



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler  
Lovelace Family Papers.

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[1969]

Right after your  
call

Dear Maud,

I'm so sorry - though as  
we both realize Bickie was  
spared both pain and fear.  
Her face was so tranquil -  
she had to have done the  
things she wanted to do in  
this world, one of the chief of  
which was to know you.

I tried hard to think of  
some small peaceful thing  
I could do in her memory  
and I finally decided to let  
Sister Alorhis do it for me.  
(You'll see who she is when  
you open the book bag.)  
Don't be too sad.  
Fondest love,  
Kathie

635 Robin Drive  
Corte Madera, Calif.  
Dec. 19, 1969

Sr. Aloysius  
Drishane Convent  
Hillstreet  
Co. Cork, Ireland

Dear Sr. Aloysius,

I realize I just wrote to you, but this time I have a special request. I would like to ask you to pray for Mrs. Charles Kirch who died suddenly last Sunday. She was a lovely lady who blessed the lives of everyone she knew -- a loyal friend and a staunch Catholic all her life. A little over a year ago she paid her first visit to Ireland along with a lady friend of some seventy years standing. They loved Ireland and had hoped to return. I would like you to pray for her now--for her gentle, gracious, Irish spirit.

Enclosed is a small contribution for the convent.

Once again we send our warmest wishes to you all.

Sincerely,

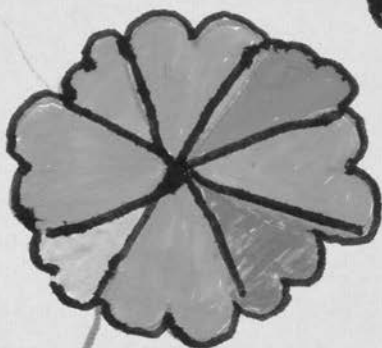
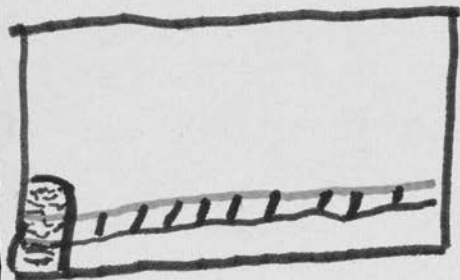
Dear Mis lovelace



I am having a very  
very Good time



we stayed  
in a Hotel  
with a very  
nice view



\* from  
Debbie

Friday June 24<sup>th</sup>

Dear Mrs. Lovelace,

Thank you again for the wonderful dinner, My mouth is still watering for another dinner as good as the one we had last Friday.

We are having a wonderful time in Europe, England was just a dream, the people were very nice and polite.

We just arrived in France yesterday and had a lovely time in Paris. Right now we are in a hotel that is very nice. Our rooms look over a river with big huge green trees, It is quite a sight.

As we had wonderful wether in England (Some people say it is some of the best wether they had had for years) It is raining right now with lots of Thunder and lightning. It is warm though (Most of us are sweating).

We are having a great time But I am looking forward very much to seeing you!

xoxoxoxo  
xoxoxoxo  
xoxoxoxo

All for you!

Love,  
JOAN

Feb. 8, 1970

Dear Maud,

I sent you everything that the sisters sent me so maybe if you think the sons would want to know about the convent, you could just tell them sometime.

We were invited to the Christening of Dantsch's baby today and we were both looking forward to it but I woke up with a terrible headache and was afraid to infect people (babies especially!) Still, it was disappointing.

You must be busy getting ready for Merian and Bert. You should have a lovely visit in that beautiful patio!

My mother already reports fusses  
with the Leisure World management  
— one of the ladies in the office  
won't take her calls anymore — so  
I don't know.

Terrible news — remember the  
lovely French children at camp?  
Well Pierre died suddenly last  
fall while apparently in good  
health. We all feel so sad for  
the family.

I'm sure I should sharpen  
unto your mutual fund words.

Rick got a B average; Joan's  
grades were improved (B+) and  
Debbie was chosen student of the  
week, which thrilled her to the  
quick.

I know the book will flow  
again. It's what you're meant to be  
doing.

Findest love, from all,  
Kathie

January 20,  
Corte Madera

Dear Mayd,

I loved our visit except that it was so mini. You always console me by being - though you were the one who needed comfort.

I'm enclosing the menu's note, etc.

Rick did a 17-page paper in ancient lit (unheard of). I finally helped him type version 3 because he would never have made it. It was dandy, but we still hold our breath over French.

Debbie is off at her sewing lessons, making a shift. Next week she starts dramatics which she'll love, I'm sure, if I'm not too

chicken to get her there in the rain.  
(The streets here flood so easily).  
Joan made French bread  
last weekend from scratch and  
it was great.

We loved our visit. The  
girls stayed with Nancy's  
family until Saturday, and we  
had the Robbins family up  
while they were gone which gave  
Rick a friend. We saw  
Phyllis and Bob and on the  
way home we stopped in Pasadena  
to see friends there  
whom we used to go out to  
dinner with.

Are you working?  
I'm not really - reading  
and having an occasional shy  
at it.

I've got to put the beans on -  
which reminds me of my sister

who ends all letters that way,  
(she did get her house and  
money).

I've been dabbling in the  
stock market with some money  
we got by taking a loss on  
the only stock we had. Now  
we have a few shares of  
dozens of things which no one  
but me and my broker has  
ever heard of. The trouble is  
he says things like, "well today  
the market is taking a bath"  
and I have to decide is that  
good? or bad? Another thing  
he said was, "That stock is  
really taking gas." Same problem.  
Does he mean starting up, or  
just burning fuel. I feel too  
stupid to ask.  
The beans, really the beans!  
Love, Kathie

Box 198  
Ross  
Dec. 1 (!!!)

Dearest Maud,

You were a darling to send that sweet wire to gladden the hearts of all. Thank you mightily.

My parents have come and gone. I think they were satisfied with the visit. The kids were nice; they slept in our bedroom and as my father remarked "It didn't cost even a wooden nick~~aa~~." Ah well! Mercifully they didn't remark on Rick's hair (which is a tousle of curls, but not really all that long at the moment.) I couldn't be sure if they hadn't noticed or were exercising restraint (unlikely). Anyway, all concerned were on best behaviour. Dick and the kids picked them up at the airport (I was home basteing the bird) and Debbie came home hissing that grandma said it was amazing "what a profusion" of orientals and negroes were permitted to travel on a day like Thanksgiving. Rick thought this notion quaint enough to be amusing and Joan was occupied dodging kisses, she being still the avowed favorite. Anyway, we have had many much darker times and all in all, it was relatively benign. They really looked fine, I thought. They are, alas, planning a new move, this time to a place which has meals which I don't believe could possibly work, but then no one has asked me.

From Phyllis I learn that you've been on a nephew visiting trip. I'm so sorry you didn't come or go by way of S.F. Were you East as well? Phyllis says your apartment is utterly charming.

Did you spend Thanksgiving with the Rouillards?  
Or the Hogansons?

What are your Christmas plans?

We are going to Mexico City on Dec. 18th

for Dick's two week vacation (all of us). I'm certainly hoping that we manage to keep our tummies right side up or out or whatever it is. I'll warn everybody against the roadside tacos that felled you. Since the trip is the children's Christmas we just told them about it, though since we're flying on a charter it has been set up for some time. They are ~~excited~~ cautiously interested. We plan to be in Mexico City, Oaxaca, Cuernavaca, Taxco, Acapulco and Guadalajara, none of which the kids have ever seen. Both R. and D. are currently taking Spanish which we hope will be further<sup>ed</sup> by this adventure. The only reason we told ~~them~~ the kids at this point was (1) we didn't want to have to lie to my parents about our whereabouts and (2) R. and J. had been heard to mutter about how they guessed they'd just put off term papers till say Christmas vacation.

As to the kids. Well, Deb is about to be in a play. She's an erratic student. In a Great Books class for the enlightened, literarily. Apparently her spelling is a many-splendid thing which the Ross school system has not previously encountered. She reports that when she spells, it is like Joan getting on the wrong bank of keys in her typing class and there goes the class average. She's very happy, generally though.

Rick is very pleasant. Has dropped half his classes for one reason or another. He now reads-- Ibsen plays, O'Neill, Gunter Grass, Proust,--just for fun--and college catalogs. The trouble is he doesn't seem to understand that immediate performance bears on admission. Oh well.

Joan pines for boys to notice her. This afternoon she started a gymnastics class to mould her figure. She never studies, absolutely never. Spent last night trying to do a cartwheel. Got a D in history, A's and B's in the rest.

It's been raining, flooding really, around here. Poured the whole time my parents were here. At one point the flood siren sounded, which as far as we can tell means to stay put which we were happy to do.

Dorsa was up here for her father's 90th birthday --a surprise party which was apparently

Tuesday

Dear Maud,

You were a darling to clip all those kind comments. Yes, it certainly was a nice review in the N. A. Times. I guess my trouble is that it having been seven years now since they first saw the light of day, I don't feel any real connection — you know how that is. Wasn't your Minneapolis friend sharp though to spot that review. I was delighted about the Gentlemen from England review. What a good knowledgeable place Mt. San Antonio Gardens is. I love to think of you there.

You remember, I'm sure, the little Cousins who used to present problems in Southern California. Well, it seems as soon as they get their traps sold they are moving up here, and looking forward to having the girls (yours) help them get acquainted. Joan took to her bed and even Debbie looked ashen.

Otherwise we are awaiting Grandma and Grandpa next week. We never succeeded in convincing them not to come in the middle of a working day which is still what they are doing, so they will be too kama by the time Dick collects them after work, I'm afraid.

They went to the movie in Orange County and reported that they didn't care for it! Debbie works every night until midnight and the other ~~etc~~ two do varying degrees of nothing — in Dick's case it's absolute. Very frustrating!

Your doctors sounded very pleased with you. That made me feel very good. Letters from you and Phyllis always improve my spirits!

How are Merian and Bert?

Debbie is currently doing a report on handwriting and just informed me that my copy is correct. I had that one figured already.

Sunday a scene from The Godfather was filmed a block from here because it looked just like New England. There's right about that — mounds of leaves which the dogs prance through. If that doesn't beguile you onto taking a look on your own I don't know what will!

Two days after Grandma leaves we are taking as many as wish to see Kotch from Dick's office and then having them here for wine and cheese (I think). So hold the right thought for us. I'll report how everything goes eventually. (over)

We've been trying to write but it's hard to get much done. I'm glad you are keeping the faith regularly.

Write us when you can.

Love from all,  
Father

P.S. An old friend (she and I were in creative writing class in high school) - name of Marge Burgess, wanted the name of a cleaning lady. I gave her Mrs. Kishi's number but also told her you might know others. I hope it's not a bother to you. I told her a little about your Spanish girl and the Japanese lady. Marge is an artist who designs dolls for Mattel and can't get to the dusting, etc.

Sunday

Dear Maud,

We loved your Thanksgiving letter! I just can't believe that Christmas is now bearing down on us all.

I'm so pleased about the Delos review and I know that you are too.

As far as I can see the movie is a bit of a mixed blessing, though mainly, of course, it is one. But people say funny things. There was the matter of the Courier, which a helpful friend sent and my mother forwarded a letter from my sister to her saying how she liked the movie but the book certainly hadn't impressed her. The malice behind all these things really upsets me, but I suppose one should learn to live with it. I'm sure you're above and beyond such things, and I should be but am not.

Rick has decided to apply only at the University of California. Joan is hoping to go to France next summer on the Experiment in International Living, a program in which kids live with foreign families for a month. Debbie just got the lead in ~~a~~ the main ~~at~~ school play and she is ecstatic. Other than that the girls are excited and present snoopy, though you'd think they'd be above and beyond that by now.

My parents visit went fairly well. The kids were really nice--they shut up and did the dishes. Grandma seemed to have enemies other than us this time, so mainly we just nodded or shot each other you-see looks. I'm not sure that my father is well and I imagine that he really should be on a diet though this seems unlikely. On the way back from the airport they announced to Dick that they had heard of a retirement place up here. He concealed this from me until they had left and it didn't come up again.

Dick says that the Kotch office party went fine. I was too dazed to know, but happy he thought so. We had 150 people here and nobody could move. We did it all ourselves--eight loaves of sweet breads, pates, Dorsa's cheese ball, etc. We also had the immediate neighbors. We put the dog in the car so that she wouldn't get trampled and she spent the time waiting for her trip to begin with Debbie sneaking her cookies.

We're trying to work in between times, but it's awfully ~~xxxx~~ fractionated, if there's such a word, but you know what I mean.

I'm so pleased that you are reading and writing! Keep doing the important things.

And one of them is to have a happy holiday season. You are so much in our thoughts!

Fond love,

Ruth

Just we were  
Pruep / Mrs.  
Kuch / The Cypriotes  
were so important.

Wednesday

Dear Maud,

You must be having a very busy time either socializing or writing. Are you? We talk about you so often and wonder.

The news with us is that we are in escrow on a house in Ross, which is about five miles farther out from where we are now. So far, nothing is sold - bed, book, candle, or Clavmont house so we will end up with a 40 year mortgage, which pays off when Dick is 84½. Oh well. Anyway if all goes according to plan well move August 31st, which is in time for school. The kids haven't seen the house yet since it's rented, and they were in camp when we saw it.

Camp this year went swimmingly for all concerned. Rick went back packing in the Sierras and loved it.

How are you feeling? Are you still being treated for your shoulder?

Are you planning any New York trips?  
Or better still San Francisco. It's your  
duty to inspect the house (assuming that  
it all goes through) you know.

Last Sunday we all went into the city  
to see the Mosiero ballet, which was fun.

By the time I get to Sunnyvale it'll  
be time for Dantchik's baby to be married.  
I'd really like to see her but Dick does  
so much driving all week, that I hate to  
ask him to go back to the peninsula  
weekends.

Are you working on the travel book  
now?

I have been limiting my creative  
urge to repainting our old furniture. We  
are practically all coventry yellow or  
Heritage green, (even my Sprinkles) I feel  
it only fair to warn you.

Jan has been making pots of money  
baby-sitting here around the apartments.

Ricky is a little lonesome but pretty  
happy and cooperative and sensible.

Debbie is Debbie.

And Blackie is Blackie.

The girls had made \$5.00 last week  
modeling for an ad Dick's company did. which was  
fun for them.  
and I miss you & we all do - your great smile  
and sage counsel.  
Fondlest love, Kathie

Wednesday

Dearest Maud,

We loved our visit with you too! In fact it was in all ways a sentimental journey. The children lapped up Hollywood--even Rick whom we expected to be over and above such things. He announced that he guessed he'd just take a semester off and "work on things in Hollywood." That was on the way home on the plane and it hasn't been mentioned since so I guess I shouldn't start packing his socks yet. The female lead (17 and an old married lady of two years standing) took Joan aside and told her that if she wanted to get married at 15, no problem at all. The only thing, she said, was that if she waited until she was 16, then she could get her drivers' license and there wouldn't be so many groceries to lug around. Walter Matthau kissed Debbie and pronounced her delicious which news she has been circulating wherever she thought it might benefit her. That was about the size of it, except that we liked what we saw. They have finished shooting now, on schedule and on budget, we hear.

Your apartment was so cheerful and soft in the twilight. What a delight! I'm so glad that you are working hard.

We have certainly managed to spin our wheels one way and another. I bought a dining room table finally after much maneuvering to have when Bob and Phyllis were here and then the people decided they couldn't part with it. Things like that. Time consuming, though that's most probably an excuse.

I know you're looking forward to Merian's visit and I hope you're planning yours up here. We are!

Next week Joan is probably going to get her Senior Life Saving certificate and Rick is going with another boy and seven (7) girls to clear brush for a camp for retarded children under the auspices of the American Friends Service Committee. When I asked him what he expected to make of that 2 to 7 ratio he said, "Oh well, the girls can clear the brush and we'll spend our time fending off the girls." I hope everybody sees it the same way.

Joan is still sigh-tempested around over boys in general and one elusive character in particular. She did manage to bring him home today and then complained that I didn't say much to him so how was I going to figure him out at that rate. I told her, which was true, that everything that popped into my mind I rejected on the grounds it was incriminating, such as, "I understand you washed your hair yesterday, John." It's very trying being a mother as you ~~know~~ well know. Even the dog was flustered, started out on a walk with Joan and John, turned around and came back. Dick pointed out that she (dog) will no doubt find it hard to adjust to a son-in-law or brother-in-law or whatever it will be to her when the time comes.

Enough of this nonsense.

Your trip sounded lovely!

I hope that your eyes are not giving you any problems. You looked so splendid that I can only feel everything is basically right with you.

Do let's keep in touch.

Fondest love,

*Kathie*

Sunday  
Echo Lake

Dear Maud,

I'm so sorry about your skin problems! The only real consolation you already have - i.e., it's basically not serious! I'm sure I told you that Deb has had a persistent much-treated undiagnosed skin thing since she was three and she's none the worse for wear.

The aircraft thing is a mess, isn't it? I'm glad that Bert can be his own boss. I wish Dick could. (Though the people he works for are all nice.)

I just went back to the cabin for a pencil because Bond and pen would have ended our communication right there - (it's a diabolical manufacturers' plot to let the illiterates take over.) Anyway I stayed home from a hike to write you and it may be smudgy but unthwarted.

We're here for pro-Dick's two days (plus weekend) of vacation. We're putting every current penny into getting a house. If all goes well we move a week from Monday. Our phone will change (though calls will be referred) and our address will be:

Us:

Box 198

Ross, Calif. 94957.

Corner 3 East Road  
+ North Road

Ross has 2551 (2556 $\frac{1}{2}$  but they don't know it) creatures and is very woodsy and green and settled. I hope it is where we're supposed to be. Oddly enough just as I was getting panicky about being overhoused we had an offer on 722. If it goes through well sell at 25,000 which is really probably lower than it should be, but a great blessing to be over and done with. We will have to take a second, but still everything will be much smoother for us - so please, one of your Maud-type prayers, so that God will know what escrow is being considered it's a man heading Asian studies at the grad school with a Japanese wife and 4 year old son.

If you go to New York you must stop by way of San Francisco and put your blessing on the house.

Werey at a family camp run by the city of Berkeley and it's working out quite well. We have a tent, a profusion of kids of various hues available for friends and friends ("her earnings are too big for her age") and we sleep under the stars.

2  
I've been writing my parents often but somehow  
haven't been able to bring myself to an invitation.  
There's Rick's hair and all the dire pre-  
dictions which I don't feel strong enough for.  
When they <sup>had</sup> went to camp, grandma wrote say-  
ing they might get bubonic plague. Last  
letter I told her I was doing lots of  
baby sitting round the apartments and she  
sent a clipping about a young girl who  
had her limbs chopped off by a mad-  
man while she was babysitting in Wisconsin.  
You are a wise lady - tell me, shall I  
invite them for Thanksgiving?  
I'm so glad the book is looking! And  
a little jealous. I'm really eager to do  
something sensible.

The Schmitz girls - Nancy + Susan -  
just spent a strenuous 8 days with us.  
Our ladies are going to the beach with  
them over the time we move. That's sort of  
fun because I plan to have the house  
(which they haven't seen) looking pretty  
by the time it is officially unveiled.  
Have to catch the mailman - but I  
especially wanted you to have our address.  
The house doesn't have a number - no home  
mail delivery in Rps but it's at the corner of  
East Road and North Road. Fond love from all,  
Kathie

Ross!!!!  
Saturday

Dearest Maud,

Our beautiful plant arrived the day before the girls got home and I had lots of time to try it in various locations. I adore rubber plants and this is a particularly handsome and sturdy looking one which I'm confident will thrive even with our care. Thank you so much. It was darling of you!

We absolutely love the house. Dick picked it out as probably I told you in an earlier letter and originally I wasn't that excited about it, but now that we are in we are all mad about it and the neighborhood, which is green and peaceful with lots of dogs and pussy cats about. ~~But~~ The house seems just right for us--even a dog door for Blackie. The girls' rooms were medium dingy when we moved in but Dick and Rick gave them a coat of paint and we got the girls some bedroom furniture which they had never had. (They had had twin beds which we got at the Salvation Army when we were first married.) ~~Anyway~~ Anyway, Joan is now 18th century Italian, give or take a couple of centuries, and Debbie has a canopy bed which she refuses to get out of. Rick has a new bike, his old one having been stolen a few months back at the apartment. We gave Dick one for his birthday and the two of them plan an exploration of Ross tomorrow. The area really gets to me. The first morning that Dick went to work from here he reported that he saw a horse and a Dalmatian taking a walk together--no bridle, no rider, just a couple of friends out for an airing. Joan's friend Pam spent last night with us and Pam commented that "This place is just like Garden City." So, please do come and put your official stamp on it.

Another thing that happened was that although we don't yet have bookcases so that we can unpack our books, I did unpack a box or two just to make room for us to be, and those lovely yellow magnet butterflies which you had given us turned up. I'd been looking for them ever since we moved and they are now right back on the refrigerator where they belong.

Our phone is (415) 454-5888.

How are your skin spots coming? Are the treatments still as frequent? I'm glad that you're back with a doctor you are used to and have confidence in.

Please forgive this paper--nothing else has turned up except the coffee ~~papers~~ filters which is even more bizarre.

The ~~escrow~~ on 8th is supposed to have closed on Friday, and we certainly hope that it did! We're doing as you suggested and having payments made to a bank.

How is the book going? I like to think of you looking out on that lovely garden and writing. Is your apartment relatively cool?

Please come and see us all, rubber plant included.   
Meanwhile, Fondle

*Katherine*

Wednesday

Dearest Maud,

You'll realize, of course, that our letters crossed. My first reaction when yours came was to pick up the phone but I eventually decided I do better, you and I both do, with little black words we can punch out. My heart aches for you and my first reaction was one of outrage over both situations--the eyes and the book, which of course I identify mightily with. Your instinct to plunge into work on another immediately is so right and sure. I feel certain that the book will work out, but editors and agents have to be inventions of the devil. Ours took one (1) year to answer a vital business letter recently (recently? can a year be recent. At the moment she is six weeks late in rwplying to a letter which stands to cost us a grand. If the paperback place isn't notified about the Kotch movie 6 months before release they don't have to pay the grand. Also the producer needs the name of a public relation man at the paperback place. And no word out of New York. I mention this only because I think it's important to relaiize these people are like that. Still, I think it's very important that you let an agent send the book out for you. You have other things to do. What one editor says is totally irrelevant and I certainly wouldn't start making revisions on that basis, or any other until the publisher that's going to publish makes suggestions that you agree with. Tea which is the only book ~~that~~ of ours that made any money as a book was declined by several publishers who explained just what was wrong with it and why regretfully they couldn't see their way clear. The ~~agent~~ movie agent on Kotch took me and Dick to dinner when she was in L.A. six years ago just before the book was published and explained that really there just wasn't a movie in it, and we must be realistic. We--Dick really--kept saying, but what is the harm in trying????? Yes, we must be realistic, and realize that they are a bunch of apes, mainly. I worry a little that Nannine may be a bit out of the mainstream, but then I certainly don't have z more positive suggestion, given our experience. In fact, we have even wondered if our agent is stiol in business.

I have a thought about your eyes which I know you will reject but I want to just voice it anyway. Would there be any harm in seeing another eye specialist? I know that you are very loyal to your doctors and I've heard nothing bu good about Bell, but just as in every area, it doesn't hurt to get two opinions, just in case there is any remedial action that Bell might not have thought of. I just feel that the crisis isn't going to occur as outlined. My record with intuitions is lousy, but still I feel it strongly. Nevertheless, yes, I certainly think you should discuss the situation with a neighbor. Is there a central switchboard or a bell or anything, just so that you can feel secure that you can easily reach out, an intercom with a neighbor even. I'll bet that something like that if it doesn't

exist could be rigged by the phone company. They tried to sell us all sorts of outrageous equipment when we moved in here, tying the phone to the doorbell, I seem to recall, but the thing is I'm sure there is an easy solution here and one that would make for peace of mind, a loud bell even, a buzzer. I've sort of forgotten the location of your bedroom in relation say to the adjoining apartment.

We are all excited at the thought of a San Francisco visit. I'd much rather, though, that you stayed with us. Think about it, please. I even promise to mop the floor and clean the oven. If you visit Emma in San Jose we could come and get you on a weekend. (I still don't drive in the city, or for that matter far afield, and we still have the little old car, but Dick is vastly competent evenings and weekends). I really feel deeply the need for a visit. Apropos of which we have an almost immediate plan. Though nothing is ever absolutely certain that involves a day off work for Dick, it's our plan to come down the weekend of the 7th of March, stay over to watch the filming on Monday and go home Monday night. Dick and I discussed last night my going down a few hours early and having a nice old-time visit with you and then all of us getting together. Let's hold the right thought here and see how things work out.

Even things you're not supposed to know anything about I realize you give me the right advice about--like for instance investments. After painfully messing up things in the stock market last year I've come to see what you told me long ago--buy mutual funds and forget about it. I feel the need for refurbishing, Maud style. Among your many contributions on earth is the sense of well being you give everybody around you, the faith and the courage and the good common sense, though it annoys me that you have that too. Your life has always in a way seemed charmed and I believe it will continue to be so. Never mind symptoms, statistics (statistics, Debbie thinks they are), agents, you and I know it's going to stay that way.

I'll write or call once we are sure of when we are coming and if in the meanwhile, it seems time for a visit up here, we would be delighted any time.

Meanwhile, we all send our fondest fondest love,

*Kathie*

Tuesday

*Handwritten notes:*  
Maud  
I hope you  
are  
happy  
to  
hear  
from  
me  
I  
love  
you  
Kathie

Dear Maud,

Thank you, thank you for that lovely wire which is now pinioned to our yellow refrigerator by one of your yellow butterflies for all to see. It is nice, isn't it? Since this thing has been grinding along for more than six years now, it's sort of hard to believe that apparently yes indeed they are actually filming. We hope to get down to watch a day of it, which if that becomes a reality, you'll be hearing.

I just heard on the news that there was a large earthquake in the L.A. area. Does your beautiful apartment have any cracks? I hope not!

Have you heard from Dorsa in a while? We haven't, not since Christmas. I wrote her and hope she's okay. I know she was planning to go to Mexico for a time and maybe she stayed on longer than she planned.

We're all perking along. Debbie is in plays and is now taking a cooking class. Rick did a really good job with a history class where he was in love with the teacher, otherwise getting straight B's, which he doesn't seem to see isn't strong enough to get him anywhere. He's much more outgoing with kids now--takes off in the high hills. This weekend, which is a four day one for the kids he announced that he plans to go to Mendocino with "some guys." We hold our breath, of course. What else can you do? Joan longs for a boy friend acceptable in her sight. The ones that buzz about she rejects for one reason or another. Dick is working hard.

Do you have any idea when your book will be finished. I love thinking about you working, but still I wish you would pay us a visit.

We had a sweet letter from Mrs. Rush. I sent her a picture of Debbie and she wrote her too. (The other two kids didn't have school pictures which she had asked for this year).

I've got to get the stray socks mated up or else Blackie and I are going to be in the doghouse together.

Fond fond love always,

*Kathie*

Dec. 15, 1969

Dear Maud,

By now I hope you have learned where all the light switches are and generally got your bearings. How do you like your new life? Just fine I'll bet!

I am madly trying to wind up Christmas before the kidlets are sprung from school this Friday--ugh!

Yesterday we got the tree trimmed, or rather the kids did, aided by Pam and now the girls sit and admire.

The girls in our house are painting the kitchen. I'm not sure whether to be grateful or alarmed, but I might as well wait and be surprised.

My sister, who, I think I told you, has had a struggle financially, just made a 25 ~~xxxxx~~ thousand dollar profit on a ski hut she and her husband bought years ago. Isn't that nice? So they've bought a new house in Seattle, etc.

There is a faint faint chance that we might come down to the cabin for a couple of days after Christmas, in which case we'd plague you on the way. Anyway definite plans will have to await Dick's schedule, but we do have the bee in our bonnets.

Joan is gaining ~~wxix~~ weight--ugh!--after all that effort. Rick is turning into a thistle for sure. Other than that the rest of us are status quo, I guess.

I don't think I've written you since we had Dantschi, Dick and Bert for dinner here. Dantschi and Dick were coming anyway and Bert just happened to be in town. They all seemed in very good spirits, though I don't think that Dantschi approves of coming so far for dinner. It doesn't phase us, having been used to California distances, but I think they are appalled. Anyway, it went well, I thought and everybody seemed to have a good time. Bert said that Merian was fine, but he didn't give me any details I could pass on.

I talked with Dorsa not too long ago and she seemed happy and pretty much as usual. Young Dorsa and her husband have separated again and are getting a divorce, but "hoping to remarry someday" according to Dorsa.

We seem to be new<sup>b</sup>less, basically. We'll just have to be sparked by new events or a letter from you. I certainly miss our tea time chatter.

Fondest love from us all,

Kathie

Dec. 21  
Kos

Dear Maude,

Thank you so much for that  
yummy Swissold, candied fruit  
which I've all love!

It's a rainy grey day and  
the weather and the box of sweet-  
meats all conspire to make me  
yearn for you and your tea-  
spot! I certainly do miss you.

I was very eager to get  
Christmas organized and go back  
to work - so eager that I  
decided to do all the spraying  
of Debbie's wicker chair in one  
day with the result that I have  
an enormous blister on my main  
typing finger and of course  
can't get near the machine.  
How dumb.

I agree with you about  
the Cousins. Actually the girls

object to the parents too so the whole scene has everything going for it. Anyway they haven't arrived, fully free yet. I didn't realize how strongly Debbie felt until we came home a week or so ago on a Saturday when she was having friends for dinner to find a strange car in the driveway. She assumed it was the conspirator it was in reality a friend of Pop's - and burst into tears. Well, one of those things as they say.

Tomorrow Rick becomes an adult, at least in the eyes of the state of California and in a week Joan becomes sweet (I hope) sixteen.

I don't care especially what people think about the movie I just cared about the malicious manner of ranting and the haste behind it. My sister

3 annoyed me by writing my mother  
that she didn't like the book  
but loved the movie and even  
more by my mother sending  
the letter on. Dick said he  
didn't know why either sur-  
prised me, but it did.

Your party at the time of  
the book review sounded lovely.  
I wish I could have been there.

You must be feeling well  
to be having luncheons which  
pleased me especially.

Today isn't pretty but I  
look forward to a warmer  
visit - indicating spring.

Over Kitch party went  
fine, I think. We enjoyed  
the punch at the last minute  
because the kids invited some  
new arrivals. Everybody drank  
gallons of cranberry juice &  
probably wanting to get high.  
My finger is too sore to  
go on - but have a merry

Christmas and a  
New Year. I've  
your beautiful smile.  
busy, happy,  
been imagining

Truly  
Kathie

Dearest Maud,

Here it is tea time and a nice quiet free hour when we should be consulting face to face. Alas. However, as I tell Debbie about her spelling, go forward and do something about it!

You were dear to send the Kabuki clippings to the girls. It made them suitably nostalgic for show biz days.

I'm pleased that you mainly liked the flick. We did too, though I certainly agree with you about the letter. We told them originally (4 years ago) that we thought the end was weak but they left it intact, which we probably would have too, writers being maniacally attached to their work. Well, anyway.

I can't, just really can't imagine your having to write a disagreeable letter. There must be a super disagreeable type who deserves to receive it. I hope that whatever it is is over with so far as your thinking about it is concerned.

This is finals week for the children. Rick has done nothing ~~xx~~ (0), Joan makes a mad sprint for the end of the semester, but has been generally dutiful, and Debbie works herself to a froth everyday. So far she has successfully resisted all attempts to teach her spelling, however. Joan is doing very nicely in her French and works after school for the teacher, which is nice for her. The teacher has her make up the tests for the first year, etc. She has given up all the bad apples from last year, which is also nice (since that seems to be my word for the day).

Tonight Debbie starts a new improvisational theater thing, in which she'll be the youngest in the group. I hope she likes it since she needs something that's going well for her. Claims nobody dances with her, etc.

On February 2, your prayers are needed for Rick's draft number. I am under the impression that this is also James Joyee's birthday, though I haven't checked on that, but if it is I take it as a good sign. Rick asked me if he should phone in that piece of information to the draft board. I told him they would want to know if J.J. was registered. Rick thinks anyway that I have it confused with Ground Hog's Day, but all I know for sure is that the lottery is on Feb. 2. So please....

We had a nice Christmas card from Merian. We don't send them, but I do think about people warmly for whatever good that is.

How are your eyes? And you generally?

My father they decided not to operate on, which I was well pleased about. Meanwhile my sister and Uncle came down. They had a visit anyway, though my sister was upset that Grandma

told her again how dreadful her children were. It's queer that she puts up with it. Well, whatever makes them happy.

We are very excited about the caper with Bob and Phyllis. Have I told you about it? We are meeting in Carmel--Pacific Grove for the weekend. Isn't that nifty? I just hope they won't get snowed on the top of their mountain.

I try to work, but it's so slow!

How about you?

Our other problem with Rick is that he would like to be off for a rootless summer, floating around the country with some boys. We would much prefer that he got a job, though whether he would really be capable of one I don't know. I badly feel, or what I mean is I feel that he badly needs an anchor, but then what parents think is sauce for the goose....you know how it goes.

Speaking of proverbs, old wives' tales, etc., the little boy across the street whom Joan baby sits came over the other day holding what appeared to be a bird's tail, saying I put salt on it and it comed off. I had to confess he had better (or worse) luck with that than I ever had.

Well now, people are beginning to go sniffing about for dinner. But remember please, what we need is a good high number for December 22nd. I don't feel that the army is what Rick needs and I know Rick is not what the army needs.

Please write when you can--it's really the only way we can stay in touch.

Fond love from all,

*Kathie*

*P.S. I know I told you before -  
but we loved those fruits.*

I just wrote Phyllis but didn't say anything about your trouble because I want to see you would want me to.

Sunday

Dear Maud,

Last Sunday the girls and I tried to call you, about 5:30 it was, I think, not quite that late because I was sort of concerned not having heard in a while. J. said not to worry if you were out that was a good sign. I learned that you had a new number, anyway.

I'm so sorry you had the worry of any new scraping, but what a relief to know it's perfectly harmless! Still I know the experience must have been emotionally debilitating. I'm sorry I wasn't around to pester you.

How was your Carnie luncheon????? How fascinating.

It's nice for Bert if he can free lance. I should think that that would be a good life for them both. We still haven't seen Dantschi's new baby, but will one of these days.

Yesterday I did something so dumb in driving that we will probably have to get a new car. I mean, it wasn't an accident or anything like that, but I can barely figure out what to do next in a car anyway, and I did something in the wrong order which caused the transmission (which should be used to me by now) to fall apart. It had something to do with the way you put it in Park on a steep hill. I was just waiting to be sure the little girl I was taking home got in all right. Very frustrating! And since it was the "good" car, a terrible inconvenience for poor Dick. He had to come and get us, and then a garage man (who was an idiot) and then finally a tow truck. By the time we arrived at the Chevy agency it was closed for the weekend so that is that until tomorrow. It was just one of those days.

Dick's boss offered us the use of his very fancy Belvedere home while he was on ~~xx~~ a month's trip to Japan. Naturally they have no comprehension of my type of housekeeping and Dick quickly declined, but it was a lovely thought.

I've been trying to work and I can tell you have too. I think we should.

The cabin ~~escrow~~ closed Friday. I had a few backward thoughts and nostalgic twinges but of course it's far better for us when we're so far away. The people owe us most of the money but she is the executive director of Camp Fire Girls so I assume they are honorable types.

I feel very depressed being so stupid about the car so I'm not going on with my woes, but I'll write again soon when I'm not so furious with me. Mostly I wanted you to know how happy we all were to hear again and to know you're basically okay. Fondest love,

Kathie

Thursday

Dearest Maud,

We were all so glad to get a letter!

June would be a great time for a visit. Debbie goes to camp on June 29th and Rick goes to Mexico around June 24th. Joan, Dick and I will be here. (There is a faint chance that after that we might take a trip of a week ~~ap~~ <sup>ap</sup> ~~so~~ with her since this is the only time we have had only her around. If we did--and she really doesn't know about this, it might be right after the others leave ~~and before~~ ~~is~~ returning by ~~xxxx~~ July 8th because she is signed up for a course then. Highly tentative though. Among other things a few days ago I had a cagey letter from my mother saying my father had decided to drive to Seattle (he has never, of course, decided anything) and that on the way back he planned to stop for a brief visit here. They obviously know when they are doing this but refuse to state, which leaves our plans a bit vague. I wrote her asking her please to tell us when. I really think it's a lousy idea for them to drive to Seattle when they could fly or take a train. My father is 80 now and my mother has a tendency to scream when riding in a car, so all in all, I take a very dim view, not that they wish a view at all. Also as they know, the one thing we absolutely don't have here is parking area and they are always very concerned about damage to a car. Oh well! Anyway, I didn't mean to get into all this. What I am really interested in is when you can home ready for tea and gossip! (If I were to guess I'd imagine that my parents might have in mind July since that is when they always used to take vacations. I'll keep you posted.)

John is a thing of the past, adding a bit of same to Joan's otherwise ~~xxxxxxx~~ predominately innocent career. Others buzz around the edges but they don't have the class, the style he had, according to her. I have to admit that he was a precocious fifteen year old! She and Debbie have committed Love Story to memory and they go about sigh-tempesteing for an hour or so after each moist reading.

Rick got his hair cut the other day (he had to for the Mexican thing) and promptly went into a decline, akin to Samson's. The barber must have said ~~xxxx~~ something. He refused to be viewed and put himself to bed at 5:00 and has been a bear every since. We were all going to Carmel for the Memorial Day weekend, but it seems that no he is staying here. ~~xxxx~~ Kids! He's been so nice for so long that I am ~~xxxx~~ ill-prepared when he reverts. At least they don't all fall apart at the same moment.

Debbie still aims to please (somebody has neglected to tell her it isn't in these days), but feels unsure of herself in the Ross group--probably would anywhere. She's as tall as Joan, has braces on her teeth, her generally disheveled look and customarily dirty fingernails. A boy called her a couple of Saturdays ago at 9:00 and asked her if

she was busy. What did you have in mind? said she. Oh to go out and play kick-the-can. Well, she said, don't you think it's a little late for that? When she hung up she said, he didn't have in mind kick the can, unuh. It's useful to have a ~~big sister~~ nubile big sister, I guess. J. checks out boy potentials with Rick, who surprisingly for the trance he appears to be in comes through with relatively specific information. They have worked out their own Richter scale.

I'm so glad Merian and Bert are practically on the way. We haven't seen Bert's magazine yet, but would like to.

We've been working, off and on. At the moment I'm off and discouraged. I'm ~~xxx~~ delighted that you're on.

Dick won the moosehead (again!) for being the lousiest golfer at the agency. He hates it (moosehead and game), thinks it's very washish. He has reading glasses now.

Phyllis says you are having back troubles. Are you okay now?

Joan is doing well in French and claims she wants to go to France next summer to scout out a Frenchman to marry. She came home the other day from babysitting with one of her first-grade charges poems:  
When I go out to play I take along some bacon ends  
Because you never know when you will find some hungry friends

Another one: April is all blue and green and gold  
And we are dressed

J. says the parents are only concerned that the loops in the p's go the right way, but she and I agree and I'm sure you will too that a good small voice speaks out at the wilderness.

Enough babbling for now.

Fondly,

Kathie (There are  
absolutely no pens)

Thursday

Dear Maud,

Are you better?

So far we have managed to stay relatively immune, though Rick came home last weekend with his chest sounding dreadful and a cold that seems to have hung on since Christmas. He has managed to lose 8 pounds since going to college and claims that the food is unbelievably bad.

I've thought about the tragedy with Gene so many times and I know that it must still haunt you. I think that you should rid yourself of any guilt feelings about having delayed mailing the picture of your sister, though, because though it would have been nice to think that he had it, you and I both know that it would not have been enough to assuage his pain and change the direction of things. It's terribly shocking, of course, to realize that someone becomes so alienated from all sources of help and comfort. And I hate to think of these darling children not having what they need to live abundantly. Does Joan (isn't that the mother's name) have a family who will or can help her some? One thing, I'm sure that they will be able to get scholarships for college once they are of an age.

The girls did beautifully in school this last semester, though as I think I told you over the phone Joan just hasn't had any fun and it seems the wrong age to be deferring joy and sociability. She got involved with some doubtful types her freshman year and I think perhaps is now overly cautious, for which I suppose I should be thankful. Debbie is very turned on by school and has read probably 2 dozen novels since she started high school, just for fun.

Rick has just dropped a course, which means that he is taking only 2/3 of a normal program, which I'm less than delighted about since it seems to me he is more likely to drop out eventually if he gets behind, however, he certainly is in no mood for advice, so I guess he will have to figure it out for himself. I do hope that he figures out something for summer other than being on the road which I find nerve wracking.

We are still hoping for a book contract, which as yet has not been signed, but we are working on revisions anyway. We're also in the process of trying to refinance the house, which is a nuisance. We bought it when interest rates were 8.75 and it just seems dumb to keep paying that now, especially during these college years. The lender finds ten million ways to stall--the appraiser has the flu, somebody is on vacation, they are getting out their year end statements, etc. It's not really all that important, of course, just a nuisance.

I got the feeling that you were having more eye trouble than you wanted to talk about. If so, I don't of course want you to use precious strength to write. We'll keep in touch by phone.

I haven't heard from Dorsa for a long time, have you?

You knew, I'm sure that Mr. Warfel died some months ago. My parents said that he had had a heart attack in the swimming pool. They seem to think that ~~sk~~ Mrs. Warfel is doing very well. I was sad to hear about him--he had such a nice benign face and they looked so radiant when we were there in July.

I didn't hear from Mrs. Rush at Christmas. Do you know if she is okay? I certainly miss her! I decided to shape up and be spartan when we moved up here since everything was so expensive, but I must say I've never really got the knack of keeping things up, not on a routine basis anyway. I just scurry around biting my fingernails when someone is reportedly on the way. Of course, it's not just the cleaning that makes me miss Mrs. Rush. She was a friend and confidante.

I guess Dick likes his job as well as he would like any 8 to 5 job, but it's sad that men have to be tied down for so many hours and so many years. He's been working since he was 14 and I'd love to figure out a way that he could ~~maxx~~ be free while he's able to enjoy it.

Joan has gained a lot of puffy weight and I can't seem to dissuade her from eating cookies. Problems, problems. Debbie has her braces off, now there's a milestone. She just discovered Thomas Wolfe, whom she adores. I imagine that your Gene was rather like the Eugene in Look Homeward Angel.

Well, enough rambling. I did love talking with you and some time when the crocuses are peeking through at spring and I feel very positive, I'll call and get first hand scoops. Meanwhile you know that you are much in our thoughts.

Fondest love,

*Kathie*

unmarred by regrettable incident. She says she has finally decided to pursue the divorce from Scott and to get some money and move up here. I really do think she'll be happier. Of course, she keeps saying how happy she is.

We've worked frightfully hard on the house, which everybody loves. I painted the bathroom, the woodwork, the bookcases we had made for the books and records. We had a skylight put in our bedroom to improve the light and had it painted white (same reason). We took the old carpet from the hall and had a pretty blue and white tile put in. And the old threadbare davenport from the office has been recovered. A man propped up the fence and the girls picked out curtains for their rooms (very fluffy and Gone with the Windy, they are too). We even ~~plant~~ hesitantly planted some little plants, which, though it would surely come as no surprise to Mrs. Rush, are not thriving. Anyway, the doorbell now works, the dishwasher is repaired and the dryer and we have a feeling of accomplishment, even if it is just physical. What I'd really like to be doing is working on something, but I don't feel very confident.

Are you working on the Ireland book? Do you feel good about it?

How are you feeling? How about the skin problems?

I'm really very sad not to be able to gossip with you. I realize, of course, that you must save your eyes, but sometime when you're feeling rested and have a sliver of time, do please let us know what is happening.

Do you ever see the Robbins family? I've wondered how they are so many times.

Have a lovely peaceful Christmas, as I know you will and when you are your church on Christmas Eve think of us at midnight mass in Oaxaca on Christmas Eve.

Fondest love,

*Kathie*

Tuesday

Dearest Maud,

Just a note to keep our patron saint  
an courant - Deborah has been accepted  
at Yale and Stanford (Radcliffe turned her  
down which makes her very sad). In the  
next week she must make up her mind.  
I can certainly see advantages and dis-  
advantages to each school. I wish you  
would say another prayer that she makes  
the right decision and goes where she  
can grow and be happy.

~~The~~ I just sold a piece to Seventeen  
on getting into colleges - a topic with  
which we're all too familiar.

Other than that no news with us  
but our thoughts are with you very  
strongly.

Fond love,  
Kathie

Jopkins  
Box 198  
Ross, Ca. 94957



Mrs. Maud Lovelace  
845 E. Bonita L-48  
Pomona, Calif. 91767

Friday

Dearest Maud,

I was so happy to hear from you and to hear that you are feeling better! Also what great news that you feel up to writing short pieces! I know what satisfaction that brings you. I'd love to see the newspaper piece if you have a copy.

Oddly enough I've been fooling with newspaper things too lately. One was published in the Examiner here but no pay. Now I'm trying to figure how I could be more commercial with the rest of them.

Rick meanders through school with a mazy motion. In the normal course of things he would be graduating, but he has dropped too many courses and hasn't got his major organized, etc. so he will have another quarter or two to go. We just hope that he sticks with it. One problem is that he will be getting rather old for undergraduate life (23 next December). Anyway he behaves nicely to everybody these days which is at least half the battle. At Christmas he was quite involved with a young lady who wanted to get married and have babies and he kept sighing and saying things like he certainly hoped he didn't do that right now. He has always had a tendency to get involved with emphatic women. Deborah who met this one said she was very determined.

Joan has been doing much better this year at Stanford. She feels popular and is doing okay with her classes. She's been keeping company lately with a young man from Seattle, but it's nothing serious. Sort of brother and sister with a little something more. Anyway he sounds stable and nice. She also has a nice open girl friend. Very positive and loyal. Just what Joan needs. Joan has signed up and been accepted to spend next year in Europe with Stanford Abroad. If she goes as planned she will be in Florence for fall and in Tours, France, winter and spring. At times she seems to change her mind and think it's too long. So we'll see. She still comes home, but not as often. She calls frequently though, and of course, she couldn't do that if she goes abroad. She is very good at getting little jobs, it seems. This year she has been typing the Stanford paper. She makes money enough to buy the jazzy clothes she is so fond of.

Deborah has been having a very lackluster time of it, chafing to get out of high school. She has a very easy schedule this last semester but instead of taking advantage of the extra time to do all the things she claimed she was going to, like learning to play tennis, etc. she just sits around and mopes. It's clearly time for her to be off and running, but I would feel better about it if she got herself organized before she encountered the strains of freshman year. I had been planning to write you and ask one of my celestial favors: when you are saying prayers, please ask that Deborah go to school somewhere where she will grow and be happy. She feels that is Radcliffe and only Radcliffe, but I'm not so sure. She doesn't seem superbly enough organized for that environment. Anyway, I wish you would

*(and eats too much and gets fat.)*

do a little concentrating that she and the schools make the right decision. In two weeks she'll hear from Stanford, but we really doubt that the girls belong together at this point. They are very competitive. Preliminary indications are that she will be admitted to Yale.\* (The schools send out ratings in February and she received a "likely" from Yale, which means 95% will be accepted from that group. Radcliffe gave her a possible, which means 33% will be admitted.) Berkeley has taken her, but I think that she wants to try going away. Anyway, there must be a right place for her in the world and I wish you would be her patron saint for the next few weeks. (The eastern schools mail their decisions April 17th.)

Dick and I are fine. Office politics get scary from time to time, but I suppose it's forever thus.

Blacks (the dog) is fine though she has cataracts and is deaf now. But that has its compensations. She can no longer hear thunder which used to devastate her.

I got a St. Patrick's Day dinner Wednesday--Irish soda bread, Irish stew, and colcannon (mashed potatoes with cabbage mixed in). It was fun. I would have loved to have you with us.

Joan comes home tonight for a week (spring vacation).

~~My parents~~ My parents are healthy but my mother is very fretful lately.

Are Merian and Bert going out to the Island yet or is it too early in the season?

Keep writing when you feel like it! The companion sounds like such a good idea!

I'll let you know right away what happens schoolwise with Deborah. Dick can't imagine what we will have to talk about once the topic of colleges is settled. It seems so many years of effort are beamed on it.

Love,

Kathie

\* She is worried about the housing there - it's true it's very crowded - four girls jam packed together! And the program is very very rigorous - apparently more so than at Harvard. On the other hand they have no science or math requirement - important for types like her.

September 15

Dear Maud,

I think about you so often! Georgenia Irwin called when they were within striking distance the other day (Paul was performing a wedding) and I got a second hand report. She seemed to think that you were doing very well, but that you were regaining your strength slowly. It wasn't until after she had hung up that I began to wonder when she referred to an operation you had had, if she might be talking about a recent one that I didn't even know had taken place. In any case, the feeling I got from her was that you were doing nicely. But I'd like to hear it from you too.

The girls had a dazzling month in Europe--Joan going to school in Aix-en-Provence and Deborah living with a Spanish family in Oviedo, Spain (in the north on the Bay of Biscay). The month after was hard for Joan because it was relatively speaking so inactive. Now though, school begins for her on Wednesday at Stanford and she is busily packing and making a patchwork bedspread. We are all excited for her. Deborah has plunged into her junior year of high school. She works hard--is taking an extra subject with the thought that she would like to graduate early. She is pretty grown up and I can see that she may not belong in high school for two more years even though she is young. But we'll see. She refused to buy any new school clothes in order to save her money for another trip to Spain someday.

Rick is still in Indonesia. The first letters were less than ecstatic, mainly because he didn't know any Indonesian to speak of (or with, as the case may be) and his family didn't know English. Lately though, things have simered down and he seems to be acclimated. His family has two brothers living at home, one of them married. The preganant wife is so shy that she won't come in the dining room when Rick is there. It's funny to think of Rick terrifying the troops.

They are all in their way growing in grace--I wish you would pray that they stay that way.

Georgenia says that you have a nice girl who comes in to help you afternoons. Is it the same one who goes to Pomona? Are your eyes behaving well? I know that you have so many dedicated loving friends there at the gardens, but still I wish we were nearer. For one thing, so many times I would like to talk over one problem or another with you--so my motive is really a selfish one.

If ever you feel up to it, drop me a note. And I'll let you know how Joan's first days at Stanford go, etc.

Fondest love,

*Kathie*