



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler  
Lovelace Family Papers.

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Sept.17

Dear Mrs. Lovelace...

Just a note in great haste to thank you for your advice....but you shouldn't have taken time away from your guests to write it...I would have waited! I'm taking your advice and have sent it out again, meanwhile am working as steadily as possible on local history...although most of what I find, while fascinating, does NOT belong in a children's book! I'm going to take the course at the New School under Hildegarde Swift...thought for a while it would be impossible as it is at night, but a boy I know who works in the city is going to escort me to and from. I do not like the city at night...especially after all those articles in the World Telegram & Sun!

so my days are quite full. What fun!

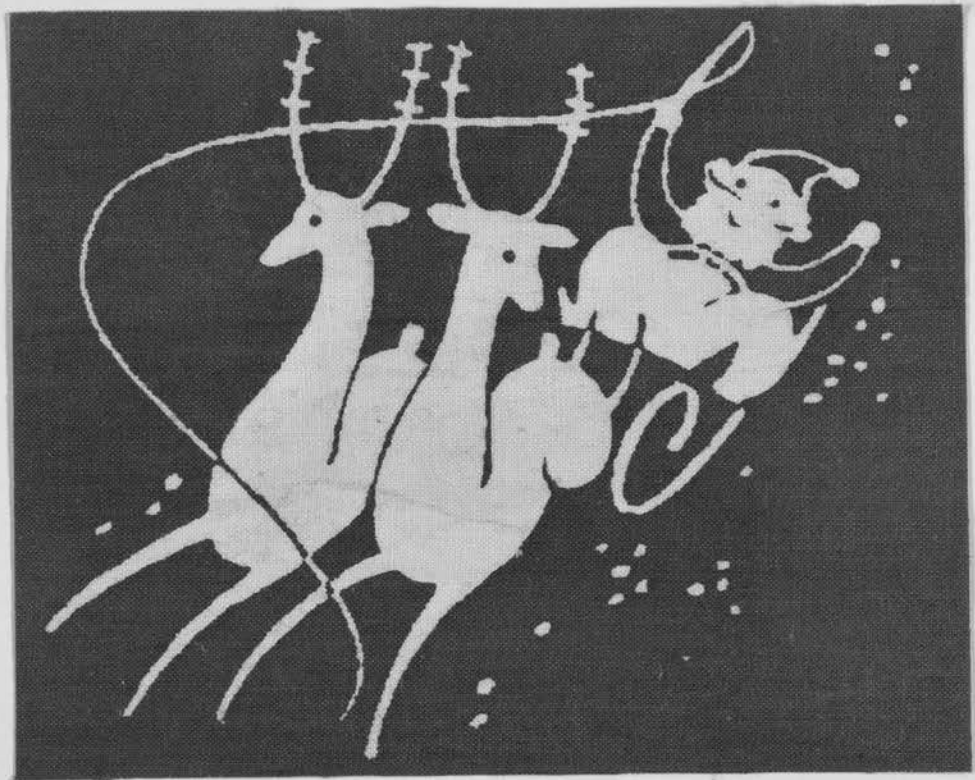
When DOES Betsy come out? I've been ~~ha~~haunting the library for ages!

Thank you again for the advice...and now I'd better get back to my house-cleaning! I'm having all the women who helped me with the pageant over on Friday. Silver-polishing .....oh!

*Norma*

The pageant is over...and successful... although at times I tore my hair, screamed ~~and~~ like a fishwife and thought t'would never be. Hard work...but I wish I were starting all ~~over~~ over. The children were so nice and worked so hard. Did I tell you I am going to teach art to a class of women one afternoon a week, also a class of 7th & 8th grade girls and perhaps the same age-group in dramatics? Now if I only sell something everything will be perfect! Did I tell you that articles about the pageant were in all the papers, even the N Y Daily News? I'm getting into print one way if not another! Also, I have the role of Myrtle Mae in a local Little Theatre presentation of Harvey,

With heartiest Christmas  
greetings and good cheer  
to you, Maud and Olof  
and best wishes for  
the coming year and  
hopes that it will  
bring another reunion  
you see in New York—  
with love from  
Sue



a copy from the family whom you heard our  
Sunday - 1930 - on ~~O'Donnell~~ <sup>first baby</sup> ~~away~~ <sup>classing</sup>

O'Donnell Shoe Corp. Paper.

Dear children, oh so happy

around our house since Saturday  
morning. Congratulations, we are all

so happy for your letter with such  
good news. Everyone will now be

giving you advice so I will refrain

from that but only refer to the fact  
that min. is the by far the best

place to bring babies into the

world. A first class A no 1 baby

in m. costs about \$100 less in New

York about a ton. My three babies  
cost me about \$25 each (and see what

we got... you know 90% ~~and~~ with

from and take min is wanting for  
baby out in that beautiful ~~home~~

law... what a place for a youngster

to get a good start in life... anyway we  
are all ticked to death especially me about your

prospects.  
God bless  
to be.

As all we talk about.

to you and god bless you

P.S. Goshman says > deduct get meal for

\$25.00

They lived in the guest cottage on an estate cared  
the  
for by ~~Karana~~/Indian father of nine children. Carolina,  
the sixteen-year-old eldest, was the O'Dell's cook. The other  
~~children~~ <sup>hung</sup> were around all day and in the late afternoon came <sup>inside</sup>  
to chatter over pitchers of chocolate and plenty of buñelos  
with the friendly, relaxed, soft-voiced señor and his blonde  
smiling señora. The ~~Karana~~ <sup>family introduced</sup> escorted the Americans to secret  
Tarascan fiestas, in the mountains, helped them <sup>obtain</sup> buy a native  
canoe.

"We used to take Carolina to the Friday market,"  
Scott says. "Anything we bought as a gift for her she would take  
home carefully to share with her brothers and sisters."

It is not hard, when he talks of Carolina, to see  
Karana caring for her little brother Remo.

So books are made! Scott O'Dell's life brought him  
naturally a knowledge of ~~xxx~~ Indians, dogs and the ocean, and  
of course he was born with an inability to keep away from writing.  
These factors seemed to prove that he alone was intended to give  
us the moving legend of Karana and her island.

Jan. 3, 1952.

Dear sir or madam:

A few evenings ago Edna and I broke bread with the Fosters. While there I was treated to a couple of your letters. Frankly, I didn't like the flavor of one of them. Both of them indicate a definite aberration.


It could be I suppose that the prospect of chucking your job at long last and immigrating to Calif. has thrown you slightly off your rocker. Well I would say that is good. Very good. Calif. needs you. You need Calif. I can see you now, wandering up and down our beautiful highways clad only in a breech clout and with your hair down to your navel and splashing signs on our bridges and culverts the likes of YOU ARE HEADED FOR ETERNITY: WHOA: Yes, I think you'll be happy out here. But the time is short. You must make haste, however you do that.

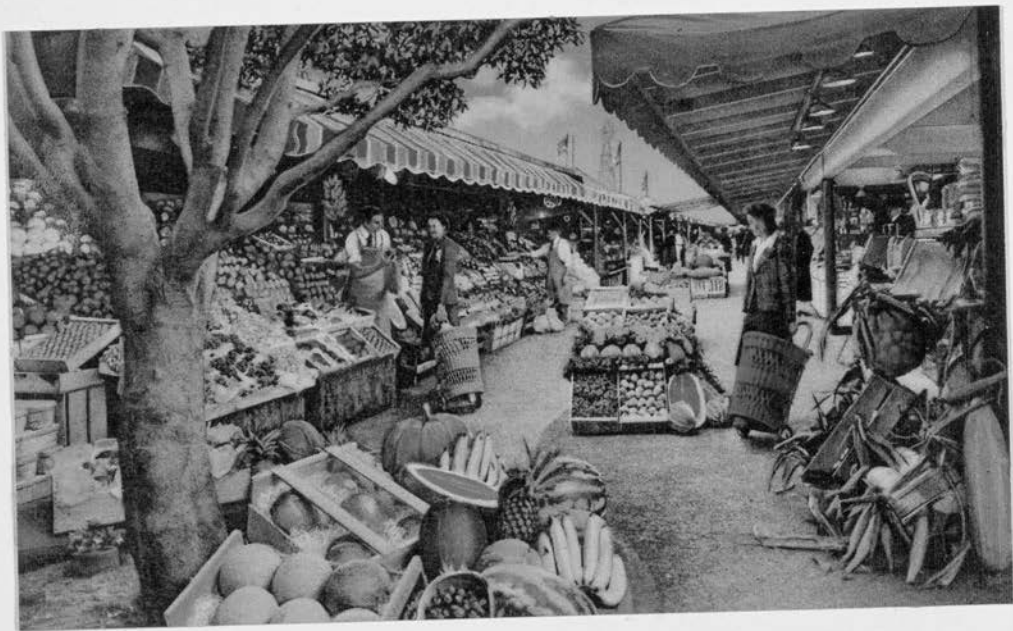
Edna was recently honored by the Orange Library by being informed that Maude's TREES was in and that she was to be the first to have it. If you ever settle in this part of the country I'll see if I can't arrange the same sort of favoritism for you.

I was in Indiana in Oct. and we were in Arizona and Mexico around Thanksgiving time, and I have just bought six more acres of Valencia oranges within two looks and a jump from this address. That makes me 13 acres plus and I hope that within another year I can retire Edna from teaching even tho she seems to like teaching and the money that goes with it.

We visited with Gene and Anita that evening too, and if we hadn't run out of booze as the time came for them to go to the theatre I'm sure I would have wound up in the pit with ~~zzzzzzzzzz~~ them and nursing a glockenspiel.

Love and kisses to you and your Maude.





*Greetings from The Farmers Market  
Hollywood, California*

Happy Birthday darling Martina -

Hope this stimulates your desire  
to get out here quick!

1/7.

Nov. 30th, 1948.

Dearest Kids:

Mrs. Edgar is back at work today and before we get too deep in the new book .. which must now be finished .. I want to get a long letter off to you both about the trip. I had letters from both of you today. Helen's came from Pensacola and I am very anxious to hear of your safe arrival in St. Petersburg. That will be coming soon, I'm sure. Katie's letter tells of her overhauling by the doctor. I'm so glad you had it done at last, darling. You must take things easier and do just as you're told. I'm so glad that both of my sisters are in warm climates where they can have the great boon of the sun.

I don't know how much my sketchy notes and cards told you about the trip but it was really marvelous. I hope that this enormous interest in me and the Betsy Tacy's will be reflected in lots of book sales. My books have a very steady sale with the libraries and that is gratifying. But the book stores have to reach the same point before I really get into "the money." However, the interest of the children in all the cities I visited was worth more than money.

The weather favored me all the way through. I reached New York just as that famous blizzard was blowing into the middle west. While I was out there I hardly saw a snowflake and although it was grey and Novemberish, the air was crisp and delightful.

I think I wrote you in some detail about the opening shot .. the dinner at the University. It was a sell-out; 500 librarians and teachers from all over the State. Other Minnesota writers like Mabel Seeley and Carol Brink sat at the head table with me but I was the only speaker. I wore the long green evening dress. It went off very well indeed and so many spoke to me afterwards. I think I mentioned Helen Longeni, Marion Standish, Doris Hanna.

The next day Marion and I went down to Mankato. We stayed with her parents who asked Emma O'Donnell to dinner. Such grand small town food, and I was allowed to get up early and get my own breakfast a'la Mother. I took Marion's to bed and we had fun. I didn't try to see anyone for I didn't want to see one person and not another and hurt feelings. But I talked on the 'phone with Jab, Eleanor Lippert and Mary Wood, Sam and Daisy and many others.

Uncle Ed is in very poor health and they are spending the winter in California.

In the morning Tom Edwards and his wife took Marion and me on the most enchanted ride. I wish you girls could both have been with me. Imagine seeing Rapidan, Garden City, Minneopa Falls, the Red Jacket Road, the Indian Lake Road, Tinkonville. I'd forgotten how gorgeous the scenery in Blue Earth County was, but part of it was so familiar. At Jones' Ford I could have walked right into the grove of trees where we Harts once picnicked, and well I remember one of our Old Mags balking on Pigeon Hill.

We went up on the big hill where there is now a real estate development and I was invited into one of the homes ... a stunning modern house with a picture window from which we could see all the way to St. Peter, and at the same time we looked down on the roof of our Center Street house.

Marion and I got away about noon. Mr. and Mrs. Willard are both quite frail. We stopped at Waseca to call on Bill's sister and stepmother and saw the beautiful mansion which will be described in the book I am working on now. We reached Minneapolis in the only touch of bad weather we had on the entire trip and I was so glad that Tommy Aldrich, who was taking me to dinner entertained me at the Radisson Flame Room so I didn't need to go out into the cold again. The purpose of our dinner was planning out my interview for the following Monday.

Thursday was the talk at the St. Paul Library which was one of the nicest events of the whole trip. The children's room was packed. It was lighted with candles in honor of "Early Candlelight." I introduced Carney to the children and they applauded her madly and she showed her dimple. She isn't very well. It's a nervous condition due to her grief and shock, and the joyfulness of this occasion really helped her. I was glad. The children

gave me a Hummel figurine filled with sweetheart roses. They also went thru a little ceremony of carrying lighted candles around the hall and when they blew them out they made a wish for me. Afterwards they almost mobbed me, most of them demanding a book about Margaret, wanting Margaret to marry Tony and so forth. One little Japanese girl from Ft. Snelling said to me, 'Your teeth are parted in the middle.' After this very joyful affair Marion drove me out to call on Blanpieds, neither of whom is at all well. Winifred is really quite ill. We had a short but merry visit with them. Then I went to dinner at Rosamond's. Both of her children are very nice, and getting very pretty. The next day I spoke at Jefferson School for the Minneapolis Library and the Board of Education. Miss Purdie Jeannette and so many others wanted the news from Helen. I was so glad it was so glamorous. By the way I told about your trip in all my speeches. And I think I've told you, Helen, but not Kathleen, that I gave two of Miss Neville's originals to Jefferson .. one of them showing Margaret where Betsy is telling her Ethel Brown stories (out of Heaven to Betsy.) Afterwards Miss McLaughlin gave a tea for me in her beautiful home. Margaret Greer was there, and so many of your friends, Helen. There was a fire in the grate and it was very nice. The talk was mostly about Early Gandlelight. Everyone wants it re-issued for the Centennial and I sort of think Crowells are going to do it. That night I went to dinner at Tess's. She is the same old peach and seemed very well, much better than last year, I think. Margaret was away but I saw her the following week at Donaldson's. She had Eleanor and Fordie. They are about to become grandparents ... that's their biggest news. Fordie is enormously fat but otherwise they are just the same.

Ann McCartney Borrett 'phoned to tell me that she had a red-haired baby girl named Kathleen. Isn't that nice? She said she would write you, Katie. Mary is married to Ann's husband's brother and living in Curtis Falls.

Saturday was my big autographing party at Daytons. I had lunch first with the head of the book department and Lucille Babcock who is working in their advertising department. There was a mob, of course, and the children were so very cute. Miss Wolfe of Strutwear came in to speak of Daddy, and Doris Fewell and Matie Mullen who used to be with me in third grade, she says. I remember the name and I'll bet Bick will.

That night I went to the Gillette Hospital for crippled children which has to be seen to be imagined. I spoke in two girls' wards to children in casts, suspended by ropes and pulleys, in bed, in wheel chairs, on crutches. They all seemed to know the books and shouted with laughter at my stories. They pelted me with questions, too. One little girl, badly crippled with arthritis had all eight books beside her. I've had a letter from one of these children since I returned. I will never visit the Twin Cities again without going out there.

Sunday morning I armed myself with flowers. Haynes called for me and we went to call on his mother at the hospital. She seemed just fine and so did Mr. Fowler who was there. He spends most of his time with her, Haynes said. Then Haynes and I went to Lakewood but the office was closed and Haynes couldn't find our plot. I told him that it didn't matter anyway; he could take the flowers to some hospital the next day and mother and daddy would like it just as well. But as a matter of fact Rachel took the flowers over to Lakewood later. The cemetery looked beautiful. Rosemond went over on Armistice Day.

Rachel gave us a grand cozy dinner, of course, with cocktails preceeding. I had some flowers for her, too. The day relaxed and rested me.

Monday was a humdinger. I went to Powers and Donaldsons .. just to autograph stock but a few friends came in. Then I broadcast for Tommy and there were two people there from Mankato. One of them a Mrs. Tommy Jones, had been born a Bangeter. The other one whom I didn't know won the corsage bouquet Tommy gives away by lucky number at every broadcast, and she insisted upon giving it to me. I grabbed a sandwich .. had it sent up to my hotel room, in fact, while I changed my clothes. Then McQueens drove me to

St. Paul. I had had to break two dinner dates with them and they thought this was their only chance to see me. The St. Paul Book and Stationery put on a grand autographing party. I had beautiful gardenias and a lot of children came in.

Tuesday I started out at the University of Minnesota Book Store. David Lippert had ordered a book there for Elizabeth; I didn't see him. Then I went to St. Joseph's Academy, a very fashionable girls' convent school in St. Paul. I had luncheon all alone in solitary glory, and such a luncheon! Perfectly delicious, with the ice cream frozen into the shape of a rose. They had a big display on Early Candlelight in the front hall. Sister Avila, the librarian, sat with me while I ate. She is a perfect darling and we had a lovely talk. She said that Catholics made as ridiculous remarks about protestants as protestants did about Catholics and she repeated one to me. She said that after I spoke at the St. Paul Library where she was present a number of people asked her if I was a Catholic just because I mentioned saying my prayers! I spoke for 700 girls, standing on a high platform and using a microphone. Afterwards I had lots of talk with the Nuns, some of whom had gone to school with Rosemary Holden.

From St. Joseph I rushed to the St. Paul Hotel and had a facial before going to Field Schlich's to autograph. Practically no crowd at all for St. Paul Book and Stationery had gotten the crowd but they gave me more gardenias and one or two friends came in .. a friend of Fosters named Mrs. Humphreys and Harold Kittleson who is selling books on the road for Random House. Miss Case of the St. Paul Book and Stationery picked me up there for dinner. I told her I never wanted to hear of Maud Hart Lovelace or Betsy and Tacy again, and she had to talk about herself, which she did, first at the St. Paul Hotel where we had cocktails and then at the beautiful Womens City Club where we had dinner.

Wednesday I made speeches at 3 different libraries, all jammed. Eleanor Herman who went to college with Helen drove me around, and she's a perfect darling. She even got me a chance to lie down before each speech. The cutest thing happened at one of the libraries. The fourth grade was heartbroken because there was no room for them and the librarian said she could not let them come because there were no more chairs. So they asked if they might come and bring their own chairs which they did. It was the cutest sight to see those thirteen little tykes walking in, beaming, each bearing a chair. In the midst of all these speeches was a beautiful luncheon in my honor at the Womens City Club. It was given by Della McGregor, St. Paul childrens Librarian. I sat next to Miss Jones, the head St. Paul Librarian. She is charming. Do you know her, Helen? She graduated from Smith but first she went to the University and was a friend of Kate Hubbard. She knew Ann Parr, too, Katie. Eleanor Herman rushed me back to the Radisson to pack and Haynes picked me up there with my bags and rushed me out to Rachels for dinner. I forgot to say that the Crowells had sent me a magnificent orchid which I wore all that day and was wearing when Haynes and Rachel and Rosemond put me on the train. Rosemond joined us after dinner at Rachel's. By the way, I ~~dropped out on the way~~ and saw Mary Garretson and her family who were just back from Denver.

Thursday I went from the train to the Palmer House for another facial and manicure, and then to Marshall Fields. They gave a beautiful luncheon for me and want me to come to Chicago next spring for their Book Fair. I then autographed a lot of books there, stock. Then I went on to Carson, Pirie Scotts who also want me again for their Hobby Horse Show. They mentioned next spring, too. I heard wonderful news about the books at both stores. I went back to the Palmer House and met Midge and we had a long drawn out dinner together, talking hard and fast. She is just the same and wanted every scrap of news of all of you.

On to Cleveland. I had bedrooms, compartments or at least a roomette through all the trip and I certainly needed them. Before I even unpacked at Cleveland next morning I went off to a broadcast ... a very good one,

Then I taxied to a high school to be guest of honor at a luncheon and to make three speeches, and got a corsage of yellow roses. A librarian friend of Bick's was there, very nice, and so intrigued by what I had to say about Tacy. On to another high school for another speech and another corsage. Back to town for another broadcast. This interviewer was a fool and I considered the time wasted. Back to the hotel to wash off the grime and put on a black dinner dress. One of several guests of honor at a beautiful dinner. Cleveland was celebrating not only Book Week but fifty years of work for children in their library system. The dinner was followed by a big meeting at which I was one of the speakers. Again I had a beautiful corsage. I made a very good speech, I'm glad to say, since the audience was composed of librarians from all over Ohio. They really mobbed me afterwards and all wanted autographs ... grown women! They wanted them to take back to their children. And almost everyone told me that the Betsy-Tacy books were the most popular on their shelves.

Saturday and still going strong. A speech for Hally Bros. staff in the morning. Guest of honor at a gala luncheon. Another corsage. A very successful autographing party and the children so adorable. One little negro girl bought a book and was an ardent fan. Another little girl was so enraptured that I finally gave her my corsage. A gala tea afterwards for Cleveland's retired first childrens librarian, a perfect lamb. I rushed from the tea to my train and home to my Delossy.

He had been invited out to dimer eight times but even so had missed me pretty much as I had him. I told Elizabeth Riley yesterday that I would never go for longer than a week again.

Of course I plunged at once into getting ready for Thanksgiving. Elizabeth had ordered my turkey and Mrs. Edgar had baked our pies which we picked up Wednesday night. They were pumpkin and wonderful. Merian and her two friends, q Marbeth Miller of Marshfield, Wis. and Sue Shaffor of Buffalo arrived that night. The girls were both awfully nice ... intelligent, merry and so good looking. Marbeth is so beautiful that you can hardly take your eyes off her. She is headed for the stage. All three of them were so happy to be in a home and by a fireside. I was really touched to see how happy Merian was. They had been literally counting the hours. They all love Smith but I guess dormitory life just can't come up to a home. Merian seemed younger to me than she had when she went to college. Of course, she is a freshman and that makes you feel and act younger, than when you are out in business as she was all summer.

We got to bed about 2 and the next morning at 8 the doorbell rang. I went down in my bathrobe and it was Nick, the swain from Ft. Dix. He hadn't been expected until evening but he had gotten leave unexpectedly and just came. He had been up all night. But he had breakfast with the girls and went to church with them, and ate dinner with us, and Merian rounded up Jim Conant and Norrie Stone for that evening. Jorge 'phoned but Merian told him we had a family party! The kids played records and danced here, then went off to a night club, then came back here with still more kids and danced until dawn.

The next two days they were in town all day and out here for dinner and a party Friday night but Saturday night they stayed in town and had dinner with Jorge and a couple of Latins, and then went to another party. They turned down three dates for every one they accepted. It was really a gay mad rush. I wish you could have seen them around the house in the morning ... Merian in a blue flannel nightgown, Marb in checked pajamas and Sue in a red flannel nightshirt.

They adored Delos who took a great interest in their love life and asked them on departing who was the most fascinating man they had met while they were here. With one accord they shouted "You!" And he was really flustered ... if you can imagine that. We had dinner at the Garden City

Hotel on Sunday and then drove them to their train. The house seems empty now but Merian will be back in twenty days.

Monday I went to town and reported to Crowells who are very pleased with the trip, and no wonder! Today Mrs. Edgar and I started to work but since we aren't really into the book yet I thought I would get this written down for you both. Everyone everywhere sends love to you both and wanted all your news, and the Margaret and Julia fans are legion. I forgot to tell about Julia's future in the St. Paul speech because the children were all asking about Margaret and Tony. They besieged me afterwards with questions.

Helen, darling, is it all right to send your Christmas present to Central Yacht Basin, St. Petersburg, Fla? Let me know right away. I love to think of you resting in the sun there after your long trip. I hope Frank is getting rested, too. Are the Rasmussens staying on? Say hello to them for me.

Of course, Katie, you are not to think of doing anything for Christmas. I know your teaching is good for you but I would say a very moderate class and no recitals! And please do a lot of sitting in that garden. I'm so glad you have such a sweet home.

I wish Betsy-Tacy would sell to the movies or sumpin so I could hop a plane and see you both. We will all miss each other at Christmas. I did so hope that you Fosters would be here with Gene. But this is setting a wonderful example in letters!!! See that both of you follow it.

Lots of love to the four of you. Ever,

Saturday, Sept. 27

Dearest All,-

The reason I haven't wired is that the diagnosis of mother's trouble is so surprising that it seems to need a letter. The ex-rays developed no kidney condition serious enough to explain her constant pain. The urine is bad but that can be cleared up with medicines and diet. The ex-rays showed, however, that she has arthritis in her spine.

If you know anything about arthritis, you know that it is very painful and in extreme cases can only be treated with drugs. I think people usually start with it in fingers, knees, etc. ~~and mother's backache~~ and mother's backache seemed like just plain rheumatism which is the reason, I suppose, no one thought of arthritis. It is a great blessing that the kidney scare caused us to have her ex-rayed because now we know what is the matter and Dr Runcke has already made her comfortable with codine after a couple of weeks of what must have been pretty bad pain. ~~He~~ He says the cause of it is just old age; it is what has been causing her aches and pains for some time, probably.

You know, Elizabeth Leslie's Aunt Emma has arthritis. She takes preventitive shots, but in spite of them is laid low with spells of it now and then in which cases she is given codine until they are over. She is quite badly crippled, bent over, etc. Mother is thoroughly familiar with Aunt Emma's case, so we hated to tell her what was wrong. But Dr Fincke told her yesterday. He told her she had arthritis but DID NOT MENTION THE SPINE SO BE SURE YOU DON'T. PERHAPS you had better not even tell anybody it is in her spine for fear they mention it in writing to her. The word might sound scary. As a matter of fact mother took the news very well. Was glad to have the cause of her suffering explained. Said she had thought she must have cancer. She said she was sure she would never get as bad as Aunt Emma since Aunt Emma had had it for 16 years and she, mother, was starting at 81. The doctor gave her codine and she went off to sleep.

She is very very weak. It was hard getting her over for the exrays and is hard every day getting her out of bed, but it has to be done. Her blood pressure and heart are better than when she came home, but still not normal. She takes digitalis for the heart. The urine is bad but we are trying to clear it up, forcing liquids. She seems pretty sick, but I don't think there is any likelihood that it is serious, I mean fatally serious, just now. The arthritis will be hard on her for she hates pain so, but of course she can be given relief from it to a certain extent. Her spirit is good considering her temperament, which isn't patient, as you know. But on the whole I would say she is being very good. There are preventitive shots which the doctor thinks may help but he can't start them until the urine clears up. So that's the picture.

Of course we have to have a nurse and I have one starting Tues day. You are right, Helen darling, that I have been needing more help but I have held off wanting to see just what developed. In some cases a maid would have been better than a nurse. But now a nurse is definitely indicated. I can't stand the going up and down stairs to wait on her, nor the rubbing (and she wants her back rubbed at least once an hour; Merian and I and the village nurse who has been coming in to bathe her; and Annie, all rub, rub, rub.) Also I can't stand being confined to the house all day and every day. With mother in this condition ~~she~~ she can't be left alone at all, and I have to get out in the sun every day when there is sun to get into, because of my blood. I am standing it fine so far as morale goes, but my physical strength would soon be exhausted, the way things are going now. Her bed needs changing every day, etc.

The nurse I have engaged is named Mrs Le Gagnin. She is the nurse Elizabeth had for Mrs Leslie. A very nice woman, and while practical nurses no longer help with the housework as they used to do...those days are gone...Mrs Le Gagnin is good, Eliza said, about doing small helpful things. ~~she~~ She takes complete care of mother's room which is quite a matter with the bed changin and so forth, she will cook and serve mother's lunch, do the rubbing and waiting on and take charge of the medicines. She is a big strong busynt capable person from Elizabeth's description and I know is just the one for us. I will shift all I can to her capable shoulders and even try to get down to work on the book.

She will work five days a week from 9 to 5 for \$400 *week*. Nurse service will cost us more than that, though, for since mother can't be left alone I'll have to have someone in evenings whenever Delos and I go out. The doctor has been coming every day. Of course, that will slack ~~up~~ off, I imagine, now that the diagnosis and course of treatment are settled.

I do think Delossy and I deserve a pat on the back because we have guarded mother's money so zealously. It was often a temptation to let her use it but except for exceptional things like her eye operation, we have practically not dipped into it at all. She has used her dividend money for little extras but that all. Now when we need it we have it, and we certainly need it, for already it is flowing like water. No doctor bills are in yet but Dr Fincke and the specialist between them will take quite a bit; there is the nursing care; and lots of extras. I won't bother you with. The point is, we have the money. As daddy used to say, ~~that's what we have it for.~~ in times like these, "That's what we have it for." (The bulk of it, of course, is still in Stratwear. If you have any opinions as to whether or not that should be sold, just pass them on. We did sell a chunk of it last summer you know which is what I am spending now, but perhaps it should all be turned into money. Too bad, while it's paying dividends.) *But the* point now is that there's plenty, even if things go on like this for several years. I will stretch the allowance as far as I can each month and then dip into principal.

Well, that's about all except that I want to tell you two not to worry any more than you can help. I am making things just as easy for myself as I can, and after Mrs La Cagnin is installed, I think our household can get back to something approximating normal. I'll even start work on the book. This could last for years or it could end tomorrow...the latter seems more likely to me, but I am trying to act as though it were the former in order to remove the sense of strain as much as possible.

Neither of you can help more than you are doing. I know you want me to use mother's money in any way to make things easier here; I know you'll send more if we ever need it; and I know you'll keep letters and cards and things flowing this way. Not her is being good, I'm standing it fine, and Mrs La Cagnin comes very well recommended. I am especially anxious for you, Helen dear, who have a big demonstration to make on your own, not to let your spirit be burdened with this. You and Katie are both devoted daughters, mother's pride and joy, and everything you can do from a distance you are doing. Just work hard now on your own health and happiness, and I'll be working with you.

Delos is an angel, as always. And as for Merian, I just couldn't manage without her. She helps with the housework all she possibly can, considering her school schedule. Ruth Stella to spell me off, and on Saturday morning takes over completely while Delos and I do the weekly shopping. Where she helps most though is in being so cute. Each day she appears for school with her hair a new way, a new combination of sweater, blouse, skirt, or scarf, looking so pretty I could eat her. And she bursts in at night full of the day's excitement and gossip, which take our minds off all our troubles. She is a complete darling. Today she is going to a football game. Tonight, she and another girl and two boys (not Tom who is completely out) are going to NY to the Rodeo. Monday is the senior picnic. Life is crowded and full for her this year. She is written up in Echo this issue, a Profile. Joan Aten wrote it. I'd like to send you each one but can't spare it. We only have one copy. It's very good. It also says in a gossip column that a certain senior girl who has been to South America is a free woman again!

Lots of love to you both. Keep happy and don't worry.

Copy of a letter from Delos to Miss Alice Norton, 915 Second Street, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

63 Wyatt Road,  
Garden City, L.I.,  
New York,  
Jan. I, 1953.

My Dear Alice;

You flabbergast me. I have never before had such a request as you have made, and I trust I'll never have another. I don't quite know how to answer it. But answer it I must if only to justify your trust. And I have a second reason. I am partial to girls named Alice. I had a sister of that name.

You write, "Tell me about her ." Well, I'll try. But for certain information I'll send you to Who's Who in America. It will tell you all about where she was born, and where she was educated, though to tell the truth her education wasn't as much as yours should be, and where she has lived, and when she was married, and what her daughter's name is. And I am enclosing a booklet from her publishers. That will tell you something about her books.

There remains, then, for me the job of telling you at least enough more to make, as you put it, a very interesting report. Do you consider it interesting that I may be, just possibly the Joe in the Petsy-Tacy stories? It is pretty hard to pin her down about her characters but the gossip is that I am Joe, or at any rate the model for him. And since you, undoubtedly, will be a wife some day you may be interested in my reasons for considering her a perfect wife. Main reason is that she hasn't a fault in the world, and is very wise, and much more tolerant than I deserve, and gentle, and thoughtful, and always a great deal of fun. We were married very suddenly at a long time ago at the start of the First World War. We were separated for a year while I was with the United States Army in France, but we have never been separated since and I would not have it otherwise.

If our present thinking continues we shall shortly ---after a few months---be living in California. We have picked out a town. I won't, however, mention it because our thinking could change. We change some of our thinking, ~~our plans~~ and our plans, the smaller ones, quite readily. Only a year or so ago when we were driving through the west we suddenly switched directions and, for a fact, wound up in your city. Had lunch there. Afterward we drove around for a while and remarked to each other on the very nice boys and girls we saw on all sides. I still remember one I saw as we came out of the restaurant. She was, I judged, about 11 or 12 years old, with brown hair that had a reddish glint, and sort of tainnish. Over a blue checkered dress she wore a windbreaker. And she was reading a book. It was the book that fixed her in my mind. Could she have been you about the middle of the afternoon in early May of 1951?

I won't say we'll return to your Las Vegas; but if we

do decide to love in California we might. So if, some day, a car with a New York license plate stops in front of 91 1/2 Second St. the driver will very likely be me and the lady alongside the driver will be the one you picked in December 1952 as the subject of your book report.

And I do hope that on the report you win a grade of nothing less than A Plus or, if such marks are given, an A A A A A A A A Plus, Plus Plus Plus.

Affectionately,

Delos W. Lovelace

Saxon Quorn Skin

Alice Norton  
915 Second Street  
Las Vegas, New Mexico  
Dec 11, 1952

Dear Mr. Wheeler,

I'm our 8<sup>th</sup> grade Reading class at school we are doing some research work on certain authors and I picked your wife.

I was wondering if you could write to me and tell me about her as my report in a few weeks. I would like to make this a very interesting report and I know I can if you would send me some added information.

Sincerely yours,  
Alice Norton

My Darling

Friday

I hope I'll have time to get this off to you. Things have been popping around here, and yesterday I never had a minute. First off, with someone likely to look over my shoulder again and again, I'll say you are my favorite. Second off, the acclaim of your daughter continues. She will have her pic in the Nassau paper today. I'll be sure to get you a copy and mail it on. The photographer came out to the school yesterday and went into action while Dr. Michaels or however you say it looked on and beamed. I think that the medal made quite a splash in the school. Miss Jennings, naturally, was full of bounce and pride and Michaels, as I said before, acted as though Merian had discovered a second South Pole. The story by Merian in the Star Review I am enclosing, along with the piece from The Sun. The Times also printed a stick. I say this less in vanity than in an understandably affectionate desire to keep you fully informed.

I believe our routine is running smoothly at the House. We have had two dinners, both simple. Merian is coming in town tonight to go to Carousal with me. She will have dinner first with Stella at the Tiffin shop. Stella had planned eating out, and I figured it was best not to change. I shall be at a union meeting for most of the time and shall probably just be able to make the date with Merian, Information Desk, Long Island railroad, at 8:04.

Love and love and love.

*Del*  
*XXXX*

DB  
Whale & Seal

R mm 1020  
great blst

107 N Star  
signed for  
H. C. J.

EMU 2020

MM  
all about  
11/12

23  
E. J.

Home,  
January 3, 1952

Dearest Kids,-

A wonderful air mail special from Katie this morning, and grand letters from Helen, Frank and Haynes on Monday, all make me ashamed that you have had no mail from us. But since I am usually such a letter-writer I know you understand that I was simply swamped by the holidays. Mostly I was swamped by gaiety but there was one disagreeable aspect, which I'll put first, to get it over with. Merian, for some time, has been troubled with cysts in her ear lobes and behind her ears. They were becoming chronic so we decided to have them out over the Christmas vacation. It was much more of a chore than any of us realized. She has been to the doctor for five or six appointments, a specialist, and several times had to have novocaine. Two incisions made in one little lobe, and one in the other, and afterwards stitches on, of course, it took up an awful lot of time and was quite an ordeal although she took it lightly. She had bandages on her ears thru several of the important days and couldn't wash her hair or wear ear rings. Well, that was the one shadow on our holidays and it wasn't too bad as you can see. She is coming home for her birthday, on the 18th, and there is one last cleanup job to be done.

Now to go back to Christmas Eve. (I can't remember farther back than that. We had phoned Ornella ~~the previous evening~~ and had discovered that she could understand Merian's Spanish and Merian could understand her Italian, which was lucky since she knows very little English and we ~~xxxxxxx~~ remember even less of French, German and Italian. Delossy picked her up at her hotel on Christmas Eve afternoon late and brought her out on the train and in some miraculous fashion they seemed to have gotten quite well acquainted by the time they reached home.

She is simply charming. A pianist, as I know Haynes has told you. Loose black hair, blue eyes, white teeth, all the vivacity that you associate with Latins. She was in New York making records and then starting a tour which takes her all over the United States and to Toronto and Mexico City as well. She is playing in New York in March, at Town Hall, and so you'll hear her. She's going to be in L.A. so you'll do these meet her too.

Candles in the windows, greens on the mantel and we had the tree trimmed and lit, a fire in the grate, and everything ready for a Happy Christmas Eve, and we put her into mother's room and made her one of the family. After oyster stew and pumpkin pie, we did as we always do on Christmas Eve....read The Night Before Christmas, Dickens Christmas Carol and the Christmas story from St. Luke. Then we went to church for the midnight service. It begins at 11 but you have to be there by ten to get a seat. She is a Catholic but went with us just the same and even took communion. She said (thru Merian) that there was only one God and what was the difference. Delos asked her whether many Italians felt as she did, and she said no, not many. If the whole world felt as she does what a different world it would be.

Oh, before we went to church we hung and filled our stockings. She had a pair too, of course, hung over one of the big chairs but as it developed later she didn't understand at all that ~~xxxxx~~ they were hers. The next morning D--- and I came down early

Abundant for  
service with  
boys' choir

and he started a fire while I made coffee and put coffee and sausages and stollen on the dining room table. Then we put a Christmas carol record on the phonograph and called our bambini down. We all rushed at our stockings but presently we noticed Ornella wasn't opening hers, and Merian explained in Spanish, so she started pulling out her presents and unwrapping them, laughing and crying together, and when she saw we were running around kissing each other, she did the same. Suddenly it dawned on her (I tell you all this because it was so cute) that she had not given any presents. You see in Italy they give their gifts on Epiphany so it had not occurred to her to bring any. She rushed out to the dining room, found a paper Santa Claus napkin and wrote something on it in Italian, then pulled off her beautiful ear rings, wrapped them up in the napkin, came back and handed them triumphantly to Merian! It was the sweetest thing you ever saw.

In the morning we called on all the ~~neighbors~~ neighbors, and the "eslies, and she fell in love with Aunt Emma and the "eslie dog. In fact, Aunt Emma made her cry which made me suspect she had a mother or grandmother about that age back in Italy. We went to the train to meet Armengarde and all came back to our house to get Christmas dinner on the table. One of Delossy's presents from ~~xxxxxx~~ press agents (along with champagne, Scotch, ties, etc etc) was a blender which he and Merian adore. They make everything in the world in it. And he made the mashed potatoes in it. His first failure with the thing. They came out like whipped cream but it made a lot of fun. Merian made superb gravy. Annie had stuffed the turkey the night before. We had turnips and onions and mince pie and it was all swell.

Most of our Christmas presents to each other were records because we have put the new LP attachment on the magna vox, Delos gave me Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting. Merian gave him an a Long playing record of Mexican music, Chavez conducting. I have him Chapsojdy in Blue and American in Paris. etc. So we spent the afternoon by the fire listening to Beethovens Ninth. Then had to put Ornella and Armengarde on their trains.

It was a wonderful day and I'd like to tell you more about our presents. The Edgar dressed three Petsy Tacy and Tib dolls for me. All their clothes are crocheted, even the panties. Petsy is in green, Tacy in yellow and Tib in lilac. They are simply enchanting and just stole the Christmas morning show. Libby Kemp, my little fan from Philadelphia, with whom I had corresponded for 4 years now (I've never met her) sent me an anthology of wise sayings or something like that (perfectly awful) bound in cheap ~~xxxx~~ but flashy leather with gold edges etc. terribly expensive, and it made me cry. For she works in a paper factory after school, week ends and vacations...wants to write but has to take the commercial course in highschool because she has to get out and help support the family as soon as she graduates. Her father is dead; her mother works etc. Of course I tried to remember how much pleasure it gave her to send it. Fortunately I had sent her Early Candlelight. Many other little fans sent cards and letters and we got such lovely things from each other. Merian have me a record too. Swan Lake.

Your magnificent box of fruit did not come until after Christmas but it didn't matter at all for we had so much ~~at~~ on Christmas Day that it was really fun to have some of the things come later. We had a darling box from Sean Batt that came later too. The fruit is simply marvellous and so beautiful to look at as well as divine to eat. You never need to think any farther when it comes to selecting a present for us for there's nothing we like better. We have offered it only to our most favored guests. "ella Clarke gave us short bread, Anas, coconut cookies, etc etc. so we have had lots of good things in the house.

We had "ella Clarke to dinner and ~~Merian's~~ Merian's friends were in and out. Merian went to parties whenever her ears permitted. We had to give up going in to see Gale or having the Syrians out. And on Saturday we entertained, Merian did, 50 at cocktails. The party was an absolute wow. I wished you all could look in on it. They were mostly from Merian's high school class, all seniors in different colleges now, and what a reunion it was! We served them a drink we had had at Shobers on Thanksgiving. Velos thought it was terrible but Merian loved it and so did the kids and it was weak enough so that Annie could keep passing and refilling glasses of it without doing anyone any harm. Half and half cranberry juice and rye with plenty of shaved ice. We had a big punch bowl in the center of the dining room table with cokes tied up with red and green ribbons and half hidden in green, for the ones who didn't drink. (There was exactly one out of 50. Dotty Sean.) On either side were sandwiches, 200 of them, pot to chips, mints, hats, etc and Annie passed these pretty ruby red drinks on trays decorated with red clothes and holly. Merian's room mate from Mexico, Doris, came out.

Sunday One of Merian's hostesses from Ecuador, now married and living in New York, came out with a delightful Lutheran minister and his wife and little girl. Although Latins, they happen to be Lutherans and go to this pastor's church. The whole group.... Anna Teresa and her husband and the Plorens were nice. Then Nortons came for cocktails. They had invited us for New Years Eve but Delossy and I had declined wanting to be here to see Merian and her date off. She and Bob Littlewood left at 3.40 in the afternoon, however, as they were with a Cornell group first in New Jersey (for a dinner party) and then an evening of dancing, talking and drinking in a charming apartment in St Pluke's Place in the Village. It's owned by Steffenson in the Arctic explorer but he sublets to these friends of Bob's. It was a "literary" crowd. One boy has 90,000 words written on a novel which will put Faulkner to shame. Merian had turned down the Garden City New Years ball, preceded by a dinner party at the home of one of the boys. But she really had a marvelous time where she went. Looked lovely in her cherry red velvet, off the shoulders, and I let her wear my fur cape. She couldn't wear earrings, of course, but fixed up a little dingus with veil and rhinestones for her hair, which covered her ears a little.

dinner and Delossy and I having seen her off and had a drink by the fire went to bed at 10. But we were awakened at one by a pounding on our door. The Wilkes, of whom we may have told you, young and giddy neighbors of ours, and a pair of their friends, the women in off the shoulder gowns, and all of them slightly high, were there determined to make us celebrate. So we struggled into a few clothes and I put my complexion back on, cursing them silently.

struggled downstairs where Melosy had turned on the Christmas tree and brought out his Christmas champagne. They stayed until 3 and we did have fun but it was an outrageous thing for them to do, of course, (or else I am growing old.) Merian got in around 5, I slept until 4 the next afternoon, when we had her in time to get dressed and go out for a five o'clock dinner. ~~Edward D and I~~ I spent the evening at Conants. I haven't attempted to tell you of Merian's parties but I've given you the high spots.

Foster's wire and all your letters, Helen, were so much appreciated. For we kept thinking of you all, all through it all. Now Katie's letter today brings me up to date on you. And Raynes too wrote us and we thought of him yesterday when listening to the Rose Bowl game. ~~I've taken away from his letter to you, I know he'll like to hear about himself. In writing him about Ornela~~

It made us so happy to think that you had Gene and Anita, Al, Pat and Cathy, and even Tom and Laura and their children near you... and Raynes as well. We knew you were revelling in being together.

I want so much to comment on news in your ~~last~~ letters, but won't do it now, for I do want to give this to the postman. I must say though that we never did get the picture of Cathy you mentioned. WHERE IS IT? The snapshots of Tommy in your letter, Katie, are simply adorable. He is just a rubber stamp of Gene. And one of the views of Gene and Tommy together is so very good. I am just delighted with it. Melos, of course, hasn't seen them yet.

Merian goes back to Smith tomorrow. ~~Oh~~ in the midst of all this, she had two reunions with the Smith-Mexico group in New York. And tomorrow she is launching with Anna Teresa from Ecuador before taking her train. I go to town Friday myself and the following Monday, the 7th, is Bigar and I go to ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ work on Betsy and the Great World. I must go into a two-months-trance to finish it. At this point it ~~seems~~ seems impossible that I could finish it under any circumstances. But I now I can. The Lord always helps me. But January and February will pass like a dream.

Dear love to each and every one of you including the younger generation and a less epistolical letter next time.

I would love to hear the  
story behind this  
could be. Please  
return.

40 Spear St.  
San Francisco, Calif.  
September 16, 1951

Dear Mrs Lovelace,

The name will undoubtedly be unfamiliar - I was formerly Mary Lynch, Alice Alworth's oldest daughter.

Several times during the last few years I have thought of you, particularly since my hobby has brought the place of Long Island to my mind many times.

You may recall that I once wrote to you about my ambitions concerning writing. My life seems to have been far too busy for me to do much about it, even if I had the ability, but my interest in names and places and history persists.

that is now New York City, Newport, R.I.,  
Flushing, Rye and Hempstead, New York.

I don't know how long it has been  
since you have heard from any of  
our family, but the past few years  
have brought many changes.

Last winter my father and his  
wife (he remarried in 1944) moved to  
Downey, Calif., a suburb of Los Angeles.  
Denny lives with them, in his house.  
Denny is only 23 but holds a very  
good job there. Rob and his wife and  
daughter also live there. Rob is doing  
remarkably well, as vice-President of a  
bank there.

Pat and her husband have two  
sons and live in Huron, South Dakota  
where they have a hardware store.

Circumstances have forced upon me many lonely evenings the past five years and I began to think of trying to do a little writing, basing a story on events in the day of my great-great-great grandfather (!) who was reportedly a dutch <sup>or English</sup> sea captain from Prince Edward Island.

I began to read as much about those times, and Prince Edward Island, as I could get my hands on. When I realized that he would have to be one of the first on the island, other than those of French descent, I began correspondence with the librarian in Charlottetown to ascertain that he did once live there.

To make a long story short, I discovered instead that he had come from Prince Edward County, Ontario, (the Isle of Quinte) and that his father was a Quaker, a United Empire Loyalist, who fled from Long Island to Ontario after the Revolutionary War, settling further west than most any pioneer of his day.

This discovery sidetracked my writing inclinations to the extent that I forgot my story and began tracing my family tree, and have traced this particular branch back to the 1620's when my ancestors first landed on American shores.

Needless to say, this has proven highly interesting especially when I have learned that these ancestors once owned much of the land

Nike is married and has a daughter. Lives in Clark, South Dakota where he has a gas appliance business.

Jane and her husband, who is a schoolteacher (6'7" tall) also live in Clark. My daughter and I were attendants at her wedding last summer, and she recently had a baby girl.

Martin is married and lives in Seattle with his wife and little son. He received his Masters degree last summer. (All but the three oldest of us have had a chance to attend college).

Jim manages a lumber mill for the Ohio Match Company, in Idaho.

I think that covers everyone but Tommy, who will graduate from high school this next year (he's the baby).

My correspondence, because of my genealogical work, and my large family of brothers and sisters, and my friends, is very large but I love it. I love to get letters.

San Francisco is a large city, and an interesting one. Perhaps some day you will be visiting it - you probably have already. If you come again, please contact me. I missed meeting you in Watertown, but I was a silly girl - at least an inexperienced one - then and would enjoy a visit with you even more now.

I hope everything is well with you. I have wondered often if you have written any more books I've missed.

Sincerely,  
Mary Young

He was too homesick for his friends in South Dakota and returned there to graduate. He is quite an athlete - 6'3" and still growing.

In fact, all the boys are big fellows and only Denny and Rob are under 6'. They're only 5'11"!!

Five years ago my father had no grandchildren and now he has eight!

Wars cause unsuspected changes in peoples lives, and it certainly has influenced mine.

Instead of a normal home life, I have instead had to raise my daughter alone. She has never seen her father, but she is such a joy to me nevertheless. She will be five on December 11, and I named her Deborah Alice, "Debbie" for short. She is a big girl for her age and the picture of health, with her grandmother Alice's hair.

Since she was two she has attended nursery school from 8:00 AM until 6:00 P.M. Now she is in a kindergarten, connected with a "Day care" school where I pick her up every night.

We have a little apartment, and because she has to be to bed early, I have most every evening all to myself. I manage to keep very busy though and find the days never long enough.

## SILENTLY TO BATTLE†

We go to war, and yet no song we sing  
The soul to stir, the feet to bring  
To foreign battlefields. Do we require  
A tune-smith's rhyme to build the fire  
Of courage? Need we strike the lyre  
With phrased tones to goad our ire?

In another war, we sang our hate  
Against the Autocratic State.  
Our young Voice rang, our young steps surged  
To fight, Democracy to purge  
Of evil; and all mankind merged  
To seek Self-Determination's urge.

Silently to battle now, though hate is keen:  
We sang in Nineteen-Seventeen.

†Reprinted from the October McCall's

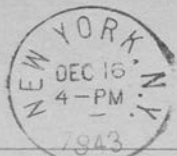
Roark Bradford

Christmas, 1943



Mary Rose  
Richard

Roark Bradford



STATION D



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mrs Delos Lovelace  
63 Wyatt Road  
Garden City, Long Island  
New York

Sunday.

I  
Dear Mrs. Lovelace <sup>and</sup> Marien.

Thanksgiving Day we spent at Gordon's, in Garden City. My heart ached for you all when I learned the very sad news of Mrs. Hart's passing. She was so gay, and interesting, and fun to be with.

you all drive up to  
see us some time?  
We'd be so happy to  
see you.

Very sincerely  
Irene K. Simmons

I shall always remember  
her kindly and  
sunny self.

Mother, Ellis and  
Derey join me in  
sending our warm,  
sincere expressions  
of sympathy to you all.

When you are  
feeling better, won't

Paula 5/25/21 from Mexico.



Please return to me. I  
want to St. Petersburg.  
Keep it.  
M.H.L. at Long Last -

My Dear:-

It was such a pleasure meeting  
Merian. She is all you said she was. You and  
Kelo have a perfect right to be bursting with  
pride. One sentence can describe my impression  
of her. "She is a true natural." She has perfect  
poise, adjustable to any age group.

She looked charming the Sunday  
evening she met us at the Hotel. Her hair was  
dressed so becomingly, her eyes sparkled with  
youth and happiness. Her warm lovely smile  
made us feel that she sort of belonged  
to us and that we had always known  
her. She wore her black jersey blouse,  
burnt orange skirt, sheer nylon, black pumps,  
black velvet gloves (matched the trimming of  
blouse) and black jacket. She was beautifully  
put together and we were very proud to be the  
one's meeting her. We felt that she surely  
must be at least twenty-five. (Being both  
a good conversationalist and good listener.)  
When we met her Monday, a week ago  
today, she came right from class. This  
time she was a typical college girl.  
In her gray sweater and gray skirt, saddle  
shoes. She is precious. We enjoyed every



minute with her. She gave me my first touch of homesickness to see my eyes.

Our trip was wonderful. She only set back or eye-set in my seven months of traveling, was an intestinal poisoning & picked up the minute I got south of the border. Was in bed most of the time in Acapulco and only able to eat three solid meals all my time in Mexico. We arrived home about six-thirty last night, Sunday. Have been going around in circles all day. Much to be done in a home that has only been half lived in for seven months, and that half being the male half. Beverly and family will arrive in about two weeks to spend the holidays. It will be a gala year for us with all our children and grandbabies home. As soon as things quiet down, I'll look for pictures of Bally. I am enclosing a clipping I happened on to today. Do you remember? I'd like it back.

Must close and get my bags unpacked, laundry collected, orders groceries etc. - Do wish you could come down. I think you need a quiet rest in Florida. - Regards to Betsy -

Much love

Betty

Monday morning -

(She has called herself Betty instead of Betsy ever since she left school.)

26 1/4 Franklin Ave.

Broomall Pa

March 4 - 1957.

Dear Maud -

I should feel ashamed to have waited this long to answer your letter, which gave me a great deal of pleasure, but I have been very busy. First, because I got "Early Candle Light". Then I did as you had done, and contacted the Minnesota Historical Soc. then I read your letter several times, for <sup>all of</sup> a month. (Yours of Feb. 4 and this is dated March 4). Interspersed with all this I was writing a storylike biography for my granddaughter Evelyn about her Great Great Grandparents, based on their arriving from Michigan, then Chicago, St Paul, Mankato and Garden City, <sup>1857</sup> then the Sioux out break. During the writing I re-read your book, marking several places of your description of the Geography around St. Paul. I sent your letter to sister Alma, who lives in St. Jo. Mo. (a very wonderful maiden lady) who said - she went to the library and found quite a collection of your Betsy Tacey books. "I brought Betsy & Jo and Betsy Tacey home. They were so interesting I couldn't lay them down. Also Emely of Deep Valley. Here life in High School

was so much like ours I almost thought  
it was you and me again" - "1888" tho your  
H.B. days were 1910-1912."

I take it you went to the same old H. B. that  
we did, except for the final addition. I just  
couldn't realize that the H.B. is now way  
out on the west corner of the slough, <sup>which we saw when we last visited Mauckato,</sup> "Many  
names of places are our old friends - Agency  
Hill, the slough, Lincoln Park, Cemetery Hill  
Madison Lake etc" Alma said.

I remember every corner of your house  
on Centre St. I even remember the baked beans  
your mother always baked <sup>for hours,</sup> on Sat., in a brown  
pot, ~~running~~ over with brown syrup and  
mustard. It will quite surprise you that  
I remember the Austin shoe store, and because  
of you, your father <sup>gave</sup> me my first pair  
of brown oxfords. My parents thought the black  
pair much more lady-like, but my whole  
soul had craved a pair of brown oxfords,  
since the first one I ever saw.

You said in the small booklet, your stories  
do not write themselves - represent hours of  
writing and rewriting. How true I find  
this - Much research, and much thumbing  
thru the dictionary!

From the gay book jacket, to the last line  
of the poem on the last page, entertained, thrilled,

many times, tho' not in so romantic mood, and I say you would get a fine view down the river!

Give Kathleen my love. I still have a picture of her fat neck and sweet plump shoulders, and a small heath suspended by a gold chain around it. I'm sorry I never knew your younger sister, which of you was she like?

Thanks for the pictures of your mother and Dad and the small child. The little one looks like Kathleen.

Wish you had seen one of your own.

When you "trick" to N.Y. to see your daughter, stop by. Broomall is just a suburb of Philadelphia.

Love Abby Cragan Bucklin's  
of munn. historical society  
Lucile Kane, asked to see my Pioneer  
days of munn. so I am mailing it to  
her tomorrow. "Just Indians." Thank  
goodness my daughter typed it. She writes  
feature stories for a local paper. An  
our of town paper she tells me.

and inspired me. <sup>2</sup> "Pige Eye, converted thou shalt be  
My family visited } like Saul, -  
Pige Eye on their track, } Thy name henceforth shall be  
St Paul."

My characters, like yours were real -  
Ed Kanah - my grandfather, Sarah his wife,  
Peninnah, my mother, and Little Willie  
her brother, and the little black and tan  
dog.

Long after these pioneering days were  
over, my brothers, and sisters, and I  
sat in the darkness, at our Grandpa's  
hearing them talk over those days,  
especially about Indians, trembling in  
our nighties, but very quiet, not to  
miss a word, then scurrying off to the  
big feather beds, covering our heads with  
the comforters - then before we knew it,  
sound asleep.

My Grandparents were Penn. Dutch,  
and to her dying days, Grandma  
would say, "I better light the candle" the  
taking pride in her bright shiny kerosine  
lamps, so "Early Candle light", uttered a  
melodious sound."

How ever did you make Lilee grow up?  
we, my husband and I, had a disagree-  
ment about the 2nd paragraph on page 311 of  
Early Candle light. I've climbed that hill

2614 Franklin Ave.  
Proomall, Pa.  
Jan. 22 '57

Dear Maud Hart Lacy -  
You will not remember who I am, but I knew you very well when you were a roly-poly blond little child. In fact, you spent several weeks at my father's, while your father and mother and little Kathleen attended the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893.

Recently, I had the pleasure of reading "Wanda Gág, the story of an artist," by Alma Scott. What was my surprise to find on the jacket, your name, Maud Hart Love-  
lace, who was the author of "Early Candle Light".

The name, Maud Hart, recalled many early days in Mauckato, especially one year I spent in your home, attending Mauckato, H.S. when you were less than one year old. So many nice, and funny things happened that year at the Hart home, where you were the

2.  
centre of interest in the household; -  
so blond, and rosy and blue eyed,  
with always a smile for every one.

I have enquired at book-stores  
for your book, but so far have been  
unable to locate it. Not knowing  
your address, I am sending  
this to your publisher.

I was well acquainted with Old  
Fort Snelling in my younger days  
and very interested in Indian affairs.

I have an old scrap-book of my  
Grandmother's, begun seventy years  
ago, which has newspaper clippings  
of early Minnesota days. Some years  
ago I began a research on Indian  
affairs, early newspapers &c. I am  
sure you must have done much  
research before writing your novel,  
"Early Candle Light".

Since I am now so far away  
from the scene of those early events, -  
(at Philadelphia Pa.) I am rather  
uncertain where to get much of the

I should like. Recently I wrote  
to the State Historical Society in  
St Paul, but it is yet too early to  
have a reply.

My nephew, Merrill H. Cragen  
and R. W. Nelson designed and  
created "Minnesota Trans a Century",  
covering Territorial history for  
for the Territorial Centennial.

Now I am anxious to go on from  
there.

Much of the memories of early  
Minn. days are from stories told  
me by my grand parents, who were  
early settlers. These stories were  
often of a hair-raising nature,  
especially about the Indian up-  
rising of the Sioux around Garden  
City and New Ulm.

Did you ever see the stockades  
at Garden City? My Grand parents,  
with other settlers spent much time  
at those stockades during the  
uprising. I remember the stockades  
and wonder if they are still standing  
and if there are early pictures.

4.

Now, as a Grandmother, and Great Gram, I am compiling stories of some of those pioneer days, for my 3rd and 4th generation. I will be 80 in June, so I <sup>need</sup> must hasten. I am sure your book will give me much information and inspiration.

Would love to have a check up on your family, including you and Kathleen, your mother Stella, with the beautiful hair, Tom, your proud father, Auntie Maud and uncle Jim Hart, and Aunt Murr, who was very dramatic. She spent the same winter in your home that I did. I remember she used to recite, "make me a child again, just for tonight, with gestures and dramatic voice, while little 3 year old Kathleen stood close behind imitating. We used to beg Kathleen to "Strike an attitude!"

With love -

Mrs Geo Bucklin - nee Abby Brazier.  
2614 Franklin Ave  
Proomall, Pa.



Please  
return.

Hawley, Minn.  
Nov. 18 - 54

Dear Mrs Lovelace -

This will be about the same as writing to the King of Spain, as in your Betsy-Jaisy-Tif books, <sup>am</sup> hoping for an answer. I have been a patient now in a Moorhead, Minn. hospital, or St. Ansgar Hosp. Moorhead for over 4 weeks with an infected ankle, (but it is soon well) and while here I started reading your books and to my greatest wonder, discovered that you and I were born and brought up in the same town, good old Manbato. Do you remember that little stone and brick Lutheran church straight across the street from the Pleasant Grove schoolhouse? The first floor was fixed for living quarters or for a parsonage, but a parsonage was built just back of the church, on Pleasant street, next to Mrs Thurston's, so my mother and I moved in, so that is where I lived at that time, I was in the fourth grade and Emma Finestone was my teacher. Your sister Kathleen sat either in front of me, or across from me at school, I don't just remember, but I sure

(2)  
know her well. I remember you too very well, tho you must be 2 or 3 yrs. younger. While we were in 4<sup>th</sup> grade, Helen, your youngest sister must have been born, as I remember one day the teacher told us to write a sentence with the word 'attached' in it, and Kathleen wrote her sentence and was thir<sup>d</sup> first, so she had to read her's first, and this was the sentence, "I am attached to baby Helen". The teacher smiled and said, that was fine, and I also remember when Kathleen recited, "I was the night before Christmas, ~~and~~ at a Christmas program at school, and I never could understand how any human could memorize such a very long piece. I thought it was beyond human understanding. Used to think Kathleen Hart was something out of this world that could speak and sing like she could.

One day I went home with her from school. Your mother was not home, but the hired girl was there and she was ironing. A big clothes rack <sup>was</sup> loaded down with fresh starched petticoats & dresses & pillow slips & sheets.



in the parlor,

I that I had never seen such a big ironing. Remember too a room out of the dining room where a neat little writing desk was standing, which I think was your mother's, then the piano, just where it stood,

My mother always bought all my shoes from your father and he always managed to work her into buying just the kind of shoes I wanted, but once I guess we both made a big mistake. The pair of shoes I wanted so bad were colored, or of blood and cost \$2.00, but a trifle too small, well your father got her to buy them, cause he saw how bad I wanted them, which was to my own sorrow, as they almost pinched me to death and never wore them out, cause they became too painful.

I still have our school picture taken on the steps of Pleasant Grove school, and Emma Furstone as teacher; some of the pupils were — Donald Young, Burton Hughes, Johnny Akern, Lucille Brandenburg, Eleanor Wood,

(24.)  
Jay Mickelson, Edwin Nelson, Kathleen Hart  
Elta Finestone (Olga Becklin) and Eva  
Thackray, (her dad run a 10¢ bus, and the  
office was in an old strut-car down on Front  
St. next to Lewis hardware store.)  
This is myself.

I sure wish you could let me know where  
your parents moved to from Mankato, or  
what happened when they were no longer  
~~with you~~ around. Your books have certainly  
sent me along the path of reminiscing. I  
recognized Jimbacomville in Little Syria,  
and the front street carnival but the  
sketch of the old Pleasant Grove school was  
the best, and what was the real name of  
the old lady that ran that little candy  
store at the end of the school yard, and  
what was Tit and Jacy's real names.  
I am quite sure one was Majory  
Gerlach, but I can't make out the other  
one, and who lived in that big swell house  
and had no children. The sketch of the big  
house looks very familiar. Then there was  
Hunts on the corner. Wasn't there a Beaulah

Hunt or am I mistaken?

(57)

Now as to who I am, well you will never remember me, as I was an only child of a poor hard working widow, who done a lot of practical nursing for old Doc. Andrews, Warner and Dr. G. A. Dahl. I finished grade school, went a couple years to State Normal, then took training at Immanuel Hosp, then left Mankato, married a farmer up here in north western Minnesota, or in the Red River Valley. I have 3 children, Elaine, living near Tacoma Wash., Harriette at Hawley, and John Harlan in Fargo, N. D.

Am a widow myself now and living in a large apartment all by myself at Hawley, Minnesota.

When I told the Librarian here in Moorhead, Minnesota, about knowing your sister and being born and brought up in your home town, and went to same school she consulted the lady who has a column in the Fargo Forum at Fargo, N. D.

and that it a very interesting write up for the Forum. She is Ruth Fairbanks, Columnist for Fargo Forum, Fargo, N.D. You will probably hear from them, as this has created quite an excitement and sure will help to put your books in more demand than before. I think they were fine, and have been lost in another world since reading them. They will probably send you a Sunday Forum, after this interview.

Where does Kathleen live & what about your sister Helen? My name when I was in Kathleen's room was Olga Becklin. My married name now, is —

Mrs Oscar Woldahl

Hawley, Minnesota

Please drop me a few lines and tell me what happened to your father & mother. They were such grand people. Hoping this reaches you. Sincerely Yours  
Olga Woldahl

*Mother's Day Greeting* by Western Union



NK51 PD=GARDENCITY NY 11 1050A

MAUD HART LOVELACE

PALMER HOUSE CHGO

(46)

1947 MAY 11 AM 11 57

JUST TO MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE A MOTHER LOVE AND CONGRATULATIONS  
FROM ALL OF US

DELOS STELLA AND MERIAM

And my darling too. When daddy told me he was going to write all this to you, I asked him to please take a dupe for me, and he started too but messed it up, as you see. So if you would please save it for me to copy when you come home, or send it to me when I leave France, I'd be ever so thankful. It just has to be preserved; doesn't it? I think it was out of Biencourt that he wrote "The Return of Jules Habille."

Nov. 27, 1953.

Darling;

Well! Now you are in France you might like to look in on all the towns I stopped at while I was there.

Commercy! The roof of its City Hall was half blown off a thirty-odd years ago. But the small hotel in which I lived while I was going to the horse-and-mule school was whole. And I can tell you just how to find it. In Commercy look until you find a tiny shop which sells Maccaroons. The show window is quite high up, and longer from right to left than it is from top to bottom. Stand with your back to the shop. Turn left and walk down the street about 25 to 50 steps. Turn right. You should be pretty close to the intersection of the maccaroon shop-street and another which comes from the direction in which you are facing. The small hotel stands in the angle of these two streets. It is of yellow stone, and stands in a garden behind an iron fence. It is not big. Hardly bigger, I guess, than our house in Garden City. I had the front downst air room on your right as you enter. I had it with about five other lieutenants and the major who ran the school lived upstairs and ordered us out, to quarters assigned for students, but we refused to go. It was always raining in Commercy and we were always wet and dirty, our wrap puttees and shoes especially. Hotel was Chez something.

Bar Le Duc! I recall nothing much of that except that it has a Hotel du Commerce where a strange matron and I were mightily polite to one another when we bumped heads at the entrance of the public toilet. I took a train from there to Paris when I went to Paris from

Bienville! This is so tiny it isn't on any map, I am sure and I know it has no railroad. I was billeted there after the Armistice for close on to two months and from there went to the Horse-and-mule school and finally to England for my time at Cambridge. If you enter the town down a winding road with the very poor little country hotel on your right you will come, about a block before you pass the hotel, to the spot, on your left, where stood the YMCA hut where we got hot chocolate every afternoon. Past the hotel you come to a stream with built stonework where the women of the village do their washing. Just across the stream, on your right, will be the home-and-barn of the very nice people whose front room I slept in with Lt. Van Duzzee. The woman of this house used to put the chocolate bars Roy and I brought into an iron pot with some of her milk and the pot into the fireplace and presto! After an hour of simmering we had hot chocolate. She used also to bring us hot bowls of soup in the morning before we were out of bed. But that we could not take. We used to bring her loaves of bread from our company kitchen and quite a bit of other food. Later I lived alone in the house of the village priest. That was on the hotel-side of the stream, and forward from the hotel maybe a half block. It stood in quite a large, and very shabby garden.

Nancy! It has the Hotel de la Cloche. I stayed there for one night.

Belfort. It was from Belfort, after buying a raincoat that soaked up water, that I went on beyond

Marian said they broke  
Dad said.

a very small village called, I think, Donne Marie, to the front line where my platoon relieved a French detachment. We stayed there three weeks. With land so precious in France it is quite unlikely you will find any traces left of our trenches or dug-outs, but you might. If you stumble on a flat square of sheet iron that will be the thing on which we made pancakes. It was a very quiet area. Altkirch or Altkirck, and and Mulhouse and Guebwiller were the German-held towns immediately east of us.

Grange-le-Bourg:--This lies, I think, not too far west of Belfort, and it was here that I was first billeted with my company after reaching France. On the hills and in the valleys near the town I got my first lessons in field manoeuvres with Browning machine guns.

Trondes. This is a very--no, was--a very dirty town in which I spent one night while on my way to billet my battalion in--I think--~~Kxxxxxxx~~

Luneville:--And in Luneville, or just as we were bicycling up a hill to it, we met a half dozen French soldiers riding down on horses and shouting, Guerre fini! Guerre fini!"

Paris. I stayed in the Hotel du ~~Kxxxxxx~~ Louvre, and wandered around quite a lot. in that area.

Brest. I landed here.

Le Havre. I sailed from here to England and landed, I think, at Southampton.

And I guess that is all.

We are still living in wonderful quiet here at the Cavanaugh's. Now and then we see Helen and Frank, but almost no one else although tomorrow night we are spending with the Coopers and it will be fun to see Mimi again, who now insists on being called Caroline.

Your Mum's Winona was sixteenth on a Juvenile Book best-seller list but I have no-good news about the Journey except that it is to have a pretty big add in the Times on Sunday, the 29th. There was a perfectly brutal review of it in an Episcopal churchnews magazine and I have seen no other reviews either good or bad. But I must, I fear, warn you that your ten per cent won't amount to much, if anything beyond the check I gave you last April. I, however, still think it is a pretty good book, and so does your mother and a few more.

Your letters are our great delight and I do hope you will keep them coming. Y ur excitements, your fun, your wanderings could not be improvèd on and I feel confident that when you return home you will be almost too grown up.

Going shopping now. This is chiefly to tell you about my own French travels.

With all our love, and especially all mine,

Yours

DAD, ~~D~~ X.X.X.X.X.X.X