



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](http://www.mnhs.org/copyright).

~~Janet~~  
Janet

MERIAN KIRCHNER  
72 BANK STREET  
NEW YORK 14, N. Y.

WATKINS 9-7891

Pollaw

Hello again -

Just got your letter and card, and it really seems too bad not to answer them, since I'll be awfully busy the rest of the week.

No, I don't remember "The Berchies' Boole" at all. I'm sure it's there some place, but I can't bring it back. I remember "Close the Outdoors..." but that was your song, not Stella's, and the words are right there in Beach Angels, isn't it? - if you want them! Of Stella's songs, I think the one I remember best is "Marching Through Georgia"! Or maybe it's just in my head these days because I'm so furious at the South. Also "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Also "Dixie", which for some unknown reason made me cry. "Captain Jim of the Horse Marines", which I adored - still do. "Tavern in the Town", ditto. "Seeing Nellie Home", which I think I considered rather rappy. Lots more.

Beth Bideman made beach picnic jelly this year and gave us a jar -

I loved it. Maybe next year I'll try myself.

Hope you have a fine time on the trip - it sounds like fun, seeing so many family people. I'm sorry Aunt Arma is so laid up, though.

Thanks for check.

Oh, I'm glad I did re-open this, I forgot your letter to E.R. and Nonnie. To mention it, I mean - it is on its way back to you. I thought it was just fine. I'm very curious to see what kind of reaction I'll get from them! Will pass it <sup>(reactions)</sup> along. Yes, I will call Nonnie - I've been remiss. But it was so hard to make dates while the commuting to the Island took such a big chunk out of every week.

I'll stop again now and paste up the envelope -

Love again -

M

Aug. 31, 1962.

Dearest people;

Before starting the morning's work I shall tell you of four dreams I had last night. I am telling you of them because of one in particular, but there will be suspense. The other first three first.

ONE I was a soldier and hunkered down in tall grass with the rest of my outfit. We were riflemen which sort of makes us old fashioned. Across from our position a dirt road ran. There was more tall grass beyond and although I could see nothing I was solidly aware that the grass across was full of hostiles and that my outfit was going to be in the fight of its life in no time at all. Interestingly, I was not concerned with the fight but with my previous army experiences and the lucky fact that in them I had had no fighting at all to speak of. I told myself I couldn't hope to go on being lucky, that made me really chipper. No dismay, no apprehension, no fear. MEBBE I have an MM kind of death wish!

TWO. Again I was some sort of soldier. I was skindiving. At night. Had all the paraphernalia, webb feet, oxygen tank, snorkel, some sort of weapon. I was about to surface and I knew I should

surface among friends. Sure enough, off to one side, a smallish ship floated. A destroyer? A torpedo boat destroyer? If I were a Democrat I'd surmise a PT boat. And around it were three or four small, rowboat type, craft. One picked me up promptly.

THREE And the next thing, I was walking with your mother down a spiralling sidewalk in a peaceful little town. Very like Claremont. Again it was night but there was light. Moon? Street lamps? A road paralleled the spiralling sidewalk opposite was another sidewalk and beyond semi-open patios. And as we turned a curve I saw, on the floor of one patio, a man sleeping. Naked. But very modest. No exhibitionism. He lay on his side, half curled, the way one often goes to sleep, and lattice shades cast stripes of alternate black and white diagonally over his body, like a blanket. Very very modest.

FOUR I was sitting, peacefully, in my own home with a completely captivating grandchild in my lap. A girl, of course. She was about three years old. At three even a girl can never be called beautiful but, my word! this one certainly was captivating. Dark (a brunette) naturally. And recalling her now I realize she combined the very best of her mammy and grand mammies. And, of course, intelligent beyond belief like her mammy and pappy. I'd guess an IQ of about 290. And I was telling her what a satisfaction it was to have a grand daughter so doggone smart and on top of that so beguiling -- so able to maintain the tradition of beguilement set by her mammy, grand mammies and, for that matter, her great grand mammies no less than her aunts.

Four dreams in one! Nearly as good as that tailor who went around wearing the belt SEVEN AT ONE BLOW.

That is all!

Yrs,

x x x x x x x x

Conant

WEST HILL MARLBORO, NEW HAMPSHIRE

July 6, 1962

Darlings,

What handsome gentlemen! I'm proud to be with them and happy, happy to have such a memento of the rewarding visit. Thanks ever, and when you can get around to it, do please send a print of yourself, <sup>photos</sup> Merian and Libby - especially do we want you to gaze upon.

Your account of the weeks following is stupendous - sounds delightful, even though L. and I stand aside in awe of your being able to take all that traveling and visiting; despite your talk of slowing down you are still balls of fire. We were quite numb after the days in Phila. and the 320-mile drive back - don't believe I spoke for 24 hrs.

And to continue our ~~at~~ talk about The Ship of Fools: I found it on the whole an offensive book, small, mean and a far more convincing portrait of the writer than of the human condition. Despite magnificent technique and nuggets of wisdom I found in it only superficial understanding and no compassion... But Donald Adams said it much better in the NYT which I repeat (you doubtless read it!):

"I have become impatient to the point of anger over the extravagant praise that has been heaped on Katherine Anne Porter's Ship of Fools. A skilled writer, yes, but in this novel, which pretentiously offers itself as an allegory of human life, an impostor. The cards are stacked and the whole novel is poisoned by its writer's quarrel with life. All human relations, including that of sex, are subjected to a

profound distaste. Granville Hicks made the best <sup>e</sup> comment about it that I have seen. He said that there was in it, for all its insights, no sense of human possibility... That sense, I think, is essential to man's continuance on this planet. Every book that strengthens or increases our awareness of man's possibilities is a help, bastard though he is. Every book that denies or denigrates his potential worth is a loss." (Personal aside about sex - the woman is either a frustrated old maid or a pervert. Libelous?)

I can't figure out why technical brilliance doesn't make a great novel, but I have just <sup>RE</sup> read a great novel (to me) that is technically ridiculous: Wuthering Heights. It's savage, cruel and full of wonderful human passion, and quite beyond analysis... But no more literary disquisition, please excuse.

We have been sitting here on the hill surrounded by amazingly sparkling summer days, complete drought and freezing in the morning; 40 degrees here and frost in the valleys. A few sociabilities but not so many as I should have made - I'll begin next week and wish every step of the way that I had Stella's and Merian's talent for food, to which I grow more indifferent daily. Lunch today with the Williams who ~~x~~ remind us of you two in so many happy ways, Sunday supper and bridge here with friends, and so on... Unsocial gardening goes on like mad with some animal waiting to lunge upon anything that comes up. L. has shot three porcupines, trapped a woodchuck and scared a rabbit sky high. He hates the shooting but we are now on the side of Mr. MacGregor, not Peter Rabbit, and consider Beatrix Potter a ~~menace~~ menace.

We love you, and I shall now take up the budget and the hope of prying L. off this hill next spring; frankly I have my fingers crossed but that pic. of the Claremont Inn stands enticingly on his desk - with you two beside it, it should have an effect. Our special love

Katharine

Years past they stayed at Claremont Inn & loved it

Sunday 16 June 63  
58 Kirkland Street  
Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

Dearest Maud:

Mary Ann & I greatly enjoyed your postcard full of questions, but she has gone on back to New York & business affairs, leaving ME staring at them! I'm not at all sure that it will be possible to answer all of them satisfactorily, but here is what I can do in a hurry (which, for some reason, I gather you're in):

Grandfather & Arosmord came to the U.S. in 1857, when ~~there were~~ <sup>at ten points</sup> the RR lines ~~that~~ reached to the Mississippi River, (says Muzzev in his school text on Am. Hist.). I was told, by Aunt Rhoda, I think, but it may have been Uncle Tom, that they took the RR as far <sup>westward from Chicago</sup> as they could, presumably then to some point along the Mississippi or even beyond, & then drove across the open prairie. There would surely have been ferries along the Mississippi — some earlier pioneers floated their <sup>flat-bottomed</sup> wooden wagon beds across streams not too swift or treacherous when there was no regular ~~public~~ <sup>ferry</sup> service. Probably their wagon was covered without being a Covered Wagon! The Prairie Schooner idea has been much exaggerated. I don't know what the motive power was but I've never thought of it as anything but horses — even being more for long, heavy pulls; but I don't know for certain. I was told that Arosmord brought <sup>among other possessions</sup> her sewing machine, her little <sup>mahogany</sup> melodeon & six silk dresses! By that autumn Grandfather had worn out his shoes & he & the farmer on the next quarter section drove their cattle to the Chicago market on <sup>feet</sup> with no shoes on them!

I don't know whether their first house (Colman) was ~~the~~ log cabin. Didn't Uncle Tom ever say? He told me that

2

once, when as a young man he was campaigning for political office (around Menkato, I seem to remember), he drove one morning up to a prosperous farmstead to solicit the votes of the farmer & his wife, a dear old Scandinavian lady, <sup>who</sup> ~~to~~ answered his knock at the ~~screen~~ screen (?) door. He said who he was & where from, etc., when to his astonishment she suddenly stepped around the <sup>half-</sup> open door, put her arms around him, & said, "Why, Tom Hart, you don't have to tell me who you are. I was there when you were born. We lived on the next section and your dear mother and I helped each other when we had babies." But I am meandering and maundering, I'm afraid. The house I saw at Ossian was not a log cabin - just a simple and rather small frame house, with a big barn across the dooryard. Daddy showed Mary Ann & me the place in the barn where <sup>when he was a little boy</sup> he fell asleep one afternoon on a buffalo robe & didn't wake up until it was black night & everyone gone to bed! It's always rather made my heart ache - that apparently no one missed him at supper or came to find him to put him to bed. Or perhaps they did look for him. It must be hard to keep track of so many children.

Daddy was graduated from Northwestern University in 9 ~~th~~ 1910, but I'll have to ask you to wait a bit to make that date certain - the records are put away where I can't conveniently get at them until I have the present job of filing done. I'm not sure Northwestern had an honors program & anyway my impression is that he did not have an outstanding scholastic record because he had to spend a lot of time earning money at several jobs - one was managing the football team. And I remember his telling about missing so many <sup>frick</sup> classes that his professor said he could never make it all up. He did a cram job and passed, but it was touch and go. He always wondered whether the dissatisfaction of trying to get educated under such circumstances

may not have been responsible for his lifelong habit of reading half the night & piling away at Greek and history and a lot of other subjects until he died. Or maybe it is the function of every good education to leave one feeling that there is infinitely more to learn. I remember Grand-perry's saying once, somewhat peevishly, "It isn't getting educated that's so hard, but staying educated - I can't keep up with all these books."

Yes, I have two pictures of Aunt Zue (Rosemond they always called her to me) and I'll have them Xeroxed for you soon & send them along. M.A. had a wonderful time on her 24-day trip to Europe & wants to go again next spring. They had to go too fast to suit her this time. I'll tell you more about it when I can get out there - next February, I hope. But I'll hope to hear more of your project before then. Forgive my haste now.

Lots of love to you both from

Cousin Rosemond

774 West 8th Street  
Claremont, California  
June 24, 1966.

Dear Marjorie,-

It's so nice to hear from you again and to find you involved in such an exciting (to me) project. It has stirred up a lively curiosity around these parts.

There was indeed a deep connection between the ~~the~~ books and my own life. As you probably heard me say a hundred times in Mankato, there's a little truth in everything but nothing is all true. The home life is all true; the Ray family was the Hart family. And many of the characters are based on real people who have identified themselves long since. However some characters are made up of two or three real people but some are given invented adventures etc. I think you are aware of all this.

I mention it especially on the subject of the diaries. Each one of the high school books was based on the diary for the year it covered. Almost any incident you care to pick: the Halloween party at Carney's, the skating party, the trip to Milwaukee, my first high school dance, the Okota Delta sorority (I still have my pin) etc etc. The catch is that I used these events as I saw fit...some that happened to me were given to other people; some that happened to other people were given to me, some ~~xxxxxxxx~~ happenings were expanded out of all recognition, etc. and of course, as with the characters; above, there was some pure invention.

I loved those diaries. ...each one, unaware that it was trash, using the title of a Shakespearian play! Merian loved them, too, and Delos chuckled over them. Nevertheless, about a year ago, I destroyed them, except for one cover and a few pages. Of course I did copy out a few choice bits, and some of family interest. Like most writers, I believe, Delos and I are receiving requests these days from colleges and universities for any material that ties up with our writing. There is an especial interest in the Betsy-Tacy books and, as you probably know, I've sent a good deal of memorabilia pertaining to them to the Kerlan Collection at the University of Minnesota. (They are making very good use of it.) I've promised them more in the future, but I didn't want the diaries to go to them or to anyone. They were too silly, too personal, and so full of names! Hence my drastic action. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

Now to get to your questions. I'll pass over Number ONE because that will require some writing on my part and I may not get to it for a day or two.

TWO. The diaries. I will certainly send you some quotes from the pages I have left, or the notes I took. (I haven't yet dug them out, but I will over the weekend.) If the cover ~~xxxxxx~~ and pages are in good shape, you might even ~~like a photostat of them? I wouldn't mind sending them~~



photographer's on time. That group has been used once or twice in newspaper features and you probab,y have ~~one in the~~ among your clippings, It's very nice, but if you use it, I wish you would be sure to have one or two of Tacy.

*Did you say for 2  
ones to wear  
in night  
club - etc.*

I have many charming pictures of Carney , both high-school and college age, and lovely ones of Tacy and Tib in ~~their~~ their late teens or twenties, ~~but~~ <sup>perhaps they are</sup> not what you're looking for. The same with Julia in operatic roles.

Getting back to high school, it is too bad that snapshots don't reproduce well for I have a kodak book crammed with pictures taken during high school days. ~~xxxxxx~~

I have high school graduation pictures of many members of the crowd, an especially adorable one of Tib( I wouldn't include any with whom I took too many liberties in the books....even though they are dead and gone and wouldn't in any case have minded.) Cab's ~~high school~~ graduation picture seems to have disappeared but I've already started trying to track one down for he would be a fine one to include. I hate one of Dave Hunt, who doted on the books. I have Miss O'Rourke!

Perhaps you'd like to tell me which ones of these interest you, and I can send them along. Or I could send them all along, knowing that you would treat them with the greatest care. I have spares of some; others are so rare that I doubtles have the only copies. But I know you would mail them back promptly; registered mail, please; that's the way I'll send them.

Did you know that ELLbby Demp Forrest and Mark have a son, born in April ? He is named Keith.

Very many good wishes.

October 15, 1966.

Dear Bonnie,-

I can't tell you how pleased I was to receive your letter. I remember you perfectly, and also your great-grandfather, and must tell you how I came to meet him.

I had come back to Minnesota from Pelham, New York, where we were living, to do research on a novel my husband and I were planning to write about the British colonists who lived around Fairmont, Minnesota in the early days. I brought Merian, our small daughter, with me and she stayed with my parents in Minneapolis while I was in Fairmont. But she and my mother came along when my father drove me to Fairmont and on the way we stopped at Winnebago City where Mother had lived as a little girl. She was anxious to show Merian and me her old home, and besides someone had told me that a Mr. Henry Sherin in Winnebago City had lived there at the time the British were arriving and that he...like my mother...remembered them. (It was my mother's tales about these romantic characters which inspired "Gentlemen from England.")

I met Mr Sherin at the hotel and he was a delightful old gentleman. He did indeed remember the British and had wonderful stories about them. ~~xxxxxx~~ Winnebago City was the end of the railroad at the time the British were arriving and I think Mr Sherin said he drove the stage on which they proceeded, in small groups and large, to Fairmont. If my memory is correct, he also remembered my grandfather, especially his funeral which was quite an affair because the Oddfellow Lodge was in charge and Grandfather was a Civil War veteran. All of us were so thrilled and excited and had such a lovely visit with him. Later we ~~xxx~~ visited the graveyard and I remember Merian, picking weeds, ~~xxxxxx~~ or maybe wild flowers, as she sat in the grass on her great grandfather's grave.

You can imagine that you were not just another little girl who had read ~~my~~ books!

Now it makes me very happy to hear that ~~the~~ you still love Betsy and Tacy. One of the great rewards of growing old is getting letters like yours from girls and young women who grew up with the books. Some, like you, are in college, some are librarians or teachers, some are married and raising families. It is so very kind of you to write.

Yes, we are both well, both busy at our typewriters. I have a small book out this fall, "The Valentine Box", but it's not a Betsy-Tacy. It's adapted from a short story I ~~wrote~~ wrote years ago which I thought might contribute a little something to the Civil Rights movement. Merian is now a free lance writer, married to Englebert Kirchner, an editor. We go to New York every year to see them unless they come here.

That may be one reason we don't get back to Minnesota as often as we'd like to. I was glad to hear the news you put in your letter. The Kerlan Collection at the University of Minnesota, in the Walter Library, has a collection of Betsy-Tacy memorabilia you might have fun with if you are in that neighborhood. So has the Blue Earth County Historical Society in Mankato. And how nice it is that you drive through there sometimes! The High Street house was recently torn down to make more room for the State College but the two little houses on Hill Street, Betsy's and Tacy's, are still there and haven't changed much. I'll enclose a map which the A.A.U.W. got out when they celebrated a Betsy-Tacy Day, three Betsy-Tacy Days, really, back in 1961. That was a glorious occasion and a great time of reunion for "characters". Betsy, Tacy, Tib, Winona, Irma, Cab and others were there. Since then both little Tib and glamorous Irma have died. "Tacy", I am happy to say, is very strong and well, and still beautiful! Her red hair has turned white but she still has her sparkling blue eyes and all Tacy's lovely qualities...except that she's no longer shy. She's had a very happy life. A widow now, but two sons and ten grandchildren.

Do give my greetings to your mother, and to the college friend who has memories of Betsy and Tacy. And this brings very warm good wishes for that senior year in college and all that will come after it.

Affectionately



JMJ

Oct. 26

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

At least, the copy of Journey to Bethlehem I ordered arrived. St. Paul Book was all sold out when I called. I enjoyed the book very much; especially did I like St. Joseph and small round James of the big voice. It is clear from start to finish that Mr. Lovelace wrote about persons he knew well and loved. As you know, in the beautiful litany of the Blessed Virgin, we address her as Mater Amabilis - Mother most lovable. Mr. Lovelace depicts her as first that - lovable - in her innocence, sweetness, gaiety, in all her perfection that is so remote from the painfully self-conscious writer that so repels.

However - I do have one question in my mind. The reviewer in Best Sellers - objected to the Amulet in the shape of a fish. I thought I had seen real significance in that amulet, not a superstitious practice. Will Mr. Lovelace please come to my rescue: What is the meaning of the Amulet? I am a Canny Scot - he has to tell me.

My name is down for Winona Boy Cart as soon as it is cataloged at the Public Library. I know ahead ahead of time that I shall like it.

We are preparing for big doings Wednesday. EEE day, no less. Employers and employees of St. Paul visit the schools. Last year educators visited business establishments, factories, and plants of one kind or another. On alternate years the schools are the hosts. About 40 or 50 are coming here to be conducted through the school, edified, entertained, and, finally, refreshed at a turkey dinner in our cafeteria. It is a very fine thing to promote better understanding between business and labor and education.

School is in full swing, as always - with many amusing incidents. The other day I caught a gum chewer and had her tidy up the book shelves. She reported back to me in about 15 minutes accompanied by friend. Said she "I'm all done". Said friend, "I helped her. I gave her the gum." Same friend said to me one day. "Havint we any school stories? Everywhere I look it's knights in shining armor." An innocent freshman hustled up to me one day and requested that I put a story book on reserve for her so she could read it during her study periods. That would be a handy arrangement, wouldn't it.

I am glad you like the symbol notebook. It was designed to meet a definite need - in all schools. and seems to have succeeded pretty well. Thank goodness. However, I am just too lazy to do anything about really publishing it. A great deal would be involved in such a project. I fear: Impoverishment, waiting for permission to use various symbols I "borrowed" from here and there - perhaps not a legal necessity as symbols are common property - but such a petite necessity; preparation of MS, etc, etc. I squawk at the very thought. I did write a short story, though - published via mimeograph. I composed it to fill up a page in the Sophomore Library work book. See enclosure. A real work of art, don't you think? - Genuine Sophomoric humor - right from the cob. as the girls would say.

Almost time for night prayer bell - so must hasten to a close - with no attempt at a graceful one unless inspiration strikes me down. As always. Constant remembrance in my prayers of you and yours with maybe a little more personal emphasis for the noted New York journalist who is a member of your family now that I have had the pleasure of meeting him.

Sincerely, in Christ,  
Sister Avila.

P.S. bell rang

The work of creation is a grand  
design of a PERSONAL BEING.

Teilhard de Chardin

Answer

February 6, 1967

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

Indeed, my prayers and my sympathy, my very most heart-felt sympathy are with you. My feeling that something was wrong was very strong but I just wouldn't let myself believe it - and waited until after Creativity Week to write. Thank you so much, for taking the time to write such a long letter and to send the clippings. I shall keep Mr. Lovelace's picture (a very good one it is, too) under the glass on my desk right beside yours. As I said in my letter, I have treasure your Christmas letters and have felt the closest kind of friendship with both of you.

I shall never forget, and have often described to others, my one meeting with Mr. Lovelace. His humor, his kindness, and a completely unanalyzable charm all his own were just unforgettable. I can well understand how much you will miss him. But, how good it is to know he was spared a long, painful, inactive siege - what would have been so hard on a man who enjoyed life so much. God was very good to him - all along he was good to him - after all, he found 49 years of great happiness with you, too. I have used you two often, as an example of what I considered a perfect marriage -

one of love and friendships.

I have not figured out how I missed the account in the paper, unless it appeared in the Star and not the Tribune - I never see the Star but do go through the Tribune every day looking for items to clip. A queer thing.

The following quotation from John Donne - is one to help in a time when grief is gray and heavy.

"When one Man dies, one Chapter is not torn out of the book, but translated into a better language; and every Chapter must be so translated - God's hand is in every translation; and his hand shall bind up all our scattered leaves again, for that Library where every book shall be open to one another."

As always, prayers for you both every day!

In Christ,  
Sister Avila

P.S. You are so wise - to keep busy with your writing.

Darling Maude

Dec. 16, 1967

However kind are your friends & neighbors I'm sure they are only indulging themselves. You give so much to others (quite unconsciously I think) that they keep coming back for more. Long months now I have felt myself consigned to that next to the last ~~circle~~ circle in Dante's Inferno where tears & mouths are stopped with ice (a horrible scene!) and somehow, speaking through your letter, you melted the ice - which Dante didn't do. You are that spirit in mankind that is his final hope. And I can see DeLoz nod quietly "Nat's true." Corilla Williams is the one other I know who has it - I believe I mentioned once that she and Ralph were so like you

and Delos in attitudes + their way of life. After a year of being in + out of ~~the~~ hospital for heart attacks Ralph died suddenly at a large 12-2 p.m. gathering last October - Corilla receded into that realm of yours and hers which brought strength and inspiration to all close to them - A college classmate came to stay with her + when she left remarked to me "I came to comfort Corilla and she has comforted me." I'd not be surprised to hear Bick say the same - Just between you + me I can only say how fortunate I am to know two such people -

We appreciate our friends here but I do long for those who knew us before the hair was grey, the limbs tottering + when families were growing up - At Thanksgiving

(on the weekend after - we spent the day in Phila. with Dorothy) Cathy was going to her first formal, long dress & all, & for the moment I was transported to an evening with you when Merian was induced to model her attire. I could never approximate Stella but I came near it with that proud grandmotherly smile - Memory so collapses time, with certain nostalgic touches to be sure -

~~We~~ Your account of the work in polishing Delos' mss. has us cheering - that there is one to be readied for a publisher, that you and Merian are collaborating, and that your extraordinary industry is more than equal to the happy task.

You know so well what DeLoz  
would have expressed that I can  
see him beside you - And we hope  
we may see it in print in 1968 - or  
is that asking too much?? His  
Journey to <sup>Bethlehem!</sup> ~~Jerusalem~~ remains one of  
our favorite Christmas stories.  
Cutting is uncomfortable surgery even  
for an editor of any perception & must  
be misery for the writer - The more I  
read (which is a compulsion with me  
stronger than any <sup>drugs</sup> dope found or  
alcoholic experiences!) the more do I  
feel my indebtedness to the writers'  
generosity - How narrow & dull life  
would be without them -

To get on to our mundane

activities, they are really quite trivial. We did manage a trip to Canada in late October - Quebec was fun ~~by~~ but Expo '67 not the place for us: mobs pushing us around, people (not us!) standing in line 5 and 6 hours to get into exhibits & me muttering "isn't it time to go back to the hotel." Much better to read about it & look at the handsome pictures. Probably the best publicized Expo ever, & our young friends loved it!

We see Barton & family every month or so. The parents working too hard, the children expanding

in all directions. Kathy got some sort of reward for a story appearing in Scholastic magazine - she has a nice little flair for writing & piano & of all things seems to be most interested in math! Jim goes in for soccer & the trumpet achieving ~~a~~ solo bits in church & orchestra, Scott goes in for snakes including a ~~boa~~ boa constructor (you may remember I wouldn't let Barton have one) & Keith now almost six, adores old ~~lady~~ ladies like me and Dorothy.

Cur Jim, I'm glad to report seems well in control again, enjoying his life & job in Denver. I'm afraid he is one of those who will always suffer more than most in the business of living - perhaps in the end he

will get more out of it - We hope to  
get out to see him in the spring & if  
you do not take off for Spain I'll  
do my best to get Lawrence to the  
the west coast & you. He is not a  
traveler & has been having trouble  
with his diabetes & angina. We  
are on the skids but still have  
lively moments - Good to have word  
of Emma & the Cararaughs, both (all)  
such dears. Ed Meury was largely  
instrumental in Coull's son Douglas'  
decision to become a clergyman - in  
the Episcopal church. & We have  
heard so much of the Meurys whom  
~~we~~ we have just met that once in  
Claremont - And Al Cannon has

been doing a tremendous job in L.A. with  
a center for negro children & a  
creative arts project in which  
Gregory Peck & the like are interested -

But I mustn't go on forever & wear  
out your precious eyes - If you  
ever do go to that retirement spot  
how I wish we could join you there -

Meantime 8<sup>th</sup> St. sounds right for you  
with its happy associations. You &  
Delorsy hold such a special place  
in our lives - a ~~continuing~~ continuing  
blessing. But I'm not much good  
at words. We just love you both.

Katharine

Fun, that we both chose ~~to~~ the

same Union card -

No one I'd rather hear from than you. But  
don't use your eyes for it - a post card now <sup>then</sup>

September 5, 1966.

Dear Kathleen,-

I was so happy to hear of your inspection of the our old Fifth Street house. It was so very nice that you could walk through the rooms and - shorn of all glory as they must have been - see them as they looked in our day, and Betsy's. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Even with the hanging lamp in the dining room gone, and Julia's piano! I was especially glad that you could visualize that music room.

I don't wish to sound morbid but the living people who carry memories of that room in their hearts get fewer and fewer all the time.

You can imagine that I thought of you at once when I saw the enclosed clipping. You may keep it if you wish to. You can see that the house is now completely vanished, so I feel especially grateful to you for writing me in such detail about it.

Your whole letter was lovely and of great interest to me: the senior year of all of you, and your plans, and the wedding - I shed a tear or two over that myself for the Betsy-Tacy wedding is my own; I hope it is leading your friend into as wonderful a married life as I have had, and the hilarious trip to Mankato. I loved the snapshot, and chuckled over the one you said was taken in front of an advertisement for the Lloyd Lumber Company. We think you should send one of those to the Lloyds. They'd be so amused. And I thank you for the charming picture of yourself. It looks just like you!

Speaking of the Lloyds, they spent several months in Palm Springs in the late winter and Tacy was here visiting us. Carney was visiting a niece in Riverside, so we had some fine reunions although none of them included all of us together. It was a joy for us to have Tacy in our home, as radiant as ever. Carney was in fine fettle. She has given up the little house in which you visited her for the Calhoun Beach Manor and seems to be enjoying the lack of responsibility.

Mildred Oleson Cahill, the model for my Irma, and a very sweet person, died recently at her home in Waseca.

We were much interested in your and Gretchen

being in the New York area. We lived there for so many years - Merian was born there. Although I stayed a middle westerner through it all, my husband and I (and Merian, too, in time) did enjoy the theatres and concert halls, restaurants and art galleries as I feel sure you two are doing now. (Merian still thinks it is the center of the world and she and her husband would not live anywhere else.) Have you discovered the Cloisters yet? Or the Frick Museum? My favorite spot in the whole city was always the Public Library at Fifth and Forty-second. I did research on so many books there. There is a ROOM....I think on the second floor, if you count the basement as the first....where authors, properly identified, are permitted to work. Their typewriters, and the books and magazines which they are using may be left there for days and even weeks, (unless especially requested by an indignant patron, in which case a page comes and asks politely if one can part with them for a few hours and once graciously accedes.) I almost lived there.

How are you enjoying your work? We met the New York Library's wonderful Mrs Baker when she was in Claremont for the Reading Conference last winter; I hope you girls will have some contact with her. She really is a great person.

We usually go back to New York every fall but this year we think Merian and Bert will come here. At the moment, after a very busy summer of pounding typewriters, we are planning a ~~xxxx~~ week or so of rest. Probably at the old Hotel del Coronado. That's a darling place which I fell in love with as a girl when I visited my grandmother in California. It may soon be going the way of the house at Fifth and Cherry in Mankato.

Affectionate wishes to you both, and to the others of the Pilgrimage group I know by letters.

I don't know whether you ever got into the Blue Earth County Historical Society. I've been busy bundling things off to them, in response to a request. I'm about to send two lovely autographed photographs of Florence Macbeth, the Mankato girl who grew up to be a Chicago Opera star. Her parents were members of the Hi Fly Whist Club which I'm sure I ~~never~~ mentioned in the books. I know I never mentioned Flossie (Florence) for she would have been a book in herself.

[1960s-1970s]

ATHENAEUM COURT  
Piccadilly · London · W1  
REG. NO. 3464 (20 LINES)

Mar 24

Dear Maudie & Delos: — Happy Easter!

When we saw the print first, something  
about the attitude of the very rounded  
us of Maudie — Wonder of Delos  
sees it —

Also wonder whether you have  
thought anymore about settling in Canada?

We hope to sail for home the  
middle of April & will be in Ontario for a  
while at least —

Do let us have a line about  
your plans & dreams occasionally

With love from  
Peter & John

It has been so busy around here this past month that we've just sort of regrouping our forces of energy right now. There were 3 Children's Dance Theatre performances.

I saved you a program from one with the Repertory Dance Theatre + Children's Dance Theatre joint program - but Sue temporarily misplaced it. It included the other brochure for the other two performances. They were also in 2 recitals + a <sup>violin</sup> contest. All this within 6 weeks. I got worn down running all over. WOW!

They're both doing exceptionally well in school. Shaun writes the most beautiful stories. Iris amazed. Kathleen has read the most books in <sup>all of</sup> the whole 3<sup>rd</sup> grade classes. They are really doers.

This is so short. I know - but ..... I can't accept fence's limitations, I guess.

Love,  
Jane

I think this was 1969.

Dear Maud,

Time goes by so fast. It's sorry to be so slow in writing (or having Shaun write) thanking you for his gift.

Christmas is such a busy time. For the first time in my life I understand people who have claimed it is a burden. It is such a beautiful time of year, but life is just too darn hurried + complicated. Somehow, it's going to simplify our life.

Jim had S. + K's pic taken for me because of the anniversary <sup>which was</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>same</sup> <sup>time</sup>

P.S. Kathleen writes again too. I'll enclose one -  
will you mail it back, tho. It has special meanings

-3-

I was going to send you some homemade goodies, but we aren't going to make them in time to mail.

If you haven't got K's ~~at~~ present yet, she'd love a B-T book.

She is devouring them. She chuckles + just adores them. What wonderful stories they are. I wish you had written a hundred. You can't believe the pleasure Kathleen (+ my new other little ~~girls~~ girls receive). Sometimes Kathleen gets so involved

(Am being a scribe for Shawn)

Dear Aunt Maed,

Thank you for my present, my tie. And it looks good on me.

My friend gave me a pocket knife. I like it very much.

I work hard in school. I don't get recesses any more. I used to to, though. I'm learning to read and count out words.

I made a chain in school to tell how many days to Christmas. You cut one off each day. There are 12 days before Christmas today.

LOVE  
SHAWN

your Christmas present. They are making theirs for you. You'll get theirs first since I haven't got the portrait yet.

Am letting the kids decorate the tree this year. Somehow, a beautiful tree isn't too important to me this year - so they're having a ball.

Will <sup>snow</sup> snow - it's so pretty. The roads are clear, but the ground + trees are still covered. It's really picturesque because we have so many trees - I hope we have snow for Christmas.

she extends it into her own life.  
She now has a mystery club with  
her friends. What pleasure you  
have given to growing up little  
girls.


I really can't tell you how  
much fun Kathleen is getting  
from reading about Betsy, Tracy-  
etc. I hear a chuckle or some  
comment - then she comes  
running out + says "do you know  
what they're doing now - or I'm  
at the part where..."

Have a nice Christmas. We're  
all looking forward to seeing you  
again -  
Merry Christmas!  
John


This is a sample of K's cursive  
writing she wanted to show you.


cat  ho-ho 


add +


hat 

hot 

had 

fat 

fan 

Todd 

fin 

Kathleen



[1967]

Merry Christmas and best wishes  
for a Happy New Year

Dear Maude, -

I didn't know until quite recently  
of Delos's passing. Even now, I find it  
hard to believe. He always seemed so full  
of life and vibrancy, it doesn't seem possible  
he would be taken so young. I am sure you

Handwritten

have had great difficulty adjusting to being without him. Do hope Merian and her husband have been able to spend some time with you in Claremont.

I'm supposing Delos and my Dad and Mother have re-organized their little "Group of Serious Thinkers."

The fog along about the same. Sally, Paul, and 3 little boys live in Marquette, Mich, and John & Linda in Bismarck.

Pony and I extend our deepest sympathy and hope you are with Merian for the holidays.

Love,

Lucy Day.



Foster  
2742 Harbor  
SLC 6, Utah



Mr and Mrs. Allas Lovelace  
774 West 8<sup>th</sup> St  
Claremont, Calif.

no, it's kinda like giving but  
I decided to send it anyway.  
Monday I picked up some presents  
of Sharon + Kathleen that I  
had taken as "gifts" - one  
of those "love letters" arrangements  
of Sharon + Sharon

partly. It's not you or  
each man of they aren't good.  
I hope they answer my  
questions, but you'll know  
that things coming.  
We're looking forward to a  
morning Christmas. Have a Merry  
Christmas. Love, Kathleen + Sharon

Here's some rather sugary  
candy I made. My nephew  
helped me and somehow  
didn't put all the milk in,