Was very good and had a lovely time but got overexcited for she cried when she got home and couldn't eat her lunch. She kept saying, "I am too tired for that band." Poor little tike. It makes me realize that we can't take her to the circus for several years yet. After her nap she was rested and very sweet all afternoon.

We have bought her a sandbox. Macys just delivered it. And I am going to have some children over to play in it with her.

I must stop writing now and get mother's package off. I have been working on the book all morning and am tired typing. I forgot to say, on Memorial Day, that Delos worked on the book all afternoon and his copy is swell. I think the book is going to be a peach. In the evening Sterns came over to play bridge.

Pat and Bryan Collier have a baby boy, Bryan Jr. I am going in to the hospital to see the baby soon.

Buster, the Bartnett boy, is still in the hospital. They have been having specialists for him. He can never work, and must always be an invalid. It seems awfully hard for a boy of 22; and hard on his parents too since he is so unmanageable.

I must stop now, dears. So much love to each and every one of you. I have been thinking of Gigi and wondering if his school wasn't nearly over and if he wasn't pleased.

Today Merian is demanding, in spite of the rain, to be taken up to Main Street to see the parade. She seems to think it is still going on up there.

Love and hugs, as ever.

Maud.

[ca. June 1933]

Home,
Thursday.

Daddie darling,-

Just a little special letter for Father's Day. Delos and I wish we could be in Minneapolis to celebrate the own particular day of the dearest and best father that ever was.

It is a source of pain to us that you have had to have so much worry and anxiety at a time when your years of hard work and unselfish care of other people entitled you to complete freedom. It's all wrong that it should be so.

But you have certainly given your children a new cause to admire you in the way you have shown the world how to beat a "depression." We are so proud of you and of the good job.

Only we dont want ~~xxxxx~~ you to work too hard. Do take things easy, dear, particularly through these summer months, for it is the philosophy you have always preached that money doesnt matter - only loving one another and enjoying life as it goes along. And don't worry about anything, for times are certainly getting better each day. "verybody says so here.

We are looking forward to the Fowlers coming next week. We only wish that the Fosters and mother and daddie were tucked away somewhere in the car. But it will be grand to have Helen and Frank and to show them our baby who gets sweeter all the time. You will nearly eat her up when I bring her back --- next winter or spring, I expect that will be, if the lecture tour goes through.

You and mother will miss Helen and Frank next Sunday, I know. But the five of you there will be having a good time and thinking of us as we of you. Dearest love, daddie dear; lots to mother, too.

From Maud, Delos and Merian, by

Maud

June 2

Friday.

Darlings,-

Such a nice letter from mother, which I'll answer before I start to work. Gosh, all the news about the opera sounds exciting. I wish I was there to help talk. I wish too I was there to go riding to Detroit Lakes with daddie, if he would take me. Wouldn't a ride thru Minnesota be heavenly this weather!

Irmengarde and Chester Paul are coming out today. I am so glad for I have intended to have them for ever so long. I am sorry that it happens to be a very cool day. We could have so much more fun if it was warm enough to eat on the porch. But I know they will enjoy the country even in cool weather, and Merian wears half hose and sandals and no sweaters every day now, and therefore looks her best.

A quiet week. Two long nights sleep in a row, and the book going well.

The jokes I accumulate from Merian in one day. Yesterday when I emerged from my writing she said to me, "How did the book go?" She is beginning to play with other children in the park, and is very slow to get acquainted--- as you might know. You wouldn't call her timid, she has lots of spirit---she just likes to take her time about getting acquainted. Yesterday when we started out, she said: "I don't want to play with any little playmates in the park." I said reprovingly, "Why, Merian, don't you like your little playmates." She answered, "I like puppies and kitties better than I do my little playmates."

We are setting up the sandbox today. (It has rained every day since it came.) And I am going to have children to play in it with her several days a week until she gets acquainted. *used to have*

Her favorite story is one Delos tells her about me writing up in a tree. When we are out walking and she sees a tree she likes, she will stop and say, "Is that the tree you wrote in when you were a little girl?" When she wants a story she will climb up on my lap and say, "Tell me about my home at Minntonka." Or, "Tell me about how we are going on the train to see Grandpa Tom and Grandma Stella."

Speaking of our coming, (as regards the world fair and rates and all), we simply can't afford it this summer, mother dear. And even if we could, there is the ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ matter of our book. For our vacation we are planning to go to the beach---get a bungalow and take Anita to do the work---and while we are there we will break the back of the book. It won't be any rest for Delos, but it will be a change, and he can swim every day. Then when rowlers come, I will take a rest from the book and be frivolous and we will all have a grand time. Dick wants the book for the spring list, which means it must be in his hands by November, or December at the latest. And that means work every minute until it is done. You see we are moving in October, which will cause me to lose several weeks.

But after the book is done we will hope ~~xxxx~~ for a Minnesota visit soon. I feel sure some clubs will be writing to me, as they did last year. And even if they don't, there is the chance that the book will make us a lot of money. I feel quite hopeful that it will sell

as a serial. The work Delos did on the first installment was perfectly swell. We have two more books planned which we would like to do together---Minnesota setting, both of them---so if this new venture goes over, we will have to be coming back to do research and all. Wont that be ~~xxxxxx~~ fun? By the way, it is no secret about us collaborating. You can tell folks all you want to. I think it will help the sale of the book, as there is bound to be great interest in a tale we do together.

Dont you think that daddie will have to be coming on here (and bring mother with him) to see his house? I do, and how we will love it. We are looking forward awfully to Rowlers visit. We will have to get the Fosters next. I really think Katie will have to come to consult with someone about opera.

I must stop now and get to work. It will be a short day anyway, with Armengarde coming.

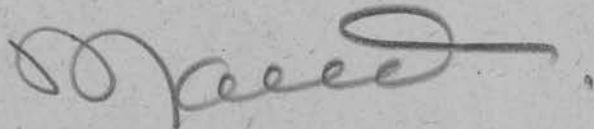
I am planning to get some pictures very soon. The weath r has been bad; but the kodak is all loaded.

Love and hugs to each and every one of you. We do love you sud a lot. Certainly Delos loves you, mother, but with this book on his hands he certainly is busy. e has been doing Lem Partons columnx too and soon starts doing Dan Andersons weekly feature. He is to have a day added to his vacation for every time he does it.

You asked about my head. It is entirely healed. There is a sunken bright red spot about the size of a dime which will never have hair on it again. But all the hair which was kept shaved while the burn was being treated is growing out now and helps a lot. I havent risked a wave yet, but I wash my hair faithfully every five or six days and keep it very fluffy, so it looks quite nice.

I am feeling well, and am very happy. I am so happy about our book. Delos is thrilled with it too, and Merian is perfectly well now that summer is here, and so sweet. She swallows, too. There has been no trouble about her eating since she started to play out doors. She eats like a wolf. She is quite well behaved, but not a model child, by any means. She is a little bundle of mischief, and has so much pep and spirit. Nobody is going to tread on her toes, I can promise you that. She is old enough and big enough and advanced enough to start to school right now, but of course they wouldnt take her yet. It is actually true that she is old enough to go though. She is very much advanced for her age.

Well, I s impy must stop. So much love, dears.



One little girl that she didnt like tried to play with her in the park and she said loudly (loudly enough so the mother could hear) "Go away, little fat baby. I dont like you, little fat baby. Cant you see I'm busy?" She seems to like little boys better than little girls. But now and then she will accept a little girl too.

June 3.

Dear Dad and Stella;

It now appears that your sole female grandchild is more social than we had thought her, Yesterday Irmengarde Eberle brought young Paul out and the two got along splendidly. This was in direct contrast to the relations which developed when we put Merian in with three or four children in the park earlier this week. Then she announced she was "too busy" to play with any of them, and that besides she was only a "little child" and ought to be permitted to go it alone. She was firm, too. Nothing we could do changed her position, and eventually she was taken home in some small disgrace. On another day Maud called her attention to a nice fat baby they were passing whereupon she announced in a voice loud enough to be heard by the other mother that she didn't like the nice fat baby. With Chester Paul, or Paul as he is singly called nowadays, there was a different spirit. Paul lifted her up---four and a half hoisting two and four months, and that broke the ice magnificently. Merian waked up this morning asking if that boy was coming again, and when, and Paul last night went away asking when he might come again. In fact, I am told by Maud that he had no more than got into the house when he announced that he proposed to come again. He is an agreeable boy, and sturdy, and not more boisterous than he ought to be. I rather pity him, but also I do like him, from the single impression I got yesterday/

Tell Eugene that Merian can also take it. Yesterday she had her first sizeable tumble. Her feet were too slow for her body and she ploughed face forward on the gravel path in the park. Anita was with her at the time, and the two came home in a solemn mood. Merian's face was all bloody, and investigation developed that her nose was scratched, her lip was swollen triple size, and her chin and mouth noticeably abraded. She had got all over her tears, however, long before reaching the house, and they started up again only when the accident was announced to Maud. Maud is full of pride over her own reaction to the event. She was, she says, as calm as a cucumber, and had hot water and--of all things--iodine ready in a jiffy. It was after Maud began to spread the iodine on that the loudest wails rose up. And no wonder. Mercurchrome, however, was not enough, Maud held, having remembered that a few months ago I told her mercurchrome or however you spell the blasted word, had been found to nourish malignant cultures.

Well! It's all serene at the house now. The scratches are still evident, and the lip is a bit thick, but the mood of the sufferer is blithe once more, and I think she will go more cautiously along the gravel paths.

Odd! As long as I write about your grandchild, I seem to have plenty to put down, but when I consider turning to other subjects I am inclined to end the letter. Let me see. What have I to report? A new suit--lightish grey, and badly fitting according to Maud. No new hat or new shoes. No new car. We turned down a good offer of one, second hand. Earl Newsome said he'd take a hundred for his old Chrysler, having bought a Cadillac, the nervy out-of-a-job son-of-a-gun; but it was an open car so Maud said no. I am going on my vacation in July, beginning the day after the fourth and continuing for the balance of that week and two more. We intend to be very modest in our vacation program, but we hope for a little while at some beach.

Bought the baby a sand-box and this afternoon I am hurrying home to put it together. Last night, while Irmengarde and Paul were around I got the job almost done, but the canopy still remains to be tacked into place.

Love to you all from all of us;

Delos.

June 6 1933
Tuesday.

Darlings,-

To say that we are thrilled and delighted that the Fowlers are really coming, is putting it mildly. We are so happy, and the time is so near. Two weeks from today they'll be arriving.

Which reminds me of your question - whether it would suit us best to have you come directly to New York, or go to Cincinnati first. ~~xxxxxxx~~ It would fit in a little better with our plans to have you come direct, and according to my figures that brings you here about the 20th.

Merian has been informed and manifests due enthusiasm. And as for Delos and me, we are full of plans. Only just as I begin to plan I realize that if we don't stay right here at home in the back yard by the sandbox, a good share of the time, you won't get to know Merian at all. And I do want her to have time to get used to you. So I don't think I'll date us up very much.

^{do}
I think it would be fun to make a Sunday excursion to Jones's Beach, on the ocean side of Long Island, and have some real surf bathing. And of course I want you to meet some of our friends.

The day I wrote you last, I was just ready for Irmengarde. And before I mailed my letter to you, Anita came in with the baby, with her little face all bleeding. She had fallen in the park - Delos said he wrote you about it. Her nose was cut and bruised, her cheek scratched, and her lip cut in two places so that by the time Irmengarde arrived it was swollen to three times its natural size. It would have been funny if it hadn't been so hard for the little tunky, as we had planned to have her looking so cute for company, her best dress freshly ironed and so on, and of course Irmengarde has no more idea now what she looks like than the man in the moon. She was very subdued all afternoon, too, but got on very well with Chester Paul. She would even let him pick her up and lug her around, and every time he picked a weed or wild flower for her, she said, "Thanks you."

Far from acting like she did today, when she said to me, "I shout; I yell and scream. I speak in a tone" meaning a loud tone, I suppose, something I am always scolding her about. The other day she said to me, when she did something naughty, "I'm looking you straight in the eye." And then did it again.

She is a handful, but so sweet. And at last she is looking almost human again. Hope she doesn't take another tumble before Fowlers arrive.

Chester Paul has improved a great deal since I saw him last. He has been going to school and it sort of ironed him out. He is a very handsome boy and full of individuality. Irmengarde looks sick, but is a gentle sweet person; I'm quite fond of her.

We had a very quiet weekend as Delos was working on the book. (It's going swell, by the way.) Yesterday, Monday, he phoned me that Stephen Rathbun, ~~xxx~~ one of the dramatic critics on the Sun, had

-2-

two tickets to the Players Club all-star revival of Uncle Tom's Cabin and wanted to take me. ~~xxxx~~ I had been wanting to go, but it is a complete sell-out.

Of course I was delighted and although it was blazing hot went into town and met Delos at the Princeton Club. When we went to dinner at the Kirby Allen and had ~~xxx~~ a nice visit with Bert who has taken a house at Westport, Conn. for the summer and wants us to bring Helen and Frank out there. After dinner Delos took me to the theatre to meet Stevie and then went to a movie, we meeting him later at the 11.53.

The play was beautifully acted, and everything was in it. The bloodhounds, Eliza crossing the ice, Little Eva going to heaven, Topsy and all the rest of it. I had a heavenly time seeing it. Otis Skinner played Uncle Tom, and every player was a star. Cissie Loftus played Aunt Chloe. Fay Bainter was Topsy, etc.

We are doing very little this week, as we cant do much if Delos gets in any time on the book. The weather is warm, and he comes home to lie out in the back yard in the beach chair and get to bed early. We have invested in a sandbox, and it is the best investment we ever made. Merian is contented to play out there from morning to night, although of course we cant let her do it, as she needs the exercise of walking. She makes lemon pies for her daddie, by the dozen.

I wonder if you are having warm weather too, and hope daddie isnt travelling. I am about due to have another letter with budget of news from mother. I hope you are all well, and Katie not having too hectic a time with her June program.

Did you get the face cloths safely, mother? I mailed it the day I wrote you.

Lots of love, dears, to you all. Hugs and kisses. We'll take lots of snapshots while the Fowlers are here and keep you all informed as to our doings. Wish the Fosters were coming too.

I wouldlove to see Eugene. I imagine he has grown up an appalling lot since I was there, a year ago. One of these summers He'll have to be coming to see us, and have some salt water swimming.

Well, here's to the 20th.

Ever and ever,

Maud

Thursday.

Darlings,-

You dont mind if I write on King Kong ^{paper.} I want to get at least a short letter off to you, so that Anita can mail it ~~xxx~~ in town.

We are having hot weather too, but I rather enjoy it. The baby's sandbox is a perfect boon; ~~xxx~~ she plays out there ~~contendly~~ by the hour~~x~~, and we dont need to take her walking in the real hot weather.

I have some news that I know will please you. A lecture bureau called me yesterday, wanting to know if I would pinch hit for Pearl Buck at a woman's club out in New Jersey (next November.) She has gone back to China, you know, and he had this engagement made. Of course I told him I would, but it still remains for the womans club to accept me. I rather think they will as I had so much publicity here in New York about my speaking last year.

What really pleased me, however, was that in the course of our talk, he said that he had no writers on his list (he has Tony Sarg and some very important people along other lines) and that he would like to talk to me. I told him I wished he would, as I was always having calls from womens clubs and didnt like to manage the business end of it myself. So we made a date for tomorrow afternoon; I am going to go in town to see him at three o'clock; and I feel sure in advance that he will take me on. I am going to get him right after St. Paul and Minneapolis and Duluth for next winter, and in addition give him the names of the other clubs which have written me from time to time. ~~Don't say a word of this to anybody, a course!~~

I am wearing my brown and white outfit of last spring. Mrs. Gavin lengthened it, and pressed it, and I bought some pretty bright orange beads to match the belt. I dont see but what it looks as well as it ever did.

Now isnt that good news? It is the Earnest Briggs Agency. I have a vague recollection that Katie did some work for them/ Am I right?

Mother's letter just came and I was so glad to ^{would} hear from her. I don't like daddie travelling in this heat, and wish he stop it. Try to make him, mother. When June is hot, July is almost always cool, and he can go out ~~somewhere~~ then. I am so sorry about poor Katie's head and her being so busy through this terrible weather. I am so glad, mother dear, that your rheumatism ~~has~~ let up, and that you are feeling ~~well~~ well.

We are just counting and counting on the Fowlers coming. Only their visit seems so short. A week will just fly. Anita has said that she would take the couch in Merian's room; it is a real bed, you know. So that means that Frank and Helen can have a big comfortable cool room to themselves, which makes me happy. We will be so glad to see them.

Merian is getting brown and scratched and battered from her constant playing out. Day before yesterday I had a little boy

garment came free into his hand, he felt it excitedly, plainly trying to find some connection between the frail tissue and the whiteness he had exposed.

Ann cried brokenly and Driscoll, darting out from his hiding place, began to climb up to the ledge. There had been no sign of a rescue party but he could wait no longer. His muscles were too tired to perform their usual service and he slipped again and again. Once he all but pitched back to the bottom. Breathless, he hung for a space, and then climbed again.

He was wondering dully why Kong had not heard him when, looking up, he saw the great face peering over the ledge. If the face had shown anger Driscoll would have given up hope. It showed, however, only a suspicious interest. Kong had heard something, but in the darkness he had not seen. Driscoll flattened himself against the rock and waited. Suddenly Kong's face grew back.

Driscoll struggled furiously up the last few feet. He reasoned that if he had been detected, caution was useless. If, on the other hand, Kong had been diverted, speed might possibly carry him to his goal before any fresh suspicion was aroused.

He pulled himself over the ledge in time to see Kong seize the great bird and begin its destruction.

This time the affair was not a fight. It was too one-sided for that. The bird had swooped down to Ann. Kong had turned about in time, and seizing it as its long talons reached for Ann, angrily tore the creature to pieces. It was to this more certain menace that the beast-god had been drawn from the uncertain danger indicated by the noise Driscoll had made.

Ann was unhurt. As Kong lifted the bird clear of her she rose and stumbled to the edge of the rocky platform. Driscoll

foot and lifting hand, the beast-god made his way., There was no path, but each jutting rock was good for a gain of feet. Driscoll marked the course and told himself that if need be he could climb it too.

Standing finally before the cave, Kong put Ann down between his feet. As she lay there, unmoving, he drew deep breaths. His strength came back with every inhalation. His head began to weave, and his arms to swing. The arms swung higher, and higher, and then they were at his chest drumming in a wild ecstasy while from his swelling throat there lifted a long peal of triumph.

High above, in the star-lit sky, a great bird soared and seemed to listen. Kong redoubled his cry and flung it upward, challengingly.

Driscoll, in the darkness below, saw Ann stir, and sit erect. Uncertainly, she twisted around to look up toward the voice above her. Then she screamed, as she had screamed on the Plain of the Altar.

Kong broke off his own savage speech and looked down. In the faint light Ann was now no more than a shadow, except where her dress was torn. There, however, her shoulder was white and softly gleaming. Kong squatted down. His hand went first to the foaming hair which he last remembered as brightly shining. He pulled it, as though puzzled that a thing could be so different, by night, from what it was by day. He fingered it, shook it off, and reached out to the inviting whiteness of the shoulder.

Ann screamed again. Kong snatched at her. His hand caught in her dress and the dress tore in his huge fingers. More whiteness was revealed. Kong touched the smooth revelation. He pulled again at the torn dress. Then, holding Ann tightly, he began to pluck her clothes away as a chimpanzee might clumsily undress a doll. As each

from down the street came in to play with her in the sandbox. They got along beautifully, but the first thing when she woke up the next morning she began to say to me, "Dont have my little playmate come to play with me today, mommie. I like to play in my sandbox alone."

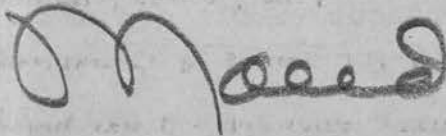
I know just how she feels, as I am that way myself, but nevertheless I am continuing to bring in kids, of all ages and sizes to get her accustomed to them.

I mustn't stop to write more, as I havent written my morning's stent yet. Much much love to each and every one of you. Take care of your selves through this heat, darlings. Mother, don't do a thing; and daddie, you take your vacation.

We are all well and fine and happy, and myself I am enjoying the summer. I hate the winter so, and I do love being able to eat on the porch and sit out in the back yard of an evening.

Anita continues to be a treasure. She will never make a cook, and I do all the fancy cooking, but she is a marvel of industry, keeps the house shining, and is just perfect with Merian.

Love and hugs.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "M. Reed". The signature is written in dark ink and is centered on the page.

The Sun

280 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
TELEPHONE: WORTH 2-2323

June 13, 1933

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Dear Dad;

Next Sunday is Fathers' Day, and this seems as good a time as any to tell you how very pleasantly you have played that role for me since the law and Maud opened the way. Maud and I agreed last night that neither of us has had any cause for complaint---Maud in, well, quite a number of years; myself in almost sixteen. Nor do I see any reason why Merian shouldn't add, as I am sure she would add if the matter were properly explained to her, that she also is thoroughly contented with her grandfather.

I have a multitude of memories that go to increase my affection for you--the times you let me bust your automobile back in 1919 or 20; the huge store of groceries and kitchen ware you left at our apartment on Aldrich Avenue; the times you squared things for me at one bank or another; the stories you told me that I transformed into fiction not half as entertaining as your casual narratives; your Sunday night sandwiches and your holiday carving performances; Because of these and countless others, I send you, along with Maud's and Merian's, my love.

We are all well. Maud is working steadily at the book, and I am about to dig into it. Merian spends her days now in the sandbox, an elegant orange and green affair out in our back yard. The sandbox is due to be moved into a new backyard shortly. We are definitely decided about changing our residence, and have already begun looking. Almost certainly we shall remain in Westchester, but possibly not in Pelham. We both feel we can did up something more reasonable in price, but not less satisfactory elsewhere. Though we won't move far away. We have collected a very pleasant group of friends and don't care to lose them.

As ever,

Delos

Delos

June 14

Home,
wednesday.

Darlings,-

Just finished a good morning's work; the book is going very well. Ever since breakfast time, when Delos and I discussed it, I have been thinking of Helen and Frank starting on their trip tonight. What fun it will be for them to make the drive and how grand for us to have them with us! I am only disappointed that they are to be here such a short time. Five days is nothing, and I'm going to plan almost nothing besides just batting and visiting with each other. Merian wont get acquainted with them, otherwise.

She is so well and sweet. Still practically living in sun suits and in her ~~playbox~~ sand box. She is getting very tanned. Of course she talks everything, and is very grown up for her age. She is very affectionate to us; particularly to Delos. He is just the apple of her eye, and she greets him when he comes from work and sends him off in the morning with hugs and kisses, while all day long she pretends she is him. It is her favorite game. I am very glad we let Hanni go. For plainly Merian is a child of very deep affections centered in a very few persons. Without meaning to at all, Hanni would have absorbed so much of that affection which Merian now lavishes on us. She will never forget Hanni; and that I'm glad of. It is a very sweet memory for her to have. But I think it was very wise to let her go before Merian was any older or Hanni would have had too big a place in her heart to be held by anyone not of her own family.

Every day she says so many cute and funny things. Last night she was teasing me to let her stay up, "just until daddie hears the baseball scores." Whenever she does anything naughty she says, "Excuse me, mother, for doing such a terrible thing." And then hurries to ask for a story. When she is talking to me about Delos, she says "Daddie": to an outsider, say, Mrs. Sterne, she says, "My father"; and to Anita she says, "Mr. Lovelace." I think that's really quite discriminating.

I have been slow in writing. The weekend was so busy and, for the most part, so hot. Saturday morning, Emma Sterne took Merian and me to Glen Island. We had a lovely time, loafing on the beach. Merian took her pail and shovel and dug industriously. She was frightened of the swinging door which admits one to the beach, but after we passed through it she said to me, "Next time we come to the beach I wont be afraid of that door."

That evening Bartnetts drove down to get us and ~~take~~ us up to their house for the evening. We had a pleasant time; bridge and food; and it was fairly cool out on their porch.

Sunday we loafed all day, took Merian walking and so on, and that evening went over to Sternes for more bridge and a very pleasant evening.

And ~~xxxxxxx~~ Monday evening, the Walshes came here.

And that reminds me that I havent told you about ~~xxx~~ the matter they came to discuss, my interview with Mr. Briggs. I told you about his calling me and my going into town? Well, we had a most satisfact-

and where? Lillian is such fun to work with. I remember very well the good times we used to have in her little office in Meyers' Arcade.

I hope that when daddie got in off the road ~~he~~ stayed in, until the heat wave passed. I see by the papers that you are through with it, too.

Thank you, mother dear, for the grand fat letter. I was so much interested in all your news and thank you for writing at such length.

I can hardly wait for Helen and Frank to get here. Helen said Frank wanted to see a big liner, and Delos is getting him a pass to go on board one. We are going to take them to the big R.K.O. Music Hall and try to get them tickets for one show, although nothing very good is running. Then we do want an expedition to Jones's Beach, and Helen says they want to do some sight seeing. I had thought I would have three tables of bridge in one night but may change my mind about that since their time is so short. It would mean that I would have to give the whole day to getting ready for it, for Anita is not very competent in that direction, and besides she has her hands full with the baby. I may just take Helen to call on the people I want her to meet.

Must stop now and tuck my baby in for her nap. Did I tell you that her two favorite stories are one Delos tells her about how I used to write books up in a maple tree and one I tell her about Bick and I taking our suppers up on Center Street hill.

Love and hugs to each and every one of you. I suppose my nephew is just about out of school and pretty glad of it.

As ever,

W. Reed

QUALITEX
BOND

June 21

Wednesday.

Darling Mother, Daddie and Fosters,-

I hate to write you before Fowlers get here, but I fear I must if I am to get a letter to you for Sunday, for I know it will be impossible to take time for writing in the first flush of their arrival.

I wrote Helen to Binghamton and told her not to bother to telephone unless there were some radical change in their plans. So unless I hear from them to the contrary I shall expect them for dinner tonight and have just been out purchasing a leg of lamb, peas, etc. Anita is making a moulded salad and of course there will be a strawberry short-cake.

Merian is feeling fine and was properly barbered and shampooed on Monday, so that she is looking beautiful for them. You can see from the enclosed snapshots just how she is looking these days.

When I wrote Monday I forgot to tell you that we spent Friday evening with Newsoms and Earl had just had his left eye removed. Isn't that sad? It has been troubling him for a long time. He had the operation performed by the best surgeon in New York along those lines, and they say that the new artificial eyes are so good that they are hardly perceptible. I do hope so for his sake. He has found a sort of temporary job but things are pretty hard for them, I imagine, with their expensive establishment and big car. We could buy their second car for a hundred dollars, but don't want to, for it is an open car and I loathe them.

I meant to tell you also that Merian was adorable with Marie. Sat on her lap and submitted to being hugged and kissed. She played she was daddie for Marie's benefit, and once out of a clear sky remarked to Marie. "There are two extra bags of sand for my sandbox. My daddie keeps them in the garage." I didn't even know she knew we had the extra bags of sand and still fail to see why she thought it was of interest, but evidently she did.

I know you want to know our plans for Fowlers, but I don't know them myself. We are holding up everything until they arrive to find out just what they want to do. I have had a note from Kate Chase asking us all up there for a meal and a card from Betty Shannon asking us all in for tea. I thought that Thursday we would just stay home; possibly have Emma Sterne over for lunch. Friday, bat in town, with Frank meeting Delos to go to the Princeton Club for squash if he cares to. Delos is fixing it up for him to see a big boat too. Then we could have dinner in town and perhaps all go to the big Radio City Music Hall. I know mother will think they ought to see it.

Saturday night I thought we would just have open house for our friends. Well Sternes, Bartnetts, Walshes, Newsoms and so forth to drop in, if they cared to, and have cold drinks on ice and sandwiches and cakes laid out on the table. (Oh for mother's lace cloth!) And Sunday if the weather is warm we want to go to Jones's Beach for some surf bathing.

We read in the paper about your terrific heat wave. So sorry. We could use a little of that heat here as it is like Greenland

most of the time. We keep a fire in the grate. I hate the cold so and long for some heat. I do hope we have it warm for our vacation.

I am sorry darling Katie is tired. I think she has been doing too much and should take a rest from opera. Couldn't the five of you get a cottage somewhere, and go out and just loaf in no clothes until the heat wave ends? I don't think daddy should be on the road in the heat. It is very foolish. Mother, don't let him do it.

No news about Briggs. He answered my letter post haste and wants an appointment for Friday, but I won't write him until I ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ talk over with Delos what Katie says about him being a crook. Perhaps Delos will want to call Nannine and get her opinion of the old boy. I think all those agents are crooks more or less, and perhaps he is as honest as any.

I hope he doesn't get any dates for me until I have the book finished. We have, rather. Dick is beginning to press us for it and I simply can't write with a distracted mind. It is distracted enough as it is, for we must find a new house, and then move. Why don't we all find ourselves a nice tropical island, where meals grow on trees and clothes aren't required, and just migrate there altogether. Delos would be happy if there was sea bathing and a foursome for bridge, and ~~xxxxxxx~~ Merian would be happy if she could dig in the sand, and I would be happy if I could do nothing but lie and look at the sky. (My lifelong ambition.) I'll talk it over with the Fowlers while they are here and see if they will co-operate.

Well, any how, it is grand to have the Fowlers coming, and now Frohman and Katie must do it next. It wouldn't need to be an expensive trip and we would certainly have a good time together.

So much love to you all, each and every one of you. Oh I must tell you too. Mother's swain Don is living out on his catboat again and wants us to bring Frank and Helen for a picnic. We will do it, if it gets warm enough to make picnicing and swimming a pleasure. At present I want only to get into a fur coat.

If we decide upon the "at home" for Saturday night, I'll make Helen wear her evening dress, mother. I'll wear my flowered chiffon, which is floor length. And the boys can wear their flannels.

Love and hugs all 'round.

Maud